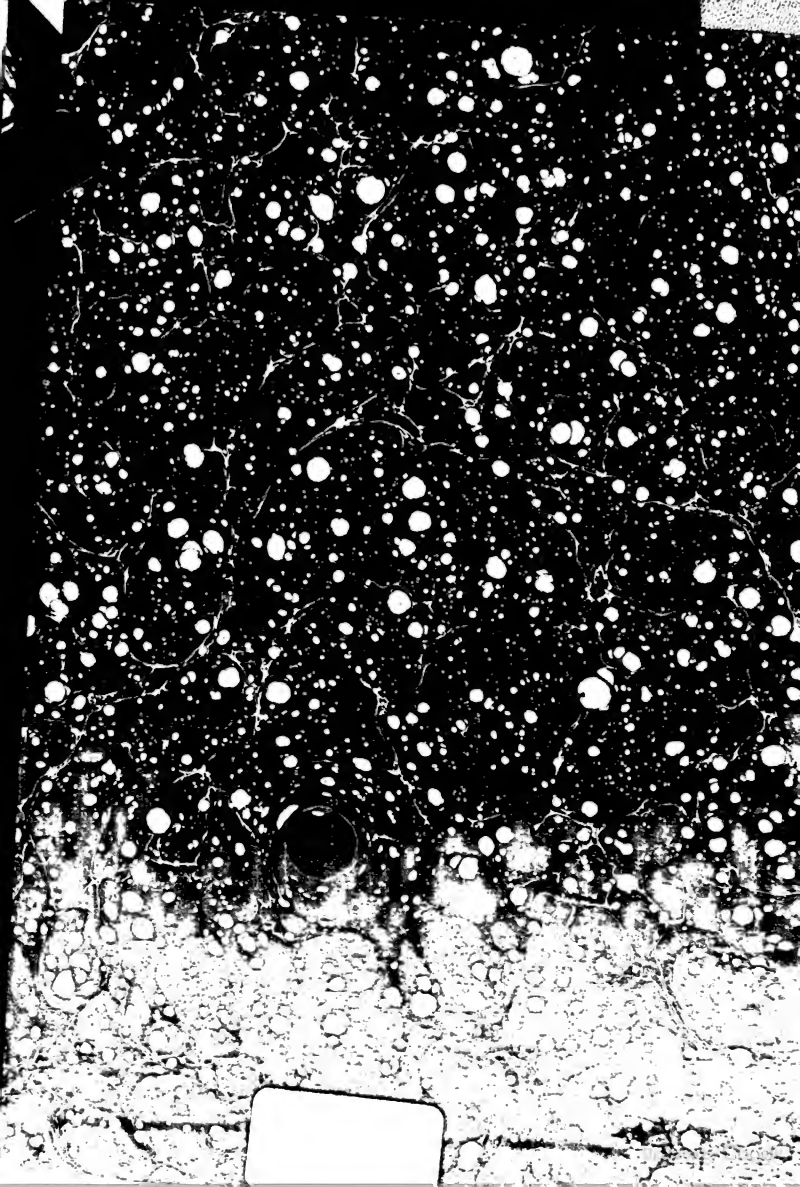




McClure's magazine ...





MT 26



2075
67
INNER HISTORY OF ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S CAMPAIGN
BASED UPON UNPUBLISHED OFFICIAL DESPATCHES

MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE

FOR NOVEMBER





"This only is the witchcraft
I have us'd"

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

ILLUSTRATED

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Volume XII.

NOVEMBER, 1898, to APRIL, 1899



THE S. S. McCLURE CO.

NEW YORK AND LONDON

1899

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY
THE S. S. McCLURE CO.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY
THE S. S. McCLURE CO.

THE S. S. McCLURE CO.
PUBLISHERS
CHICAGO, ILL.

CONTENTS OF McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

VOLUME VII.

NOVEMBER, 1898, TO APRIL, 1899.

	PAGE
<u>ACONCAGUA AND TUPUNGATO, ON TOP OF, FIRST ASCENT OF THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN PEAKS IN THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE. EDWARD A. FITZGERALD. Illustrated.....</u>	71
ADVENTURES OF A TRAIN-DESPATCHER. CAPTAIN JASPER EWING BRADY. <i>Illustrated</i>	144, 147, 305
AIR, LIQUID. A NEW SUBSTANCE THAT PROMISES TO DO THE WORK OF COAL AND ICE AND GUN-POWDER. RAY STANNARD BAKER. <i>Illustrated</i>	397
<u>AMERICANS, LIFE-MASKS OF GREAT. CHARLES HENRY HART. Illustrated.....</u>	337
ANGLO-SAXON, FIVE HUNDRED YEARS OF THE. GEORGE B. WALDRON. <i>Illustrated</i>	185
ARCTIC CAMPAIGN, MY. MOVING ON THE NORTH POLE. LIEUTENANT ROBERT E. PEARY, U.S.N. <i>Illustrated</i>	417
BOWIE, WALT. A STORY OF THE SECRET SERVICE. RAY STANNARD BAKER. <i>Illustrated</i>	179
CHRIST, J. J. TISSOT AND HIS PAINTINGS OF THE LIFE OF. HIS OWN STORY OF HOW HE WAS DRAWN TO THE WORK AND HOW IT WAS EXECUTED. CLEVELAND MOFFETT. <i>Illustrated</i>	387
DAY, THE, OF BATTLE. STORIES GATHERED IN THE FIELD. STEPHEN BONSAI.....	223
DEWEY AT MANILA. WITH THE AMERICAN FLEET IN THE PHILIPPINES FROM APRIL, 1898, TO OCTOBER, 1898. EDWARD W. HARDEN. <i>Illustrated</i>	369
DRUMMOND, HENRY, AS HIS FRIENDS KNEW HIM. DR. GEORGE ADAM SMITH. <i>Illustrated</i>	549
<u>EDITORIAL NOTES.....</u>	96
<u>EGYPT, SKETCHES IN. C. D. GIBSON. Illustrated.....</u>	409, 497
<u>ELEPHANTS, HUNTING ON. STORIES FROM THE EXPERIENCE OF A FAMOUS HUNTER OF BIG GAME. CLEVELAND MOFFETT. Illustrated.....</u>	136
<u>FICTION: SHORT STORIES.</u>	
ACCOLADE, THE. LOUISE HERRICK WALL. <i>Illustrated</i>	455
ACTRESS, THE, OF THE CHATEAU. ROBERT BARR. <i>Illustrated</i>	31
BETWEEN TWO SHORES. ELLEN GLASSCOY.....	215
BOLD WORDS AT THE BRIDGE. SARAH ORSKEN JEWETT. <i>Illustrated</i>	508
"BULDY JONES, THIS ANIMAL OF A." FRANK NORRIS.....	478
DISBANDMENT, THE, OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA. MARSHALL PUTNAM THOMPSON.....	79
ENGINEERS, AN. CHRISTMAS STORY. JOHN A. HILL. <i>Illustrated</i>	123
FORERUNNERS OF EMPIRE. MORTIMER O. WILSON. <i>Illustrated</i>	189
HIS NEW MITTENS. STEPHEN CRANE. <i>Illustrated</i>	51
HIS PASSPORT. W. A. FRASER. <i>Illustrated</i>	281
IMPRESSIONISTS, THE. RUDYARD KIPLING. <i>Illustrated</i>	311
IN THE THIRD HOUSE. WALTER BARR. <i>Illustrated</i>	392
LITTLE PREP. A. RUDYARD KIPLING. <i>Illustrated</i>	561
MIRACLE JOYEUX. FRANK NORRIS. <i>Illustrated</i>	154
MORAL REFORMERS, THE. RUDYARD KIPLING. <i>Illustrated</i>	427
PARROT, THE, AND THE MELODRAMA. E. NEWITT. <i>Illustrated</i>	219
SHERIFF OF ELBERT. CHAUNCEY THOMAS.....	556
"STALKY." RUDYARD KIPLING. <i>Illustrated</i>	99
TIGER, A, OF THE TEA-GARDENS. W. A. FRASER. <i>Illustrated</i>	176
TWENTY-DOLLAR BILL, A. HARRIET A. NASH.....	49
UNSAVORY INTERLUDE, AN. RUDYARD KIPLING. <i>Illustrated</i>	210
WOMAN, A, WHO HESITATED. WALTER BARR. <i>Illustrated</i>	235
FIRE PATROL, A STORY OF THE. RAY STANNARD BAKER. <i>Illustrated</i>	19
GUANTANAMO, MARINES SIGNALING UNDER FIRE AT. STEPHEN CRANE. <i>Illustrated</i>	332
HITTING THE TRAIL. HAMLIN GARLAND. <i>Illustrated</i>	208
"HOLLAND," UNDER WATER IN THE. A VOYAGE IN THE DIVING TORPEDO BOAT. FRANKLIN MATTHEWS. <i>Illustrated</i>	291
KITE, THE WAR. A KITE THAT WILL LIFT A MAN. CAPTAIN B. BADEN-POWELL. <i>Illustrated</i>	543
LIFE-MASKS OF GREAT AMERICANS. CHARLES HENRY HART. <i>Illustrated</i>	337
LINCOLN, THE LATER LIFE OF. IDA M. TARBELL.....	
I. LINCOLN AS PRESIDENT-ELECT.....	161
II. LINCOLN'S FIRST INAUGURATION.....	256
III. LINCOLN GATHERING AN ARMY.....	329
IV. LINCOLN'S METHOD OF DEALING WITH MEN. <i>Illustrated</i>	442
V. LINCOLN AND THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION. <i>Illustrated</i>	514

LIQUID AIR. A NEW SUBSTANCE THAT PROMISES TO DO THE WORK OF COAL AND ICE AND GUN-POWDER. RAY STANNARD BAKER. <i>Illustrated</i>	397
MANILA, DEWEY AT. WITH THE AMERICAN FLEET IN THE PHILIPPINES FROM APRIL, 1898, TO OCTOBER, 1898. EDWARD W. HARDEN. <i>Illustrated</i>	369
MARINES SIGNALING UNDER FIRE AT GUANTANAMO. STEPHEN CRANE. <i>Illustrated</i>	332
NATIONS, THE NEW STRUGGLE FOR LIFE AMONG. BROOKS ADAMS.....	558
NINETY MILES AN HOUR, AT. SAVING A DAY BETWEEN THE ATLANTIC AND THE PACIFIC. CLEVELAND MOFFETT. <i>Illustrated</i>	483
NORTH POLE, MOVING ON THE. OUTLINES OF MY ARCTIC CAMPAIGN. LIEUTENANT ROBERT E. PEARY, U.S.N. <i>Illustrated</i>	417
RAJA SINGH AND OTHER ELEPHANTS. W. A. FRASER. <i>Illustrated</i>	40
RISING WOLF—GHOST DANCER. HAMLIN GARLAND. <i>Illustrated</i>	241
ROOSEVELT, THEODORE. A CHARACTER SKETCH. RAY STANNARD BAKER. <i>Illustrated</i>	23
SAMPSON'S CAMPAIGN, THE INNER HISTORY OF. BASED UPON THE OFFICIAL DESPATCHES. W. A. M. GOODE.....	82
SAN JUAN, THE NIGHT AFTER. STORIES OF THE WOUNDED ON THE FIELD AND IN THE HOSPITAL. STEPHEN RONSAI. <i>Illustrated</i>	118
SANTIAGO DURING HOSTILITIES—DIARY OF THE BRITISH CONSUL. (CONCLUSION.) FREDERICK W. RAMSDEN.....	62
SANTIAGO, GENERAL WOOD AT. AMERICANIZING A CUBAN CITY. HENRY HARRISON LEWIS. <i>Illustrated</i>	460
SCOTCH EXPRESS, THE. STEPHEN CRANE. <i>Illustrated</i>	273
SKETCHES IN EGYPT. C. D. GIBSON. <i>Illustrated</i>	409, 497
STALKY AND CO. A SERIES OF STORIES OF SCHOOLBOY LIFE. RUDYARD KIPLING. <i>Illustrated</i> . I. "STALKY"..... 99 II. AN UNSAVORY INTERLUDE..... 210 III. THE IMPRESSIONISTS..... 311 IV. THE MORAL REFORMERS..... 427 V. A LITTLE PREP..... 561	
STRUGGLE, THE NEW, FOR LIFE AMONG NATIONS. BROOKS ADAMS.....	558
SUBMARINE BOAT "ARGONAUT," THE, AND HER ACHIEVEMENTS. SIMON LAKE. <i>Illustrated</i>	195
SUBMARINE VOYAGE, A, IN THE "ARGONAUT." RAY STANNARD BAKER. <i>Illustrated</i>	203
TISSOT, J. J., AND HIS PAINTINGS OF THE LIFE OF CHRIST. HIS OWN STORY OF HOW HE WAS DRAWN TO THE WORK AND HOW IT WAS EXECUTED. CLEVELAND MOFFETT. <i>Illustrated</i>	387
TORPEDO BOAT "HOLLAND," A VOYAGE IN THE. FRANKLIN MATTHEWS. <i>Illustrated</i>	291
TRAIL, THE, TO THE GOLDEN NORTH.—I. POEMS. HAMLIN GARLAND. <i>Illustrated</i>	505
TRAIL, HITTING THE. HAMLIN GARLAND. <i>Illustrated</i>	298
TRAIN-DESPATCHER, ADVENTURES OF A. CAPTAIN JASPER EWING BRADY, JR., U.S.A. <i>Illustrated</i>	44, 147, 305
VESUVIUS, THE MYSTERY OF. H. J. W. DAM. <i>Illustrated</i>	3
VOYAGING UNDER THE SEA. I. THE SUBMARINE BOAT "ARGONAUT" AND HER ACHIEVEMENTS. SIMON LAKE. <i>Illustrated</i> 195 II. A VOYAGE ON THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA. RAY STANNARD BAKER. <i>Illustrated</i> 203	
WAR KITE, THE. A KITE THAT WILL LIFT A MAN. CAPTAIN B. BADEN-POWELL. <i>Illustrated</i>	543
WAR, THE, ON THE SEA, AND ITS LESSONS. CAPTAIN ALFRED T. MAHAN. I. HOW THE MOTIVE OF THE WAR GAVE DIRECTION TO ITS EARLIER MOVEMENTS... 110 II. MILITARY AND NAVAL CONDITIONS OF THE ENEMY..... 291 III. REASONS FOR BLOCKADING CUBA.—AIMS AND MOVEMENTS OF CERVERA..... 353 IV. PROBLEMS PRESENTED BY CERVERA'S ARRIVAL AND HOW THEY WERE SOLVED..... 470 V. THE GUARD SET OVER CERVERA AND THE WATCH KEPT ON CAMARA..... 527	
WAR TO WAR, FROM. THE SWEEPING OUT OF SPAIN. F. W. HEWES. <i>Illustrated</i>	269
WHITE MAN'S BURDEN, THE. A POEM. RUDYARD KIPLING.....	290
WOOD, GENERAL, AT SANTIAGO. AMERICANIZING A CUBAN CITY. HENRY HARRISON LEWIS. <i>Illustrated</i>	460
WORLD'S, THE, BILL OF FARE. COMPARATIVE AMOUNTS OF FOOD USED BY THE PRINCIPAL NATIONS. GEORGE B. WALDRON. <i>Illustrated</i>	16



COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT, COMMANDER OF THE "ROUGH RIDERS;" AT CAMP
WIKOFF, AUGUST 30, 1898.

From a photograph taken by Rockwood expressly for McCURE'S MAGAZINE.

MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XII.

NOVEMBER, 1898.

No. 1.



MOUNT VESUVIUS FROM THE HEIGHTS OF VOMERO, NAPLES.

THE MYSTERY OF VESUVIUS.

BY H. J. W. DAM.

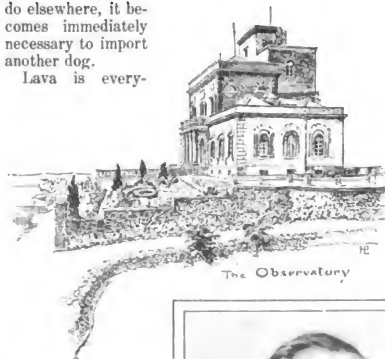
Illustrated with drawings made on the spot by C. K. Linson, for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, and from photographs.

WHAT Naples owes to Vesuvius it would be difficult for figures to express. The city is built of lava, and the streets are paved with it. Lava is one of the best building stones known, since it is very durable, costs nothing, and is easily worked by stone-cutters who ask and receive nothing in particular by way of wages. These facts explain the mad fancy of the Neapolitan citizens for stone embankments, hundreds of feet high, which in any

other city would be luxuries only possible to millionaires. The city is largely built upon very precipitous hillsides. One man's garden is often another man's roof. Hillside roads, wide and well-paved, run over the roofs of dwelling-houses in places. The usual villa nestles on a shelf, with a back garden of orange trees running to the next man's embankment, and a front garden projecting outward into the blue empyrean. When the

playful dog—an imported dog, of course—joyfully frisks about the front garden, and carelessly jumps over the low wall, as he has been accustomed to do elsewhere, it becomes immediately necessary to import another dog.

Lava is every-



where—in streets of lava, staircases, statues, drinking-troughs, bric-à-brac, and jewelry of every conceivable kind. The innumerable donkeys even are lava-colored, and show other indications of their volcanic origin in their hind legs and voices. These, the invariable accompaniments of the Neapolitan morning, thrill through the soft air like the note of lark or woodbird, but in a different, more Vesuvian key. And Vesuvius is ever before you. It is a pillar of smoke by day and a crescent of fire by night. The smoke comes from the crater, and is now and then lighted by red flashes. The crescent is the lava flood of 1895, still moving, which shows two miles of steam during the daytime and the same length of glowing redness from dark to dawn.

The ascent of Vesuvius begins at Cook's Tourist Office in Naples, where you climb into an ancient carriage. To this are attached three horses, and a driver whose lungs

appear to be the chief motive power of the vehicle: they work steadily, and, aided by his whip, keep the horses moving. When the horses fall down, which they do at periodic intervals and in regular succession, his voice lifts them, and he departs into the neighborhood to borrow a piece of rope and mend the harness. Then you go on again. In justice to the Cook Company it should be said that they do not own these conveyances, but are forced to hire them out of deference to the Neapolitans, whose natural destiny and ruling ambition is driving cabs. This ascent of a mighty peak by landau lacks some of the hardships of Alpine mountaineering, but has others of its own.

About half of the drive to the Observatory is over streets paved with large lava blocks which theoretically constitute a plane surface, but do not get beyond the stage of theory. Each separate pair cause a bump to which the carriage springs have long since yielded, and which is received and recorded in your bony framework. The last five miles of the drive are along a winding road, past vineyards and lava huts, with incipient villages here and there. These villages are entirely



PROFESSOR SEMMOLA, DIRECTOR OF THE OBSERVATORY ON MOUNT VESUVIUS.

populated by vocal and instrumental musicians. These, of all ages from the cradle to the grave, line the road and sing "Funiculi—Funicula," and "Sweet Marie," which has been imported, but has suffered somewhat in passing through the custom-houses. Your driver receives a secret percentage on every penny you spend in lava, wine, milk, or music, and so stops constantly and long, in spite of your objections. He says his horses are tired, and this is undeniable. From appearances, they were never otherwise in their lives.



MOUNT VESUVIUS FROM POMPEII.

Reaching the foot of the mountain, the road winds upward, cut through numberless overlying lava flows, which vary in color from dull black to soft brown as they vary in age from a few years to many centuries. You finally, after three hours and a half, reach the Observatory, a solid, handsome structure of three stories, standing sharply out against the sky, on a spur of the mountain, 2,200 feet above the sea. Its various marble-floored rooms comprise a museum, in which the seventy minerals thrown out by Vesuvius are arranged and classified, a scientific library, and various apartments containing instruments. The most important of these is the electro-magnetic seismograph, which records the time, extent, and direction of every movement of the earth's surface, however faint. There are also meteorological instruments for measuring the electricity in the air and electrical phenomena during an eruption. It is from the balcony of this Observatory that you get the first idea of the immensity, horror, and unimaginable force of the mighty vent for the earth's interior fires that towers above.

In every direction is a shoreless sea of dull black lava. Its tossing billows, break-

ers, and hillocks, once white-hot and angry, are now chilled to rigid stone. The eddies, splashes, and torrents of the molten rivers are plainly apparent, and still look soft and pasty, but are heavy and hard like cast-iron. There have been hundreds of eruptions, large and small, since that memorable day in A.D. 79 when Vesuvius was born and Pompeii died. These have varied greatly in their physical character, at times being a very liquid and white-hot mass that swept torrent-like down the mountain at nearly a mile per minute, and was still so hot when it overwhelmed Torre del Greco, four and a half miles away, that it melted copper, silver, and even flints. It was at this Observatory, on the 26th or 27th of April, 1872, that Professor Palmieri, "the father of Vesuvius," stood at his post while two lava floods rushed down the valleys on either side, and the Observatory became an island between two molten seas. It was so hot inside, with all the doors and shutters closed, that the thermometer rose to 178 degrees Fahrenheit. Roasting for all seemed imminent, but fortunately the mercury rose no higher. At this time Vesuvius was hurling out blocks of stone forty-five feet in circumference, sending small pro-



MOUNT VESUVIUS, SHOWING MOUNTAIN RAILWAY AND STATION.

Drawn by C. K. Linson, January 30, 1906.

jectiles a few thousand feet in the air, and flames and smoke many thousands of feet higher. The mountain roared and bellowed in a way that was deafening, and its fury shook the houses at Naples. The smoke was shot with lightning flashes, and the air was full of blazing projectiles which fell in a shower upon the Observatory. Not only the crater, but the black cone itself, half a mile in height, was cracked in all directions, was spouting flames from these cracks, and threatened to collapse into the boiling lake within. The sea-coast rose for miles, though not so high as in 1861, when it rose four and a half feet. The mass of the population of Naples and of the suburbs lying between it and the volcano piled their household goods into carts, and set off in the other direction, in fear of being overwhelmed. Palmieri had warned them of the eruption, and when he descended from the Observatory two days later, he was greeted by the superstitious people as a god. They fell on their knees before him in the streets, and begged him to save them and their children. In another twenty-four hours, however, all was quiet again, except the slow advance of the cooling lava. The mountain was then ascended on the other side, and two large new craters were found in place of the four which had existed previously. It was calculated that over 20,000,000 cubic yards of lava had been ejected in twenty-four hours.

There was formerly a carriage road from the Observatory

to the railway station at the foot of the cone, whence a wire-rope railway leads to the summit. This road was destroyed by the eruption of 1895, and tourists have since then covered the two miles by pony transit over a bridle-path across the lava. This bridle-path was practicable on February 5, 1898, but was crossed by the lava flow on the day following. Having traversed it on February 5th, however, you bear this news with fortitude. The small ponies used by the tourists are shaggy and docile, and move much like rocking-horses. They easily carry travelers of all weights, however, and also drag the donkey-boys by their tails

—the ponies' tails. Midway in your voyage over these lava seas a mustachioed brigand jumps out from behind a rock and bids you halt, and both he and the boy furiously demand money. The purpose is not robbery, however, but bric-à-brac. You yield a few *soldi*, the brigand disappears, and you follow him on foot. As you jump from rock to rock, the air grows rapidly hotter, until it is veritably blazing. You have passed over the edge of a wide, slow-moving lava flow, and have become an integral part of an eruption, as it were. It is proceeding, inch by inch, silent and irresistible, from a small crater a mile away in the side of the cone. The lava underneath your feet is as hot as a kitchen stove. It is the dull black color of the lead



PORTERS AND DONKEYS AT RAILWAY STATION. DRAWN BY C. K. LINSON.



THE VALLEY DESOLATE, MOUNT VESUVIUS. DRAWN BY C. K. LINSON, JANUARY 21, 1898.

The Observatory is on the left; the dark bands over the end of the ridge, in the distance, are lava. In the foreground is the valley, covered with lava from the eruptions of 1872, 1883, 1893, and 1898; the valley on the other side of the Observatory ridge is devastated in like manner.

in a lead-pencil. It is fibrous, ropy, and glistening like great masses of hot, black molasses candy. Wherever it cracks, the interior is revealed as a thick, sticky, molten mass, and that the whole is still workable and pasty is shown by its onward movement. The heat is almost suffocating. The brigand thrusts an iron rod into a crevice, draws out and whirls around a lump of the viscid, red-hot mass, which he rolls into a flat shape like a *vol-au-vent*. Then he disengages the rod, presses one of your pennies into its place, and this small, black lava tart with its monetary filling is thrown into a bucket of cold water to cool. He exacts a shilling for each one made, and you pay and pass on.

The railway station contains a good restaurant, and after fortifying yourself against the staggering experiences that await you on the summit, you take the cable car. The rest of the ascent is mountaineering by rail. You mount rapidly up 1,300 feet along a smooth, precipitous cone covered with a dull black velvety powder. At the small upper station a group of guides are waiting, who offer chairs. It now becomes mountaineering by upholstered furniture, if you wish; but this you decline. The steep, upward path is of the same fine black sand, into which

you sink above your shoe-tops. A quarter of an hour or more brings you to the summit, and you now wish for the first time that you had not come. According to expert opinion, the volcano is now quiescent. To you, however, it seems to be in a violent state of activity and meditating an eruption at any moment. The cone shakes and trembles under your feet. A loud, unearthly belch, followed by a stunning roar, deafens you at intervals, and seems to come from several different directions. In looking for the cause, you find yourself on the edge of a chasm forty feet long and perhaps three feet wide and apparently as deep as the earth itself. From it a cloud of smoke and steam comes rushing like an escape from a 12,000 horse-power boiler. In your steep upward climb you pass several of these "fumaroli," and finally stand on the edge of the crater itself. The crater of a volcano is probably the most awful and impressive object in nature that human eyes are permitted to see.

Rushing smoke is everywhere, now mildly enveloping you, and now densely wrapping you in a bitter, choking cloud. When the smoke lifts, you see that you are standing on an irregular ring of black earth, perhaps forty feet wide, which surrounds a black,



ONE OF THE LAVA FLOWS OF 1895 AS IT NOW APPEARS FROM THE OBSERVATORY. STEAM IS RISING FROM THE RED-HOT LAVA. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

smoke-filled hole a hundred yards across. This hole is filled with steam and smoke rapidly rushing upward and concealing its interior and its form. The black sand slopes gently away to your right for perhaps ten feet, and there you dimly see a black, sharply-cut edge, the edge of the awful precipice. As the wind shifts, you are again enveloped in the evil-smelling smoke, and can only shut your eyes and stand still. It is not the place to move about with your eyes shut. The churning, rumbling, and splashing of a molten white-hot lake 600 feet below you sounds constantly. It is the most horrible of all noises. Now and then a red glare flashes from below on the rushing smoke. When you start, choking, to move away, the guide grasps your elbow and says, "Don't go too near." A young Brazilian, in 1886, went too near and fell in. You hoarsely assure the guide that you have no such intention, and prefer to go too near the outside of the cone and fall down into sunny Italy. Then the wind changes, blows the rushing smoke away from the edge, and you get a glance for a few feet into the crater itself.

In its black and hideous grandeur, smoke-hung and fiery, it is like a Doré picture. But it is also indescribably nasty and repellent. The nastiness comes from dirty yellow and dirty white deposits of sulphur or of salt which line the crevices of the black, precipitous walls; and these perpendicular walls, dripping with hot water, look strangely slippery and slimy, like the fabled descent into hell itself. The crevices somehow look like snarling mouths with dirty, yellow teeth. The walls, dimly outlined in the smoke, are jagged, black, and irregular, but lead straight down for 600 feet. The great irregular oval is 520 feet long and 450 feet wide. This the guide tells you, for you can see only the bits of it near you. Its rim, about which you now proceed to walk, is uneven, jagged masses of rock rising twenty or thirty feet above you, blazing with sulphur or spouting steam through cracks. After finally encircling it, you descend the hill a short distance and sit down to get a supply of the kind of air which you breathe ordinarily. And here you forget the crater and are consoled by a view which is almost magical in its beauty.



THE CONE OF VESUVIUS, WITH LAVA IN THE FOREGROUND, SHOWING THE SIDE CRATER OF 1895, WHICH HAS SINCE DISAPPEARED. FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

The green plains and the blue bay lie like toy plains and a toy bay at your feet. From the tiny ships to the tiny houses, all seem like a nursery model of nature lighted by a full-grown sun and covered by a full-grown sky. The slope falls away for miles to the water's edge at Torre del Greco, with Resina, Portici, and Naples beyond. To the left, six miles out upon the plain, lies a black spot. This is Pompeii. The little circle of living cities are all bright and joyous, but all have tragic histories. Torre del Greco has been overwhelmed and burnt to cinders sixteen times. The seventeenth town now rests upon the sixteenth lava flow. It is perfectly at peace to-day, however, with the inhabitants lazily strolling about between the curtains of drying macaroni and the matrons scrubbing their children at the public pumps. The inhabitants have a saying: "Naples sins, and Torre del Greco pays." It is difficult to believe, as you look upon the bright and placid picture, that the monster behind you has been answerable for more than 10,000 human lives.

Its small tragedies have been many. The Brazilian has been mentioned. A mad

Frenchman threw himself into one of the molten floods and burned to death in front of the guides. On the 25th of April, 1873, a party of thirteen ladies and gentlemen, viewing the lava by night, were caught by a new eruption, a small cone opening at the side. By the light of the lava they ran for higher ground; but two fell and were covered, and seven died from heat and asphyxiation after being picked up. Five hundred persons perished in the eruption of 1676; 4,000 in that of 1631. The dead of Pompeii and Herculaneum were never counted. An idea of their number may appear, however, from the narrative of the younger Pliny, an eye-witness, from which the following is a condensed extract. It was written in the year 79, soon after the destruction of Pompeii.

"The courtyard was already so full of ashes mixed with pumice-stone that the surface was rising, and a longer stay in the bed-chamber would have cut off all egress. The walls nodded under the repeated and tremendous shocks, and seemed as though dislodged from their foundations as they swayed first in one direction and then the other. They [his family] covered their heads with



THE CONE FROM THE LEVEL OF THE LOWER STATION, SHOWING SIDE AND TOP CRATERS, AND OLD AND NEW LAVA. DRAWN BY C. K. LINSON, JANUARY, 1898.

pillows tied around with cloths, to protect themselves against the shower. By this time it was day elsewhere, but here it was the blackest and thickest of all nights; though this darkness numerous torches and lights served to alleviate. It was decided to make for the shore, in order to learn at the nearest point whether the sea was by this time available. We saw the sea sucked back into itself and repulsed by the quaking of the earth. We had scarcely sat down when the night came on again; not such as it is when there is no moon or when there are clouds, but the night of a closed place with the lights put out. One could hear the shrieks of the women, the cries for help from the children, and the shouts of the men. Some were calling for their parents, others for their young ones, others for their partners, and recognizing them by their voices. Some were lamenting their own case, others that of those dear to them. There were those who through fear of death invoked death. Many raised their hands to the gods, but the greater number concluded that there were no longer gods anywhere and that the last eternal night of story had settled on the world."

The appalling suddenness of the shower of mud and ashes which descended on this city of 25,000 inhabitants is shown by the attitudes of the bodies, some of which have been preserved in the Pompeian Museum. Many were in bed at the time of the eruption, and, fleeing in their night clothes, fell face downward, pressing their faces to the earth in their mad attempts to obtain air. Their figures are models for the tragic sculptor, as is also that of a dog, perfectly preserved in its petrification, with its body twisted and distorted in the agony of suffocation. The depth to which the city was buried was so great that the surrounding plain is now on a level with the roofs of the crushed-in houses, laid bare by the excavations. Only about half of Pompeii has been excavated as yet, and the work proceeds slowly from lack of funds. It is carried on by an army of barefoot boys, who shovel the ashes into baskets and march singing up a hill-path to the plain above. Here freight cars receive the ashes, which are deported by rail and used for filling elsewhere.

Through all this Vesuvian pilgrimage, from the lava city of Naples to the lava layers



THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS ON APRIL 26, 1872, AS SEEN FROM NAPLES. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

that cover mountain and valley, there is a mystery which ever presents itself, which grows deeper and deeper, and which neither guide nor guide-book seems able to answer. Before A.D. 79 there was only one mountain, Monte Somma. Now there are two, twin peaks, Monte Somma and Vesuvius, and the latter is higher than its fellow. From beneath the surface of the earth, therefore,

has come lava enough to build several cities and a mountain, and cover hundreds of square miles with lava banks of varying depth. The cubic area of this tremendous mass can only be expressed in billions of yards. The mystery is the reservoir whence this melted rock came, the force that expelled it, and the shape and location of the enormous cavity it must have left behind it; but to obtain a



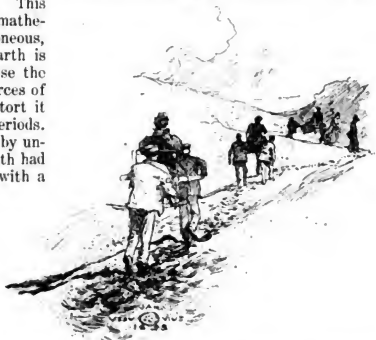
A GUIDE, GROWN OLD IN THE SERVICE. DRAWN BY C. K. LINSON.

satisfactory answer on these points seems to be impossible.

It was a cherished conviction of the school-books some years ago that our earth was a molten mass in its interior, with a cooled crust outside upon which we dwell. This idea, however, the astronomers and mathematicians long since showed to be erroneous, and it has been abandoned. Our earth is solid and rigid to its core. Otherwise the tremendous tension exerted by the forces of gravity which play upon it would distort it into varying shapes at varying periods. Lord Kelvin showed many years ago, by undeniable mathematics, that if the earth had a molten interior, as was supposed, with a crust of solid steel 500 miles in thickness, the forces of gravity would at times pull it out of the spherical form and contort it as a boy squeezes a soft rubber ball. The molten interior as the source of volcanic action then gave place to the chemical theory. This was the conception that air and water from the surface, percolating downward and coming into contact with

mineral beds of virgin oxides, set up a tremendous chemical action, whose resultant heat accounted for all the phenomena. There was much to be said for this theory, the volcanic explosions being clearly due to water in the form of superheated steam and compressed gases. The objections were greater still, however, as they were also to the intermediate theory of a solid core, a solid crust, and a layer of molten matter between.

It was and is known, however, that the interior of the earth is in a state of tremendous heat. This is shown by the rising of the thermometer one degree for about every sixty feet of depth as we descend into mines and wells. This rising of the thermometer is, however, not regular in any one place, but very irregular in all places. The Comstock Lode, for instance, increases in heat much more rapidly than the deep well at Budapest; and in the latter, after a great depth has been reached, the thermometer begins to fall. The seismograph, or earthquake recorder, has furnished the most satisfactory suggestion yet obtained. By a series of observations at stations widely separated, the area of various earthquakes has been measured and mapped. This has revealed the center, or starting-point, of the



THE LAST STAGE OF THE JOURNEY. DRAWN BY C. K. LINSON.

earth waves, and these centers vary from thirty to eight miles of depth, which is, of course, a much smaller distance below the surface than the estimated or supposed thickness of the crust. These and other investi-

curately predicted in point of time. Vesuvius, it appears, is as untamable and uncertain as ever.

"Even the seismograph cannot be depended upon as a warning," he says. "On



A CINDER CLOUD ON MOUNT VESUVIUS. DRAWN BY C. K. LINSON, JANUARY 18, 1898.

gations have induced the present belief that the causes of volcanic action are not due to a reservoir of molten rock in the earth's interior, but to local causes operating, in the case of any given volcano or group, over a limited area and at no great distance, comparatively speaking, below the surface.

This is the view taken by Professor Semmola, who, since the death of Professor Palmieri last year, has occupied the position of Director of the Observatory of Vesuvius. He is also Professor of Meteorology in the University of Naples, and is credited with a large number of original investigations in this and allied sciences. Professor Semmola is a tall, distinguished-looking man, whose appearance is German rather than Italian. A request for information as to what we do not know about volcanoes brings an invitation to his rooms in the University. He begins the conversation by saying that two reports have gone the rounds of the European press for which there was no foundation. The first was that Vesuvius was in the last throes, and no more eruptions were to be expected. The second was that science had reached a point of exactness by which future eruptions could be ac-

curately predicted in point of time. Vesuvius, it appears, is as untamable and uncertain as ever.

"Is there no means, then, of knowing when an eruption is about to occur?"

"That depends upon the character of the eruption; but eruptions vary greatly. In fact, no two are alike. In a normal or ordinary eruption, the bed of the crater slowly rises. It rose steadily, for instance, from 1875 to 1878, and the lava then overtopping the brim, flowed down the side of the cone. In eccentric eruptions, the action sets up suddenly and violently, and breaks open new craters or blows out the cold lava that fills the old channels. The heat of the issuing lava varies also. It is usually about 1,800 degrees Fahrenheit, but may be much hotter. It remains fluid down to about 1,200 degrees."

"What is the latest theory of volcanic action?"

"We are still working at the old theories, the electro-chemical and that of a reservoir of molten matter below. The lack of knowl-



THE MOUTH OF THE GREAT CRATER (ERUPTION OF 1895). FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

edge as to the active cause arises from the impossibility of studying the action at its source. Nobody," said he, smiling, "wants to go down into the crater of an active volcano, and his investigations would not reach the publisher if he did.

"We know, however," he continued, "that the interior of the earth still conserves a high degree of heat. Taking the varying rate of augmentation of temperature in descending mines and wells, a distance of twenty or thirty miles would give us a heat capable of melting all known matter. The matter forming the earth at this depth is solid through pressure. If the pressure were removed it would at once liquefy, and forced out through a volcano it does liquefy. I am aware that there are objections to be urged against this theory as accounting for all volcanic phenomena, but I give it to you as perhaps the most reasonable basis of a theory that can be presented."

"The idea of the molten interior of the earth is no longer entertained?"

"No. Even without the unanswerable objections of astronomy and mathematics, the idea is not tenable; other facts disprove it.

The belief prevailed for some time that the periods of greatest activity of Vesuvius were coincident with those of the moon's greatest attraction. I investigated this question very thoroughly both by observations for two years and an extended comparison of past records of the moon and the volcano. It became fully evident that no variations whatever in activity were to be attributed to the moon's phases. Were there a molten interior, this, of course, could not be so."

"What mechanical power seems to be responsible for the tremendous force of the eruptions?"

"Steam, superheated, under great pressure. Given matter at a high degree of heat, and water which by some means reaches it, and you have a sufficient physical force to account for all the work done. That water plays a very important part in the eruptions is clearly evident. In some eruptions of Vesuvius an enormous amount of water has been thrown out. The eccentric action of the sea, and of the wells and springs in the surrounding country, established an obvious relation. Many unofficial records of past eruptions describe the sinking of the sea,

fish stranded on the shores thus laid bare, etc. Palmieri, however, came to the conclusion, based on his investigation of the eruption of 1861, that it was not the sea that sank, but the coast that lifted. He found that, in the eruption, the coast was lifted for several miles, the highest elevation being at Torre del Greco, where the elevation was four feet and a half. It slowly sank to its former level, but two years afterwards had not quite attained it.

"This explosive and eruptive action of water is shown," he added, "whenever a lava flood passes over a spring. A miniature volcano forms and spouts. The water turns to steam, and this, superheated and confined, bears the superincumbent weight only as long as it is unable to lift it. When the amount and power of the steam is equal to the demand, it erupts with violence through the lava flood and gives us a small volcano.

After an eruption of Vesuvius, the lava which has cooled fills all the canals and vents leading from below. The steam and other gases which form below are thus unable to escape, and may go on augmenting in force for a long period. When the force of expansion attains the bursting point, it either blows out the old vents or forces new ones, sometimes in the volcano, and sometimes elsewhere, as when the new volcano of Monte Nuovo appeared above Pozzuoli in 1538. The so-called smoke from Vesuvius is almost entirely steam. Steam is absorbed by the lava before eruption; under great pressure, and is given off for long periods, as has been the case with the lava stream on the mountain for many months past."

"How deep, then, do you think the center of activity of Vesuvius lies?"



THE EDGE OF THE CRATER. DRAWN BY C. K. LINSON, JANUARY 21, 1898.

"I can only give you my opinion, and an opinion does not call for a demonstration. I think it is a matter of miles, perhaps ten, but probably less."

The mystery of the volcano remains still, therefore, the mystery of the earth itself; and we shall understand the one only when we understand the other. But the enormous heat and force of Vesuvius, only utilized thus far in supplying building stone and destroying buildings, recall practically the prophecy of Professor Berthelot, that in the golden age that is coming we shall draw all our heat, and the mechanical forces which result from its conversion, directly from the earth itself—that instead of digging 2,000 feet for coal, we shall dig a little farther when the coal gives out, and bring up the heat itself by thermo-electric methods.

THE WORLD'S BILL OF FARE.

THE COMPARATIVE AMOUNTS OF FOOD USED BY THE PRINCIPAL NATIONS.

BY GEORGE B. WALDRON.

THE average man, if asked what is the most important crop of the world, would unhesitatingly say, "Wheat." This is true in the United States, but far from the case in the world as a whole. The first place must be given the potato. Ireland is not the only country of Europe which subsists largely on that vegetable. Of all the staple crops of the world, the potato takes the first place, the annual crop being more than 4,000 million bushels, against 2,500 million bushels of wheat, 2,600 million bushels of corn, 1,300 million bushels of rye, and 750 million bushels of barley. Of the total potato crop, Europe produces fully seven-eighths, which is two and one-half times as much as her wheat, and all her cereals together are but 50 per cent. more.

In the consumption of the potato, Ireland, as may be expected, stands at the head. Her average annual consumption per capita is 1,467 pounds, or a daily average of 4 pounds per person. Next comes Germany, with a per capita consumption of over 1,300 pounds. Her total consumption reaches 1,170 million bushels, or more than a quarter of the entire consumption of the world. Then come the Netherlands, with a per capita consumption of 840 pounds; then Norway and Sweden, with 740 pounds; France, 700; Austria-Hungary, 663, and Canada, 660 pounds. At the other end of the list stands Italy, with a

per capita consumption of only 48 pounds. Our own country requires

250 million bushels of potatoes a year, or 200 pounds for each person. This is less by 38 pounds than the average consumption in Great Britain, and about the same as that of Australia. European Russia uses 850 million bushels, or 481 pounds per capita.

In the consumption of wheat, France heads the list, requiring 300 million bushels a year, or 467 pounds to each inhabitant. Next comes Canada, with 360 pounds per capita, a total of 30 million bushels. Italy requires 307 pounds per capita, or a total of 160 million bushels. Germany, Russia, Great Britain, and Hungary each use about the same total, 165 million bushels; but Great Britain's per capita consumption is 250 pounds, against 93 pounds for Russia, 180 pounds for Germany, and 230 pounds for Austria-Hungary. In the United States the consumption of wheat is 240 pounds, requiring a total of 300 million bushels. The Netherlands use the same per capita as the United States, requiring 20 million bushels. At the other end of the list is Japan, with but 16 millions total, making a per capita consumption of 22 pounds.

Where these countries lack in the consumption of wheat, however, the deficit is, as a rule, made up in other grains. Rye is the grain most in use in Russia, where 580 million bushels are consumed each year, or an average of 307 pounds per capita. At the head of the list of European countries stands Denmark, with a per capita use of 320 pounds; then Sweden, 314 pounds, and Norway, 224 pounds. Italy uses but 29 pounds per capita,

and Germany only 26 pounds, while France requires 53 pounds, or a total of 36 million bushels. The rye used for food in the United States aggregates about 30 million bushels, or 22 pounds to each inhabitant.

The use of cats for



France.

Great Britain.

United States.

Germany.

Russia.

Italy.



United States.

United Kingdom.

Spain.

Switzerland.

Italy.

land, 62; Belgium, 61; Austria-Hungary, 60; and Russia, Portugal, and the Netherlands, 50 pounds. Italy uses but 24 pounds of meat per capita.

The United States also stands at the head in the use of eggs, fully 10,000 million being required in the course of a year, or 133 eggs to each person. Next stands Canada, with 90 eggs per capita. Denmark uses 80 eggs; France,

human food is also, as a rule, largest where wheat is least common. Norway, for example, stands near the head of the list, with 112 pounds per capita. Germany uses 97 pounds; the Netherlands and Sweden, both 96; Russia, 90; Belgium, 74; Spain, 55; Italy, 46; and Austria-Hungary, 45 pounds. In spite of the large use of oats as a food in Scotland, the average of the United Kingdom is but 12 pounds. In the United States it is estimated that 180 million bushels are used for food, or 77 pounds per capita. Canada uses 51 pounds.

It is in the use of meats that the various nations show a wide divergence. At the head of the list, both as to total and per capita consumption, stands our own country. Not less than 11,000 million pounds are retained for the use of our own people, or 147 pounds to each person. Of this, in round numbers, 5,000 million pounds are beef, 4,000 pork, and 800 mutton. Next to this country stands the United Kingdom, with an average of 100 pounds per inhabitant, but only a fraction of this amount goes to the Irish, since their average consumption is but 56 pounds. Norway uses 80 pounds; France,

77; Spain, 70; Germany, 64; Sweden and Switzerland,

78, and Germany, 75 eggs. The United Kingdom requires but 39 eggs to each person, and Italy but 47 eggs.

In the use of rice there is a wide divergence. The United States, for example, requires but 300 million pounds, which is only 4 pounds per capita. Great Britain takes 350 million pounds, or 9 pounds to each person; Spain uses 5 pounds, and Italy 14. But Japan requires no less than 300 pounds, and the average of all India is 200 pounds. The Province of Bombay alone uses 10,000 million pounds, or 547 pounds to each inhabitant.

A statement commonly made is that this country takes the lead in the use of sugar. This, however, is not the case. The palm must be given to Great Britain, which requires 3,000 million pounds per annum, or 80 pounds to each inhabitant. In our own country, 5,500 million pounds are used, but the per capita consumption is 7 pounds less than in Great Britain, or 73 pounds. France uses 960 million pounds, or 25 pounds to each person. Germany, which has made such remarkable strides in producing beet sugar for our own and other nations, retains but little of it comparatively for her own consumption. The total is 950 million pounds, or only 18 pounds to each person. Austria-Hungary uses 15 pounds; Sweden, 20; Norway, 12, and Spain, only 7 pounds.

Tobacco is another native of the New World which has come into general use. Our own nation stands at the head in

the total consumption, using 200 million pounds during the year, but this is only 43 ounces to each person—much less than the consumption of Belgium, for example, which stands at 110 ounces, or Switzerland, where 80 ounces are used. The Neth-



Great Britain.

United States.

France.

Germany.

Spain.

erlands use 51 ounces to each person, while Germany, noted for its use of this "weed," requires 48 ounces, which puts it 5 ounces in advance of our own nation. Russia uses 24 ounces; France, 29; Italy,

Perhaps the widest divergence is to be found in the use of the stronger drinks. Take beer, for example. In this the United Kingdom takes the lead, with no less than 1,200 million gallons per year, or 30 gallons to each inhabitant. Germany uses 1,400 million gallons, or 27 gallons per capita; and



United Kingdom.

Germany.

United States.

Netherlands.

22; Spain, 32, and the United Kingdom, 23 ounces.

In the use of beverages the various nations show an equally marked divergence. Take, for example, the matter of tea. In this Great Britain and her dependencies in Australia lead the world, requiring no less than 88 ounces per capita, which is a total in Great Britain of 230 million pounds, and in Australia of 22 million pounds. Canada uses somewhat less, the average being 70 ounces to each person. Our own country requires 110 million pounds of tea, which is 24 ounces per capita. Russia, however, uses only 60 million pounds, or 9 ounces to each person.

In the use of coffee the Netherlands stand at the head, using no less than 370 ounces to each person. Denmark consumes 247 ounces, and Belgium 176 ounces. Next comes our own United States, with 155 ounces, which requires a total of 725 million pounds during the year. At the other end is Russia, whose people consume 30 million pounds during the year, or 3 ounces to each person. Spain uses but 9 ounces, and Great Britain only 11 ounces. Germany requires 78 ounces, or a total of 245 million pounds; Switzerland, 112 ounces; France, 53; Austria-Hungary, 32, and Italy, 17 ounces.

then comes Denmark, with 24 gallons to each person. In the United States, 1,050 million gallons are used each year, which gives an average of 15 gallons to each person. Switzerland uses 14 gallons per capita; France, 6 gallons; Sweden and Norway, 7; the Netherlands, 8, and Canada, 4 gallons. Such wine-drinking countries as Spain, Italy, and Greece use very little beer. Italy requires less than a gallon, Greece about 2 quarts, and Spain but little over a pint. In wine consumption, however, Spain takes the lead, with 35 gallons to each person. Then comes France, with 29 gallons, and Italy, 24 gallons. These countries are in marked contrast with beer-drinking Ger-



Belgium.

Turkey.

United States.

Spain.

United Kingdom.

many, which uses but little over a gallon of wine per inhabitant, and the United Kingdom, which requires less than 2 quarts. In the United States the consumption of wine has largely increased during the last year, reaching a total of 38 million gallons, which is almost exactly 2 quarts to each person. Russia uses about a gallon of wine per capita, and Austria-Hungary nearly 3 gallons. Canada, however, takes the lowest place, with less than 1 pint to each person.



A Story of the Fire Patrol.

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER.



THEY tell yet in the fire-houses of the adventure of Skrine and his men. Skrine was a stubby Pennsylvanian, with immensely broad shoulders, long, powerful arms, and a good-humored, ruddy face blotched in places with blue-black fire scars. He talked with a drawing lisp, the result of a deep slit in his upper lip where he had been cut by falling glass. For upwards of ten years Skrine was a lieutenant of the fire patrol.

There is this difference between the fire department and the fire patrol: One saves from fire, the other saves from water. The fire department is a branch of the public service; the fire patrol is a small company of picked men supported by the insurance underwriters as a business adjunct in the saving of property. The members of both organizations are trained to the same grim struggle, their uniforms and equipments are similar—so that in the rush of a great fire it is difficult to tell them apart—and both deal calmly in the business of danger.

On the night of the 15th of March a double alarm called the engines of McCaffrey's district to Washington Avenue and Wells Court. A big, black hulk of a building, six stories high, stood near the corner. It was occupied as a carriage factory, with a display room on the street floor. Before the firemen came, its windows were in dark-

ness, and if it was on fire it kept the secret grimly. McCaffrey slid down from his red-spoked wagon, and found a bare-headed watchman hopping up and down on the steps and shouting.

The fire needed only a draft of fresh air, and when the door was opened, the whole lower half of the building, with its oil-soaked floors and walls, puffed suddenly into flame. Before the first stream stiffened against the cornice, the fire roared like a smelter chimney from the windows in the top story.

Skrine, coming late with his men, saw with a quick eye that the carriage factory was doomed. Next to it on the south stood a sturdy, brick-faced building two stories high. The first floor was occupied by a piano merchant; the second by a dealer in wall-paper and tapestries. Already the streams from McCaffrey's engines were sozzling in torrents on the roof. Skrine's wagon ground close to the curbing, and Noonan and Hall tossed out the bundles of yellow tarpaulin. Skrine led the way across the drenched sidewalk, and with a single blow of his ax drove in the heavy oak doors of the piano-store. The room was thick and choking with smoke; the gas-jet which Nelson lighted gleamed through it like a misty star.

On the second floor the wall-paper was piled on long tables and shelves, thousands of dollars' worth of it. One man unrolled the tarpaulins with a certain trained deftness; two others, one at each end, lifted them, and stretched them over the wall-paper, pulling the edges down until they reached

well under the tables. Great blisters formed on the papered ceiling, to burst a moment later and let down a sudden douche of water. If it struck a tarpaulin top so much money was saved to the insurance companies; if it struck an uncovered pile of paper, so much was lost.

Working thus with orderly haste, Skrine's men came at length to the alley-end of the building, where the smoke was creeping in around the windows. As they prepared to go down the back stairs, Skrine heard a shrill shout of warning from the street, and then he was conscious of the horror-pause—the pause when shouting men draw in their breath and wait for something to happen. He leaped down the stairs, four steps at a time, the other men following. Once more they heard the warning shout, and as they reached the first floor they saw the far-away flicker of a lantern. Then from above there came the terrific crash of rending timbers. The ceiling crumpled like a collapsed tent, and fell with a deafening roar. The first floor went with it into the basement.

Skrine was half stunned. When he tried to turn, there was a stinging pain in his back and leg. It was pitch dark and cold and smoky. As he listened he heard indistinctly the clamor of the people in the street; and he knew that the wall of the carriage factory must have fallen, and driven in the building above like a crush hat. Overhead the timbers were cracking and settling, and by the sign of the icy water that dripped in his face, he knew that the firemen were "cooling" the ruins.

"Nelson!" he called; "Noonan!"

"Hello, lieutenant," came Noonan's voice, not an arm's length away. Noonan was a joking little Irishman. "I can't get up," he said; "a piano's playin' on me back."

They heard some one groan.

"It's Hall," said Skrine.

At that Nelson and Berquist, who were further away, began to shout. They all joined in, but their voices were lost in the roar of the fire. Nelson reached out, and touched Hall's face.

"I guess we're done for," he said, but Hall did not answer.

They lay at the foot of an inclined plane; the first floor had been wrenched loose along one side and driven to the bottom of the basement. At its lower edge a little pocket formed by the stairposts protected them from the weight of a thousand tons of brick, rent timbers, and broken pianos.

Through the ruins they saw a bright glim-

mer of fire. At first it was a mere hazy yellow wisp, blurred with smoke, but it leaped swiftly into a red glare, kindling the tangled heaps of wall-paper, one after another.

They joined again in a wild shout for help. There was no response but the sharp musketry of the flames in the ruins and the shrill screeching of the engines in the street outside.

Skrine, groping with his hand in the darkness, touched his lantern. After several futile attempts, he succeeded in lighting it. Through the dense fog of smoke he saw Hall lying face downward, under a great weight of ruins. He was groaning and begging for help. Noonan was part way under a piano; Nelson and Berquist were free, although a good deal bruised. Skrine himself found that his foot was pinned fast under a fallen timber.

They notched a lath, and poked the lantern up through the ruins, shouting at the same time, but they were buried too deep to attract attention. A bundle of blazing paper came down upon them. Nelson took it deliberately in his bare hands, threw it to one side, and beat it into smoking fragments.

Hall, who was farthest down on the slanting floor, stopped groaning suddenly and shrieked out:

"What's this?"

On the cement bottom of the basement, along the wall, lay a dark, narrow pool of water. They watched it for a moment with fascinated eyes. Little rivers ran down the floor to feed it. The ruins above them dripped icy cataracts. Nelson's hand, laid on the margin of the pool, was soon covered.

"The basement is filling up," observed Skrine.

Again they swung the lantern and shouted, this time with a kind of frantic energy. Their chink in the ruins was hardly more than three feet high. At the rate the water was rising they knew they could not hope to survive many minutes, even if they escaped the fire and smoke. But no one heard their shouts; McCaffrey and his men had given them up for lost.

Hall was now crying pitifully for help. The icy water of the pool was creeping up around him. Berquist and Nelson crawled over to help him, but his body was buried under tons of rubbish. They chopped and pulled and lifted until Hall's face was ashy gray with pain.

"It's no use," he said presently.

Nelson held up Hall's chin. The water,



"... Seized Noonan . . . and hobbled . . . toward the front of the building."

creeping up the incline of the floor, was licking his throat. By this time Noonan had managed to wrench himself free from the ruins, and he and Berquist now turned their attention to Skrine. They slitted his boot down the leg with an ax. Then Skrine planted his uninjured foot on a timber, so that he could push, and gave an arm to each of them. They braced themselves, and Skrine himself gave the word to pull. His foot came from under the joist with the sharp snap of a loosened ankle.

Skrine dragged himself painfully around the confines of their niche in the ruins. The fallen timbers formed an immovable arch above them, with no opening avenue of escape. Below them the water was creeping up, and over them the fire was creeping down. Al-

ready the smoke was so dense and suffocating that they gasped and choked, with their faces held close to the floor. And yet Skrine saw a single desperate chance of escape. He crept as high up on the slanting floor as the ruins would permit, and Noonan passed him an ax. Skrine crouched on his knees, and began with swift, powerful strokes to chop a hole through the floor in the forlorn hope that some outlet of refuge might be found in the other part of the basement. The water continued to pour into the basement from a dozen hose-leads. By straining hard, Hall lifted his head the width of a finger higher, but the creeping water still lapped his chin. Again Nelson wrenched

desperately at the timbers above him.

"It's no use, boys," Hall said, calmly.

A moment later, Skrine heard a sudden sharp gasp. When he turned to look, he saw Nelson holding the lantern significantly over the pool. Hall had disappeared.

Berquist, who had been crouching on the floor, shook from head to foot as with a chill. Suddenly he leaped to his knees and began to tear frantically at the ruins with his bare hands. Skrine shouted at him, fearing that he might dislodge the rubbish and bring it down upon them. Berquist was one of the pluckiest men on the force, but he could not stand the awful strain of waiting for the inexorable, creeping death which had come to Hall. It was the ungovernable terror of a man penned.

Skrine seized Berquist's shoulders with a grip of iron, and bore him backward to the floor.

"Thith won't do, Berquith," he drawled, lisping, and he choked him until his eyes bulged.

Then he let Berquist up and gave him the ax. With something to do, Berquist became a fireman again—cool, determined, and brave—and the chips flew from the tough floor.

It seemed hours to them that they lay there on the slippery slant of the floor. They were drenched and numbed, the smoke ate their eyes and burned and gripped in their throats, and yet each pecked away until he was too dizzy and weak to see, and then he passed the ax to his neighbor. And the water crept higher and higher. Before the hole was well through, Noonan, weak with pain and half suffocated, fell limp and unconscious. Skrine pushed him to one side without a word, and went on furiously with the chopping. Berquist went down next, and Nelson succumbed just as he was ready to crawl through the hole, which was now completed.

Skrine's head was splitting with pain, his burning eyes could hardly see the dim glimmer of the lantern, and his legs were numb with cold and pain, but he set his teeth and dragged himself through the hole. In the other part of the basement the water was over two feet deep, but the air was better.

Skrine turned, and dragged Nelson's limp body out through the hole and propped it on a pile of boxes. Then he returned for Noonan and Berquist. He knew that the basement was filling rapidly and that unless they escaped at once all their work would go for nothing.

Skrine reeled like a drunken man, and at every step his crushed foot pained him terribly. But he seized Noonan and Nelson, and hobbled with them toward the front of the building. He held the lantern in his teeth. At last he saw the faint glimmer from a basement window. He shouted again and again, but in the pandemonium of roaring fire and rushing water no one heard him. He held up his lantern, and waved it around his head.

A lieutenant and two men, running to see what caused the light in the window, heard some one call faintly. They scrambled into the basement, and rolled Nelson and Noonan out like logs. Skrine held back, mumbling and pointing; and they went for Berquist.

McCaffrey, bending over Skrine, heard him say:

"Blarmed thmoky in that hole."

A board of control passed resolutions, and had them engrossed, suitable for framing and hanging on the wall. Skrine, not being accustomed to such things, stowed them away in the depths of a tarpaulin locker—which was like Skrine.



G. D. Wainwright - 93

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER.



EARLY a year before the opening of hostilities with Spain, Theodore Roosevelt addressed a class of naval cadets on the subject of Washington's forgotten maxim:

"To be prepared for war is the most effectual means to promote peace."

Before the "Maine" was blown up in Havana harbor, Mr. Roosevelt said to a friend in New York:

"We shall be compelled to fight Spain within a year."

It was this sense of the great need of military readiness, whether to prevent war or to maintain war, coupled with a keen appreciation of the impending danger, that induced Mr. Roosevelt to leave the fierce hurly-burly of the New York Police Department, in which he joyed, for the obscure, red-taped Assistant Secretaryship of the Navy. He knew that it was a position lacking in advisory importance and that there was slight possibility of its yielding public credit or political preferment. It was merely the king-cog of a vast machine, the function of which was to keep the American navy in readiness for hostilities.

When Mr. Roosevelt was appointed, his first work was to familiarize himself with the possible needs of the navy in the event of war. After that, he began to buy guns, ammunition, and provisions. He insisted on more extended gunnery practice. He hurried the work on the new war ships, and ordered repairs on the old ones; he directed that the crew of every ship be recruited to its full strength; he crammed the bins of every naval supply station with coal. Consequently, when Admiral Dewey arrived at Hong Kong with the fleet which was to win the greatest victory of the war, he found quantities of coal, ammunition, and supplies awaiting him, so that he could advance without delay and offer battle before he

was expected. Moreover, it was at Mr. Roosevelt's urgent suggestion that Admiral Dewey received his famous order to "capture or destroy" the Spanish fleet.

"If it had not been for Roosevelt," said Senator Cushman K. Davis, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, "we should not have been able to strike the blow that we did at Manila. It needed just Roosevelt's energy and promptness."

Mr. Roosevelt called it "sharpening the tools for the navy;" and when they were sharpened and the American flag was firmly planted on Cavité, he resigned.

"There is nothing more for me to do here," he said. "I've got to get into the fight myself."

Nearly every newspaper of importance in the United States urged Mr. Roosevelt to remain at Washington. They told him that he was just the man for the place, and they warned him that he was "ruining his career." They said that there were plenty of men to stop bullets, but very few who could manage a navy.

It is characteristic of Mr. Roosevelt that when he sees a duty clearly, no advice, however well meant, nor any question of expediency or profit or future favor will turn him by the width of a hair. His career never for a moment eclipses his sense of responsibility. Somewhere he says in one of his essays: "One plain duty of every man is to face the future as he faces the present, regardless of what it may have in store for him, and turning toward the light as he sees the light, to play his part manfully, as a man among men."

This sterling, rugged, old-fashioned sense of duty is the key-note of Mr. Roosevelt's character—that, and the iron determination to do his duty promptly when he sees it.

So he became a lieutenant-colonel of volunteers, one among several hundred. He fared with his regiment on three battlefields, where he was the stout heart of the whole army; and when the fighting was

over, it was he who first saw the impending danger of Cuban fever, and his prompt and forcible appeal for instant removal of the troops undoubtedly saved the lives of thousands of American soldiers.

When he returned from Cuba last August, it was to find himself the most popular man in the army, if not in the nation. And who will say now that he was mistaken in leaving the Navy Department and riding away to the front with his cowboys and college men?

These episodes furnish the cipher key by which all of Mr. Roosevelt's life may be read. The qualities which made them a possibility are only the flowering of a long period of strenuous development, extending backward through many generations.

HIS ANCESTORS.

During the Civil War, Mr. Roosevelt's father, also Theodore Roosevelt, was one of the most prominent citizens of New York. Men who still live remember him as he rode through the park—a slim, straight, handsome-featured man, who sat his horse as though born to the saddle. He had great strength and nobility of character, combined with a certain easy joyousness of disposition. To him, more than to any other man, New York owes its system of newsboys' lodging houses. He was a power in the Young Men's Christian Association, and one of the principal organizers of the Bureau of United Charities. During the Civil War, he established the famous and useful "Allotment Commission," which enabled soldiers in the field to allot and send to their families at home a certain portion of their monthly pay. He held various positions of public trust, but such was his high standard of the duty of the citizen to the state that he never would accept any payment for his services.

Behind the elder Theodore Roosevelt stretched eight generations of patriotic Americans, burghers and patroons of New York since the time of one-legged Peter Stuyvesant. And the various generations have had their aldermen, their assemblymen, their judges, their congressmen, their soldiers. In Revolutionary times, New York chose a Roosevelt to act with Alexander Hamilton in the United States Constitutional Convention. Roosevelt Street in New York City is so named because it was a cow-lane in the original Roosevelt farm; Roosevelt Hospital was the gift of a recent member of the family.

Mingled with this fine old Dutch blood, which so strongly marks the personality of Mr. Roosevelt, there are strains in the family of the best Scotch, Irish, and French Huguenot, so that if there be an aristocracy of blood in America, the Roosevelts may lay claim to it. But like every true aristocrat, Mr. Roosevelt is also the simplest of democrats.

Mr. Roosevelt's mother was Miss Martha Bulloch. She came from the old Southern family of Bullochs which produced a noted governor of Georgia and the builder of the Confederate privateer "Alabama."

BOYHOOD LIFE.

Mr. Roosevelt was born in the family mansion at 28 East Twentieth Street, New York, on October 27, 1858, so that he is now just forty years old. As a young boy he was thin-shanked, pale, and delicate, giving little promise of the amazing vigor of his later life. To avoid the rough treatment of the public school, he was tutored at home, also attending a private school for a time—Cutler's, one of the most famous of its day. Most of his summers were spent at the Roosevelt farm near Oyster Bay, then almost as distant in time from New York as the Adirondacks now are. For many years he was slow to learn and not strong enough to join in the play of other boys; but as he grew older he saw that if he ever amounted to anything he must acquire vigor of body. With characteristic energy he set about developing himself. He swam, he rode, he ran; he tramped the hills back of the bay, for pastime studying and cataloguing the birds native to his neighborhood; and thus he laid the foundation of that incomparable physical vigor from which rose his future prowess as a ranchman and hunter.

"I was determined," he says, "to make a man of myself."

I spoke to him about being a city boy. "I belong as much to the country as to the city," he replied; "I owe all my vigor to the country."

The elder Roosevelt knew the science of bringing up boys. It may be summed up in a single word—work, plenty of work, hard work. Although the family was considered wealthy, he taught his boys—there were two of them and two girls—that the most despicable of created beings is the man who does nothing. He himself was a prodigious worker in many different lines.

Young Roosevelt had few dreams, he

built few air castles. The work that lay nearest him he learned to do thoroughly well, and when it was done, he was ready for more. Story-books interested him very little unless, like Mayne Reid or Fenimore Cooper, they treated of hunting, trapping, and the wild life of the West.

Later, after he entered Harvard College, where he was a good student, and for a time editor of the "Advocate," he was deeply absorbed in history and natural history. By this time he had become a good boxer and wrestler and a fair runner, and for a time he was captain of a polo club, although he never took any championships.

He was graduated from the university in 1880, a Phi Beta Kappa man, and he afterwards spent some time studying in Dresden.

EARLY INSPIRATIONS.

After a year's travel in Europe and the East, during which he scaled the Jungfrau and the Matterhorn and won himself a membership in the Alpine Club of London, Mr. Roosevelt returned to New York, ready to begin his life work. He was now barely twenty-three years old, a robust, sturdy-shouldered, square-jawed young man, born a fighter. He had no need to work; his income was ample to keep him in comfort, even luxury, all his life. He might spend his summers in Newport and his winters on the Continent, and possibly win some fame as an amateur athlete and a society man; and no one would think of blaming him, nor of asking more than he gave. But he craved the stir and

action and heat of public conflict. His reading was of a nature to spur him on to deeds, for he is preëminently a man whom history has lifted. Even in his college days he had been a close student of the "Federalist," which he calls "the greatest book of its kind ever written." Indeed, no young American of the time was more thoroughly familiar with the history of his country, both east and west, and with the lives of its greatest men, than Mr. Roosevelt. He had studied its

politics as well as its wars, and he knew every one of the noble principles on which it was founded. Before he was twenty-three he had begun work on his "Naval War of 1812," which has since become the standard authority on that period of the nation's history, with a copy in the library of every American war ship. In his essay on "American Ideals," one of the richest tributes to patriotism in the language, he burns incense to the inspiration of history.

"Each of us who reads the Gettysburg speech," he

writes, "or the second inaugural address of the greatest American of the nineteenth century, or who studies the long campaigns and lofty statesmanship of that other American who was even greater, cannot but feel within him that lift toward things higher and nobler which can never be bestowed by the enjoyment of material prosperity."

Here was an American stung to action by the deeds of the two greatest Americans. He believed in them as models, and he felt



COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

From a recent copyrighted photograph by Rockwood.

no sentimental timidity in declaring his faith in their ideals.

For a time Mr. Roosevelt attempted the study of the law with his uncle, Robert B. Roosevelt, but with such a training as he had given himself it was impossible for him to remain long out of politics. In 1881 he attended his first primary—a primary of the Republican party. To many bookish young men, acquainted with the greatest achievements of their countrymen, such a gathering might have seemed mean, sordid, unimportant; but to Mr. Roosevelt, who saw in it the foundation of a political system, it was as much an arena for political prowess as the legislative halls in Washington.

MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATURE.

He went into it with the earnest intention of being useful, and almost before he was aware the Twenty-first District had elected him to represent it in the Assembly at Albany. When he took the oath of office in 1882, he was the youngest member of the legislature. Some of the hard-shelled old political "wheelers" from New York promptly dubbed him "silk-stocking," and passed him by as one of the freaks of a popular election. But they curiously misjudged their man. Mr. Roosevelt has a faculty, wherever he is, of making himself a storm center.

He studied his colleagues until he knew whom he could trust and whom he must fight, and then, quite to the dismay of some of his fellow legislators, he went to work. Within two months he was the undisputed leader of the Republican minority of the house and quite the most astonishing feature of the legislature.

"Politics and war," he said recently, "are the two biggest games there are."

At Albany he played politics with the same cheery disregard for punishment, danger, or future preferment that he showed on the bloody slope before San Juan. He had determined that the city government of New York needed purifying, and without delay he set about to purify it. It was nothing to him that he had a bitter majority of corrupt politicians to fight, nor that many of the newspapers in New York lampooned him unmercifully. He made friends, and trusted them, wherein lies much of his success as a leader; and with the small, but tremendously energetic and devoted, band of workers which gathered under his standard, he succeeded in passing the famous Roosevelt aldermanic bill, which deprived the City Council

of New York of the right to veto the mayor's appointments, the provision under which Tweed and his ringsters had wrought such perversions of the public will. This was the most important work he did in Albany, and, singularly enough, it made possible his own appointment years later as police commissioner.

He also organized a committee to investigate the work of county officials in New York, as a result of which the county clerk, who had been receiving \$82,000 a year in fees; the sheriff, who had been taking \$100,000; and the register, whose perquisites were also very large, all became salaried officials. At the same time Mr. Roosevelt urged a police investigation, and it would have been secured had he remained longer in the legislature. During his entire service he fought every blackmailing scheme of dishonest politicians with untiring earnestness, and he insisted on civil service reform and the endeavor to combine honesty and efficiency in the selection of all servants of the State.

In speaking of the qualities necessary in a legislator to win such victories as these, Mr. Roosevelt very well describes some of his own characteristics:

"To get through any such measures requires genuine hard work, a certain amount of parliamentary skill, a good deal of tact and courage, and, above all, a thorough knowledge of the men with whom one has to deal and of the motives which actuate them."

Prophets of the ordinary political stamp declared that Mr. Roosevelt never could be reelected after he had served his first term—his politics were much too startling; but he was reelected twice, serving the three terms of 1882, 1883, and 1884. Moreover, his party grew so fond of him that it sent him to the Republican national convention at Chicago in 1884, where he was associated with such men as Andrew D. White and George William Curtis. He went uninstructed, but in favor of the nomination of Mr. Edmunds for the presidency in opposition to Mr. Blaine.

AS A PRACTICAL POLITICIAN.

During the convention Mr. Roosevelt stood out prominently as a militant Republican. Indeed, he has always gloried in the fact that he is a party politician and a practical politician; at the same time he once said, "I do not number party allegiance

among the Ten Commandments." In the face of a question of simple right and wrong Mr. Roosevelt recognizes no loyalty to party, and he declares with vehemence that national politics never should be allowed to interfere with municipal or local government, nor with the disposition of offices in which efficiency and honesty are the prime requirements.

"There are times," he says, "when it may be the duty of a man to break with his party, and there are other times when it may be his duty to stand by his party, even though, on some points, he thinks that party wrong. If we had not party allegiance, our politics would become mere windy anarchy, and, under present conditions, our government would hardly continue at all. If we had no independence, we should always be running the risk of the most degraded kind of despotism—the despotism of the party boss and the party machine."

Mr. Roosevelt is a practical politician in the same broad-gauged, common-sense way that he is a party politician.

"In the long run," he writes, "politics of fraud and treachery and foulness are unpractical politics, and the most practical of all politicians is the politician who is clean and decent and upright. Therefore, the man who wishes to do good in his community must go into active political life. If he is a Republican, let him join his local Republican association; if he is a Democrat, the Democratic association; if an Independent, then let him put himself in touch with those who think as he does. Progress is accomplished by the man who does the things, and not by the man who talks about how they ought or ought not to be done."



COLONEL ROOSEVELT IN 1885, IN HIS HUNTING AND RANCHING OUTFIT.

CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR.

Standing thus for the politics that Washington and Lincoln made illustrious, it is with a thrill of reassuring confidence in the innate uprightness of the American voter that one watches Mr. Roosevelt's steady advance in political power and responsibility. In 1886, he became the candidate of the Republican party for Mayor of New York, running against Abram S. Hewitt and Henry George. His letter accepting the nomination is a masterpiece, a model for every fearless young politician who is trying to do a

man's work in the world. Mr. Roosevelt went into the campaign with his characteristic energy, fighting fair, but fighting without gloves; and while he was beaten, he had the honor of receiving the largest percentage of votes ever polled by a Republican candidate for mayor until Mayor Strong came in.

LIFE AS A COWBOY.

During all of these years of intense political activity, and long afterwards, Mr. Roosevelt found opportunity to make half a hundred expeditions into the wild heart of the West, to turn cowboy, ranchman, and hunter of big game, and to become more familiar, perhaps, with the "rugged and stalwart democracy" of the pioneer frontiersman than any other Eastern man. He built a log ranch on the banks of the Little Missouri, among the buttes and Bad Lands of northwestern Dakota, working on it with his own hands. It was a low, rough building, with a wide veranda, shaded by leafy cottonwoods, and so far from the bounds of civilization that Mr. Roosevelt tells of shooting a deer from the front door. Here, in a flannel shirt, and overalls tucked into alligator boots, he worked side by side with his cowboys during many an exciting round-up, coming home to sleep on bear-skins and buffalo-robies, trophies of his skill as a hunter.

Here, too, he kept the favorite books of a ranchman, the works of Fenimore Cooper—who has touched the life of the pioneer more closely than any other writer, Mr. Roosevelt thinks—many books on hunting, trapping, and natural history; and the works of Irving, Hawthorne, Lowell, Poe, and a few other American writers. In speaking of Poe, Mr. Roosevelt says: "When one is in the Bad Lands, he feels as if they somehow look just exactly as Poe's tales and poems sound."

One of Mr. Roosevelt's experiences in the West gave the cowboys a very high opinion of his determination, and forever blotted out the implication that he was a tenderfoot. Cattle had been stolen from his ranch. He followed the thieves with unflinching pertinacity for two weeks, and finally captured three of them and had them sent to the penitentiary at Mandan for terms of three years.

He hunted and shot with all the keen zeal of a lover of the wilderness. He killed as a sportsman, not to make a record for killing, and usually only when his camp needed food. Many of his trips were made alone

or with a single cowboy companion, for he despised the help of the professional guide.

"I myself am not and never will be more than an ordinary shot," he says, "for my eyes are bad and my hand not oversteady; yet I have killed every kind of game to be found on the Plains, partly because I have hunted very perseveringly, and partly because by practice I have learned to shoot about as well at a wild animal as at a target."

More than one grizzly bear has fallen to Mr. Roosevelt's rifle, and once, while he was hunting alone in Idaho, he was charged by a wounded grizzly. Nothing can exceed the graphic interest with which Mr. Roosevelt himself tells of this attack:

"I held true, aiming behind the shoulder, and my bullet shattered the point or lower end of his heart, taking out a big nick. Instantly the great bear turned with a harsh roar of fury and challenge, blowing the bloody foam from his mouth, so that I saw the gleam of his white fangs; and then he charged straight at me, crashing and bounding through the laurel bushes, so that it was hard to aim. I waited until he came to a fallen tree, raking him, as he topped it, with a ball, which entered his chest and went through the cavity of his body; but he neither swerved nor flinched, and at the moment I did not know that I had struck him. He came steadily on, and in another second was almost upon me. I fired for his forehead, but my bullet went low, entering his open mouth, smashing his lower jaw and going into the neck. I leaped to one side almost as I pulled the trigger; and through the hanging smoke the first thing I saw was his paw, as he made a vicious side blow at me. The rush of his charge carried him past. As he struck he lurched forward, leaving a pool of bright blood where his muzzle hit the ground; but he recovered himself, and made two or three jumps onwards, while I hurriedly jammed a couple of cartridges into the magazine, my rifle holding only four, all of which I had fired. Then he tried to pull up, but as he did so his muscles seemed suddenly to give way, his head drooped, and he rolled over and over like a shot rabbit. Each of my first three bullets had inflicted a mortal wound."

This Mr. Roosevelt calls his most thrilling moment.

HIS LITERARY WORK.

One would think that Mr. Roosevelt's political activity, combined with the stress of

his wild, vigorous, outdoor life in the West, would have burned out his energy and left him time for nothing else. But the addition of work seems only to add to his astonishing physical and mental vitality.

In the intervals of hunting, ranching, and politics, Mr. Roosevelt found opportunity to write voluminously on many different subjects. As might have been expected from his early reading, much of this work has had to do with American history. Beginning with the "Naval War of 1812," which was written when he was only twenty-three years old, he has produced: "The Winning of the West," a "Life of T. H. Benton," a "Life of Gouverneur Morris," a "History of the City of New York," a series of hero tales from American history, and he is now engaged, in collaboration with Captain A. T. Mahan, on an extended "Imperial History of the British Navy." Of all of these works, by far the most important is the four-volume "Winning of the West," a history treating of the acquisition by the American Union of the territory west of the Alleghanies. The amount of original research necessary to write such a work and to make it so complete and accurate that it has become a standard American history indicates, in some measure, Mr. Roosevelt's enormous capacity as a worker. On this subject Mr. Jacob I. Riis, author of "How the Other Half Lives," casts an interesting side-light. During the period in which Mr. Roosevelt lived in the maelstrom of the New York Police Department, Mr. Riis says that he often saw him turn, during a lull in the activities of the office, and write a paragraph or two in a book or article which he was then preparing; or, more frequently, seize the ready book at his elbow, and read swiftly and with the most profound concentration until he was interrupted.

Mr. Roosevelt has also written three bulky volumes: "The Wilderness Hunter," "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman," and "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail," which stand as the classics of big game hunting in North America. He has a clear, enlivening style of narrative, and conveys his impressions just as he talks, with straightforward truthfulness and earnestness. The style is the man. These three books are of the kind that makes an active boy thrill and thrill and long for the touch of a trigger.

Besides his hunting and historical books, Mr. Roosevelt has been a voluminous writer of essays on practical subjects and of reviews for the best magazines. Two volumes

of these have been collected, one of which, "American Ideals," contains Mr. Roosevelt's creed, as he himself says. It is a book full of inspiration for every country-loving American, a stalwart appreciation of homely goodness.

"Love of order," he says, in one of these essays, "ability to fight well and breed well, capacity to subordinate the interests of the individual to the interests of the community—these and similar rather humdrum qualities go to make up the sum of social efficiency."

In passing, it may not be amiss to mention, as an example of Mr. Roosevelt's versatility, that the same man who was candidate for mayor of New York has also written a number of valuable papers for scientific journals on the discrimination of species and sub-species of the larger mammals of the West. Indeed, a species of elk is named after him, and he has the honor of having extended the known western range of a little insectivore called the shrew.

AGAIN IN PUBLIC LIFE.

After his experiences on the Western plains, Mr. Roosevelt returned with vigor to his public life. For six years, beginning in 1889—four years under President Harrison and two under President Cleveland—he was president of the United States Civil Service Commission. This gave him work quite to his liking, work for the correction of public abuses, work in which he met the keenest opposition. When he accepted the position, he was firmly convinced that the spoilsmonger was as bad as the bribe-giver, and he fought him publicly and privately, in Congress and out, so that before he left the Commission he had added more than 20,000 new places to the scope of the civil service law, at the same time enforcing the law as it never had been enforced before. During all of his service in Washington, his experience at Albany served him well, for he was compelled to grapple with every stripe of politician. It has been said that Mr. Roosevelt is devoid of tact and diplomacy; but any one who studies his career as Civil Service Commissioner will appreciate the skill, amounting often to real genius, with which he handled obstreperous legislators and accomplished his ends in spite of all opposition. As a matter of fact, Mr. Roosevelt is exceedingly cautious and painstaking until he is sure of his ground—then he strikes out like a catapult. He is impulsive, but it is a safe sort of impulsive-

ness; such a man is, of course, liable to the objections that timid people bring against a man of tremendous force and capacity.

In 1895, when Mayor Strong was casting about for men who were brave enough and determined enough to give virility to the principles of reform on which he had been elected, his eyes turned at once to Mr. Roosevelt as the man best fitted to fight a vigorous battle against corruption. After first offering him the position of Street Cleaning Commissioner, afterwards so admirably filled by Colonel Waring, he appointed him to the Board of Police Commissioners, of which he at once became president.

AS POLICE COMMISSIONER IN NEW YORK.

Within a month, Mr. Roosevelt was the most hated as well as the best beloved man in New York. With characteristic clearness of vision he had determined at once on a course of action, and having determined upon it he proceeded with something of the energy of a steam engine to put it into force. His reasoning had all the simplicity of originality. He was appointed to enforce the laws as they appeared on the statute books. He enforced them. That was originality; it rarely had been done before. The excise law compelling saloons to close on Sunday had been enforced against the poorer saloon-keepers in order that the police might levy blackmail on the wealthy liquor dealers. Mr. Roosevelt enforced it impartially against both rich and poor. To him a dead-letter law was as bad as hypocrisy in the church. When prominent citizens and influential newspapers protested, he answered:

"I am placed here to enforce the law as I find it. I shall enforce it. If you don't like the law, repeal it."

The politicians tried their best to entangle him, but he eluded them by the simple process of invariably speaking the plain, hard truth—a quality which must have astounded them more than anything else that he did, so accustomed were they to peer for ulterior motives. This device Mr. Roosevelt used naturally, just as Bismarck often used it as one of the arts of diplomacy.

To be certain that his police orders were obeyed and that the reforms he recommended were carried out, he pursued the very simple, but effective, method of visiting the patrolmen of the force on their beats at night, very much as the good Haroun-al-Rashid visited the citizens of Bagdad. A

very few such visits, with the punishments which followed, were quite enough to give the average policeman a wholesome regard for Mr. Roosevelt's authority.

There never was a man who had a keener appreciation of bravery than Mr. Roosevelt. "Every feat of heroism," he says, "makes us forever indebted to the man who performed it."

He was continually watching for it and rewarding it among his men. A lank, red-headed Irish patrolman, named Duggan, saw a burglar one night, on Park Avenue near Seventieth Street, making off with a bundle of silverware. He gave chase. The burglar threw away the bundle, and jumped the fence that surrounds the cavernous ventilating holes of the New York Central Railroad tunnel. Duggan followed him. The burglar ran to one of the holes, hesitated, and jumped a sheer twenty feet to the tracks below, regardless of the danger of being crushed by passing trains. Without a moment's consideration Duggan sprang after him, landed on him, and dragged him out by the collar. When the president of the Police Board heard of that, he straightway sent for Duggan and heard the story from his own lips, and when Duggan went away he was a roundsman. And this is only one instance among a hundred, every one of which was a link to bind him to his men. They learned that he was as quick to reward as he was to punish and that he had their welfare at heart. Previous to his administration, a policeman who ruined his clothing in stopping a runaway or in arresting a thief was compelled to buy a new suit at his own expense. Commissioner Roosevelt informed the force that he considered muddy clothing, when muddled in such a cause, a badge of honor, and that the Department would always make good the damage.

Mr. Roosevelt was the only police officer to whom the labor unions of New York came for counsel on friendly terms. Usually the police and the unions are at odds. A small strike, in which there was much bitterness between the strikers' pickets and the patrolmen, brought this condition forcibly to Mr. Roosevelt's attention. He promptly called a meeting of the leaders, spent an evening with them discussing their grievances, and finally made the very simple and sensible suggestion that they appoint duly authorized pickets, whose rights the police should protect. After that there was perfect confidence between the police department and the labor unions.

Dynamite bombs were left in his office, sensational newspapers attacked him with bitter malice, a part even of his own board was against him, but he neither wavered nor paused. When a police captain would not obey orders, he placed him under arrest; he appointed more than 2,000 new men to the force, honest men, and every one of them came in under civil service rules, without regard to politics, religion, or nationality. Within a brief half year from the day of Mr. Roosevelt's appointment, every saloon in New York obeyed the law, crime had decreased, street gangs were broken up, and police blackmail was a thing of the past.

"In administering the police force," he says, "we found that there was no need of genius, nor, indeed, of any very unusual qualities. What was needed was exercise of the plain, ordinary virtues, of a rather commonplace type, which all good citizens should be expected to possess. Common sense, common honesty, courage, energy, resolution, readiness to learn, and desire to be as pleasant as was compatible with the strict performance of duty—these were the qualities most called for."

While Mr. Roosevelt took no very active part in the political campaign of 1896, he was an ardent supporter of the cause of honest money. He could brook no "quack cure," as he called it, for financial distress. It was during this political contest that he published an address telling why he was a supporter of the Monroe Doctrine, an address in which his stalwart Americanism spoke in every line.

"Every true patriot," he wrote, "every man of statesmanlike habit, should look forward to the day when not a single European power will hold a foot of American soil. At present it is not necessary to take the position that no European power shall hold American territory; but it certainly will become necessary if the timid and selfish peace-at-any-price men have their way, and if the United States fails to check, at the outset, European aggrandizement on this continent."

This is a most significant utterance in view of the recent war. Colonel Roosevelt has fought for his belief.

AS A ROUGH RIDER.

In 1897, Mr. Roosevelt began his work as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, mention of which has already been made. He resigned on May 6, 1898, to become lieutenant-colonel of his own regiment of Rough

Riders. It is an error which has had wide credence, that this was Mr. Roosevelt's first military service. As far back as 1884 he became a lieutenant of the Eighth Regiment of the National Guard of the State of New York, afterwards rising to captain, and remaining a militiaman for more than four years. If there is one thing that he believes in more than another, it is the value of the warlike qualities of a nation.

"All the great, masterful races," he says, "have been fighting races; and the minute a race loses the hard-fighting virtues, then, no matter what else it may retain, no matter how skilled in commerce or finance, in science or arts, it has lost its proud right to stand as the equal of the best. Cowardice in a race, as in an individual, is the unpardonable sin."

History bequeathed the idea of the Rough Riders to Mr. Roosevelt. He knew well what Marion's men had done in the American Revolution; how the Texas Rangers rode in the Mexican War; what Andy Jackson's sharpshooters did in the War of 1812; and he felt that this arm of the service would be invaluable in the Spanish War. Mr. Roosevelt has the rare power of personal attraction; once a friend with him, always a friend, and a warm friend, too. When he called for volunteers, the rough men of the West who had known him as a cowboy, policemen of New York, college boys, Wall-Street traders, flocked from the width of the nation to his standard, and they were naturally men who possessed the fighting qualities of their leader. That was what made the Rough Riders. I talked with a number of officers and troopers in Mr. Roosevelt's regiment while they were camped at Montauk Point, and I found their admiration for their colonel to be boundless. Every man of them had something interesting to tell about him.

"Why, he knows every man in the regiment by name," said one.

"He spent \$5,000 of his own money at Santiago to give us better food and medicine."

"You ought to have seen him talk when some of our fellows weren't treated well in the hospital."

A young lieutenant told an incident of a night in the trenches which well illustrates by what means Mr. Roosevelt held his power over his men. It was the night of the Spanish sortie on the captured trenches. The Rough Riders had lain, sweltering by day and shivering by night, for forty-eight hours

in a mud ditch, with little sleep and little food. During nearly all of this time Mauser bullets sang over their heads. At the hour of the early morning, when men are cowards if they ever are, the fusillade increased suddenly, and the Spaniards appeared in a dense dark line at the top of the hill. For a moment the men in the trenches stirred restlessly, and then they saw Colonel Roosevelt walking calmly along the top of the entrenchment with a faded blue handkerchief flapping from the back of his hat, wholly unmindful of the bullets which hummed about him like a hive of bees. A cheer went up, and calls for the Colonel to come down, and that was the end of the restlessness. "It was the bravest thing I ever saw in my life," said this cowboy lieutenant.

HIS HOME LIFE.

In 1886, Mr. Roosevelt married Miss Edith Kermit Carow, and they have five children, three sons and two daughters. Their home is at Sagamore Hill, about three miles from Oyster Bay, on Long Island Sound. A big, roomy, comfortable house stands on the top of the hill. Wide, green vistas open in front, so that a visitor sitting in one of the hospitable chairs on the veranda may see miles of wooded, watered country, a view unsurpassed anywhere on Long Island Sound. The rooms within everywhere give evidence, in the skins of bears and bison and the splendid antlers of elk and deer, of Mr. Roosevelt's prowess as a hunter. The library is rich with the books of which he is most fond—history, standard literature, and hunting. Portraits of the three greatest Americans, Lincoln, Washington, and Grant, have the place of honor over the cases, and there are numerous spirited animal compositions in bronze by Kemys, the American sculptor. Here Mr. Roosevelt lives and works. He never has been much of a society man, but he has drawn around him a society of his own, of men who have accomplished things in the world. He is a member of the Century Club, the Union League, and other clubs, and he is the organizer of the Boone and Crockett Club, of which he was for a long time the president.

Contrary to a somewhat general belief, Mr. Roosevelt is not a wealthy man, as wealth goes in a city like New York, although he has a moderate income, to which he has himself added materially by his literary work. He is a magnificent example of the American citizen of social position,

means, and culture devoting himself to public affairs. Nothing can exceed the contempt with which he speaks of the predatory and useless rich.

"There is not in the world a more ignoble character," he says, unsparingly, "than the mere money-getting American, insensible to every duty, regardless of every principle, bent only on amassing a fortune, and putting his fortune only to the basest uses—whether these uses be to speculate in stocks and wreck railroads for himself, or to allow his son to lead a life of foolish and expensive idleness and gross debauchery, or to purchase some scoundrel of high social position, foreign or native, for his daughter. Such a man is only the more dangerous if he occasionally does some deed like founding a college or endowing a church, which makes those good people who are also foolish forget his iniquity."

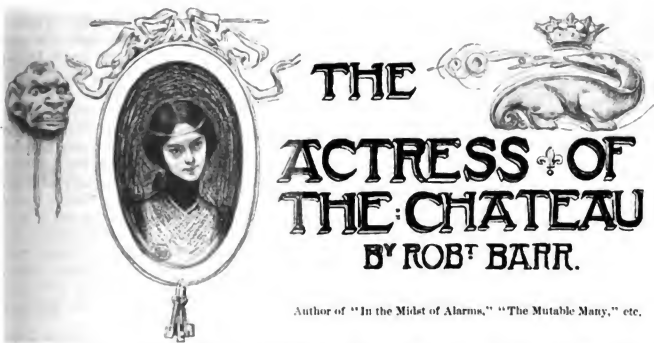
Personally, Mr. Roosevelt suggests two things at the very first glance: immense vitality and nervously active strength, and courtesy. In build he is of medium height, thick of chest and square of shoulders, and when he walks it is with a quick-planted, determined step that speaks out for his incessant energy. His face is round and bronzed, with a square chin, firm lips half hidden by a light mustache, and blue eyes looking out shrewdly from thick-lensed, iron-rimmed spectacles. Although still a young man, his ruddy face and elastic step make him appear even younger than he is.

In ordinary speech he is direct and nervously vigorous, although courteous, and he smiles much, showing his teeth. Although a busy man, he is unusually tolerant of interruption, and ready to exchange a kind word or a greeting with any one, friend or stranger. It is the democracy of his character. In company of his choosing he tells a good story, especially if the tale has turned on hunting or ranch life, and he tells it with humorous appreciativeness.

But the stamp-mark of the man is his earnestness, his strenuous love for the serious business and responsibilities of life.

Thinking of the call of the people for him to become candidate for Governor of New York, I asked him, "What of the future?"

He smiled and shook his head. "I don't know," he said. But his friends know that if there is work to do, in low places or high, and he is called upon to do it, he will do it with earnestness, energy, and honesty of purpose, and with the fearless patriotism of a tried American soldier.



Author of "In the Midst of Alarms," "The Mutable Many," etc.

THE 11.18 A.M. express for the southwest stood under the great arch of the Orleans railway station in Paris. A rather sumptuous private car was attached to the end of it, and Adolph Gerard, a man who, Paris said, looked like Molière, paced anxiously up and down the platform in front of the car, which was there because his money paid for it. Gerard was manager of the Theatre Tragique, the company of which had been rehearsing the play entitled "The Duc de Guise," for which all Paris was eagerly waiting. The famous dramatist Durand, it was said, had, in the construction of his play and the creation of his heroine, kept in mind the requirements of that imperious actress whose celebrity was world-wide, Madame Clement.

There was an expression of worry on the manager's face as he paced to and fro, with nervous glances now and then towards the door where a railway official stood examining the tickets of those who entered upon the platform. A young man of perhaps twenty-five descended from the private car, and accosted the troubled manager.

"No sign of madame yet, father?" he asked.

The older man shook his head, casting a look up at the big station clock whose minute-hand was relentlessly approaching the figure three on the dial, "No," he said, mournfully, "she has not come, and in a very short time the doors will be closed."

"What are we to do," continued the young man, "if she does not arrive? Shall we go on to Blois without her, or shall we have this carriage detached and go by a later train?"

"Oh, the Lord only knows!" exclaimed the elder Gerard, raising his hands tragically above his head and letting them fall hope-

lessly to his sides. "It is a foolish business at best, this Blois tour, and now when we can so ill spare the time, when all Paris is on the *qui vive*, and we need every moment of our two months for preparation, what must this capricious woman do but hale us on a wild goose chase half across France. I have been thanking the fates that she did not demand a special train, and now when all arrangements are made she has probably changed her mind, without even taking the trouble of informing us."

The railway officials were now, with loud voices, requesting intended passengers to take their places in the train. The ticket-examiners were preparing to close the doors that led to the platform, when, at the very last moment, there sailed majestically past the portal official a tall woman well on in middle age, followed by a maid carrying wraps and other impedimenta. She made entrance as if the platform were a stage, and indeed the news of her presence spread electrically up and down, and many craned their necks to get a glimpse of her.

"It is the great Madame Clement," ran the word.

Porters were obsequious to her, and the guards of the train touched their gold-laced caps to her in salutation as she passed, taking little notice of them all. France had dethroned more than one queen, yet here was another who demanded and received universal adulation.

The change in the manner of old Gerard was instantaneous. He rapidly approached the tragedienne, bowing and smiling and rubbing his hands one over the other.

"Ah, my good Gerard," said the actress, "am I late?"

"Oh, no, Madame," lied the manager, fawning. "There is ample time, and we have everything prepared for your comfort. Dejeuner will be served when you do us the honor to command it, any time you please between here and Blois, and I sincerely trust it will be to your liking, Madame."

The young man held the open door of the private carriage while his father, with cringing officiousness, assisted Madame Clement to enter. There were, in the lengthy compartment, some half dozen actors and actresses belonging to the company of which Madame was the star. They rose as she came in; she inclined her head with some hauteur towards them, and proceeded to arrange herself to her satisfaction, paying scant regard to the convenience of any of her traveling companions, an attitude to which everyone had long since become accustomed. Hardly was this accomplished when the train drew out from the shadow of the station into the brilliant sunlight, and proceeded with ever increasing speed through the suburbs of Paris towards Orleans. The manager, his face wreathed in smiles, still rubbing his hands like a benignant grocer, said, addressing the assemblage: "We have a beautiful day for our most charming excursion; and for the little outing, which I hope we shall all enjoy, we have to thank Madame Clement. The Duc de Guise, as you are doubtless aware, was murdered in the Chateau de Blois, second floor. It has been most opportunely suggested by Madame that it might be well for her leading associates to see the actual surroundings among which this tragic event took place. While we are rehearsing the play which the illustrious Durand has written, it has been wisely thought that if we view the scene where the culmination occurred, something of the spirit of the time may influence you, and thus——"

"Oh, what superb nonsense you are talking, Father Gerard!" interrupted Madame Clement. "These poor creatures will act neither better nor worse for having seen the room in which the murder was committed. It is my caprice that we go to Blois, and see you to it, Gerard, that the journals are informed of our excursion, and that paragraphs are inserted showing at what pains Madame Clement is to bestow historical accuracy upon the dear silly public. But what is more to the purpose than bombastic speeches, open a bottle of champagne at once, and cause dejeuner to be served as speedily as may be. What time does this train reach Blois?"

"At two o'clock, Madame," murmured

the abject manager, effectually crushed. The younger Gerard writhed under the contumely which his father had to bear, but all were alike helpless in the august presence of the feminine despot of the stage.

Promptly at two o'clock the express drew up at the station of Blois. The distinguished company descended, and the private car was uncoupled from the train, to be attached later to the "Rapide" for Paris, which left Blois at twelve minutes after three, giving them therefore little more than an hour to view the castle, where, three centuries before, the Duc de Guise had been murdered, while his brother, the cardinal, met a similar fate the day after, at a spot but a few yards distant from the place where the previous tragedy had been enacted.

At the foot of the grand circular stairway, the roof of which was decorated with the salamanders of Francis I., the party met a tall and very beautiful young woman, who held in her hand a bunch of keys.

"We are desirous," said the manager to this queenly girl, "of seeing through the chateau. Where should we apply for permission to do so?"

"No permission is required," replied the girl. "I shall be pleased to conduct you. Be so good as to follow me."

The girl preceded them up the winding stairway, when her footsteps were arrested by the commanding tones of Madame Clement's voice.

"Stop, girl!" she cried. "I have no wish to explore the various nooks and crannies of this wretched chateau. I desire you to take us at once to the rooms in which Henri le Balafré, Duc de Guise, was assassinated. We have no time to spare, and I bid you make haste."

The girl paused, her right foot on a step above the one on which her left rested, and she looked over her shoulder and down upon them with a glance and action that would have done credit to the great actress herself. "If you will have the patience to follow me, Madame Clement, I shall lead you directly to those apartments."

"Ah," cried the ancient manager, nervously rubbing his hands and speaking with affected gaiety. "We are known, it seems, even in Blois."

"We!" cried the actress with great scorn. "I am known much farther afield, I trust, than this stupid little provincial town. Lead on, girl, and let us have less chatter."

They entered a large and lofty apartment



... And many craned their necks to get a glimpse of her."

at the further end of which was a huge fireplace.

"Here," said the beautiful girl, indicating the mantelpiece, "Henry of Guise stood on the morning of Friday the 23d of December, 1588. Outside the rain was pouring, and the day was bitterly cold, so the Duke stood here and warmed himself, kicking the burning logs and eating Brignoles plums. In different parts of the room, seated and standing, were members of the king's council and numerous courtiers, for the hour was six in the morning, and no word had yet come from the king, whose bedchamber was the room adjoining, and entered by that door to my left. The Duke's hat, cloak, and sword lay on the table. A messenger entered from the king's apartment, and——"

"In God's name, hussy," cried Madame Clement, "are you going to have the impudence to recite to us the history of France? Did you not hear my order? Show us quickly through the rooms."

The girl drew herself up with offended dignity, but made no reply. Her words had

been commonplace enough, but her enunciation was so perfect and her few gestures so superb, that the effect of such finished acting upon a company of actors had been instantaneous. The room, for the time being, seemed peopled with shades of the past, and the rich voice of the girl had held them all as by a spell.

"I beg your pardon, Madame," ventured young Gerard, his face flushing, "but we have ample time, and Mademoiselle has interested me so much in the beginning of the story, that, I confess, I should like to hear it through to the end."

The unfortunate father of the over-bold young man gazed at him in mute, amazed beseechment, and the great tragedienne turned upon him like an enraged tigress.

"How dare you?" she cried.

"Oh, Adolph, Adolph," pleaded the father, "apologize to Madame. You do not think what you are saying, my son."

"I willingly apologize to Madame," replied young Gerard, "if I have said anything to give her offense. I merely wished

to suggest that it is somewhat futile to come two hundred kilometers, or thereabout, from Paris in order to rush through these rooms as if we were riders at the Hippodrome."

An expression of agony came upon the face of his down-trodden father as he saw the effect of his son's words upon the actress. What that thoroughly angered woman might have said never will be known, for the girl, already at the door leading out of the guard's hall, spoke in a tone of calm and cutting clarity.

"Will you be so condescending as to follow me into the king's chamber? My time is limited, and I can give only a certain amount of it to those who pass through these rooms. If you wish to engage in private discussions you can do so in the courtyard below, where doubtless other visitors are now waiting for me."

Madame Clement was so thunder-struck at the girl's audacity that for a moment she was speechless, and before she had collected her wits, the whole party was in the smaller room on the north front of the chateau, where King Henry III. had slept. They were all deeply agitated, but pretended not to be so. They gazed about the room and through the windows at the street below, while their conductor stood silent like an offended goddess, and was about to precede them, without speaking, into the third room when Madame Clement addressed her in a voice trembling with anger.

"What happened in this room?" she cried. "I would have you understand that

we are not here to be the victims of your rural sulkiness. Say your lesson, parrot."

"Madame," replied the girl, "in the guard's room I spoke, and you rudely commanded me to be silent. In the king's chamber I am silent, and you rudely command me to speak. Madame, I find some difficulty in pleasing you."

"You impudent jade, how dare you so address yourself to me? Apparently you know to whom you speak, therefore speak respectfully."

"Respect, Madame," said the girl, "always commands respect. On the walls of this building are graven the words, 'Liberty. Equality. Fraternity.' I considered you my equal, Madame, until your language and your manner to me too clearly proclaimed you my inferior; I cannot, therefore, regard you with feelings of fraternity, and I exercise my liberty in saying to you, that if you do not treat me with civility, I will lock the doors upon you and refuse to conduct you further."

"You vixen!" cried the actress, "I shall make you smart for this. The moment I return to Paris, I shall see friends of mine in the government and have such a custodian as you are turned out into the streets, where you doubtless belong."

The girl laughed in rippling tones, rich and melodious, and unless one caught the flash of her beautiful eyes, the mistake might have been made that she was not angry.

"There," she said, pointing to a spot near the wall, "the Duc de Guise fell and



"The room . . . seemed peopled with shades of the past."

died, having fought his way, covered with forty wounds, from the third room beyond. We now enter the adjoining chapel, where prayers were being said for the success of the crime."

To the great relief of the old manager there were no further hostilities until the party found itself again in the courtyard. The manager, with a sigh of comfort, offered their conductor a piece of gold.

"Stop!" cried Madame Clement. "You shall pay her exactly what the law allows, and nothing more. One franc for each person."

"Madame is right," replied the girl. "I will give you the change, Monsieur; I have it here in my pocket."

The old man held out his hand, and she counted the silver pieces into it.

"That is a franc too much, Mademoiselle," said the manager.

The girl shrugged her shoulders.

"I refuse to accept a franc for Madame Clement. She has journeyed through the chateau as my guest, and I should like you to know, Madame, that all your interest with the government will not enable you in the

least to injure me. I am a Parisian, like yourselves, at Blois for a short holiday. The old man who is custodian of the chateau knows nothing of my presence here, for he is bed-ridden through honorable wounds received in the service of his country; it is his wife and daughter who usually conduct visitors through the chateau. I have taken their place to-day because they are absent at Seuvre, where the wife's sister is ill. You may perhaps have power to injure this poor family, but I warn you that if you do, I have a brother on the staff of a leading Paris journal to whom I shall tell every word that has been spoken, and you, Madame Clement, will wake one fine morning to find all Paris laughing at you and commenting on your bad manners. If I may modestly state my apprehension, I fear a tickle world will say, that for once Madame Clement met a more accomplished actress than herself."

Before any reply could be made, the girl, with a low bow that seemed to include the whole party, turned and fled rapidly up the stair.

It was a sombre and silent procession that walked to the railway station and entered



"Oh, Adolph, Adolph, . . . apologize to Madame."



"That did not interfere with their flashing fire to-day."

the waiting car. The "Rapide" had not yet come in from the west.

Father and son walked together up and down the platform, and the old man's familiar action resembled the wringing of his hands. He was in a state of the deepest dejection.

"Oh, Adolph, Adolph," he cried. "There will be much to pay for this day's work. What are we to do? Oh, what are we to do?"

"There is plenty of time," replied the young man, soothingly. "Durand's play cannot possibly come on for two months yet, and the Madame cannot break her contract with you until the run of the 'Princess Diaboline' ends. If she cuts up rough about the 'Duc de Guise,' you can keep the 'Princess' running and hold the Madame to her contract."

"It is easy enough to say that, Adolph, but you forget that I also am under contract to produce Durand's tragedy."

"Nothing can be easier," replied Adolph, jauntily. "There is the Theatre Apollon vacant. I should take that, if I were you, and so bring out Durand's play."

"But, my dear son," objected the old

man, "there isn't a woman in my company except the Madame who can take the part of Catherine."

"Don't trouble about that, father," replied the son. "I have an actress in my eye for the part, who will burst upon Paris with all the brilliancy of a sky rocket."

"Good heavens!" cried the old man eagerly. "Who is she, Adolph? Do I know her?"

"You may have seen her, but I doubt if you know her."

As he spoke the "Rapide" came thundering in, and the old man hurried towards the private car, the transient elation which he had felt when his son spoke of the new actress rapidly evaporating as he thought of his two hours' journey with the displeased queen of tragedy.

"Oh, Adolph," he beseeched, "you will apologize to her, my boy, for my sake? And don't mind anything she says, and don't reply, if you do not wish to bring your father to an untimely grave."

"I have a better plan than that, father," said Adolph. "I will go on to Paris by a later train. You see, I am not in the cast, and it won't matter. You can speak soothingly to the Madame, as is your custom, and throw all the blame on my shoulders. I should only be a marplot at best."

"Well, perhaps there is wisdom in that," mused the old man, entering the carriage.

Adolph Gerard saw the "Rapide" disappear; then, with a laugh, he turned and walked again to the chateau. The girl with the keys looked up as he approached the foot of the grand stairway, and she smiled without evincing surprise at seeing him.

"Mademoiselle," said Adolph, raising his hat with the utmost courtesy, "would you do me the honor to conduct me to the room in which the Duc de Guise was assassinated?"

"With pleasure, Monsieur," replied the girl, with a graceful inclination that would have been difficult to excel by the most stately lady in the land. "The charge will be one franc," and her merry laugh echoed in the old courtyard.

"Mademoiselle, I assure you the pleasure of accompanying you would be cheap at a thousand."

"Oh, it is quite plain," she said to him over her shoulder, as she lightly mounted the stair, "that I have at last engaged in my proper avocation. If there were many tourists so generous as you are, I might soon buy the castle itself from the government."

They were now in the guard's hall.

"Yes," he said, "if Madame Clement did not use her influence to dispossess you."

"What a dreadful woman!" cried the girl, with something almost resembling a shudder. "And to think that up to this day I have worshiped her from afar."

"She is a beast," said Adolph, with conviction, "and must keep everyone round her in terror or she is not happy."

"But a great actress," sighed the girl.

"You have seen her on the stage then?"

"Oh, often, and always nearly cried my eyes out."

"That did not interfere with their flashing fire to-day. I never saw anything more magnificent," cried the enthusiastic young man, looking the admiration he felt.

The girl veiled the brilliants under discussion, and fixed her gaze on the floor that the Duc de Guise had trodden when he departed on his fatal mission.

"The elderly gentleman is your father, is he not, and manager of the Theatre Tragique? I have often heard of him, but never saw him before. I did not think so distinguished a man could be so cowed and browbeaten by any woman."

"Alas," replied the young man with a sigh, "we are all the victims of some woman, if not in one way, then in another. My name," he continued, "is Adolph Gerard. May I have the happiness of learning yours, Mademoiselle?"

"Pauline Ducharme," she answered, looking up at him. "But I thought, Monsieur Gerard, that you came to study ancient history, and not to learn anything so modern as my undistinguished name."

"It need not remain undistinguished," he cried, with enthusiasm. "I am sure you are an actress."

"My friends have flattered me by calling me so. I had a small part at the Theatre Apollon until it closed, then I came here to rest and study. Monsieur Gerard, I shall be perfectly frank with you. This morning a white dove with a leaf in its beak alighted for a moment on my window-sill. I had been praying to my saint for success, and when I

saw the bird I knew that my chance would come to-day. A dove brought back a branch to the ark to show that the waters had abated. When I saw Madame Clement this



"There was an expression of worry on the manager's face."

morning, my heart leaped with joy, and I said to myself, my chance is coming from the hands of a woman I have adored ever since I was a little girl. But when you spoke, Monsieur, I knew it was to come through you. I was waiting for you at the foot of the stair when you returned."

"I had hoped," said the young man in a plaintive tone, "that your desire to see me return might be partly personal, as well as theatrical."

The girl laughed brightly, and looked frankly into his eager eyes. "If that were true," she said, "you would not expect me to confess it. Therefore let us leave the personal element to take care of itself, and turn our minds entirely towards the actor and the actress and not towards the man and the woman. I know you are an actor, for I have seen you play, although you are not in the present cast at the Theatre Tragique."

You have your foot on the boards, and the whole world lies before you. I want you to extend a hand to me, and help me to a position on the stage. If I cannot maintain it, then let me sink; all I want is my chance."

As the girl said this she seemed to grow in stature, tall as she was. Her voice rang with a confidence that confirmed the young man's opinion of her histrionic abilities, and little as his imagination needed spur, he saw before him a woman who could adequately impersonate the Catherine into whose actual apartments below led the narrow winding secret stairway near which they stood.

"You shall have your chance," he cried. "Durand has written a great play called 'The Duc de Guise.' He has taken some liberties with history, and Catherine, the queen, is the heroine. Madame Clement has been blowing hot and cold for months past, driving the dramatic author to the verge of distraction. Several times we have come to a deadlock, the Madame wishing more lines put in or others changed, and Durand obstinately inflexible, as he has every right to be, and my poor father the buffer between them. One day she is enthusiastic about the character, another she will not play it on any terms, and we have to circle on our knees about her. I am tired of Madame's attitude myself, and my father's reason is tottering. Durand has fled to the country, and no one knows where he hides. Yesterday Madame was all for the play, and nothing would do but my father must get a private car to bring her and part of the company to Blois. I don't know why they assassinated the Duc de Guise, but if he made himself half so objectionable as Madame Clement, I can find it in my heart to forgive his murderers. Now I feel it in my

heart that the Madame is going to make the final outburst and revolt to-day. She hasn't changed her mind for twenty-four hours, so a revolution is due. You live in Blois, Mademoiselle; may I venture to ask your address?"

"I live with my father, No. 16 Rue de Tours."

"Very well," said Adolph, noting down the number and street. "I will go to Paris at once, and if things are as I hope to find them, I shall briefly console my father, then return here, bringing with me a copy of the play. Old Durand takes the 'Figaro' wherever he is, so I shall put an advertisement in that paper, which he alone will understand. When he communicates with me, I shall induce him to come to Blois and coach you in your part."

"But may not Monsieur Durand object to so unknown a person as I taking the leading part in his great play?"

"Object? Oh, no! How little you understand the conceit of the successful dramatic author; it quite equals that of Madame Clement herself. This is why my poor father is ground between them. Durand fully believes his play would be a success if it were acted by chimney-sweeps. And now, adieu, Mademoiselle. I must return by slow train to Paris."

For an account of La Pauline's tremendous success in Durand's now celebrated play, the reader is referred to files of the Parisian papers of that year. So well did Mademoiselle Ducharme enact the love scenes of the drama with Monsieur Adolph Gerard, that they seemed to have carried their respective parts into private life, for the same journals have related that they began their wedding journey at Tours.

RAJA SINGH AND OTHER ELEPHANTS.

BY W. A. FRASER.

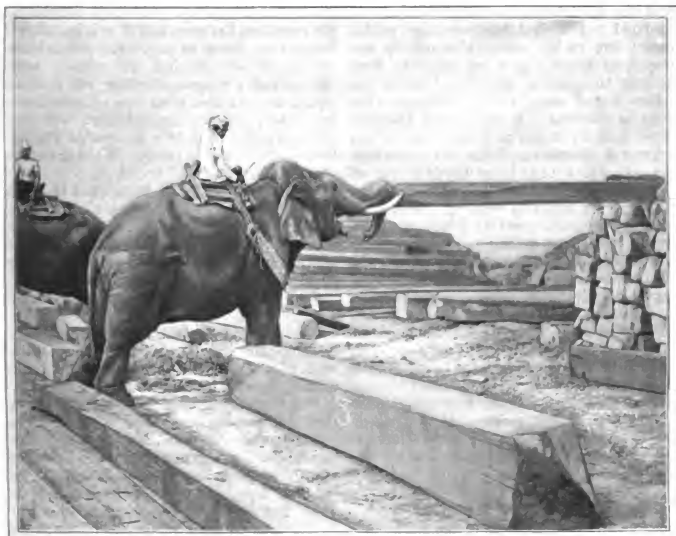
Author of "King for a Day," "God and the Pagan," and other stories.

AN elephant can run a mile in a little over five minutes—perhaps a minute or two over, but, at that rate of going, a minute or so one way or the other does not matter. It's not very fast going when we think of the Empire State Express, Jimmy Michael on wheels, Salvator, and a lot of other speedy things. It's not even as fast as a trained

man can run. It destroys the glamour of the elephant's charge that we stumble up against in hunting stories. I timed the elephants myself in an elephant race at a great fair which is held yearly a few miles outside of Meerut, in India.

Whether the elephants were trained fine or not I cannot say. They looked as though

NOTE:—The illustrations on pages 41 and 43 are from photographs by Watts & Skene, Rangoon, Burma.



"... take a squint along to see that it was all straight ... and shove it in."

four ice-houses had been brought out on the track to break a record. They were as hard to start as four sprinters. One old fellow with a mastodon's head seemed to think it was a fool's game, and deliberately turned his tail on the starter. His mahout (driver) coaxed him with an iron prod like a boat hook. There was a little fellow, a baby, about five feet high, who concluded that he would like to do the old fellows up. He had not been entered, it seemed—probably it was not a boy's race—but he was bound to start with them.

Finally they got away—the baby in the lead. It was a capital start, old Mastodon seemed to think, for he jockeyed the others and made play to keep the baby in front with his trunk. The pace was not terrific; it was more majestic—more like four barns being gently blown along by the wind. Somebody shouted an order, and a hive of natives swarmed over the course and side-tracked the baby. Then the elders freshened to the race—they strained every nerve.

I had a stop-watch out, timing them. At the half mile, just opposite the little stand, they had done it in 2.30. That gait was no

good for a stop-watch. It seemed folly to time such huge creatures with a fussy, ticking little thing like a watch; a grandfather's clock would have done better. I put it away in my pocket, and bet a Haji five rupees on Mastodon.

The natives had smuggled the baby back past the stand, and lay in wait with him two hundred yards from the finish. It was a one-mile course, and the elephants would finish where they had started from, in front of the stand. There was as much cheering and bad language as on Derby day. There was plenty of time for it. As the four ponderous fellows came laboring along, the natives slipped the baby in front of them, and he came sidling along merrily, his little pig eyes gleaming with fun, and old Mastodon caressing him softly with the fingers of his huge trunk. But it was not in the Koran that the Haji should pay me that five rupees, because of the baby elephant. And because of that race I know the elephant is not the swiftest thing on earth, by several minutes to the mile.

It is difficult to size up the horse-power of an elephant. Looking at his legs, in their

post-like immensity, one would not hesitate to build a fair-sized brick cottage on his back; but as his strength is usually employed to move things laterally, we have no rule to measure him by. I saw a big fellow tested once in the Zoological Gardens in Calcutta. It was not a scientific investigation; it was not the result of an argument—it was simply done to amuse people. It was a tug-of-war between one of these animals and thirty-five sailors. The elephant did not pull with his hands—his trunk—but was hitched up in regular fashion by harness to a long rope. Thirty-five lusty sailors laid hold of the other end, and the word was given. He pulled for the honor of his native jungles; but slowly, steadily, the sailors worked him backward. The mahout plied his goad, and the elephant trumpeted in anger, but it was no use. That was his horse-power—thirty-five sailors.

When I lived in Rangoon a friend of mine had much to do with the elephants at the saw-mills there. The saw-mills of Rangoon and Maulmein give daily the greatest elephant show on earth. All the little tricks these clever giants do in shows are tiny and poor in comparison.

I was in the office of my friend, the big mill owner, one afternoon, when a loin-clothed native, steaming with perspiration, rushed in, and salaaming deeply, handed him a note. I recognized the man as a coolie from the mill. Something serious had happened, I judged from his frightened look. I watched my friend's face narrowly. I might as well have studied the moon: there was only a look of blank, utter amazement on it. He handed me the note—this is what I read:

Honored Sir:—I would bring to your honor's kind recollection the caprices of a demented mad elephant, and ask for your honor's instructions in the same. He is beastly had one, and notwithstanding that he has already snubbed thirty-three of his defunct relatives, he is now murderously intent on all having a similitude to his kind, in the appearance of domestic milch buffaloes, and thereafter. He has raided all the villages in the environs of No. 2 Division, and the coolies and ryots are frightened for the lives and persons, although he has not yet crimed the manslaughter, but only the buffaloes, and not the cows. Mr. The-bald is here just now, and wants your honor's generous advice to shoot or otherwise this furious packshidedams. The fire lines are awaiting the monster's removal as the men wants work in fear and trembling. A quick response will ever be grateful to your most humble servant,

R. RAMALINGM.

"It seems a serious business," I said, looking at Rathbone (that was his name).

"Yes," he answered: "the Baboo has got

it slightly tangled up. Old Raja Singh's on the rampage, I'm sure, and if it is he, there'll be the very deuce to pay. He takes these streaks sometimes; but it's usually some budmash of a mahout stealing his food, or trying to work him after the whistle blows for dinner, or something of that sort, that stirs him up. But he's a regular Sheitan (devil) when he gets going. We'll drive out there. Will you go?" he asked.

"I won't have the old Raja shot if I can help it," he said, as we bowled along in the tom-tom behind his gray Pegu pony. "He's worth a good £400; but it isn't that. He knows more than any man I've got working about the place. He saved my life once; but it's a long story; I haven't time to tell it now."

We had arrived at the mill. Things were in an uproar. The coolies had cleared out; none of the other elephants were working; in fact, the mill was shut down.

Raja Singh was over in the coolie lines, they said, playing basket-ball with the little bamboo huts. We could hear a smash once in a while, like a tree dragging its branches down through other trees as it fell in the jungle. Then a cheery note of triumph from Raja Singh's melodious trumpet. He was having a merry time, and all to himself. He had thrown his mahout on the top of a huge pile of slabs before starting on his voyage of destruction. That was a lucky chance for the mahout.

A Calcutta-made pony cart had been standing in front of the manager's bungalow when Raja Singh started on his jamboree. Its bright red wheels, yellow running-gear, and black body, polished like lacquer-work, excited his curiosity. He picked it to pieces as a boy dissects a watch. He seemed to like the wheels best—even the spokes had to come out of their hubs. It was a poor toy—it did not last long. The bamboo huts were better—there were more of them. I learned about the mahout and the cart while Rathbone was preparing his net for the capture. The Baboo who had written the letter told me. He demolished English even as Raja Singh laid the coolie lines waste. His history of how things were going, the things pertaining to Raja Singh, was of a complex nature. "He is exuberant bad fellow," he assured me. "My house-gods are dislocated because of his illogical discipline." It was really too bad. After the Baboo had gone to so much pains to acquire a good English education, Raja Singh had flattened out his house as though it was only a coolie's hut.

Rathbone had one good fighting elephant. He was a sort of fox-terrier elephant. He was good-natured himself, and never gave any trouble; but nothing pleased him so much as to get a big logging-chain in his trunk, and go at a budmash mate and lambaste the evil spirits out of him. They called him the "Phoongye" (priest), because he was a dirty snuff-color—something like a native priest's robe. Close by, at the other company's mill, was another elephant that would work with the Phoongye in their little chastising game.

Rathbone soon got these two together; also two or three acres of coolies, and Raja Singh began to find things warming up a bit. He had been lamenting that the coolie houses wouldn't stand up and fight; the coolies themselves ran away—it was uninteresting. When the Phoongye and his mate swooped down upon him, Raja thought it fine fun at first; he didn't know they were organized. But when the big chains made play on his ribs and about his cabbage-leaf-shaped ears, he began to take thought with himself. The Phoongye was good at the battering-ram business, too; so was his mate; they battered

Raja Singh back and forth between them until he was glad to stand still while a chain was made fast to his hind leg, just above the foot. Then he was chained to a big tree, and left to cogitate upon the evil of losing his temper.

"He'll be all right in a few days," said Rathbone, "but it's expensive business paying for broken limbs and damaged houses. Every coolie that he has even frightened will want backshish."

The next time I saw Raja Singh he was calmly pulling great slabs from a pile at the tail end of the saw, and carting them away to a distance. I sat down and watched him, I and the verbose Baboo. A mahout was perched on his back on an old gunny-bag pad, but his office was a sinecure. The Raja was doing all the work, and the thinking, too. He would draw six or eight huge slabs from the pile with his trunk, place them very evenly together, pass a chain around them, run it through the slip hook in the most approved fashion, and attach himself by his traces to the load. Then he'd move off majestically, swinging his trunk back and forth, as though he were some great piece



"... the Phoongye was piling square timber ... a foot square and more, and over twenty feet long"

of mechanism and the trunk the pendulum. At the end of his walk was a pile of slabs. Upon this he placed those he had brought, methodically, exactly, each one in the place where it fitted best, and all smooth and even, as a careful workman should. The Madrassi mahout hummed a ditty of more or less moral worth, by way of having something to do.

Raja Singh flapped his ears reproachfully as he turned back for another load, and filled his trunk with odds and ends as he moved leisurely along. A stray nail, three or four pebbles, a tuft of grass with a little earth clinging to the roots, and a discarded cheroot formed the bulk of the treasures he found. As he came opposite us he curled his trunk upward, with a quiet, sinuous movement, and blew the lot against the naked stomach of the dozing mahout. It was one of the little jokes he whiled away the hours of labor with—just like any other navvy.

A little farther over, the Phoongye was piling square timber. Huge pieces, a foot square and more, and over twenty feet long,

he was carrying on his tusks as easily as a man might carry a stick of cordwood. At piling it he was as ingenious as the Raja. He would place one end up, back to the other end of the stick, lift it up also, and then take a squint along to see that it was all straight. If either end stuck out a little too far, he would place his trunk or forehead against it and shove it in. Other elephants were all about, working in the same matter-of-fact, intelligent way. One big fellow was shoving a stick of square timber on end through a narrow place. He had his fore-foot against the end, and at every step he gave it a shove, just as a man pushes a stone with his foot.

At twelve o'clock the whistles blew, as we sat there, the Baboo and I; he always talking, and I watching the more intelligent animal, the elephant. With the same spirit of punctuality that induces the hod-carrier to drop his load of bricks from half-way up the ladder at the sound of the noon hour, these Titans dropped everything, and turned their attention each to the wash-tub full of grain provided for their dinner.

ADVENTURES OF A TRAIN-DESPATCHER.

BY CAPTAIN JASPER EWING BRADY, JR., U. S. A.

A NIGHT OFFICE IN TEXAS.—A STUTTERING DESPATCHER.—MAKING A SCHEDULE FOR A SPECIAL.



THE climate of X—, my new office, did not agree with me, and after I had been there a short while I threw up my job and went South. Landing in St. Louis one bright fall morning, I went up to the office of the chief despatcher of the Q. M. & S., and applied for an office on his division. He had none to give me, but he wired the chief despatcher at Big Rock, and in answer thereto I was sent the next morning to Healyville. And what a place I found! The town was down in the swamps of southeast Missouri, four miles from the Arkansas line, and consisted of the depot and twenty or twenty-five houses, of which five were saloons. There was a branch road running from here to Honiton, quite a settlement on the Mississippi River, and that was the only excuse for an office at this

point. The atmosphere was so full of malaria that you could almost cut it with an axe. I stayed there three days, and then, fortunately, the chief despatcher ordered me to come to his office. He wanted me to take the office of Boling Cross, near the Texas line, but I wanted to go further South, and he sent me down on the I. & G. N., and the chief there sent me to Herron, Texas.

A few days after I arrived, I noticed that the town had filled up with "cow-punchers." They had just had their semi-annual round-up, and were in town spending their money and having a whooping big time. I was a tender-foot of the worst kind, and every one at the boarding-house and the depot seemed to make a point of telling me of the shooting scrapes and rackets of these cow-boys, and how they delighted in making it warm for a tender-foot. Bob Wolfe, the day man, told me how at times they had come up and raised a disturbance at the depot, especially when

There was a new operator. I didn't believe all their stories, but I will confess that I had a few misgivings when I went to work. One night passed safely, but the second one was a "hummer." The office was some-

just outside the office the greatest commotion I had ever heard. I was eating my midnight lunch, and had a piece of pie in my hand, when there came the report of a shot, and with a crash out went one of my lights,

a shower of glass falling on the table. Before I could collect myself there came another shot, and smash went the other light. I dropped my pie, and spasmodically grasped the table. The only lights left were the one in the waiting-room and my lantern, which made it in the office little better than total darkness. Soon I heard the tramp of many feet upon the platform; it sounded to me like the tramp of a regiment. In a moment the waiting-room door was thrown open, and with a wild whoop and a big hurrah, the crowd came in. The door between the office and the waiting-room was closed, but that made no difference to my



"One of them picked up the lantern, and swaggering over to where I sat all trembling. . . ."

what larger than the telegraph office in most small towns. The table was in the recess of a big bay-window, giving me a clear view of the I. & G. N. tracks, while along in front ran the usual long wide platform. There were two lamps over my desk—one on each side of the bay-window—and one out in the waiting-room. I also kept a lantern lighted to carry when I went out to trains.

All through the early part of the night I heard sounds of the revelry and carousing up town, but about half-past eleven they ceased, and I was congratulating myself that my night would, after all, be uneventful. About twelve o'clock, however, there arose

visitors; they smashed it open, and swarmed into the office. One of them picked up the lantern, and swaggering over to where I sat all trembling, raised it up to my face. They all crowded around me, and one of them gave me a punch in the ribs. Then the one with the lantern said, "Well, fellows, the little man is game. He didn't get under the table. Kid, for a tender-foot, you are a hummer."

Get under the table! I couldn't. I would have given half my interest in the hereafter to have been able to crawl under the table or to have run away. But fright held its sway, and locomotion was impossible.

For about five minutes the despatcher



"He looked at me . . . then catching me by the collar . . ."

had been calling me for orders, and in a trembling voice I asked them to let me answer and take the order. "Cert," said one of them, "go on and take it, and then take a drink."

By the dim light of only that lantern, with my order pad on a table covered with broken glass, I finally copied the order, but it was about the worst I ever took; and the conductor remarked, when he signed it, that it would take a Philadelphia lawyer to read it. The cow-punchers, however, from that time on, were very good friends of mine, and many a pleasant Sunday have I spent at their ranches. They afterwards told me that Bob Wolfe had put them up to their midnight visit in order to frighten me. My service at Herron was not very profitable, the road being in the hands of receivers. For four months none of us got a cent of wages.

A STUTTERING DESPATCHER.

IN 188- I chanced into a good night job at Mankato, on the P. M. & R., down in Texas. It was really about the best position I had yet found: good hours, plenty of work and a fine office to do it in, and eighty big round American dollars per month. The agent and day man were fine fellows, and there was no chore work around the station—a baggage "smasher" did that. The despatchers up in "Ds" office were pleasant to work with, and as competent a lot of men as ever touched a key. I had never met any of them when I first took the office, though of course I soon knew their names, and the following incident will disclose how and under what unusual circumstances I formed the acquaintance of one of them, Fred De Armand, the second trick man. About four weeks after I took the Mankato office, engine 333, pulling a through freight north, broke a parallel rod, and besides cutting the engineer into bits, caused a great wreck. This happened about two miles and a half north of Mankato. The hind man came back and reported it, and being off duty, I caught up a pocket instrument and some wire, and jumping on a velocipede, was soon at the wreck. I cut in an office in short order, and "Ds" soon knew exactly how matters stood. One

passenger train was tied up just beyond the wreck, and in about an hour and a half the wrecker appeared in charge of the train-master. I observed a young man twenty-eight or thirty years of age standing around looking on, and once when I was near him, I noticed that he stammered very badly.

I avoided saying anything to that young man, because I, too, at times, had a rather bad impediment in my speech. It asserted itself especially when I heard any one else stutter, or when the weather was going to change; the men who knew me said they could always foretell a storm by my talk. From my own experience, however, I knew that when a stutterer heard another man stutter, he imagined he was being made fun of, and all the fight in him came at once to the surface; and as this young man was about twice my size, I did my best to keep

away from him. But in a few minutes he came over and said to me, "A-a-a-s-k Ds t-t-t-to s-s-s-end out m-m-m-y r-r-r-ain c-c-c-oat on th-th-th-ir-teen." Every other word was followed by a whistle.

My great help when stammering was to kick my right foot. I knew what was coming, and tried my best to avert it. I drew in a long breath, and said: "Who sh-sh-sh-all I s-s-say you are?" and my right foot did great execution.

He looked at me for a second, grew red in the face, then catching me by the collar, gave me a yank that made me see forty stars, and said, "Blast y-y-you! Wh-wh-at d-d-o y-y-you m-mean by m-m-mocking me? I'll sm-m-mash your head!"

Speech left me entirely then, and I am afraid I would have been most beautifully thumped had not Saunders, the trainmaster, come over and stopped him. He called him "De Armand," and then I knew he was the second trick despatcher. After many efforts De Armand told Saunders how I had mocked him. Saunders did not know me, and the war clouds began to gather again; but Johnson, the conductor of the wrecker, came over and said, "Hold on, De Armand. That kid ain't mocking you; he stammers so bad at times that he kicks a hole in the floor. Why, I have seen him start to say something to my engineer pulling out of Mankato, and he would finish it just as the caboose went by, and we had some forty cars in the train at that."

At this a smile broke over De Armand's face, and he grasped my hand and said: "Excuse m-m-me, k-k-kid; but you kn-kn-know how it is y-y-yourself."

One night, shortly after this, I was repeating an order to De Armand, and in the middle of it I broke myself very badly. He opened up his key, and said, "Kick, you devil, kick!" And I got a merry ha-ha from up and down the line. But in giving me a message shortly after, De Armand himself flew the track, and I opened up and said, "Whistle, you tarrier, whistle!" May be he didn't get it back!

THE FIRST ORDER.

I had been knocking about the country for a few years, working in all sorts of



"I studied and figured."

places and offices, and acquiring a great deal of experience and valuable information, when the coy little god of luck threw me a job on the K. M. & O., a main trunk line running out of Chaminade. I was first sent to a night office at Vining, about midway on the division. One day an engine, pulling a through live-stock express, broke a driving-rod while running like lightning, and the result was a smash-up of the first water—engine in the ditch, cars piled all over her, live stock mashed up, engineer killed, fireman badly hurt, and the road blocked twenty-four hours. The wreck occurred on a curve going down a rather steep grade, so that it was not possible to build a track around it. A wrecking train was sent out from El Monte, and as I happened to be off duty at the time, I was picked up and taken along to cut in a wrecking office. The division superintendent came out, and he was so pleased with my work that, in a few weeks,

he offered me a place as a copy operator at El Monte.

My whole ambition had been to be a despatcher, and this appeared to be my opportunity, so I gratefully accepted, and in a day or two was safely ensconced in my new position. The despatchers work eight hours, but the copy operators work twelve, so they work with two despatchers every day. I had the day end of the job, and worked from eight A.M. until eight P.M., with an hour off for dinner, so that I really worked but eleven hours. The pay was good for me, seventy dollars per month, and I was thoroughly satisfied. Really all that is necessary to be a first-class copy operator is to be an expert telegrapher. It is simply a work of sending and receiving messages and copying orders all the day. However, I wanted to learn, so I kept my ears and eyes open, and studied the time card, train sheet, and order-book very assiduously.

The first trick despatcher was honest old Patrick J. Borroughs, a man of twenty-five years' experience and as good a man as ever touched a key or took an O. S. report. He was kindness personified, and assisted me in every way possible, and all of my future success was due to his help and teaching. After I had been there about five months, he would allow me, under his supervision, to make simple meeting-points for two trains, and one day, when he allowed me to give a right-of-track order to a through freight train over a delayed passenger, I felt that my education as a despatcher was complete. How much mistaken I was the following incident will show.

We had received notice one morning of a special train to be run over our division that afternoon, carrying a Congressional Railroad Committee, and that of course meant a special schedule, and you know how anxious railroads are to please railroad committees, especially when they are on investigating tours (?) with reference to the extension of the Inter-state Commerce Act, as this one was. We were told to "whoop her through." Our division was only 102 miles long, and we had abundant sidings and passing-tracks, and, besides, old "Jim" Hayes, with engine 666, was in, so they could be assured of a run that would be a "hummer." When the notification of this special was handed to Pat, he tossed it over to me, and said: "Bates, here's a chance for you to show what kind of stuff you are made of. Make out a schedule for this spe-

cial, giving her a clean sweep from end to end, with the exception of No. 21."

"Proud! That wasn't a name for it. I was determined that this special should have a run for her money if she ran on my schedule. No Congressional committee was going back to Washington with the idea that the K. M. & O. wasn't the swiftest road in the bunch, if I could help it. Pat told me he would do the copying while I made the schedule; but as he said it I fancied I saw a merry twinkle in his honest blue eyes. I wasn't daunted though, and started to work:

ORDER No. 34.

K. M. & O. RAILROAD (Eastern Division),
DESPATCHER'S OFFICE, "Ds," October 15th 18—. To C. & E.
ALL TRAINS.

Special east, engine 666, will run from El Monte to Marsan having right of track over all trains except No. 21, on the following schedule:
Leave El Monte, 2.30 P.M.

Thus far I proceeded without any trouble, and there I stuck. Here was where the figuring, knowledge of the road, grades, etc., came in; but I was sadly lacking in that respect. I studied and figured, and used up lots of gray matter, and even chewed up a pencil or two. I finally finished the schedule, and submitted it to Pat. He read it carefully, knitted his brows for a moment, and then said, slowly: "For a beginner, that schedule is about the best I ever saw. It's a hummer, without doubt. But to prevent the lives of the Congressional committee from being placed in jeopardy, I think I will have to make another." Then he laughed heartily, and continued:

"All joking aside, Bates, my boy, you did pretty well, but you have only allowed seven minutes between Sumatra and Borneo, and the time card shows the distance to be fourteen miles. Jim Hayes and engine 666 are capable of great bursts of speed, but they can't fly. Then, again, you have forgotten our through passenger train, No. 21; what are you going to do with her? Pass them on one track, I suppose. But don't be discouraged, my boy, try it again."

He made another schedule, and I resumed my copying. It wasn't long, however, until my confidence returned, and I wanted a trick. I got it, but in such a manner that even now, fifteen years afterwards, I shudder to think of it. I must reserve the account of this, however, for my next article.

A TWENTY-DOLLAR BILL

BY HARRIET A. NASH.

IT had been a most successful donation party, every one agreed. The pastor himself was heard to say that he had seldom seen so many of his people together, and the pastor's wife clasped hands that day with some parishioners who had never been in her house before. A few of them, with a vague sense of past delinquencies murmured a half apology of good intentions frustrated by lack of time, while others, under the firm conviction that all social advances should be made by the pastor's wife herself, felt their magnanimity in overlooking her neglect of them and consenting to honor this gathering. People from the outlying districts who could seldom attend a village merry-making came early and stayed late. All the children in the Sunday-school, with many of their friends from other churches, appeared in a body as soon as school was over, and added to the cheerfulness of the occasion by starting, in the already crowded rooms, the games of "blindman's buff" and "I spy." The village merchants dropped in for a few moments at supper time, while there was a lull in the business of the day, and even the busy doctor, after making a professional call next door, ran in for a cordial handshake with the pastor, leaving in the latter's hand a receipted bill for all indebtedness. The pastor's eyes had filled at this, and after the doctor had gone, he hurried to find his wife and share the surprise with her, but a thoughtful sister who had observed the scene reached her first, and the little pleasure of telling her was denied him.

Late in the afternoon Miss Black, representative of the most wealthy family in the parish, had swept through the parlor, pausing long enough to superintend the hanging of a fine engraving she had brought. And for some time after Miss Black had drawn her fur-lined cloak about her and departed, a little group stood about the picture, some admiring, some criticising, while one good sister frankly admitted that she'd enough sight rather had the money it cost. But the pastor and his wife exchanged glances of delight as they recognized in the picture a long coveted favorite.

It was soon after Miss Black's departure

that a fine seal pocket-book was first noticed among the gifts spread out in the study. No one knew just who put it there. More than one fingered it curiously, and one or two surreptitiously opened it, to see if there was anything inside. And the pastor smiled a little as he heard it whispered from one to another that the pocket-book was empty.

It was late before the weary hostess heard the gate click after the last guest, and later yet before she could find time to examine the gifts. For cross, sleepy little ones must be put to bed, and the confusion that reigned in their home be reduced to some such order as would permit breakfasting there to-morrow—or—no—it was to-day. She noticed as she passed through the kitchen that little cooked food remained from supper. Not only had a multitude been fed, but more than one mother had carried home a few pieces of cake to Tommy or Jane, who had been unable to attend. But there were uncooked provisions in abundance; the shed was filled with fuel, and the stable with hay and grain for the pastor's horse, while the study was filled with goods of every description—vases, tidies, splashers, among which the pastor was helplessly groping.

"You will be able to appreciate these things better than I, my dear," he said. "Some of them look very pretty, but I don't know their uses."

Mrs. Tyler sighed as she glanced around. "There's a good deal here I haven't any use for," she said. "But I oughtn't to say it, Ezra, for they have been generous: that new easy chair, and the lamp and picture, not to mention all the provisions and dear Doctor Holme's bill that has worried me so. Only—there wasn't any money at all, was there, Ezra?"

"I think not, Martha."

"You do so need a new overcoat, and I was hoping it would come to-day or the money to buy it."

"Never mind, my dear; don't let us appreciate the gifts we have by sighing for those that failed to come. I can do without a coat very well. My old one is quite whole."

"But so shabby, Ezra. And I'm sure some of the people feel it a discredit to the church for you to wear it."

"Well, Martha, if it's essential to the welfare of the church for me to have a new overcoat, the Lord can provide it. And in any case the people can't complain that their pastor carries a shabby pocket-book. Just see this, Martha."

"What good is a pocket-book with nothing to put in it," grumbled the tired wife, opening it listlessly. But in a moment her manner changed. For accidentally slipping her fingers into one of the pockets, she felt a paper, and drew forth a crisp new bill—a twenty-dollar bill.

For a moment they looked at each other in delighted surprise. Then the same question sprang to the lips of both: Who could have done it? "You don't think it could have been Maria, do you?" he asked, wistfully.

But Mrs. Tyler settled the question with a prompt negative. It wasn't likely that his sister had sent it after neglecting him so many years. It was much more likely to have been Miss Black or some of their people. "Though I don't know who there is in *this* parish," she said, "who would do so generous a thing and keep it secret."

"Martha, Martha," chided her husband. "Is this a moment for uncharitable thoughts?"

In a moment another question arose. Several had looked in the pocket-book and pronounced it empty. How had they overlooked the bill. "It must be they didn't look carefully," decided Mrs. Tyler. By her suggestion they resolved at last to say nothing about the money. "We'll be twice as likely to find out where it came from," she urged. And there for that night the matter rested. But the next day plans must be made for its expenditure. To Mrs. Tyler's annoyance, her husband was strongly inclined to devote the whole sum to the cause of missions, and only her oft-repeated argument that his shabby coat was causing comment among his flock availed to turn him from his purpose.

"Couldn't I buy a cheaper coat, and give a part of it, Martha?" he said, at last.

Mrs. Tyler's patience gave way. "Ezra Tyler," she exclaimed, "what kind of a coat can you get for less than twenty dollars, and how long would it wear? You'd be losing things through the pockets in six weeks. If you've no regard for yourself and the people, do have a little for me, and

get a coat I shan't have to mend for this winter at least."

She heaved a weary sigh as he, reluctantly consenting, left the room. "I'm afraid I haven't got patience enough for so good a man as Ezra," she said to herself. "But his lack of worldly wisdom does try me so."

There was some delay in purchasing the coat, for so important an article could not be procured in the little village, and a trip must be made to the city, twenty-five miles distant. Mrs. Tyler decided to accompany her husband, that she might personally superintend the purchase, but on the morning chosen, the baby woke ill and fretful, and the mother could not be spared. So with many injunctions to look well to the quality of the cloth and be sure the lining was firm and well made, she saw him depart, running to the gate to shriek after him instructions as to the buttonholes and to go first to the tailor's.

Mr. Tyler had several matters to attend to in the city. There were errands for several parishioners, and he desired to spend some hours in the public library, and carry out a long-cherished plan of visiting one of the city missions. But he obeyed his wife's instructions and went first to the clothiers', coming out in a new stylishly made coat, with no sense of the change save that he was more comfortable. He carried the old coat in a bundle, which he forgot and left in the next place he entered. The errands finished, the mission came next, then the library. He was hurrying through the winter twilight to the station, with a vague fear that he had read too long and might miss his train, when a hand on his shoulder stopped him, and he turned in wonder, to confront a blue-coated policeman.

"I reckon you're the man we want," remarked the policeman, while an excited looking young man behind him cried breathlessly, "That's him; hold him, don't let him get away."

"Excuse me, sir," said the bewildered minister, "but I really cannot be delayed. I fear I have already missed my train."

"Well, I reckon you, have my friend," replied the officer grimly. "But the city 'll be pleased to give you free entertainment, so don't let that trouble you. The best thing you can do is to come along quietly."

"But really, sir, you are laboring under a misapprehension; you can have no possible business with me."

"Can't I? Well, I know a man that has,

then. Just you come along, and you'll find out, my professional friend. I've seen your kind before. You do the country parson act fairly, but it's a little overdone."

They had reached the police station before Mr. Tyler could be made to understand that he was under arrest. Even then he believed he had only been mistaken for another man, and protested over and over that it was all a mistake and he should lose his train. The appalling truth was made plain to him at last. It was he, and none other, who was wanted—the man who had bought an overcoat of Claus and Clothier that morning, and paid for it with a twenty-dollar bill—charged with passing counterfeit money.

Over and over he protested his innocence and tried to explain how the bill came to him. He was only greeted with incredulous smiles, and advised to say nothing until he had time for reflection. His dazed mind grasped only the mere outlines of the situation. He, Ezra Tyler, pastor of the Gimfield Congregational Church, was under arrest. He tried to remember how the newspaper items read in such cases, and the first definite thought that struggled through his brain was of the publicity that would be given his case. He almost smiled as he wondered how his church would take it—the church that had been unable to bear their pastor's shabby coat? For a moment he thought of giving an assumed name. Then his real identity would not be learned in time for publication to-morrow, and before another day they would see the mistake and let him go. John Jones would do as well as any name. Dr. John Jones would convey more dignity. But when a few moments later he was called to give his name, his truth-loving nature rebelled against the falsehood, and in a clear voice he answered, "Ezra Tyler," going on, without further questioning, to explain that he was pastor of the Gimfield Congregational Church. He heard the charge against him, and for the first time began to realize the fact that the bill—that precious twenty-dollar bill—was valueless. There could be no doubt of it, they told him. An officer more kind-hearted than the one who had arrested him explained it all, and assured him there would be no trouble, if he was really innocent and could prove where he got the bill.

He had a confused sense of many people around, most of them looking miserable and unfortunate. One woman, carrying a baby, staggered as she tried to cross the room. She was ill beyond question. He wondered

why they didn't do something for her, and felt relieved when a pleasant-faced matron approached and coaxed the baby to her arms. How pitifully the thin little arms contrasted with the rosy baby at home. In one corner sat a ragged man of middle age, from whose stolid face crime had banished every trace of a better nature. Opposite him was a well-dressed young fellow, his face buried in his hands. The minister's heart throbbed with pain as he looked at them and wondered how long since the one was like the other and what depths of degradation lay between. He wished he were near enough to lay his hand on the bowed curly head—not much older than the little heads at home. His own trouble passed from his mind. What mattered it so long as he was innocent? And an emotion akin to the divine love and pity moved him, as he gazed on these fellow prisoners, who perhaps were guilty. Life must have been so hard for them—temptations so strong and wills so weak.

He found himself, after a little, conducted to a cell with two others—strangely enough the two on whom his attention had been fixed. The attendant—Mr. Tyler had no idea what his exact title might be—jocosely remarked that he hoped they didn't mind crowding, they were unusually full to-night.

To Mr. Tyler's relief, his elder companion dropped upon the floor, in a half-drunken sleep. The boy, as if anxious to repel all advances, had retired to the opposite corner, and resumed his attitude of deep dejection. The minister watched him thoughtfully for a long time. At last he drew nearer, and touched the boy's arm gently. A haggard, miserable face was raised to his—oh, so young.

"What do you want?" was the impatient question.

"My boy," Mr. Tyler said gently, "tell me how it happened." The boy shrank away, and ungraciously demanded to be left alone. Then some gentler impulse seizing him, he muttered a half apology, and, as if to atone for his rudeness, added a few words of explanation. Then slowly the longing for sympathy overcame him, and he poured forth a story of over-indulgence, dissipation, and debt, a pressing need for money, and—the use of funds not his own. Before him now was certain disgrace, perhaps years of prison life.

The minister sat silent. In his country parish he had never met a case like this.

He could recall nothing in his theological training that fitted it. According to his best knowledge and belief, he should speak words of condemnation and warning. But the pity swelling in his heart choked them back. And when he opened his lips at last, there came from them only words of sympathy. He seemed possessed by some power beyond himself—that tender, all-absorbing love for the guilty ones of earth, for whom too often he had felt only contempt. He struggled with himself in vain. His brain told him he should have exhorted the young man to repentance, before it was too late. His heart would let him speak only of a heavenly Father's love. When he ceased speaking the room was very still. Even the heavy breathing in the other corner had ceased.

Presently the boy raised his head with a defiant gesture. "See here," he said, and slipped a little vial into the minister's hand. "I didn't mean to go to prison. If it came to that, there was stuff enough in that bottle to have taken care of me. If they'd put me alone in a cell, I should have swallowed it before now. I haven't any friends left. My relatives will all refuse to speak to me after this; and I didn't suppose there was any one in heaven or on earth that cared. But I believe you. I never heard it put that way before. And I'm going to stand my trial, and whatever comes after it, because of what you say."

The two clasped hands warmly. And as they did so, the ragged criminal in the corner staggered to his feet and stood before them. Had they but known it, it was years since he had stood so erect. "Squire," he said, "the youngster's right. If some-body'd said to me, twenty years ago, what you've just said to him, I might have been a man to-day in place of what I be. Oh, go on; don't talk any foolishness. It's too late to work any such racket on me. Well, pray for me if you want to; 'twon't do no hurt maybe, though I can tell you't won't do no good. I tell you I don't want to be any better. I wouldn't change if I could. But in the name of the boy I was twenty years ago, I want to thank you for givin' this young feller a lift." He staggered back to his corner, as if ashamed of the momentary interest he had shown, and the brief intelligence died out of the hardened face.

The boy, worn out with deep emotion, dropped upon the hard cot and slept. The minister sat through the long night wrapped

in meditation. It was not until the first gray streaks of dawn stole through the grated door, that he roused to a remembrance that he was a prisoner, charged with crime.

Early that morning, in one of the sumptuous homes of the city, a woman past middle age was partaking of a solitary breakfast, glancing over the morning paper at the same time. For Mrs. Marsh was a business woman, and watched the markets closely. Running her eyes slowly down the columns, she suddenly started so as to overturn the coffee urn, and of the amber liquid soaking the snowy cloth and dripping upon the rug, she sat motionless, her eyes riveted upon these words:

A suspicious looking character purchased a coat of Claus and Clothier yesterday morning, paying for it with a twenty-dollar bill which proved to be a clever counterfeit. The swindler, who was arrested as he was about to take the evening train for New York, claims to be the pastor of a church in Gimfield, and gave the name of Ezra Tyler, which is believed to be assumed.

Mrs. Marsh rang the bell for a maid to repair damages, and, paper in hand, left the room. "I wish I could think it was a mistake," she soliloquized as she tied on her bonnet. "But it's too much like him. Nobody but Ezra could get himself into such a scrape as this. Well, he was quite right when he declared he had no head for business, and after all I shall have to acknowledge it."

Mrs. Marsh's quarrel with her only brother dated from his entering the ministry. Many years younger than she, he had until that time been entirely submissive to her wishes. She had selected his books, his clothes, his college, even his friends. But when it came to choosing a profession and a wife, the young man's will asserted itself. He would study theology instead of banking, and he would marry the girl of his choice. The result had been utter estrangement and a silence which no effort on the brother's part could break.

This morning Mrs. Marsh's lawyer, listening to her story, smiled to himself, as he read beneath her calm, almost indifferent manner her longing for a reconciliation. "For he's proved me in the wrong," she said candidly. "As a business man, he would have ruined himself and all his friends by this time. And I intend to keep an eye on him after this."

And the lawyer, as he closed his

at Baiquiri and are in possession of that place, and their vessels are seen in front of that port. Here there are eight battleships, two transatlantic boats, and the "Vesuvius." Linares went off this morning with nearly 3,000 men to fight the enemy. Some eight hundred men, between marines and sailors, have been landed to-day from the Spanish ships, and are posted at the town defenses. We now expect an attack at any moment. A flag of truce has been sent in to-day, but I don't yet know what it was about. This evening we hear that Linares had reached Siboney and that there are Americans at Baiquiri. Therefore it may be expected that to-morrow there will be an encounter. Some wounded have been brought in from the coast bombardments, and I hear that the commandant at Siboney was killed by a shell during the bombardment. As far as I can make out, there are 3,000 troops here in the neighborhood, and 4,000 more between San Luis and other places on the railway; therefore the Spaniards have about 7,000 in this district. At Guantanamo we suppose that altogether there are another 7,000, and they have asked for troops to be sent from Manzanillo, some say 7,000, others half that number. They cannot arrive, however, for some days, and I don't see how they will provision themselves on the road. We have made a communication over the roof from our kitchen to Willie's house which may be useful.

THE FIRST ENGAGEMENTS ON LAND.

Friday, 24th June. From half-past eleven to one o'clock we could hear cannon and musketry fire over in the direction of Sevilla, and Linares came late in the afternoon. There have been three encounters so far, one yesterday midday between Sevilla and Siboney, another in the evening somewhere in the same neighborhood, and one to-day at Sevilla. In the three the Spaniards have had seven killed and fourteen wounded, but evidently they are retiring on the town. The insurgents are with the Americans, and they are in possession of everything up to Sevilla, while on the coast the last post held by the Spanish is Aguadores. Billin, the Commandante de Armas at Siboney, was killed by a piece of a shell. It is reported that Calixto Garcia is at the sugar estate, Sabanilla, and is marching this way. I cannot ascertain positively if another landing has been effected to the westward or not. From Guantanamo we can get no news since the 7th. Last night I was informed that

the cable steamer was there repairing the cut cable, and the Americans are evidently in possession of Playa del Este, and may be the Caimanera also. The Spaniards expect reinforcements from Holguin and Manzanillo, but God knows when they will be able to arrive. I conclude that they may be in front of this town by Sunday. Now will the Spanish forces, if they cannot withstand the attack, as they cannot if there are many Americans, retire to the country and on Holguin or Manzanillo, after setting fire to this town; or will the Spanish squadron lay it in ruins with shell; or will they simply surrender? The last is doubtful. This afternoon I passed by the Spanish Circulo, and by the faces of the people there one could tell that things were going badly. The officers and others were sitting round without saying a word, and with faces as long and glum as you can imagine. The situation warrants it. Nicanor sent in to say that he had joined the insurgents; he had made himself a cavalry volunteer (Spanish) last year, so as to facilitate his going and coming from the Guao, and now thought it time to move.

Saturday, 25th June. This afternoon we have heard firing in the direction of Sevilla, and probably there has been fighting with General Vara del Rey at the Pozo. We have no details yet. Linares returned yesterday to town, upon which place the Spaniards are falling back, and the Americans possess from Sevilla eastward. The last Spanish post on the coast is Aguadores, and the Americans have been cannonading it at midday and afternoon. A little while ago, 12 midnight, we heard an explosion, which was probably the Spaniards blowing up the iron railway bridge at Aguadores with dynamite, as they advised me this afternoon they were going to do. In the encounters the Spaniards have only had seven killed and about fourteen wounded, and appear to have killed Americans, who, they say, exposed their persons considerably. The flag of truce was simply to ask if Hobson was still in the Morro. Four thousand men left Manzanillo on the 22d, and are expected here by the 28th. I much doubt, however, if they can do it in that time, and what they are going to eat when they do get here I don't know. Hurried preparations for defense of town are being made, earthworks and cannon placed, etc. Linares says he can hold out for a long time behind his trincheras. He is a man who probably will fight to the last. Another telegram to-day from the "World" inquiring about Hobson.

EFFECTIVE FIRE FROM THE "VESUVIUS."

Sunday, 26th June. I am fifty-nine years old to-day. The "Vesuvius" last night threw two shells, one onto the house of the lighthouse-keeper at the Morro, and another onto the Morro itself, where it did considerable damage, wounding one soldier and three seamen from the "Mercedes." The house referred to was completely smashed up. Linares has published an address to the troops, explaining that he retired from the coast not to expose them to the fire from the American ships; that the Americans were going to attack the town, and that he meant to defend it and do his duty. The Red Cross flag is flying to-day on the hospitals and on the barracks where Hobson is. We now know that the American troops engaged the other day were the Seventh, Twelfth, and Seventeenth United States Infantry, Second Massachusetts, and Seventy-first New York, with four troops of dismounted cavalry of the Eighteenth Regiment, and another four troops of Roosevelt's Rough Riders. I went to see Hobson again this afternoon. He thinks they will soon take the town.

Monday, 27th June. They say that 4,000 men have arrived at Palma Soriano from Manzanillo, but I don't know if it is true. There was some firing Aguadores way yesterday; and last night, or rather at 2.30 this morning, the Spaniards destroyed part of the Juragua bridge, so that trains cannot pass. The "Vesuvius" pitched in her usual two shells before daybreak, this time onto the Socapa battery, and wounded another three men of the "Mercedes." No one can understand what the American forces are waiting for, but it is said that eleven more steamers had appeared at Berracos (the others had gone away), and they probably are awaiting artillery or more men. I don't think they have landed more than 12,000 or 15,000 men.

FLOUR ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS A BARREL.

Tuesday, 28th June. The troops have not yet been heard of at Palma Soriano. Flour has been sold at sixty-eight dollars gold per barrel, and anyone who has any now asks \$100 per barrel for it. Eggs are fifteen cents each, and a big biscuit sells for twenty cents when it is to be had. To-day I spoke very seriously to General Toral about the American prisoners, and insisted on their being removed from where they are. He

promised me to attend to it. I went to see them all this afternoon and found that one, Montague, has been now ill for three days with intermittent fever, and another, Kelly, has fallen sick to-day. This evening, therefore, I have been again to Toral and found that he has given orders for their removal, sick and well ones, to a room in the Military hospital, which is large and well ventilated, and they are to be removed there to-morrow. I shall then go and inspect it, but without exercise they are sure to fall sick. Hobson proposed their being sent to the American Hospital ship under parole of the Admiral, but Toral did not seem to see that. From the barracks I could see the condensation of the atmosphere caused by the American camp at Sevilla, which is only eight miles by the road, and their scouts reach up to the Spanish outposts near town. Caney still belongs to the Spaniards, and so does Aguadores. They say that they are waiting for reinforcements before attacking, and that those are to arrive the day after to-morrow. The "Vesuvius" was quiet last night, but during the day there have been occasional shots fired at Aguadores. Among the Americans there is a French staff officer watching operations.

Wednesday, 29th June. Nothing particular has occurred to-day, and they say the Americans are awaiting reinforcements.

A CAPTURE—SANTIAGO SHELLED BY THE AMERICAN SHIPS.

Thursday, 30th June. This afternoon a balloon, captive, was seen rising from the American camp, and called great attention. Also a vessel was chased and caught by the fleet outside. They say she is a black steamer like the "Amethyst," afterwards "Santiago de Cuba," and was coming up from leeward and was getting well away from a vessel chasing her, but two ships from here went out and cut her off. The Spaniards continue to mount guns and prepare earthworks, and have, I believe, now about forty guns.

Friday, 1st July. This morning at seven we began to hear cannonading in the direction of Caney and Sevilla, or nearer here, and at eight I went up to the high part of San Basilio Street, where it looks out on the Caney plain, and found they had artillery on the little hill just to the north of Begona; Campana is the place. The balloon was about Tamari, and some more cannon were near Miguel Rodriguez' place, or near where

those two men had their kitchen garden on the road to Juragua. The first named cannon were firing towards Caney, and the distance of the other battery to where I stood was three miles, to judge by the time the report took to arrive. It was evident that they were going to take Caney, and not be outflanked, and then it was natural they should advance on this town. About eleven o'clock they came nearer and began to fire on the trincheras, and at the same time the American fleet began to throw shells into town from in front of Aguadores. The first fell in the Barracones Street, just behind Schumann's store; the next went into the Carmen church in St. Thomas Street, and then I thought it time to go up to breakfast, but looked on my way in at Louis Brooks, who was up, but very far from well. While there another shell fell some five hundred yards from his azotea on the Veguita side, and after breakfast they began to get hotter, and it seemed to me that this house was just in the line of fire, especially when one fell and burst not a hundred and fifty yards from this house, between here and the Veguita house, where Castillo started his clinic. I thought then I would send the women and children down to the store, as being safer, but Mason telephoned me that shells were also falling in that neighborhood and that one had just fallen close to Valiente's shop. (Therefore I sent them to your grandmother's. A shell passed over our heads in the direction of the house to which they had gone, and then I told Martinez to tell them to come back. That shell actually fell in the Albernis house, in the callejon alongside your grandmother's; so there is not much choice of a situation. For one moment, when that shell burst so near and the children began to cry, your mother was frightened, but immediately recovered herself.) I sent for the other consuls, and we had a meeting as to protesting to Admiral Sampson against his throwing shells in this way on defenseless folk, without a word of previous advice, and we signed a letter which will go to him to-morrow morning if the Governor allows a flag of truce to go out, which I doubt. Several more shells have fallen in different houses and streets of the town, but I have not yet particulars. Until 2 P.M. the continuous reports of gatlings, musketry, and cannon was terrific. Then came a lull, and they began again, advancing. After an hour or so another lull and then another attack, and now when I began to write this they were firing again as hard as they could,

5.30 P.M. A short time ago, say 6.30, they stopped, and we shall now see if they will allow us to sleep, or if they will rush the town with the moon. General Linares has been brought in wounded in the left arm, not seriously, but he was very pale when I saw him just now. General Vara del Rey and his two aids were killed this morning on taking Caney, also Colonel Vaquero; and Bustamante, the Admiral's chief of staff, who was commanding the men from the fleet in the trenches, has been badly wounded in the groin, and is not expected to live. Colonel Ordóñez, of the artillery, is shot through two legs, and they say the Colonel of Engineers is also wounded, and there are other officers killed. God knows who will go to-morrow. We hear that four ships were bombarding Manzanillo yesterday afternoon, and to-day our direct cable communication with Cienfuegos appears to be cut. Now, at nightfall, the Americans are in possession of San Juan, close by where the Caney and Juragua roads divide, and here on the south side of town they are nearer, say just before Santa Ursula. On the other side they are between Sueno and Roberts Veguita. Linares was brought in this afternoon wounded in the left arm. He has delivered over the command to General Toral.

AN ATTACK FROM ALL SIDES IN PROSPECT.

Eleven at night. Toral tells me they tried to land at Aguadores to-day, but failed, and that they were throwing shell there. I am now informed that the Americans since four o'clock this afternoon are extending towards Cuavitas and the Matadere sides, so as to surround the town. We shall probably be attacked from all sides to-morrow. All told there are about 6,000 men of arms in the town and in the neighborhood: say nearly 4,000 troops, 1,000 from the ships, and 1,000 volunteers; but some are at the Cruz, others at Morro, San Miguel de Paradas. Therefore, there are certainly not more than 5,000 opposed to the Americans. I should say "were," for any quantity on both sides must have died to-day. The men from the ships are good, but the troops are half starved, sick, and dispirited, and not of much use. Again they have been bombarding Manzanillo to-day. It is supposed that Pando is on his way with troops from Manzanillo, they say 8,000 men. If so, after the Americans take this place, we may yet have another attack from Pando's people, to say nothing of the Spanish squadron in port.

A PANIC IN SANTIAGO—RUMORS FROM SAN JUAN.

Saturday, 2d July. At daybreak, five o'clock, the firing of cannon and rifles began, and was hot until eight o'clock, when it ceased until twelve. The ships outside also began at six o'clock, and kept it up without intercession until eight. They were firing at the Morro, and shell fell in the bay. There were also some shell in town in the early morning, but I believe these proceeded from the artillery of the land attack. These shells were whistling just over our heads, and I hurried the women and children downstairs. We made sure they would have rushed the town then, but they did not. At noon they began again, and though at times the firing was very hot, it has not been so much so as yesterday, but more continuous. It is said this morning that Capriles, at the head of a party of marines or sailors, retook the San Juan fort, capturing two American cannon and recapturing the Spanish cannon taken by them there the previous day. At nightfall the firing ceased, but at a quarter to ten at night it began again furiously for half an hour, and now, midnight, I have just persuaded the people to go to bed. I have the house full of people. At ten to-day the French Consul showed me a reply he had received from the Spanish Admiral to a communication he had sent him the day before asking if it was true that they would bombard the town if the Americans took it and in such case to let us know. The Admiral replied that immediately on the Americans taking possession he would commence hostilities against the place, and to take that letter as advice. The consul immediately sent around to all the Frenchmen to advise them to go off with him to the country; but as the Americans had taken Cuavitas the night before, the government would allow no train to go out. They left at one o'clock with a few carts and horses, but mostly on foot, and they say they were fired at on their way to Cuavitas, but I don't know. The panic was something terrific, and I was besieged by people who wanted to know what to do, and they would not leave me a moment in which to send a telegram or anything. I saw the civil governor, and told him about the Admiral's reply. He went to see Toral, who was at the front, and also the Admiral. The latter said that, if they took the town and the army and the inhabitants abandoned it, he certainly

should fire at the Americans, but this was very different from his despatch to the French Consul, which the latter has carried off with him to the country. Louis Brooks and family went down to the store at mid-day, so as to be on hand near the train with their bundles, but no train went. Rice and beans the only thing for breakfast that day, as it was difficult to cook, with the bullets and rush and panic, and we did not get much to eat either. My women folk took it all very quietly. Yesterday the Americans appeared to make no headway; it is reported that they lost San Juan fort, but they have now extended themselves all round the town, that is, from in front of the Beneficencia or Santa Ursula to the Matadero, and the American flag was flying in San Pedro. The troops have been called in from the west side of the bay, Cobre has been abandoned, and the forts on the hills behind where they had the heliographs were burning last night. They say to-night that the Manzanillo reinforcements, some 4,000 men, are at San Luis, and will be here to-morrow. The defense of the Spaniards has been really heroic, the more so when you consider they are half starved and sick. It was affirmed to-day that the squadron would leave this evening, but they have not done so, though the pilots are on board. I will believe it when I see them get out. If they do, they will fare badly outside. Had the American troops followed up their advantage of yesterday and rushed the town, they would have carried it. To-day the spirit of the defenders has recovered.

DEPARTURE OF CERVERA'S FLEET.

Sunday, 3d July. At 9.30 Spanish squadron got under way, and soon after we heard the guns outside, counting 2,545 shot in sixty-five minutes, after which we heard no more. Mason went to the Vigia, reported they had rounded Cape Cabrera, followed by five American ships, and it was thought they had made good their escape. At 2.30 P.M. General Toral sent me a message to see him, and then he showed me a letter from General Shafter, saying he had determined to shell the town next day at 10 A.M., and gave the notice so that the women and children might be got out before that hour. I advised the other consuls, saw the civil governor, and called the Commodore to send a ship if there was time, and at about half-past four I went with R. Mason, Ysidoro Agostini, Modesto Ros, and

Willie, part of the way in a carriage and the rest on foot, to the American lines. We first found Colonel Dorst, who took us to General Kent and General Wheeler behind San Juan. The latter sent a message to General Shafter, at the Pozo, and he conceded twenty-four hours more. We explained to them what a frightful act they were about to commit, and that, while doing no harm whatever to the Spanish army, they would drive out to a barren country and starvation some 20,000 women and children and destroy their homes. The villages of Caney and Cuavitas and Dos Bocas were designated as places to which the people might go, the former being in the hands of the Americans and the latter in those of the Cubans; but of course there was no food at either, and little shelter, and the country round was barren, in consequence of the three years' war. On my return I found telegrams from the Commodore saying that the "Alert" would be off the port to-morrow at daylight, and the "Pallas" at nine o'clock. General Toral absolutely refused to allow either to come in, although the torpedoes had not yet been put down again after the squadron's departure. I was up the whole night at public meetings, fixing matters with the authorities and arranging for getting people out of town and deciding where they should go.

HELPING THE FOREIGNERS TO GET AWAY.

Monday, 4th July. Agostini and Ros again went to see General Wheeler, by appointment, but their visit did not alter matters. Shafter cabled Washington in view of what we had told him of the suffering of innocent people, and expected a reply that same afternoon. At eight in the morning I went off with the tugboat "Esmeralda," having been since 5 A.M. getting permits for her, etc., between captain of port and military governor, to the "Alert," and met Captain Savile in his boat just outside the Morro. He sent word to get their boats and those of the "Pallas" in, and came up to town with me. I advised British and foreigners to be down at the wharf by 2 P.M., and was engaged all morning answering questions, making lists of them, and refusing Spaniards, etc. At two we started in the "Esmeralda," with a lighter in tow carrying the luggage, the Brooks and Douglas families going in the "Pallas's" boats. A frightful sea on outside. Tried to get out with the lighter, broke her tow-rope, and had to come back to Smith Cay. I then told the

passengers that those who wished to go without their luggage should remain on board the "Esmeralda," and that the rest should step into the lighter and await our return, as it was impossible to get off with the lighter. The two Brooks, my girls and grandchildren, a cable clerk, and a few more went off again, and then we had a terrible time. On getting alongside the "Alert," more than a mile outside, the tugboat with every sea smashed up against her, our chimney smashing a boat of the "Alert" on its davits, and the tugboat's bulwarks and wooden deck-roof and chimney breaking up.

I thought we should have sunk alongside, but we bundled or threw the women through the gangway of the "Alert," as she rose with each sea, and the two vessels smashed against each other with a tremendous crash; and we were also able to get a few small pieces of luggage on board, and shoved off again as quickly as possible. Owing to the damage to the tug's smoke-box, we only got to town by dark, with the lighter and other passengers. Got out the luggage and stored it in our store, and then went to see Toral, and found a proclamation had been published telling people to leave town between five and nine, but no carts or animals allowed. I exacted from Toral a pass for two carts for myself, and finally got home at 8.30 dead beat; but still people incessantly calling at my house with all sorts of stupid questions, until finally I had the street door closed, and paid no more attention to them once I had got the house empty. Then for the first time could I talk to my wife and settle as to what we should do. We packed up a few provisions and other things and that Indian tent that Willie sent me, sufficient for a few days, and just as we finished at midnight cannonading from the fleet outside at the Morro began. We feared this might be interpreted as a breach of the truce and that shelling might begin before the people could get out in the morning. At two in the morning I went out to look for Toral and the civil governor, but both their houses were closely shut, and I lay down at 2.30 and slept until 4 A.M.,—for the first time in three nights.

Tuesday, 5th July. At 5.30 A.M. I started with two carts which Willie had found, provisions, and people for Caney, with flag. Three and a half hours on the road. The scene was terrible: people flocking out, sick carried in chairs or as they could, children getting lost by the way, etc. Through a

son of Diego Moyas in the American army, I obtained a room, such a one, in a house just chock full of niggers, and put my wife's mother and sisters in there, while Willie pitched our tent in an empty piece of ground where a house had stood, and also managed to obtain a small room in a house close alongside. The entrance to Caney was stinking with half-buried corpses of men and horses, as three days before there had been a tremendous battle there.

A TERRIBLE CONDITION AT EL CANEY.

Wednesday, 6th July. Visited by war correspondents of papers, etc. About 18,000 to 20,000 in Caney; houses, of which there are 300, full of people, in most of them not leaving room enough to lie on the floor, but having to pass the night in a sitting posture. I wrote to General Shafter about provisions for the British subjects, of which I have thirty odd on the list.

Thursday, 7th July. Akers and other correspondents arrived. He has no horse. I received 100 pounds of flour from General Shafter for Britishers, and had it made into bread, which they brought to my tent at midnight, and made me get up to cool it down and put away till morning. General Toral wrote me asking me to send in the English cable clerks if I could, and I sent in poor Cavanagh, Frume, and Bonney. Toral said he had important telegrams for Madrid, and I know it was with regard to capitulation. Musgrave, correspondent of the "Daily Chronicle," turned up, and was very kind. I wrote by him to my girls at Jamaica and to the Commodore, having also done so two days before. (This of Musgrave was Friday, not Thursday.) Captain Arthur Lee, of Royal Artillery and military attaché, turned up.

Friday, 8th July. More correspondents, etc. Distributed biscuit, or rather bread, I had made. Got Edwards to take charge of distributing provisions for British subjects. The people are starving. The Red Cross Society cannot get provisions up in time for want of means of transportation, nor can the army. The people, thinking they had come out for but a couple of days and not being allowed to bring animals of burden with them, have now no provisions left, and round here the only thing obtainable is mangoes, of which there is a profusion. The streets are filled with the remains of these thrown down by the people, and they are in a state of ferment. The place is one big pigstye, and soon there must

be a frightful epidemic, with the people bathing and washing dirty clothes in the river, from which the drinking water is obtained and to which any quantity of filth and refuse finds its way. In some houses you will find fifty in a small room, and among them one dying of fever, another with diarrhoea, and perhaps a woman in the throes of childbirth, and all that with not a chair to sit on or a utensil of any kind, and all in want of food. You cannot buy anything for money, though I know one man lucky enough to buy five biscuits of about two ounces each for a five-dollar piece, and another who bought a small chicken for seven dollars, but he did not take it right off, and the bargain was refused. People will exchange mangoes or other things for food, such as rice, biscuit, or pork, the things mostly looked after. Twenty-five good-sized biscuits were paid for three small chickens by the Red Cross man. The country is absolutely bare, and money will buy nothing, and it is useless. Children dying for want of food; in fact, the situation is indescribable. We now hear that the bombardment has been postponed until Saturday, 9th, at noon. Elwell turned up in the afternoon; had been in Kingston, Jamaica, the previous day, and had seen the Brooks and Douglas families at the hotel, and said that my people had also arrived safely, though he had not seen them. Elwell is chief of Miss Clara Barton's Red Cross work, and prevailed on Willie to take charge to run the distribution, in place of poor old Bangs, who works like a mule. Captain Finlay had arrived the day before, and went off to-day. Major Allen also arrived, and two wagons of food.

CHILDREN CRYING FOR FOOD—PEOPLE SICK AND STARVING.

Saturday, 9th July. I insisted on Willie giving up the distribution business, as I foresaw what was bound to happen with no provisions to distribute, and I might want him at any time to clear out, as indeed did happen. Lieutenant Noble came. People starving. Major Allen turned up, and Captain Lewis is appointed Governor of Caney. Captain Mendoza arrived with a letter from Andreini, and a cow from General Lawton, which cow I made over to old Bangs to make soup with, which he did. Mendoza told me that Linares had offered to surrender the town if the troops were allowed to go with arms. Shafter cabled Washington about this.

"World" and "Harper's Weekly" correspondent turned up; also Rawson Rhea, of "Journal," returned and was very kind. At 6 P.M. Mendoza came with an aid of General Shafter, saying the Americans would enter the town to-morrow, and all would be back there in forty-eight hours. Great rejoicings. I wrote to General Shafter to know if families of Spanish officers would be allowed to go in before their husbands left, etc. General Ludlow sent me a cow, which I made over as before.

Sunday, 10th July. Went round for distribution of provisions just arrived. The whole afternoon with people begging sugar or milk or rice or something to keep them from starving, or a sick child of a person from dying. I have now very little left, having been giving away what I could. At 5 P.M. Americans began to cannonade from field and siege batteries, with a few from fleet, until dark. Frightful scenes; children crying for food and nothing to give them; a few provisions arrived this afternoon, but not one-twentieth enough.

The weather so far had been fine, but this afternoon it began to rain, thus adding misery to people without shelter; 300 houses in town, without counting ranches run up with branches and leaves and sheets. Rough census taken estimates population at eighteen to twenty thousand. At Cuavitas, Dos Bocas, Siboney, and Firmesa there are also people, and probably 35,000 have left Santiago.

Monday, 11th July. American shore batteries and fleet cannonading town until mid-day, also with some rifle fire. One shell burst here in Caney. Busy all day with Major Allen, dividing up the few provisions. Misery increasing. Americans sent flag of truce at noon to see if town would surrender. Rained heavily, and at 11 P.M. a terrific thunderstorm and rain.

A TRUCE—NEGOTIATIONS FOR SURRENDER.

Tuesday, 12th July. Rained heavily nearly all night and until noon to-day. Truce continued. Americans offer to convey troops to Spain with arms, and now await Blanco's answer. They say 5,000 men are now on the way from Holguin. General Miles has landed with more troops and six batteries of artillery, and comes to the front this afternoon. They placed a lot more siege guns to-day. The town is now surrounded except on the Guao side. People continue to starve, and fevers are taking hold after

the rains. Smallpox was reported to me last night, but on investigation I found that it was only chicken-pox. Cavanagh, who returned from Santiago on Saturday, is completely off his head, and I much fear for him. To-day I got hold of a chair, and find it a luxury. Several ladies wanted permission to return to Santiago, preferring to die at once by shells rather than slowly by starvation. Siboney burned, owing to some cases of yellow fever there.

Wednesday, 13th July. Conferences yesterday between lines with American generals and Toral about capitulation. Archbishop told Akers, who interpreted, that several houses in town had been damaged, but no one killed. Wanted to send nuns out, but refused. General Lawton was ordered to take Caney on the first day, and then proceed with the rest to Santiago, but he found it a tougher job than expected, and only got through with artillery by four in afternoon. Americans lost 436 men at Caney, included in the 1,800. Starvation and sickness increasing. Willie gone to Siboney to try for food. Rained at intervals, and everything awfully damp and muddy. Cavanagh is very bad with bilious fever, and no medicine to be had. I fear he will die. A purge might save him, but it is not to be had. I don't feel at all well. When rain began we moved at night to a small room Willie managed to get, a filthy place.

Yesterday, 14th July. Cavanagh died at 2.15 this morning, and I have been with sore throat, chest oppression, and fever all night, and have to remain in bed, or rather hammock. Got a coffin for Cavanagh, and buried him in the afternoon. I could not go. In afternoon Sir Brien Leighton turned up, and gave me two pastilles of Eaggis consommé, which came in well in my state. He told me capitulation had been agreed upon. Spanish troops here and 8,000 more under Toral's command to be shipped to Spain, and Santiago, Guantanamo, and Baracoa to be included in capitulation. Ladies made memorial to General Shafter to be allowed to go to town, preferring death by bomb to starvation. Willie returned from Siboney without provisions, but got a little sugar on the road from a Cuban. I wrote Shafter, asking when we could go in.

IN SANTIAGO AFTER THE SURRENDER.

Friday, 15th July. Passed a bad night, fever and diarrhea. At 9 A.M. round came Major Allen with a note from General

Shafter asking me to go in, as there were some difficulties which he hoped my influence would fix, as otherwise there might still be more fighting. I was still in bed, but got up, packed, and started. Was detained at Spanish lines till I could get a note to Toral, and I found that he and generals were between lines negotiating. Therefore, being nearly 2 P.M., went on home. The city was like a deserted place, and with soldiers on the outskirts and trenches, no one in the streets. Some houses gutted and pillaged, others hurt by shell; not a shop of any kind open, trenches and barricades in the streets down to Plaza de Dolores, made since I left. Found my house intact. Changed, and went to see Toral, who was in his hammock done up, just returned from conference. He told me everything had been arranged and preliminary bases signed. Madrid approval to capitulation, asked for three days previous, is wanting, but he said, if not approved, he would capitulate even if court-martialed after. Bob Mason has been running it, and is one of the commissioners who signed the articles. Eulogio brought us a piece of meat and some bread, his share of rations, for nothing can be bought. Moran and Espejo also came, and Barruecos. A shell burst in latter's house, twenty yards from mine, and fragments came on my roof. Did a lot of damage. Several fell around store, and one bursting in front broke roof tiles. It is said fifty-nine houses have been damaged, including three utterly demolished. A large piece in my drawing-room knocked down and some bric-à-brac broken. No one killed. Linares's wound has been painful, affected the radial nerve, but not dangerous.

Saturday, 16th July. I was writing until half-past two, and then could not sleep, and was up at 4:30. Some families have come in to-day, and this afternoon everything has been finally settled, without Madrid, and to-morrow at nine the city, Guantanamo, and Baracoa will be handed over. Thank God!

Seventeen thousand five hundred troops surrendered, and will be sent to Spain. I have not had a moment all day long, and am done up and sick, and shall now try and get a little sleep, but I have a frightful lot of work before me. Santiago de Cuba has made a heroic defense, and the Americans have learned to admire the pluck of the Spaniards. On the first attack there were, including 1,000 men from the squadron, 3,500 men of all arms, with volunteers. Aldea had a column of 600 on the other side of the bay, and there were about 200 more between Morro, etc., and Aguadores. From Manzanillo 3,500 men arrived after the attack, and helped to replace the killed and wounded. At Caney there were 500 men. There are now here and along the railway, etc., 10,500 men. At Guantanamo 5,000, and Baracoa and others scattered 2,000, making a total of 17,000. Santiago had no defenses, but they ran up some earthworks, and made trenches after the fleet began to blockade and the United States army to besiege them. The Spanish soldiers are half-starved, have very little ammunition left, and are sick. Linares would have surrendered the place a week ago had he been in command, but Toral has been delaying, while Blanco and Madrid were against it.

Sunday, 17th July. The American generals came in this morning, and have taken formal possession, and the troops are being marched out to encamp somewhere round San Juan until the ships come to take them off to Spain. The Red Cross boat "Texas" has come in, and also Sampson in a yacht. I saw Shafter and all the American generals this morning, but went off home with a strong fever, and I feel bad.

Monday, 18th July. Fever of thirty-eight odd degrees, and sweated during the night; took quinine, but still bad. Obtained a cart to bring me up home and to bed to-day; no carriage obtainable. Several American ships now in port.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The fever which Mr. Ramsden's exposure and heroic labors throughout the siege of Santiago had brought upon him grew gradually worse. By August 1st he was so ill that he started for Kingston, Jamaica, where his wife and daughters were, going by her H. M. S. "Alert," so often named in his diary; he was too weak to walk, and had to be carried to and from the ship. He reached Kingston on the morning of August 2d. But under his rare sense of duty, he had deferred going until too late to derive any benefit from the change; he grew only worse, and on the afternoon of August 10th he died. His wife and daughters were with him at his death, but not his sons. Mr. Ramsden was as much a martyr of the war as if he had been killed in battle, and no man in the war rendered a nobler service.

VIEW LOOKING UP TO THE SUMMIT OF ACONCAGUA.



ON TOP OF ACONCAGUA AND TUPUNGATO.

THE FIRST VIEW HAD BY CIVILIZED MAN FROM THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN PEAKS IN THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE.

BY E. A. FITZGERALD,

Author of "Climbs in the New Zealand Alps."



SIX days after the ascent of Aconcagua by my guide Zurbriggen, as related in MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE for October, I started, with Mr. Stuart Vines, to make another attempt on the mountain. Zurbriggen was temporarily disabled by the hardships he had undergone on Aconcagua, and by an accident sustained in crossing one of the fords in the Horcones Valley, owing to his mule falling with him. I had, therefore, sent him down to Mendoza to recuperate. After two unsuccessful attempts, we reached the high-level camp on Aconcagua, at 18,700 feet, on the 22d of January [1897], in very bad weather.

At these altitudes the digestive organs are not in a state to allow of indulgence in a hearty supper, and we felt a craving for hot food at an early hour on the following morning. It was Vines's first experience at 19,000 feet. He spent a restless night, and on getting up did not seem fit for much. It was impossible to rise early, or when up to move about and do things quickly, so that it was not until nine o'clock that we began to prepare breakfast. Coffee was our staple food, but there was no means of obtaining water except by melting snow and ice.

I undertook to light the fire, no easy task at this altitude, where it requires almost superhuman efforts to induce the wood to ignite. Vines went with a biscuit-tin to

collect suitable snow and ice for water ten yards away on the other side of the tent, and crouching down by the fire, I gave myself up to the exhausting work of persistently blowing the smouldering wood, thereby filling my lungs, which were craving oxygen, with smoke. I looked up to see what had become of Vines. He stood a few yards from me, apparently doing nothing in particular. The tent being perched on a narrow ledge, under the shelter of a rock, he had to cross the numerous guy-ropes in order to reach the snow. I watched him slowly raise one leg over the first rope, and stop breathless and exhausted. He then wearily dragged the other leg after the first. Thus he proceeded until he reached the snow. It was about ten minutes before he returned, with hardly enough ice and snow in the tin to wet the bottom of the kettle. I noticed during the time I spent at this high camp that the ropes of the tent always needed readjustment. The reason was not far to seek, for we were continually kicking them as we passed, no one having the energy to raise his feet high enough to clear them. Under these circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that we did not get our breakfast until long after ten. It seemed to restore Vines at once to comparative activity, but had a contrary effect upon me, for I was attacked by indigestion, and retired to my sleeping-bag for the rest of the morning.

SNOW-BOUND AT AN ELEVATION OF 18,700 FEET.

I intended to rest the first day, and if possible make the ascent on the next. It began to snow at ten o'clock. It snowed all day. A porter came up during the morning with some wood and provisions, and descended late in the afternoon. In spite of

the snow, Vines and I intended to hold on as long as possible. When the day was too far advanced to make a descent possible, about five o'clock in the afternoon, the snow increased in volume, and the wind rose, causing it to drift. Huddled in our little tent, we anxiously watched the turn of events. We closed the fastenings of the tent, and tried to sleep. But it was not a night for rest. I soon began to realize that we were being buried in the snow, for the corner under the shelter of the rocks where the tent was pitched was filling up with one great snowdrift. At nine o'clock we seriously discussed the state of affairs. We must either keep the snow clear of the tent or retreat to the valley. The latter course we feared would be impossible. On such a night we could never find our way down the great exposed slopes of Aconcagua. Vines burrowed his way out of the tent, and with difficulty found and brought in the boots and ice-axes, so that we might be ready for the worst. From time to time we beat upon the roof of the tent, in order to prevent a mass of snow from collecting and crushing it in. Sleep was out of the question. It was a mis-



erable and exciting night, and by morning we were quite worn out. Snow began to fall again at nine o'clock, so we made a bolt for the valley. It was useless to attempt further climbing in such weather.

Our next start from Inca was, therefore, delayed to February 7th. We reached the 14,000 feet bivouac, at the head of the Horcones Valley, and sent porters up to report on the condition of the mountain and the high camp. They came down on the following day with a story that was not encouraging. Owing to continued snow-fall, the difficulties to be encountered in the ascent of the mountain would be greatly increased, and sleeping at the high-level camp was becoming more uncomfortable

every day. I started with Vines on the 10th, and on reaching the camp, soon realized that the description given by the porters was only too true. Tent, wood, provisions, and instruments were covered with ice and snow. The few cooking utensils were covered with frozen grease. To thaw these things out and clean them up was no easy task, and the difficulties of preparing hot food, so necessary to us, were greatly increased.

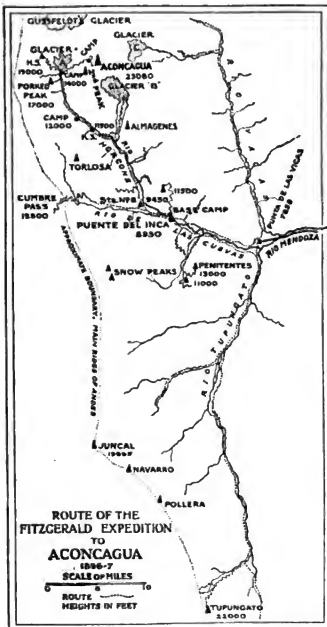
However, on the 12th the weather looked promising, and we determined to prepare for the ascent on the following day, for we were not gaining strength by remaining at this altitude. Lanti came up in the evening, for as he had proved himself less susceptible to the surrounding conditions than the other porters, I wished him to make the ascent with us. He undertook to wake us at an early hour, that we might all have a good breakfast before starting. Unfortunately, we were unable to sleep at night, and as usual made up for it in the morning, so that it was only when the sun came on the tent at 7.30 that Lanti roused us. So slow were our movements, that we did not make a start until after 8.30. Our packs were equally divided, and contained a bottle filled with a mixture of port wine and egg, a bottle of red wine, a flask of brandy, and some Kola biscuits, besides the various instruments, and some extra clothing in the shape of gloves, helmets, and sweaters—about seventeen pounds to each man. I may here mention that the port and egg was almost the only nourishment taken during the day.

HUMAN ENDURANCE AT ITS LAST STRETCH.

The aspect of the mountain had changed considerably since Zurbriggen's ascent. He had reached the summit almost without putting his foot on snow; now great fields of deep snow spread over the northwestern slopes as far as the eye could see. We trudged over it for an hour, when, at the height

of 20,000 feet, I was forced to turn back. I begged Vines to go on and make the ascent if possible, taking Lanti with him. He followed practically the same route that had been taken on the previous attempt, clinging to the protection afforded by the base of the cliffs running down from the summit to the north. It was absolutely necessary to keep on the solid rock or hard snow, and avoid as much as possible the soft broken surface caused by the thousands of years of denudation. In ascending by the line of cliffs, they reached at mid-day a spot 21,500 feet high, where, on our first attempt, we had left some provisions and instruments. Here their further passage towards the summit was barred by a precipice, so

that they were forced to cross the face of the mountain to the west, in order to reach the couloir ascended by Zurbriggen. In doing this they had to pass over the rotten debris which covered the whole of this side of the mountain. Their patience and endurance were sorely tried, for they were at an altitude of 22,000 feet, and the fatigue caused by slipping and falling on the unreliable surface was very great. At



Editor's Note.—The map on this page is reproduced by permission of the Royal Geographical Society (London).

each step the whole side of the mountain seemed to give way, and they were continually thrown down on their hands and knees. It took them over an hour to cross the slope to the couloir; not that the distance was very great, but they were forced to halt every few minutes. Their legs seemed incapable of working for more than twenty steps at a time, and the difficulty of breathing seemed to increase at each step.

At 2 P.M. the couloir was reached, and after an ascent of some 300 feet, they entered a vast amphitheatre filled with masses of broken red rock. The opposite wall of this was formed by a great *arête*, which joined the eastern and western peaks of Aconcagua, and ran from one end of the mountain to the other. To the left of them rose a huge bastion of rock on which was the actual summit. To the right, cone-shaped rocks and *aiguilles* towered into the clouds above. Not a vestige of snow was to be seen within this vast enclosure. They were nearly 22,500 feet above the level of the sea, and in no mood to cope with the frequent petty annoyances which occurred while scrambling over the great rough stones and boulders now blocking the way. 'An almost irresistible desire to turn and descend, and the longing for some stimulating nourishment, seemed to overwhelm them. In halting they found there was only one position for rest and recuperation. The overpowering lassitude that seized their lower limbs after sitting or reclining made this mode of rest out of the question, and instinct soon taught them to stand with legs wide apart, the body thrown far forward, the hands grasping the head of the ice-axe and the forehead resting low on the hands. Ten or a dozen violent respirations brought the breathing back to its normal state, the legs gradually regained power, and they were able to advance a short distance. So they proceeded until, at 4.30, the great *arête* that joined the eastern and western peaks was reached.

Vines crept to its edge, and looked over the southern wall of Aconcagua. An immense distance separated him from the glacier below, the difference between 23,000 and 13,000 feet. Looking down this dizzy precipice, he saw spurs of the mountain flanking the glacier beneath to the right and left, giving it the appearance of a huge amphitheatre. The sun was now not far off the horizon, and did not penetrate into this vast pit. Great masses of vapor were moving about in it far below; it looked like some giant cauldron, of which the bottom was

quite invisible, two miles vertically below where he stood.

But no time was to be lost; it was late, and it was hard to tell how far the actual summit might be. They turned along the *arête* to the east, until its rotten condition and its steepness compelled them to leave it. As a cliff in front barred the way and shut out the view ahead, the excitement of the climbers became intense. Vines scrambled up the cliff. Once level with its edge, all was made clear. Here was the actual summit right before his eyes, and not twenty yards from him was Zurbriggen's stone man, and the ice-axe planted in its center. A few steps more, and they stood on the summit of Aconcagua in silence, the feeling of triumph too great for words. There was no more need to *stand* and rest. They flung themselves down by the stone man, crouching close on its leeward side, and Lanti produced the bottle of wine. They neither of them cared for the chilled, sour stuff, and poured it as a libation over the stone man, in order to use the bottle for the record.

THE SUMMIT REACHED—A MARVELOUS VIEW.

A square plateau about seventy-five yards across, quite clear of snow, formed the summit of the mountain, inaccessible on all except the western side, where the *arête* joined it with the western peaks. But for a few clouds that had been coming over towards the mountain all the afternoon and hovering round the southern and western slopes, the sky was clear. Vines was quite overwhelmed by the vastness of the panorama that lay beneath him. Innumerable ranges of mountains stretched away to the east, to the Uspallata plain and the pampas of Argentina. These ran to a great height, maintaining an average of about 13,000 feet, so that it was not possible to see the pampas except far to the north, where a break in the mountains gave a glimpse of the distant plains. Most of those great brown mountains were capped with white, the result of the unusually heavy summer snows. Within ten miles surrounding the base of Aconcagua lay the heads of the Vacas and Horcones valleys, and to the north, the Penitentes Valley, by which Güssfeldt had approached the mountain—wide, bleak wastes of gray stones bounded by red and brown slopes and ending in glacier. Clear above the low clouds lying in the Horcones Valley, stood up the mighty dome of Tupungato. Vines scrutinized its outline carefully. For Aconcagua once con-

quered, the scaling of Tupungato would be our especial care. Not far to the north of it rose the ice peaks of Pollera and Navarro, and the lofty glaciers lying beneath the rugged cliffs of Juncal. Nearer still, the Twins and Torlosa on either side guarded the Cumbre Pass over into Chile.

Turning to the north, the eye traveled over vast fields of ice and snow lying at their feet, down the Val Penitentes and the Val Hermosa, to the giant slopes of Mercedario, forty miles away, and far beyond, over innumerable peaks and ridges. All around on these three sides was a sight of which the desolate grandeur defied description. But

face of the ocean between the point of vision and the sun became suffused with a ruddy glow. The shimmering of the light upon the water could be distinctly seen, so that it seemed quite near to them, and it was difficult to believe that the distance was so immense.

But the setting sun warned them that it was time to descend unless they would be overcome by night at this great altitude. It was nearly half past six, and should clouds obscure the moon, the descent would be very perilous. Nearly an hour and a half had been spent upon the summit, nor had the time seemed long. For to take in all its details



THE HIGH-LEVEL CAMP.

there was beauty as well as grandeur in the view to the west. Beyond the two white western peaks of Aconcagua, to right and left, lay the Pacific. A hundred miles away, the mighty ocean glittered in the evening sun. Far down to the south, and away some fifty leagues to the north, it stretched in a great blue line. The sun lay low on the horizon, 160 miles away, and the whole sur-

round and appreciate that vast scene was a herculean task in that short time. They felt no ill effects from the altitude while thus at rest, with the wind whirling great clouds of snow from the arête up into their faces, and the thermometer at seven degrees Fahrenheit. With great reluctance Vines gave the word to pack up and descend. They had looked upon one of the grandest sights ever beheld

by man, and would never perhaps look on anything again to equal it.

When the summit was left behind, the sun dipped into the Pacific, a great ball of fire, leaving a wonderful after-glow. Then began a series of magnificent changes of color. The whole Pacific Ocean from north to south, together with the sky above, was lit up with a fiery red glow, which changed slowly to purple and then to blue. They were not, however, in darkness; for soon after the sun had set, the moon rose and shone brightly, revealing everything with wonderful distinctness in the clear air, while for at least half an hour the wonderful glow remained on the horizon of the Pacific, a great red line of subdued fire high in the air, and darkness between.

Nothing simpler in theory could be conceived than the descent down the great slope to the camp. But for men in such an exhausted condition it was no easy task, and the two hours seemed more like six, as with heavy, weary steps they flounder down the steep snow or broken stones, from time to time attempting to glissade, in their anxiety to reach camp by the quickest means. Too exhausted to support themselves with their axes, and with the snow in bad condition, they had to give this up. Vines had continually to call a halt, in order to gain breath and strength. The way seemed never-ending, but the moonlight helping them, their direction was good, and soon they heard the voices of the two Pollingers, whom I had sent out from the camp to meet them and bring them in.

Wrapped in all the available clothing, I awaited them at the camp. The thermometer had run down to twelve degrees at sunset, and was still falling. As they came slowly over the snow towards me in the moonlight, I was able to realize by their appearance and gait that their task had been severe. They both looked exhausted, more especially Vines, a desperately pitiable object, with beard and moustache a mass of ice frozen hard to the helmet. He did not seem to appreciate my greetings or congratulations, but crawled into the tent, hardly having the strength to pull his sleeping-bag over his shoulders.

ATTEMPTING TUPUNGATO.

I had heard so much from the people of Mendoza about the mountain of Tupungato and the difficulties surrounding it that I particularly wished to see it ascended. I

took, therefore, the first opportunity the weather gave to send Vines to the south to attempt the mountain, while Lightbody and I confined ourselves to the measurements of heights and traverse work in the high valleys leading to Aconcagua.

Tupungato is a mountain nearly 22,000 feet in height, on the great chain which forms the watershed and at the same time the frontier boundary between Argentina and Chile. It is sixty miles to the south of Aconcagua, fifty miles east of Santiago, and 120 miles from the Pacific coast.

On the 25th of March, Vines left Punta de las Vacas with Zurbriggen and Lanti and a caravan of four mules, under the charge of an arriero of the name of Fortunato. After a journey of much difficulty, they came, on the third day, in sight of Tupungato, within ten miles' distance: it had been out of their view almost ever since they started. And now arose the question how near they could approach the mountain with mules. The advantage of attacking a mountain of this height from a base camp at a high level cannot be over-estimated; 10,000 feet can be ascended from sea level in a day, but it is a very different matter when one's starting-point is 10,000 feet above the sea. Vines hoped to take his pack animals to 14,000 feet, bivouac there, and if possible, make the ascent in one day from that height. Great was his disappointment to find that all pasturage ceased below 11,000 feet, and that the valley became impassable for animals beyond that point. This was a serious difficulty, with only one porter to rely on. There was nothing for it but to form the base camp at a distance of over nine miles from the summit.

However, on the next day, in spite of the protestations of Fortunato, two mules were forced up to 13,000 feet. Everything that could be dispensed with was left behind. Provisions for three men for four days, with sleeping-bags and covering, a small cooking-stove, and a few instruments, and other necessities were all that could be taken without overloading. The animals had a very hard time of it, but the work they did was invaluable, and Vines was able to bivouac with Zurbriggen at 14,000 feet. With such limited portage, they had to dispense with a tent. They chose a spot protected on one side by a wall of ice and on the other by a great overhanging boulder, and crawling into their eider-down bags, slept the night in the open.

Lanti joined them at daybreak, and a start

was made soon after. A three hours' ascent of a formation of ice pinnacles brought them to a great snow field, whence a magnificent view was obtained of Aconcagua, sixty miles away to the north. Crossing this, they reached the foot of the great spur that ran north from the dome of Tupungato. At the height of nearly 17,000 feet Lanti turned

work in the Horcones Valley to join Vines at Vacas. Reinforced by Joseph Pollinger and Lochmatter, the party reached the Tupungato base camp on the 5th of April, and next day Vines, Zurbriggen, and two porters slept again at the 14,000 feet bivouac.

They started early on the 6th—it was a



THE SUMMIT OF ACONCAGUA.

back. Zurbriggen and Vines continued, and reached the height of 19,000 feet. They had been casting anxious eyes towards the Pacific as they ascended the spur, for storm clouds had been rolling up towards Tupungato all morning, and at 3.30 P.M. burst over the dome. They left an account of their attempt, and beat a hasty retreat, reaching the base camp in the valley late in the evening.

The next day they started for Vacas, now convinced that the stories which reached them from Mendoza of the difficulties to be encountered on Tupungato were no superstitious exaggeration. More tents and provisions would be required, and, above all, more porters. A few days later, therefore, I sent down what porters I could spare from my

bitterly cold morning—and reached the top of the great spur at mid-day. From this time forward everything moved badly with them. No longer sheltered from the northwest, they met the full force of the terrible gale. Rucksacs were taken off and opened, and every available stitch of clothing taken out. But in spite of double helmets and greaves it was impossible to face the wind, which beat them out of their course. Hoping that the weather would clear, they struggled on for two hours through storm and wind, vainly seeking shelter every ten minutes. At last a rock was found which would afford some kind of protection, and it was agreed to wait beneath it in the hope that the wind would clear the clouds. At 2 P.M. it be-

came evident that it would be madness to proceed or even delay. The clouds were rolling in all around them, and even far below them. Once more they retreated, and reached the valley exhausted and disheartened late in the evening.

The great distance to be traversed, the effects of the altitude, and the shortness of the days made it impossible to ascend the mountain from so low a level as 14,000 feet at this season of the year. So after a few days' rest at the base camp, a bivouac was made, on the 8th of April, at about 17,000 feet, at the foot of the great spur. Vines slept here, with Zurbriggen and Lanti. I will not enter into the details of their sufferings during that night spent on the ice. Suffice it to say that the wind, rising to a hurricane, wrecked the tent, and left them exposed to the mercy of the storm, with the thermometer at five degrees. Half frozen, they retreated to the valley in the morning.

It was now so late in the season—April here corresponding to October in Switzerland—that they deemed it almost impossible to make the ascent. However, after two days' rest they became more sanguine, and slept again at the 17,000 feet bivouac on April 11th. On Monday, the 12th, Vines made a fourth attempt, with Zurbriggen and Joseph Pollinger. The weather was perfect but for a cold northwest wind. After ascending the spur, they bore round to the western side of the mountain, and scrambled for an hour and a half up the rocks overhanging its western side, and after many disappointments and misfortunes found themselves at the highest point of Tupungato at 3,455. A strong wind was blowing, with the thermometer at thirteen degrees, and it was intensely cold work taking photographs and bearings.

ON THE DOME OF TUPUNGATO.

On the dome of Tupungato is an undulating plateau covering an immense area, from which three peaks rise up, that to the far north being the highest and attaining to a considerable height above the plateau. The whole of the northwest side of the mountain, the great spur, and the plateau, open to the sun and swept by terrific northwest gales, are entirely free from snow in summer, and yet from the north and east the mountain appears robed in white from base to summit. Vines traversed the plateau from north to south, but could discover no sign of any crater. The sky was cloudless and the view

superb. About fifteen miles to the northeast, the Cerro del Plato stood up from a mass of high mountains. Turning further from the north, and looking due east, the Cerros became very low and almost disappeared in the low hills sloping down to the pampas or great plains of Argentina, which start, seemingly, from the base of Tupungato and stretch almost without interruption to the Atlantic Ocean. The rivers winding through this great plain, and the dim outlines of the villages could be distinctly seen. To the south, the Cerro de San José and the volcano of Maipo were the chief features.

The great frontier boundary between Chile and Argentina, of which Tupungato and its northern spur form part, the parting of the rivers to the Pacific and Atlantic, was clearly marked far beyond San José to the south and fifty miles to the north, formed by the beautiful ice peak of Pollera, nearly 19,000 feet high, the great pyramid of Navarro, 500 feet higher, and, beyond, the great peaks and glaciers of Juncal, 1,000 feet higher still. A vast sea of snow-capped peaks stretched away to the north, and out of it, nearly sixty miles away, arose the magnificent mass of Aconcagua, like some great rock alone in its majesty. It was difficult to realize that many of the peaks around were higher than Mount Blanc, so small and insignificant did they appear beneath the giant slopes of the Sovereign of the Andes.

The men had been an hour on the summit, and had been so busy that it seemed like five minutes. It was five o'clock, which was so late at that season that an immediate retreat was imperative. Vines had lost all feeling in two of his fingers while taking photographs in that icy wind, and feared a severe case of frost-bite. Zurbriggen secured his hand as they began to descend, and by dint of pinching and rubbing for the first thousand feet of the descent, succeeded in restoring circulation. They reached the 17,000 feet bivouac in the moonlight at 8 o'clock, and could go no farther—so went supperless to bed.

Two days later, Vines and Zurbriggen determined to start early and, if possible, reach Vacas before sunset. They chose the best of the animals, and started before daybreak on the 14th of April, relying on their horses in the darkness to find the way for the first hour, and without drawing rein for fourteen hours, except to water their horses at noon, they reached Vacas the same day—nearly fifty miles over rough and dangerous country.

THE DISBANDMENT OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

BY MARSHALL PUTNAM THOMPSON.



Whe rode past the curve, and saw in the gathering twilight the yellow Virginia road winding ahead for miles, nothing else to break the monotony of the ranks of pines except a weather-beaten shanty that stood lonely among the trees. In front, a rude flag-pole sentined the way; and at the peak fluttered in the evening breeze, thirty years after the war had ended, the tattered and faded, but still to be distinguished, red field, divided by the blue St. Andrew's Cross, of the last battle-flag of the Southern Confederacy.

As the sun slowly sank behind the pines, the notes of a bugle sounded among the trees. Then a rifle shot rang from the cabin, and an old man, erect as a soldier, walked, or rather marched, to the flag-pole, and gently lowered the flag. As it fluttered to the ground, I noticed that the Virginia colonel with whom I rode had uncovered and that a look of other days had come into his face.

"What does it mean?" I asked.

"It is the last headquarters of the Army of Northern Virginia," he laughed in reply.

Afterwards I heard the story, partly from the Colonel, partly from others.

When the War broke out and the strains of "Dixie," from the Gulf to Baltimore, were setting bright eyes and brave hearts a-dancing, Company F was being recruited in Albemarle County, Virginia. The privates were gentlemen's sons from neighboring plantations; the officers, wealthy land-owners of the vicinity; the equipment of the best, the uniforms being of fine gray cloth and made in London; and Company F was considered—at least in Albemarle County—"the finest company of the finest State in or out of the Union, sah."

In the community of Ivy Church there was only one man of military age not in Company F. He was an Irishman, Patrick Murphy, once a sergeant in the British army, now a "land-owner and a gentleman." He

had an acre or two in the country. He raised vegetables, and sold them when he could, smoked his pipe, and was happy. Patrick had not been asked to join the company when it was organized, for the young cavaliers had no desire for the society of a man who worked with his hands and was, in their opinion, "little better than a nigger."

As the days of drilling wore away, all was not sunshine in Company F. The officers, with the best intentions in the world, knew absolutely nothing of drill and military discipline, and of course the men could not be blamed for ignorance when there was no adequate instruction. Meanwhile, Patrick Murphy stood an on-looker and watched with amused contempt the movements of "th' recruits."

When Captain De Courcy (ex-West-Pointer) took charge of the company, things rapidly changed for the better; but it took all the company's enthusiasm and all its respect for De Courcy to keep from open protest when the captain announced that Patrick Murphy must and should be enlisted.

"He is an ex-sergeant," said De Courcy; "has served in the British army; and we've got to have a good non-commissioned officer or we'll go all to pieces at the first fire; the men marched this afternoon like a lot of brats with broomsticks."

"But a common Irishman to be placed over gentlemen!"

"And mighty lucky for the gentlemen," said De Courcy. "You gentlemen must learn that there are just two classes in the army—officers and privates. Other things being equal, I should prefer to have gentlemen privates; but I have had Irishmen, Englishmen, Germans, and niggers, and they all come out about the same under a good sergeant."

"Not niggers!"

"Yes, niggers. They're all right when properly drilled, and you fellows will admit it too before this war is over," and with this heretical remark De Courcy went to his quarters.

So Patrick Murphy was enlisted. He

knew something of the feeling in the company, and when he had signed the papers and taken the oath of allegiance to the sovereign State of Virginia, he turned to the on-lookers and said:

"I'm the lasht man of this coompany to enlist; but tak' notice, I'll be th' lasht wan to dishband."

The influence of Murphy as drill-master was immediately apparent: the lines straightened out, the men became erect, the company wheeled like clockwork, and the manual of arms went with the click and precision of machinery. Then came the day when they marched off—

"Away down South in Dixie,
Look away, look away."

How well the old Virginians remember it! The line in front of the court-house steps; the girls in their big bonnets and voluminous skirts; the fathers and mothers and sweethearts; the cheer, the sob, and the laugh! The presentation of the flag—"the blue flag of Virginia—blue as the sky, woven by the fair hands of the ladies of Albemarle County—given to the sons of heroic sires, the best blood of the Old Dominion—gentlemen." "May it wave in victory!" "May it never know defeat!" "Hurrah!—three cheers for the ladies of Albemarle County!" "Good-by! Good-by!"

"Away down South in Dixie,
Look away,—look—"

The line has passed down the street, out on the yellow road, and the pine trees hide it.

More than thirty years ago, ladies and gentlemen of Virginia; but the days of '61 still live in the hearts of your faded women and white-haired men who entertain us, the sons of the Northern invaders of other days, with your generous hospitality; still live in your hearts, with no thought of bitterness or disloyalty; but they were your boys, and they lie from Bull Run to Appomattox—but to you, still young, still confident, ever marching on in the spring sunshine, the bonny blue flag waving over them—

"Away down South in Dixie,
Look away, look away."

Patrick Murphy marched away with the company; in the first engagement saved the flag, and became color-sergeant; went to West Virginia and back to Manassas; fought at Fair Oaks and Seven Pines; tramped on

the wonderful night march through the Shenandoah valley; kept time to the

"Maryland, my Maryland"

of the bands, as regiment after regiment crossed the river in the shadow of the hills, and swung over the dusty road on the march to Frederick. After Antietam, was offered and refused a commission; stood in the line of flame and death at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville; marched with the tattered and ragged, but till now victorious, army of Northern Virginia on the second invasion of the North; retreated, as light-hearted in defeat as in victory, from Gettysburg, and after each reverse of the Wilderness laughed and said, "We'll lick 'em worse nixt toime."

The next times grew sad for the army of Northern Virginia. Day by day came news of fresh losses, fresh defeats on the Gulf, in the West. Rumors of Sherman's march thickened, while in front their old enemy, the Army of the Potomac, ever persistent, with a commander at last who understood his trade, pressed relentlessly forward. At last came the feeling that the very stars in their courses fought for the Northern battalions—Petersburg, Cold Harbor—and the army, starving, ragged, but gallant still, was for the first time in its history in real retreat. Here and there a man slipped away in the night, sure that the war was practically over; now a company lost ten and a regiment a hundred; but the majority, ragged, shoeless, shirtless, munched their parched corn, marched on, fought on, to Appomattox; and with the majority marched and fought Patrick Murphy.

As General Lee, "flower of Southern chivalry" indeed, rode back from his interview with Grant, his escort, respecting his feelings, fell back, while the General, with head bowed, let his horse choose his own way back to the defeated army. Suddenly his revelry was disturbed; a thin, sun-burned sergeant, carrying a flag, stepped from the bushes, halted, and came to attention.

"Gineral Lee."

"Yes, my man."

"Me name is Patrick Murphy."

"Well?"

"Gineral Lee, the bys say that the Army of Northern Virginia is surrinderd and will dishband."

"Yes, my man. The army is to give its parole never to bear arms against the United

States, turn in its arms and accoutrements, but keep its horses, and disband."

Patrick Murphy shifted uneasily from foot to foot, while the General watched him curiously, doubtless glad that the train of his gloomy thoughts should be broken by the interruption. Suddenly a twinkle came into Murphy's eyes.

"General Lee, if wan division of th' Army of Northern Virginia should refuse to dishband, that wad still be the Army of Northern Virginia, wouldn't it, General Lee?"

"Yes, my man."

"If two rigiments or a brigade should refuse to dishband, that wad be the Army, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, my man," replied the General, wondering what the whimsical Celtic brain was evolving.

"General Lee, if all th' officers an' all th' soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia except wan company should dishband, that company wad be the Army of Northern Virginia?"

"Yes, yes, my man." The General was getting impatient, and lifted his bridle rein.

"Wan minute more—if th' General plaze, sor! If all that wan coompany should dishband except wan man, that man wad be the Army, sor, wouldn't he, General Lee?"

The General's eyes twinkled at the conceit, but answered gravely as before, "Yes, my man, I suppose he would."

Murphy stood even more erect than before. "General Lee, I refuse to dishband." Then turning half front, his voice ringing with the tone of command, "Army of Northern Virginia, about face! Forward march! Report at Ivy Church, Virginia!" and off he marched whistling, not "Dixie," but the "Wearing of the Green."

When Colonel Marshall, who was on escort duty, rode up, he wondered as he heard for the first time in many weary months a hearty laugh ring from the General's lips.

General Lee forgot the matter entirely; but when the Army of Northern Virginia gave in its parole, one name was missing—that of Patrick Murphy—and one battle-flag was never accounted for; it was the one I had seen fluttering down from the staff among the pine trees thirty years after the war ended, where Patrick Murphy, in sunshine and shadow, held his cabin, the last stronghold of the dead Confederacy, against his one enemy—old age, and maintained under the branches of the pines the organization of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Here I supposed the story of the disbandment of the Army of Northern Virginia would end; but in May of this year I again rode down through the pines, and again the Colonel rode with me. This time he rode in a blue uniform, and the letters U. S. V. glittered on the collar. In front marched, as in '61, the young men of Ivy Church; but their uniforms were blue, and the national flag kissed the sunlight above the marching ranks. There had been the scenes of 1861 reenacted before the court-house steps, and a new picture of marching men and a proudly tossing flag had been painted, never to fade by the years, and again the old Confederate tune set the eyes and the hearts a-dancing:

"Away down South in Dixie,
Look away, look away."

Patrick Murphy came from his cabin, and saluted the Colonel. He was dressed in the tattered gray of Company F, in his hands the furled battle-flag.

"I want th' officer commanding this coompany."

"I am he," said the Colonel.

"Captain—for that's your rank now—the Army of Northern Virginia"—a twinkle danced in the faded blue eyes—"the Army of Northern Virginia wants to enlist as an organization, to fight"—his eyes lost their twinkle, and his face took on a new look of dignity—"for the United States."

The Colonel waited a moment. "You are too old," he said.

"Then it's toime to tak' th' oath of allegiance and dishband," said Murphy. "There is wan flag for us now, and it's not this," and he held up the old flag.

Fresh and clear came the music of the band:

"Away down South in Dixie,
Look away, look away."

As the flag passed—his flag at last—the old man uncovered and stood at salute.

"In Dixie's land I take my stand,
To live and die for Dixie."

The Colonel was silent. Wilder and more rollicking came the music, the dust rolled up in a cloud, and still Patrick Murphy stood at attention.

"By Jove, the war is over!" exclaimed the Colonel. "Order them to play the 'Star Spangled Banner.'"



THE INNER HISTORY OF ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S CAMPAIGN.

BASED UPON THE OFFICIAL DESPATCHES OF THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY, ADMIRAL SAMPSON, AND ADMIRAL SCHLEY.

By W. A. M. GOODE.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Most of the official despatches which form the body of the following article have never before been published. They give nearly a complete narrative in themselves of the search for Admiral Cervera's fleet, its confinement in the harbor of Santiago de Cuba, and its ultimate destruction; and, in addition, they bring out, in a very interesting way, the personal relations subsisting between the Secretary of the Navy and Admiral Sampson, and between Admiral Sampson and the other officers of his fleet. They also clear up many points that have been more or less in controversy, and they throw a strong light on some important episodes of the campaign that hitherto have been entirely passed over. Mr. Goode, representing the Associated Press on Admiral Sampson's flagship, the "New York," throughout the campaign, was intimately acquainted with the desires and intentions of Admiral Sampson, and saw the gradual unfolding of the plan which resulted in the final victory. He is preparing also a book, soon to be published by the Doubleday & McClure Company. It will contain all the official despatches published here, along with much exclusive information which Mr. Goode was able to get only through his exceptional position as the only non-combatant on board the "New York." It will also contain chapters by Admiral Sampson, Captain Chadwick, Captain Evans, and Commander Todd.

DURING the early morning hours of the 8th of May, in this year of the war with Spain, Acting Rear-Admiral Sampson received this cablegram from the Secretary of the Navy:

Washington, May 6.—Do not risk or cripple your vessels against fortifications so as to prevent soon afterwards successfully fighting Spanish fleet composed of "Pelayo," "Carlos V.," "Oquendo," "Vizcaya," "Maria Teresa," "Cristobal Colon," and four deep-sea torpedo boats, if they should appear on this side.

LONG.

At the hour when this injunction was read, Admiral Sampson was twenty miles from

Cape Haitien, a cable-station town on the north coast of Haiti. It was to the Windward Passage that Sampson was bound. His force consisted of the flagship "New York," the battle-ships "Iowa" and "Indiana," the monitors "Terror" and "Amphitrite," the unarmored cruisers "Detroit" and "Montgomery," the torpedo boat "Porter," and the collier "Niagara." The "Iowa" was towing the "Amphitrite," and the "New York" was performing the same service for the "Terror" and the "Porter." The squadron had stopped off Cape Haitien, awaiting the return of the "Montgomery," which had

gone into that place and returned with Secretary Long's important cablegram.

It may be well to briefly review the naval campaign in southern waters prior to the 8th of May. Early on April 22d, Sampson left Key West with the North Atlantic Squadron, and within a few days had established the blockade of Havana, Matanzas, Mariel, Cardenas, Bahia Honda, Cabanas, and, later, Cienfuegos. His own suggestion to bombard the batteries and city of Havana immediately after the declaration of war had been overruled by the Navy Department. He had been told, "Do not bombard;" and so nothing but a reconnoissance at Matanzas and the firing of a few shells from the "New York" in reply to a Spanish infantry attack at Cabanas had disturbed the monotony of the blockade. After spending nine days off the north coast of Cuba, Sampson had returned in the "New York" to Key West, coaled ship, assembled the squadron enumerated above, and during the night of May 3d started for the Windward Passage, for the purpose of observation, with a view to going further east, if thought advisable, and making Cape Haitien a place of call for despatches. The move was made with the entire concurrence of the Navy Department, and was based on information received on April 29th regarding the sailing of Cervera's fleet from Cape Verde and the probable destination of those vessels.

So, on the morning of the 8th of May, we find Sampson off Cape Haitien, with a slow fleet, but the best he could gather without seriously impairing his blockading force, looking for the entire Spanish fleet, and hoping to intercept his speedy antagonists in the Windward Passage or in the vicinity of Porto Rico. The impression prevailed at that time that Cervera would first try to enter San Juan.

In addition to the cablegram telling Sampson not to risk or cripple his vessels through actions against fortifications, the "Montgomery" brought three other despatches from Secretary Long, sent from Washington two days previous. In one the Secretary said that the "Yale" and the "St. Louis" were keeping a lookout for the Spanish about eighty miles to the east of Martinique, while the "Paris" was cruising around Porto Rico on the same errand. The other two were as follows:

Washington, May 6.—From Halifax, N. S., it is reported that several vessels with coal [for] Spanish fleet are to be near Pointe à Pitre, Guadaloupe. Possible contingent supply. LONG.

Washington, May 6.—German steamer reports from Cape Haitien to-day Spanish vessels coaling and loading ammunition at St. Thomas, W. I., and Spanish men-of-war patrolling outside harbor. LONG.

Sampson at once called a conference of his captains. This was his custom throughout the war, whenever it was possible. Like Nelson, who referred to the captains of his fleet as his "band of brothers," Sampson never neglected the opportunity to avail himself of the advice of his juniors. From two until six o'clock that morning he discussed with Captains Evans, Taylor, Chadwick, Harrington, and Barclay, and Commanders Converse and Dayton the problem of how to find Cervera. Eventually the Admiral decided that further information must be secured before the fleet moved. I suggested to him that it would be better to send me into Cape Haitien on the Associated Press tug "Dauntless," which had followed the fleet from Key West, than to send the "Montgomery" back, the latter step being likely to betray the exact location of the fleet, to excite suspicion, and, possibly, to create international friction. He accepted my suggestion, and at six o'clock that morning I went into Cape Haitien on the "Dauntless," with instructions to wait for cablegrams from the Navy Department, sent in care of Consul Livingston, the United States representative there, and also for an answer to queries that I had offered to send to various correspondents of the Associated Press in the West Indies, so that the latest official and unofficial news might be known before any decision as to the future movement of the squadron was made. In his communication to Secretary Long, Sampson suggested, pending more definite information, the advisability of proceeding to San Juan, Porto Rico, on the chance of finding Cervera's fleet there, where, even if it could not be destroyed, it could be closely blockaded.

The next day, May 9th, I returned from Cape Haitien with Secretary Long's answer, which read in part as follows:

Washington, May 8.—"Pelayo," "Carlos V.," one deep-sea torpedo boat cannot leave Cadiz, Spain, for two weeks. "Oquendo," "Maria Teresa," "Colon," two deep-sea torpedo vessels, published in the newspapers, were seen yesterday night near Martinique. Completion of course American Line steamers off Windward Passage, May 10th; off Porto Rico, May 13th. I order them to St. Thomas to await instructions from you. Blockade of Cuba and Key West will be endangered if stripped by you. You should be quick in your operation at Porto Rico. In everything the Department has utmost confidence in your discretion, and the Department does not wish to hamper you. LONG.

The replies from Associated Press correspondents were of a no more definite nature, and a telegram which I sent in Consul Livingston's name to the United States Consul at Martinique failed to bring any confirmation of the Martinique rumor.

As a result of the indefinite character of the information, Sampson decided to proceed to San Juan, according to the plan formulated at the conference of captains the previous morning. As the fleet had been seen from the top of a mountain at Cape Haitien, and as some newspaper correspondents had cabled its location, Sampson doubled on his tracks, and steamed westward, as if heading back to Key West; then, at three o'clock in the afternoon, when far out of sight of land, turned to the eastward and headed for San Juan. I returned to Cape Haitien on the "Dauntless," to wait there until night for possible despatches from the Navy Department and to obtain from the Associated Press the latest news of Cervera's whereabouts. Nothing of any importance or tending to confirm the Martinique rumor was received at Cape Haitien that night. At 3.30 the next afternoon, I caught up with the squadron, now well on its way to San Juan, and returned aboard practically empty-handed. During that day and several times before arriving at San Juan, Admiral Sampson, in talking over the situation with me, expressed little confidence of finding Cervera in that harbor. However, it was evident that if San Juan was the Spanish admiral's objective point, he must either have arrived there already, or would be met with while endeavoring to get into the harbor. Under any circumstances, it was like hunting for a needle in a haystack; but if it was absolutely necessary to make some offensive move for the discovery of this needle, all indications pointed to the advisability of making it at San Juan, and trusting somewhat to chance as to the result.

The squadron arrived off San Juan at 3.30 o'clock on the morning of the 12th of May. The batteries were bombarded for nearly three hours, and replied strongly; two enlisted men were killed, and seven injured; the "Iowa" and the "New York" were both struck, but not seriously injured; the shore batteries were probably damaged somewhat; and while accounts differ as to the number of Spanish soldiers killed, it is safe to say that it was not over twenty. The details of the engagement, which, after it was seen that Cervera was within the harbor, were the more of an endeavor to ascertain the strength of

the forts, are too fresh in the memory of the public to need retelling here. However, the real purpose of the bombardment of San Juan and the reason for the return of the squadron to Havana never seems to have been thoroughly understood. Sampson himself lucidly explains it as follows:

It was soon seen that Admiral Cervera's squadron was not in the port. It was clear to my own mind that the squadron would not have any great difficulty in forcing the surrender of the place, but the fact that we should be held several days in completing arrangements for holding it; that part of our force would have to be left to await the arrival of troops to garrison it; that the movements of the Spanish squadron, our main objective, were still unknown; that the Flying Squadron was still north, and not in a position to render any aid; that Havana, Cervera's natural objective, was thus open to entry by such a force as his, while we were a thousand miles distant, made our immediate movement towards Havana imperative. I thus reluctantly gave up the project against San Juan and stood westward for Havana.

The next day, while we were on the way back to Havana, a press boat from St. Thomas caught up with the squadron, bringing word that Cervera's fleet had returned to Cadiz and was in that harbor. Sampson at once sent the torpedo boat "Porter" into Puerto Plata, Haiti, with these despatches:

Secretary of the Navy.—Is it true Spanish ships are at Cadiz, Spain? If so, send to San Juan, Porto Rico, collier from Key West or elsewhere.

SAMPSON.

Remey (Commodore), Key West.—Send without delay "Vesuvius" to San Juan, Porto Rico, if the Department confirms the arrival of the Spanish fleet at Cadiz.

Sampson wanted the collier and the "Vesuvius" because he had made up his mind to return to San Juan and take the place, in case it was true that Cervera had gone back to Spain, under which circumstances he would have had ample time to accomplish his purpose and would have operated under conditions entirely different from those which had attended the bombardment of the previous day. Despite this plan to return to San Juan, Sampson held on with the squadron towards Havana, instructing the "Porter" to rejoin with replies off Cape Haitien.

Two days later, the "Porter" rejoined the squadron off Cape Haitien, bringing these despatches, those from the Department having accumulated:

From the United States Consul at Caraquez.—"Maria Teresa" and "Albatros" in harbor coaling. Arrived 24th inst. "Albatros" disabled. "Terror," and "Albatros" arrived, only two admitted at time. Short of coal and provisions. Fifty bottoms.

Through Consul Livingston, Secretary Long cabled :

Inform Admiral Sampson Spanish squadron will leave [Curaçoa] 6 P.M. Destination unknown.

Secretary Long's direct cables were as follows :

Five vessels, supposed to be men-of-war, observed off Fort de France, Martinique, May 14th, afternoon.

Then later :

Spanish fleet from Cape de Verde off Curaçoa on May 14th ; " Vizcaya " and " Maria Teresa " entered into port as reported, and to leave Curaçoa on May 15th. Department heard . . . colliers would probably meet them [Spanish fleet] north coast of Venezuela. Flying Squadron sailed May 13th for Key West. Proceed with all possible despatch to Key West. Flying Squadron ready to reinforce Cuban blockade or Key West if necessary. The " Minneapolis " leaves to-day to watch between Monte Cristi and Caicos Bank, Bahamas, and the " St. Paul " to watch between Morant Point, Jamaica, and west end of Haiti. Very important that your fast cruisers keep touch with Spanish squadron. The Spanish torpedo boat, deep-sea class, " Terror," remains at Fort de France, Martinique. Only Spanish man-of-war observed May 13th. Captain Goodrich, the " St. Louis," reports having cut a cable between St. Thomas and San Juan.

Sampson at once cabled Secretary Long as follows :

Auxiliary cruisers are ordered to cruise as follows : " Yale " to assist " St. Paul " between Morant Point, Jamaica, Nicholas Mole, and Cuba ; " Harvard," Mona Passage, and on north side of Porto Rico Island ; " St. Louis," cutting cables at Santiago and at Guantanamo, Cuba, then at Porto Rico, thence to St. Thomas about May 19th to await orders. United States squadron proceeding at best speed, seven knots, to Key West, and will arrive early May 19th.

To Commodore Remy, in charge of the base at Key West, Sampson at the same time sent this cablegram :

Inform at once vessels blockading at Cienfuegos the Spanish fleet may appear at any time on south coast of Cuba.

From the first moment after he received any definite information regarding Cervera's arrival on this side of the Atlantic, Sampson felt certain that the Spanish fleet would make for the south coast of Cuba. To Captain Cotton, of the " Harvard," he sent instructions, and warned him of the presence of the Spanish fleet at Curaçoa. The following sentence in this cablegram is an excellent instance of the remarkable judgment and foresight displayed by Sampson throughout the war : " Destination [of Cervera's fleet, then at Curaçoa] unknown. Probably *Santiago de Cuba or San Juan, Porto Rico.*" Could Nelson have done better had he been in Sampson's place, out of touch with the world and with only the numerous, indefi-

nite, and almost contradictory sources of information contained in the foregoing cablegrams upon which to base his supposition regarding the enemy's objective point ? These cablegrams to Captain Cotton and Commodore Remy were written on the 15th of May, four days before Cervera entered Santiago, and about seven days before the Navy Department felt justified in acting upon the belief that he was really on the south coast of Cuba.

Sampson left the main body of the squadron to get back to Key West as quickly as possible, and went ahead himself on the " New York." Two days later he was met by the torpedo boat " Dupont," carrying a big batch of despatches from Secretary Long to Remy, and also bringing first news of the death of Ensign Bagley and the men of the " Winslow." The latest despatch brought by the " Dupont " was dated Washington, May 17th, and was as follows :

Armored vessels and monitors of the naval force on the North Atlantic and Flying squadrons must be coaled immediately upon their arrival at Key West ; also four gunboats of the force of the " Marblehead," Flying Squadron, after being increased by the armored vessels Commander-in-Chief North Atlantic Station considers most suitable, proceed with despatch [utmost] off Cienfuegos, accompanied by the smaller vessels above mentioned and such torpedo boats, if any, as the Commander-in-Chief will choose to send. The remainder of the naval force of the North Atlantic Station and the monitors will blockade Havana closely, remembering the importance of having current in their favor. Sampson [to] have choice the command off Havana or at Cienfuegos, Schley in either case to remain with his own squadron. Commander-in-Chief is authorized to make such change of detail in this plan as he may think proper. In general the object is to engage and capture the enemy off Cienfuegos if possible, or otherwise blockade him in that port.

An earlier despatch from Secretary Long to Remy said :

Inform Sampson that the Department has just heard that the Spanish fleet have munitions of war essential to the defense of Havana, and the order of the Spanish fleet is imperative to reach Havana, Cienfuegos, or a railroad port connected with Havana at all hazards ; and as Cienfuegos appears to be the only port fulfilling the conditions, Schley with the " Brooklyn," " Massachusetts," and " Texas," to arrive Key West morning of the 18th, will be sent to Cienfuegos as soon as possible, so Admiral Sampson take or send his most suitable armored ship [one] to join Schley and hurry with remainder of his heavy ships to Havana blockade.

LONG.

Commodore Remy also sent a copy of the following orders from the Department :

Washington, May 16.—Previous plans for the " St. Paul " are changed, and she must coal immediately and proceed with all possible despatch to Venezuela Gulf, South America, where it is considered the Spanish

fleet from Cape Verde will coal. He [Captain Sigbee] must find and keep in communication with enemy, exercising the utmost care to avoid being captured. More vessels will be sent to join "St. Paul," probably "Harvard."

Sampson, on the 15th, had ordered the "St. Paul," the "Yale," and the "St. Louis" to cruise over the territory where, as after events proved, they would have been almost bound to see Cervera on his way into Santiago. In his cable of May 8th, Secretary Long said that he had ordered the American Liners to report to Sampson from St. Thomas. Apparently the Secretary was afraid that Sampson would be unable to communicate with the scouts quickly enough after Cervera's arrival became known. The transfer of the authority over scouts back to the Department, and a consequent muddle, was partly responsible for the scouts failing to be of positive service, and also caused considerable inconvenience and uncertainty both in the internal arrangements of the fleet and to the scout commanders.

On May 14th, Secretary Long had telegraphed Remy to order all except the smallest of the blockading vessels off Cienfuegos to return to Key West, on account of the "presence of the Spanish fleet near Curaçoa." Remy was also told, on the 14th, by Secretary Long, to send lookout ships to the Yucatan Channel.

The day after receiving these despatches at sea, Sampson arrived at Key West. The Flying Squadron was found at anchor there. Instructions had been received at Key West for the "St. Paul" to proceed hurriedly to Cape Haitien and there communicate with the Department. If the "St. Paul" met the "Yale," the latter was to accompany her to Cape Haitien. "Further instructions at Cape Haitien," Secretary Long's message concluded; and so Sampson sent the "St. Paul" off that afternoon. The following telegram had just arrived for the Flying Squadron:

Proceed with all possible despatch to Havana, Cuba, to support blockade until arrival of naval force on North Atlantic Station. "Puritan" and "Miantonomah" to defend Key West. LONG.

A cable for Sampson from Secretary Long was waiting, evidently based on the belief that the foregoing orders had been carried out:

Owing to the absence of your armored vessels, Flying Squadron was called and sent off Havana, Cuba. Therefore, you will coal your ships and carry out the Department's telegraphic orders of the 17th. Leave a suitable defense for Key West, and use utmost despatch to get the force off Cienfuegos. The "Oregon" arrived at Barbadoes. All well on board.

Sampson replied to all these cables of the 17th and 18th, in the following brief message:

Schley will leave Thursday morning, 19th, for Cienfuegos with "Brooklyn," "Massachusetts," "Texas," and two cruisers and two torpedo boats. "Iowa" will leave as soon as coaled.

The "Iowa" arrived at Key West that evening. All the ships coaled throughout that night. The next morning, almost the very hour that Cervera was calmly entering Santiago with his fleet, Schley sailed from Key West with the "Brooklyn," the "Texas," the "Massachusetts," and the "Scorpion," for Cienfuegos. Sampson gave him the following instructions:

Sir: I send you a copy of a telegram received last night from the Secretary, concerning a vessel which was to sail on the 15th and carrying a large amount of specie, and is supposed to be going to land it at Trinidad or to the east of Cienfuegos. This may be a blind, however, and the vessel may be bound for Cienfuegos, or even Havana.

The two cruisers will be sent out to-day, and with the torpedo boats following them. As soon as the "Iowa" is coaled, she will follow you.

It is unnecessary for me to say that you should establish a blockade at Cienfuegos with the least possible delay, and that it should be maintained as close as possible.

Should the Spanish vessels show themselves in that vicinity, and, finding you on the lookout, attempt to come around the island, whether east or west, please send me notice by the best vessel you have for that purpose as to their direction, that I may be prepared for them at Havana.

I will try and increase the number of light vessels at your disposal, in order that you may have them to send with messages to me in case you desire to do so.

After I have the situation more in hand, I will write you and give you any information that suggests itself.

Very respectfully,

W. T. SAMPSON, Rear Admiral,
Commander-in-chief U. S. Naval Forces,
N. A. Station.
Commanding Officer Flying Squadron.

Incidentally it may be mentioned that the "St. Louis," which Sampson had sent to Santiago to cut cables, left the mouth of that harbor only a few hours before Cervera hove in sight, proceeding that day to Guantanamo.

After the departure of the Flying Squadron on the 19th, the Department telegraphed that Consul Livingston, at Cape Haitien, reported two Spanish ships cruising off Mole St. Nicholas, Haiti, every night, and that the United States Minister to Venezuela reported that he learned from a confidential source that Spanish men-of-war were seen on May 17th apparently heading for the French West Indies. A memorandum by Commander McCalla regarding the defenses at

Cienfuegos was sent to Schley. McCalla stated that the Spanish force there was between four and five thousand men; poor batteries, and rain every day. He did not encourage the idea of landing troops there.

The morning after the departure of the Flying Squadron, the "Iowa," the "Castine," and the collier "Merrimac" sailed from Key West to join Schley at Cienfuegos. Commodore Remy was asked to expedite the sailing of the ships at Key West, and Sampson telegraphed to the Department as follows:

Urgently request Department to send me without delay "New Orleans." The small auxiliaries can blockade in the absence of enemy; are useless for repelling attacks of armored cruisers. For difficult task of holding both sides of Cuba against Spanish squadron you should put at my disposal all your fighting force.

The Department answered in this way:

Send some light ships to blockade Cienfuegos. If necessary the Department advises a couple fast unarmed cruisers to be sent join Schley, going east on north side of Cuba, to help against torpedo destroyers.

That afternoon the Department telegraphed regarding the Associated Press report of the Spanish fleet's being in Santiago:

The report of the Spanish fleet being at Santiago de Cuba might very well be correct, so the Department strongly advises that you send immediately by the "Iowa" to Schley to proceed off Santiago de Cuba with his whole command, leaving one small vessel off Cienfuegos. And meanwhile the Department will send the "Minneapolis," now at St. Thomas, off Santiago to join Schley. . . . If "Iowa" has gone, send order to Schley by the fastest despatch vessel.

To which Sampson replied:

Replying to Department's telegram of 20th, after duly considering the information therein contained, I have decided to follow the plan already adopted, to hold position Cienfuegos with "Brooklyn," "Massachusetts," "Texas," and the "Iowa," "Marblehead," "Castine," "Dupont," and two auxiliaries. There remain the "New York," "Indiana," and monitors for Havana. The latter very inefficient and should not be sent from base. Have directed Schley to communicate with auxiliaries at Santiago and direct one of them to report to Department from Mole or Cape Haitien, then to return to Santiago and further report at Cienfuegos or Havana, as he thinks best. Plans may be changed when it becomes certain that Spanish ships are at Santiago.

Later that day the Department telegraphed:

Army expects to have within a few days about thirty transport steamers at Tampa, Florida. Please take such means as you think proper for guarding them.

To Commodore Remy, Sampson wrote, in part, as follows:

I feel that I must take my station on the Cuban blockade as soon as possible, and I will therefore leave

here for Havana some time during the evening. I desire that all the vessels that can be spared for the purpose be sent to me at Havana as fast as repairing can be completed. . . . I believe that the Department wishes some vessels to be retained for the protection of Key West. You can use the "Terror" for that purpose while she is under repairs.

At three o'clock the next morning, the 21st, these instructions from Sampson to Commodore Schley were put aboard the "Marblehead," with orders that they be delivered with all possible haste:

[No. 8.]

Sir: Spanish squadron probably at Santiago de Cuba, four ships and three torpedo destroyers. If you are satisfied that they are not at Cienfuegos, proceed with all despatch, but cautiously, to Santiago de Cuba, and if the enemy is there, blockade him in port. You will probably find it necessary to establish communication with some of the inhabitants—fishermen or others—to learn definitely that the ships are in port, it being impossible to see into it from the outside.

When the instructions sent by the "Iowa" and "Dupont" [duplicates] were written, I supposed that two fast scouts would be in the vicinity of Jamaica; but I have since learned that they have been ordered by the Department to get touch with the Spanish fleet on the north coast of Venezuela. I have just telegraphed them to report for orders at Nicholas Mole.

To the "Yale," at Cape Haitien, Sampson cabled as follows:

Spanish squadron is reported at Santiago de Cuba. Flying Squadron will be at Santiago the 24th. Cruise in Bahama Channel and join Schley at Santiago May 24th.

SAMPSON.

An hour after sending these despatches, on the morning of the 21st, Sampson left Key West, and arrived off Havana at 11 A.M. He felt anxious about the instructions to Schley, so he took the "Hawk" off the blockade and sent this auxiliary, under hurry orders, to Cienfuegos, carrying a duplicate of the despatch "No. 8," with this additional note:

It is thought the inclosed instructions will reach you by two o'clock A.M., May 23d. This will enable you to leave before daylight [regarded very important], so that your direction may not be noticed, and be at Santiago A.M., May 24th.

It is thought that the Spanish squadron would probably be still at Santiago, as they must have some repairs to make and coal to take.

The "St. Paul" and "Minneapolis" have been telegraphed to scout off Santiago, and if the Spanish squadron goes westward, one is to keep in touch, and one is to go west and attempt to meet you; if the Spanish squadron goes east, one will keep in touch, and the other go to St. Nicholas Mole, to telegraph me at Key West. I shall be off Cay Frances, two hundred miles east of Havana. If you arrive off Santiago and no scout meets you, send a vessel to call at Nicholas Mole and get information to be left there by scout as to direction taken by Spanish in case they may have left Santiago de Cuba.

The "Yale" has been ordered to cruise in the Bahama Channel until May 24th. It is thought possible that the Spanish, hearing of your departure from Cienfuegos, may attempt to go there [Bahama Channel].

If this word does not reach you before daylight, it is suggested you mask your real direction as much as possible. Follow the Spanish squadron whichever direction they take.

W. T. SAMPSON.

The Department was notified that Schley was expected to be at Santiago May 24th; also of the orders given the scouts. But Schley did not establish a blockade of Santiago until May 29th; why, the despatches show.

On the 22d, the Navy Department telegraphed through Remy, asking the details of the coal supply taken by Schley; also suggesting possible advantages of Cape Cruz, Cuba, as a coaling station, and saying that, in case Cervera had landed stores for Blanco, Cape Cruz would be a critical point for coasters carrying the stores to the west. The Department stated that orders were being sent, placing Schley under Sampson's command while in the West Indies.

Remy had replied that Schley had the collier "Merrimac," which carried 4,500 tons of coal. Remy wrote positively to Sampson that the "Vizeaya," the "Oquendo," the "Teresa," the "Colon," one torpedo destroyer, and the transport "Alfonso XIII." were at Santiago on the morning of the 22d.

On the morning of the 23d, Sampson assembled a powerful squadron off Havana and started to cruise eastward, fairly close in to the coast of Cuba, with a view to occupying the St. Nicholas Channel, so as to prevent the possible approach of Cervera's fleet from the east towards Havana, but not to get so far to the eastward as to make it impossible to fall back to Havana, in case of Cervera's coming around the western end of the island. The situation was critical. It seemed unlikely that Cervera would remain in Santiago unless closely blockaded. The greatest vigilance was observed, and various orders were issued by Sampson, so that should Cervera be met, he would find the American fleet fully prepared. These orders included an "Order of Cruising to Cay Frances," an "Order of Battle," and a memorandum regarding lights.

On May 24th, while the fleet was steaming slowly towards Cay Frances, watching for the smoke of Cervera's ships, the "Montgomery" brought these despatches from Key West:

To Commodore Remy. — Washington, May 23. Notify the Admiral the Department leaves at his discretion the question of watching Yucatan Channel and Gulf of Mexico.

ALLEN.

To Sampson. — Washington, May 23. The information of the Department all goes to indicate that the principal aim of the Spanish fleet and government is to introduce a supply of munitions of war and of food to Blanco by Havana and Cienfuegos.

The Department desires you to station vessels of your squadron as you may consider best for the blockade of north coast of Cuba and for watching Yucatan Channel, if you deem the latter necessary. Information has been received a supply of corn being shipped from Mexico to Cuba. Until further instructions, division under Schley not to be diminished, as the Spanish division at Santiago must, if possible, be prevented from escaping.

ALLEN.

On May 25th, while he was cruising westward from Cay Frances, this despatch was received by Sampson:

Washington, May 24. — Be prepared to convoy and guard about 30,000 United States troops in about forty transports from Tampa. You require some armored vessels to attack batteries and clear a landing.

LONG.

This was the first definite news received about the army. Sampson rather naturally presumed from this that the army was only waiting for convoy. At seven o'clock the same evening, Sampson replied as follows:

Schley ought to have arrived at Santiago, May 24th. The force at my command occupied Bahama Channel last night, but not having any information from Schley, and as Spanish squadron may have avoided him at Santiago and attempted to reach Havana by Cape San Antonio, I have moved westward to provide against this contingency. I shall attempt to cover Havana from both directions. I will be Thursday morning, May 26th, at the west end of Nicholas Channel, Cuba, where I expect information from Schley via Key West. Movements are greatly hampered by monitors constituting the principal force under my command. I cannot despatch armored vessels until movements of Spanish squadron thoroughly known.

SAMPSON.

This last paragraph referred to Secretary Long's reference to clearing a landing for the army. At 11 A.M., on May 26th, the "Vesuvius" arrived from Key West, bringing Sampson the first word he had received from Schley since Schley left Key West on the 19th. It was as follows:

Arrived May 21st off Cienfuegos, Cuba. Standing in to-day [this morning], May 22d, within four thousand yards entrance. Found them [enemy] busily mining. Cannot say whether Spanish fleet in port or not. The anchorage not visible from entrance. "Iowa" and torpedo boat "Dupont" arrived to-day. Expect difficulty here will be to coal from colliers in the constant heavy swell. Other problem easy compared with this one, so far from base.

SCHLEY.

From Mole St. Nicholas, under date of May 25th, Captain Cotton of the "Harvard" had called Sampson at Key West (the message being brought by the "Vesuvius") as follows:

Sent by Schley here with official despatches. Left at Santiago de Cuba, May 24th, "Yale" and "St. Paul." "Minneapolis" left yesterday for Cienfuegos to report to Schley. "Yale" reconnoitered Santiago

de Cuba on 21st of May. He reports strongly fortified. Saw nothing in harbor. I have not seen Spanish fleet. Have not ascertained anything respecting recent movements of Spanish fleet. Proceed for coal to Key West, May 26th.

Captain Cotton said that the "Minneapolis" must coal within the next few days, and the "Yale" early the next week. The "Minneapolis" had reconnoitered San Juan on the 21st. The Spanish fleet was not there. At 1 P.M. the same day, Sampson sent the "Vesuvius" back to Key West with this despatch for the "Yale," the "Minneapolis," and the "St. Paul":

Spanish squadron is at Santiago. If Schley has not arrived there, go Cienfuegos and inform him.

At 9.30 o'clock that night the "Dolphin" came alongside the "New York," and her captain shouted: "Schley has the Spaniards bottled at Cienfuegos." The "New York's" crew cheered loudly. The following despatches from Schley were brought on board the flagship:

OFF CIENFUEGOS, May 23, 1898.

TO SAMPSON.

Sir: 1. In reply to your letter No. 8 [this was Sampson's despatch stating that the Spanish fleet was probably at Santiago and telling Schley to go there, which was taken both by the "Marblehead" and the "Hawk"], I would state that I am by no means satisfied that the Spanish squadron is not at Cienfuegos. The large amount of smoke seen in the harbor would indicate the presence of a number of vessels, and under such circumstances it would seem to be extremely unwise to chase up a probability at Santiago de Cuba reported via Havana, no doubt as a ruse.

2. I shall therefore remain off this port, with this squadron, availing myself of every opportunity for coaling and keeping it ready for any emergency.

3. Regarding the enclosed information from Commander McCalla, I would state that I went twice yesterday close in to the mouth of the harbor; the first time about 2,000 yards, and the second time within about 1,400 yards, but saw no evidence of any masked batteries near the entrance. Well up the river, across their torpedo-mine fields, now laid across the mouth of the harbor, there is a new battery constructed, hardly within range from the mouth of the river.

4. The "Castine," "Merrimac," and "Hawk" arrived this morning, and I send the "Hawk" back with these despatches.

5. Last night I sent the "Scorpion" east to Santiago de Cuba to communicate with the scouts off that port, with instructions if they were not there, to return at once to me here, and I expect her back day after to-morrow.

6. I am further satisfied that the destination of the Spanish squadron is either Cienfuegos or Havana. This point [Cienfuegos], being in communication with Havana, would be better for their purposes, if it was left exposed, and I think that we ought to be very careful how we receive information from Havana, which is no doubt sent out for the purpose of misleading us.

7. The "Iowa" is coaling to-day, having reached this station with only about half of her coal supply.

Very respectfully,

W. S. SCHLEY, Comd. U. S. N.,
Commander-in-chief, Flying Squadron.

OFF CIENFUEGOS, May 23, 1898.

Sir: 1. Steamer "Adula," chartered by Consul Dent, with proper papers from United States State Department, to carry neutrals from Cienfuegos, was stopped off this port this morning. She had no cargo, and was permitted to enter.

2. She reports that she left Santiago de Cuba at 4.30 P.M. May 18th, and that night she saw the lights of seven vessels, seventy miles to the southward of Santiago. Next day, Thursday, May 19th, at Kingston, cable reported Spanish fleet at Santiago. Friday, May 20th, the fleet was reported to have left Santiago.

3. Now, on Saturday, May 21st, when about forty miles southwest of this port, I heard, from the bridge of this vessel, firing of guns towards Cienfuegos, which I interpreted as a welcome to the Spanish fleet, and the news this morning by the "Adula" convinces me that the fleet is here [Cienfuegos].

4. Latest was "Bulletin" [a Kingston newspaper] from Jamaica, received this morning, asserts that the fleet had left Santiago. I think I have them here [Cienfuegos] almost to a certainty.

Very respectfully,

W. S. SCHLEY,
Commodore U. S. N.

An official memorandum from the "Dolphin," dated May 25th, states: "The 'Hawk' has just reported from Cienfuegos with despatches from Commodore Schley. Hood [commander of the 'Hawk'] says a good number of officers do not believe the Spaniards are there at all, although they can only surmise." The "Hawk" transferred these despatches to the "Dolphin," while off Havana, at 10 A.M., May 25th, and the "Dolphin" took them eastward to the Admiral.

Immediately upon receipt of the despatches from Schley, Sampson sent the "Wasp" to Cienfuegos with the following for Schley:

[No. 10.]

ST. NICHOLAS CHANNEL, May 27th, 1898.

Sir: 1. Every report, and particularly confidential reports, . . . state Spanish squadron has been in Santiago de Cuba from the 19th to the 25th inst. inclusive, the 25th being the date of the last report received.

2. You will please proceed with all possible despatch to Santiago to blockade that port. If, on arrival there, you receive positive information of the Spanish ships having left, you will follow them in pursuit.

Very respectfully,

W. T. SAMPSON.

COMMODORE SCHLEY.

The "Dolphin" was sent to Key West with this despatch to Secretary Long:

Have received information from Schley, via Cape San Antonio, Cuba, dated May 23d, stating he is not satisfied the Spanish squadron is not in Cienfuegos, and states he will remain off Cienfuegos, keeping squadron all ready for an emergency. He reports the steamer "Adula" entered Cienfuegos May 23d. He probably learned from her as she left if the Spanish squadron was in port. I think he [Schley] has prob-

ably gone to Santiago. To assure this I sent the "Wasp" to Cienfuegos to-night. If he has not left, this will enable him to reach Santiago de Cuba before I could do so.

Sampson was right in his surmise that Schley would change his mind; but there were others who feared that Schley might not leave Cienfuegos in time to get to Santiago before the enemy had gotten away. At one o'clock that same afternoon, the 27th, the "Vesuvius" came from Key West, bringing another despatch from Schley, dated the 24th, addressed to Secretary Long, and forwarded to him by Remy on the 26th. This is the despatch:

Coaling off Cienfuegos is very uncertain. One collier not sufficient for the work, when it is possible to coal. In great need of two more [colliers] for this squadron, thoroughly equipped with hoisting engines, buckets, etc., for utmost despatch. The "Stirling," not having hoisting engine, would not be useful. Recommend that she discharge cargo at Key West. I would suggest quality [of coal] must be equal to best Pocahontas coal for this work. Every collier should carry several thousand gallons of oil, also three or four compressed bales as fenders to prevent accidents. I have communicated with insurgents to-day, and have supplied ammunition and dynamite, also clothing. Have ascertained that the Spanish fleet is not here [Cienfuegos], and I will move eastward to-morrow, communicating with you from St. Nicholas Mole. On account of short coal supply in ships cannot blockade them [Spanish fleet] if in Santiago.

I shall proceed to-morrow [25th] off Santiago, being embarrassed, however, by the "Texas" short coal supply, and her inability to coal in the open sea. I shall not be able to remain off that port [Santiago] on account of general short coal supply of squadron. So will proceed to the vicinity of St. Nicholas Mole, where the water is smooth, and I can coal "Texas" and other ships [with] what may remain in collier. Will communicate with you from St. Nicholas Mole.

Upon reading these despatches, Sampson at once decided to go to Key West, coal, and, if authorized by the Department, proceed to Santiago. Before leaving the blockade, he sent the "New Orleans," with the collier "Stirling," to Santiago, with the following orders to Captain Folger of the "New Orleans":

ST. NICHOLAS CHANNEL, May 27, 1898.

Sir: 1. You will proceed to Santiago de Cuba to convey the collier "Stirling."

2. You will communicate with Commodore Schley and direct him to remain on the blockade of Santiago at all hazards, assuming that the Spanish vessels are in that port.

3. Tell him that I desire that he should use the collier "Stirling" to obstruct the channel at its narrowest part leading into this harbor. Inform him that I believe that it would be perfectly practicable to steam this vessel ["Stirling"] into position and drop all her anchors, allow her to swing across the channel, then sink her, either by opening the valves, or whatever means may be best in his judgment.

4. Inform Commodore Schley that the details of this plan are left to his judgment. In the meantime he must exercise the utmost care that none of the vessels already in the port are allowed to escape. And say to the Commodore that I have the utmost confidence in his ability to carry this plan to a successful conclusion, and earnestly wish him good luck.

W. T. SAMPSON.

Through an error the name "Stirling" appears in the foregoing despatch instead of "Merrimac." Admiral Sampson at this date had fully decided to sink the "Merrimac" in the harbor. In the original letter a careful inspection shows that the word "Merrimac" has been erased and "Stirling" substituted. The change was made through a stenographer's misunderstanding the Admiral. This is interesting, because it proves beyond all doubt that Admiral Sampson had carefully mapped out the plan of sinking the "Merrimac." At this time Lieutenant Hobson had not been consulted regarding the matter. The suggestion to sink the "Merrimac" was made to Admiral Sampson by Commander Converse, of the "Montgomery," although the general question of imprisoning the Spanish fleet by this method in the harbor of Santiago, Havana, or Cienfuegos had been discussed by the Admiral even before Cervera's arrival on this side of the Atlantic was known. That Lieutenant Hobson did not himself originate the "Merrimac" enterprise, as he has generally been credited with doing, of course does not in the least detract from the bravery he exhibited in carrying out the plans of his commander-in-chief.

After sending the "New Orleans" off to Santiago—a rather daring trip, and much to the liking of Captain Folger—Sampson hurried away from the fleet, arriving at Key West at 2 A.M. on the 28th. He at once sent this cablegram to Schley:

The "New Orleans" will meet you off Santiago with important despatches. The Spanish squadron must be blockaded at all hazards. Immediate communication with persons on shore must be entered upon. You must be sure of the Spanish squadron being in port. I suggest communicating with Spanish-American Company pier at Baiquiri Bay, at a distance of fifteen miles east of Santiago de Cuba. One collier for you left yesterday. Shall send, as soon as possible, another. If Spanish squadron has left Santiago, immediate pursuit must be made.

To the Department, Sampson sent a despatch stating that orders to Schley to proceed to Santiago had been sent in the "Marblehead" and the "Hawk" on the 21st. "Schley not being satisfied," continues Sampson, "that Spanish squadron was not in port [Cienfuegos], did not go [to San-

tiago]. The Department has his despatch dated May 24th, sent through Remy, stating his intention of leaving May 25th. I do not understand the delay [Schley's] until next day."

On May 28th, at 8 A.M., Sampson received this from Secretary Long :

If the Spanish division is proved to be in Santiago de Cuba, it is the intention of the Department to make descent immediately upon that port with 10,000 men, United States troops, landing eight nautical miles east of that port. You will be expected to convoy transports, probably fifteen or twenty, going in person, and taking with you the "New York" and "Indiana" and "Oregon," and as many smaller vessels with good batteries as can possibly be gathered to guard against possible attack by Spanish torpedo-boat destroyers, etc. The blockade off Havana will be sufficiently provided for during the movement with the monitors and some small vessels. After arrival off Santiago de Cuba every small vessel that can be spared will be returned to north coast of Cuba. This early notice enables you to prepare details at once for immediate execution when order is issued. At the request of the War Department and by approval of this Department, movement will be on north side of Cuba and Windward Passage.

LONG.

Commodore Remy received this :

Telegram of May 24th from Schley conveys no information. What vessel brought it? What vessel took orders from Sampson to Schley on night of May 20th or morning of May 21st, directing him to proceed to Santiago? Direct commander of vessel that brought telegram just received to report intentions of Schley so far as known, stating definitely whether Schley had gone to Santiago de Cuba or intended to go there, and when.

LONG.

This, of course, was written before Sampson's message arrived, and Remy had answered it as follows :

Cipher received. Vessel referred to is "Dupont" in both cases. The commander was not informed of the intentions of Schley. From a letter of Schley's of May 24th I am informed that Schley would proceed from Cienfuegos to Santiago de Cuba on May 25th. He would not be able to remain off that port on account of the general short coal supply. Would proceed to vicinity of Mole Haiti, to coal in smooth water and communicate.

REMEY.

At 4 P.M. of the 28th, Sampson sent this to Secretary Long :

I received yesterday, May 27th, at 2 P.M., a copy of a despatch from Schley, dated May 24th, to Department, reporting his movements. I despatched immediately the "New Orleans" to convoy collier "Stirling" through Bahama Channel, and then, leaving collier, go with all despatch to Santiago with orders to Schley to blockade Spanish squadron at all hazards and take every action necessary to prevent their egress. Shall send immediately another collier. Have advised Schley to use Spanish-American Company's property as coaling station. Notwithstanding the apparent uncertainty of Schley's movements, I believe Spanish squadron still in port [Santiago], and I came here immediately to be in better communication, and telegraphed Schley to Mole

St. Nicholas same orders conveyed by "New Orleans," hoping to reach him earlier. He undoubtedly has sufficient coal aboard ship to still keep the sea some time, as all except "Iowa" left here full. My orders to Schley by "New Orleans" included sinking of the "Stirling" collier across the entrance to Santiago. The channel is but 300 feet broad, and if this be properly done the port will be closed until steamer is raised. The details of the operation were left to Schley, with verbal explanation, through Captain Folger, of my own views. It is for this reason additional coal has been sent. The importance of absolutely preventing the escape of the Spanish squadron is so paramount that promptness and most efficient use of every means is demanded.

SAMPSON.

About midnight, the following telegram was received from the Department :

Schley telegraphs from Santiago he goes Key West with his squadron for coal, though he has 4,000 tons of coal with him in a broken-down collier. How soon after arrival of Schley at Key West could you reach Santiago with "New York" and "Oregon" and "Indiana" and some lighters, and how long could you blockade there, sending your vessels singly to coal from our colliers at Gonaves, Haiti; Niipe Port, Cuba, or elsewhere? There is one collier *en route* to Mole, Haiti, from Norfolk, and another one has been ordered there from Key West, and other[s] will be sent immediately. Consider if you could seize Guantanamo and occupy as coaling station. Schley has not ascertained whether Spanish division is at Santiago. All information here seems to show that it is there.

On May 29th, about 3 P.M., Sampson sent the following telegram to the Secretary of the Navy :

Answering telegram first question [regarding time of reaching Santiago]: Three days. I can blockade indefinitely. Think that can occupy Guantanamo. Would like to start at once with "New York" and "Oregon," arriving in two days. Do not quite understand the necessity of awaiting the arrival of Schley, but would propose meeting and turning back the principal part of the force under his command if he has left. Try to hold him by telegraph. Watson will be in charge of everything afloat. Does the Department approve proposed action?

Later that day, the following telegram was sent to the Secretary of the Navy :

Referring to my telegram of this date, I urge immediate reply to my last paragraph. Failure of Schley to continue blockade must be remedied at once if possible. There can be no doubt of presence of Spanish squadron at Santiago.

SAMPSON.

Then this was received from Schley :

Collier now has been repaired temporarily, and able to make six or seven knots per hour. Shall endeavor to coal the "Marblehead" and "Texas" in the open sea and retain position off Santiago until coal supply larger vessels has given up. . . . known what safe limit shall go there to Gonaves, Haiti, or coast near, or near Port au Prince, Haiti, to coal. . . . Occurring yesterday the "Marblehead" and "Texas" took a quantity of coal at a distance of about twenty-five miles west of Santiago, which enables me to hold place until coal has been reduced. . . . force me over to Haiti

to replenish . . . collier well equipped to report at Gonaives, Haiti, urgently needed to coal . . . vessel when chance occurs. Need another auxiliary for picket duty and communication. I send "Minneapolis" and "Yale" to Key West. "St. Paul" off Santiago still. Repairs of "Merrimac" machinery completed by the "Brooklyn." "St. Paul," May 26th, captured British collier bound in with coal, evidently for fleet, collier having touched at San Juan and Curaçoa.

SCHLEY.

This telegram was hardly decipherable when received. Sampson promptly notified the Secretary of its contents, and stated that the "New York" was ready to start for Santiago as soon as authorized. The following telegram was sent to Schley :

Congratulate you on success. Maintain close blockade at all hazards, especially at night. Very little to fear from torpedo-boat destroyers. Coal in open sea whenever conditions permit. Send a ship to examine Guantanamo, with view to occupying it as a base, coaling one heavy ship at a time.

SAMPSON.

Secretary Long replied to Sampson's request to go to Santiago as follows :

You carry out recommendations to go yourself with two ships to Santiago de Cuba. Act at your discretion with the object of blockading Spanish division as soon as possible. Goodrich reports Guantanamo very weak. The seizure of it immediately is recommended.

LONG.

So at 11 P.M., on May 29th, the "New York" left Key West for Santiago. The next morning the "Oregon," the "Mayflower," and the "Porter" joined the flagship, and at thirteen knots the four boats raced along toward Santiago, to fight, blockade indefinitely, or bottle the Spanish fleet. What they were going to find none knew. There was an unspoken dread that Schley might have taken his squadron off to Haiti to coal, and that Cervera meanwhile had quietly gone off to Cienfuegos or Havana, or even to our own coast. Up to that time Sampson had received no word from Schley to show that the Commodore had the faintest idea where Cervera really was. Sampson was absolutely certain that Cervera was in Santiago, but how long he would stay there was a problem no one could attempt to solve. Never during the campaign was Sampson so terribly harassed, and it was evident, despite the tremendous self-control he invariably exercised.

At seven o'clock that night we met the "St. Paul" and the "Yale." They were on their way to Key West for coal. Two boats were never so gladly greeted, or the news they carried so eagerly sought. Captain Sigsbee had a copy of a despatch he had

sent from Mole St. Nicholas from Schley to Long. It was this :

[Dated] 7 P.M., May 29th.

Enemy in port. Recognized "Cristobal Colon" and "Infanta Maria Teresa" and two torpedo boats moored inside Morro, behind point. Doubtless the others are here. We are short of coal. Using every effort to get coal in. Have about 3,000 tons of coal in collier, but not easy to get on board here. If no engagement next two or three days, Sampson's squadron could relieve this one to coal at Gonaives or vicinity of Port au Prince. "Brooklyn," "Iowa," "Massachusetts," "Texas," "Marblehead," "Vixen," and collier compose squadron here.

SCHLEY.

The suspense of the last few days appeared to be at an end after hearing this despatch ; but the feeling of security was dissipated when it was also learned from the "Yale" and the "St. Paul" that Schley had not yet established a close blockade and that his ships were lying between eleven and forty miles from the harbor. It was not until six o'clock the next morning, June 1st, when we saw the "Colon" off Morro, at Santiago, and Schley's ships still there, though some distance off, that all anxiety was removed and we knew that the luck of the navy still lived. It was nothing else ; for until the 29th inst., Cervera, for all the opposition he would have encountered, might have slipped out ; and there is no doubt among naval experts that for several days afterwards, he would have had a good chance of getting away, or at least saving some of his ships, had he run out any night before Sampson's close blockade, with pickets and searchlights, was established.

The "Colon" quickly disappeared from the mouth of the harbor that bright June morning ; Sampson assumed command, and at once began the arrangements for sinking the "Merrimac" and in other ways making it impossible for Cervera to escape.

While Sampson on the north coast had been waiting for Cervera, and while the Strategic Board and the Navy Department had been on pins and needles lest Schley should stay at Cienfuegos or fail to remain at Santiago, the Flying Squadron itself had been having a rather uneventful experience. As before stated, it left Key West on the morning of the 19th of May and arrived off Cienfuegos two days later. After two days' cruising in this vicinity, the "Hawk" arrived with Sampson's letter telling Schley to go to Santiago and to be there on the 24th without fail. Four hours after receiving these instructions Schley signaled to the fleet : "Situation unchanged ; rumor Spanish fleet is at Santiago, but not believed."

Two hours later he signaled: "News from Jamaica reports the Spanish fleet arrived at Santiago and left Friday. Think they are at Cienfuegos now, as I heard heavy guns firing on Saturday, about 4.30 o'clock, thirty miles west from here. I interpreted it as a welcome to the fleet."

On the morning of the 24th, at six o'clock, Commander McCalla with the "Marblehead" joined the Flying Squadron. By noon he had communicated with the insurgents ashore and learned beyond all doubt that Cervera was not in Cienfuegos. He communicated this information to Commodore Schley, who at seven o'clock that evening signaled to the fleet: "We are bound for Santiago." An hour later they had left Cienfuegos. By noon on the 26th the Flying Squadron was forty-seven miles west-southwest of Morro (Santiago). At eight o'clock that night, when twenty-two miles south-southeast of Morro (Santiago), Schley signaled to the fleet: "Destination Key West *via* south side of Cuba and Yucatan Channel as soon as collier is ready; speed nine knots."

Fortunately for Schley and for the navy, and perhaps unfortunately for Spain, the "Merrimac" broke down again, and the squadron drifted around, awaiting her repair, before restarting to Key West. On May 27th, at 8 P.M., the squadron was forty-three miles west-southwest of the entrance to Santiago harbor, well out of sight of land.

This cablegram for Schley was received at Mole St. Nicholas on May 27th:

The most absolutely urgent thing now is to know positively whether the Spanish division is in Santiago de Cuba harbor, as, if so, immediate movement will be made against it by the navy and division of about 10,000 men of American troops which are ready to embark. You must surmount difficulties regarding coaling by your ingenuity and perseverance. This is a crucial time, and the Department relies upon you to give information quickly as to the presence of Cervera . . . to be ready for concerted action with the army. Two colliers have been ordered Mole Haiti. Your vessels may coal singly there or in Gonaives, Haiti Channel, or leeward Cape Cruz, Cuba. . . . Sampson coming around Windward Passage. Cervera must not be allowed to escape. LONG.

By May 28th, at noon, the Flying Squadron was thirty-nine miles west by south of the entrance to Santiago harbor. On the following day, Schley having been obliged to give up the project of returning to Key West, the "Iowa," while close to Santiago, sighted the "Colon" in the channel at 7.45 A.M. The blockade practically began on that day, though it was not maintained with the strictness that made it remarkable until after the first week in June. On May 29th the follow-

ing cablegram to Schley was received at Mole St. Nicholas:

It is your duty to ascertain immediately the Spanish fleet, if they be at Santiago de Cuba, and report. Would be discreditable to the navy if that fact was not ascertained immediately. All naval and military movements depend on that point. LONG.

This despatch, of course, crossed Schley's report of seeing the "Colon." On May 31st, the "Iowa," the "Massachusetts," and the "New Orleans" were ordered to go in to within 7,000 yards and fire at the "Colon." They passed twice in front of the harbor, the range gradually increasing, until the "Iowa" was firing at 11,000 yards. Most of the shots fell short. The "Colon's" captured log-book contains this entry regarding this engagement: "Enemy at so great distance our shell could not reach." No damage, apparently, was done on either side. In his cable to Secretary Long of May 31st, Schley said:

Made reconnoissance this afternoon, May 31st, to develop fortifications, with their character. The range was 7,000 yards. The reconnoissance was intended principally to injure or destroy "Colon." Fire was returned without delay by heavy batteries to the east and to the west of entrance. Large caliber, long range [guns]. Reconnoissance developed satisfactorily the presence of the Spanish squadron lying behind island, near inner fort, as they fired over the hill at random. Quite satisfied the Spanish fleet is here.

Schley asked for more picket vessels, and colliers with big coaling bags, and for the hospital ship "Solace" to "give relief to the men exhausted or injured in any operations," and concluded:

Owing to extreme heat the suffering [of] all hands is great, particularly in engineer's department. We are coaling squadron in face of enemy every good day.

It is doubtful whether we shall ever know the truth about the internal troubles which forced Cervera to stay in Santiago until such time as he could not get out. His commodore and one of his captains told me it was lack of coal; another captain said it was lack of coal, combined with a certain preference to be blockaded in the tortuous harbor of Santiago rather than in Cienfuegos, and because it had not occurred to them that Santiago would become so untenable by reason of land attack and sea bombardment; another officer, not a captain, said that at Martinique they had learned of Sampson's presence at San Juan, which had been their original destination, and that probably the Spanish cabinet, afraid to send them to San Juan, had sent them to Santiago for want of something better to do with

them. But without the documentary evidence, which makes our own naval campaign so comparatively easy to understand, it is useless to write positively of the reasons that led Cervera to bury himself alive in the harbor of Santiago de Cuba. The first few days after Sampson's arrival at Santiago de Cuba, on June 1st, were marked by aggressive activity. The Admiral was under the impression that the United States troops would reach Santiago by the 10th of June at the latest. This belief was based upon a cablegram from Secretary Long, received on June 1st, saying :

The army is now embarking at Tampa, Florida—estimate 25,000 men—to proceed to Santiago as soon as you inform me whole Spanish fleet in harbor. Will be accompanied by cavalry, siege guns, mortars. It is suggested that you select places suitable for landing infantry as near as possible to Santiago de Cuba and be prepared to advise regarding landing guns and cavalry. Of first importance to secure bridge San Juan River, the pier at Baiquiri, and others. Department expects you will assist, of course, in landing the army to utmost of your power, but desires you shall not risk, by operation on shore or in landing, crews of the armored vessels or those needed in case of a naval engagement. Will not Guantanamo, Cuba, be the best place for landing cavalry?

The injunction not to risk his crews while assisting the army, though in itself an excellent and thoroughly well-judged precaution, made Sampson's task of cooperation with the army, at a later date, one of great difficulty and replete with delicate situations. Neither the War Department nor General Shafter, as will be seen from later despatches, ever seemed to realize that Sampson, however anxious to cooperate with the land forces, was always confronted by an embargo which, practically, ordered cooperation to cease when risk began.

The establishment of a close blockade and the sinking of the "Merrimac" followed in quick succession upon the arrival of Sampson. Regarding the sinking of the "Merrimac," the reader will recall that on May 27th, while still on the north coast of Cuba, Sampson had sent instructions to Schley to sink in the mouth of the harbor of Santiago the collier "Stirling," that ship, through an error in writing the despatch, being substituted for the "Merrimac." So far Schley had found no opportunity to carry out this order, and Sampson at once went to work himself to perfect his original plan. From beginning to end, Sampson never believed that a sunken ship would prove a lasting impediment to Cervera's escape, because he was of the opinion that the Spanish would be able to blow her to pieces sufficiently to

gain a path of egress. His main object was to keep Cervera in Santiago until the troops were landed.

On the passage from Key West to Santiago, Assistant Naval Constructor Hobson had been called into the Admiral's cabin to explain his ideas on blowing up a ship. He was especially fitted for this work by his experience in the construction corps. He took up the subject with so much intelligence and enthusiasm, that Sampson put him in charge of the work of preparing the "Merrimac." When the call was made for volunteers on the night of June 1st, Hobson begged the Admiral to let him retain charge of the ship on her adventurous trip. Other men begged for the same privilege, expostulated, and almost went down on their knees to gain the honor of giving up life for country's sake, as that was what the great majority then believed would be the result of the expedition. But the Admiral did not wish to risk any more lives than he absolutely had to, and Hobson was so perfectly acquainted with all the details of blowing up the ship, that Sampson put him in charge, and refused to allow any other officer to go in the "Merrimac."

Hobson and his gallant crew made a false start during the early morning of June 2d, but at 3.30 on the morning of June 3d, the collier was taken in past the fire of batteries, ships, and soldiers, and with her rudder shot away, her torpedoes only half exploded, sunk lengthwise, instead of athwart, in the channel. The lack of success which attended the exploit can never dim its glory or mar the fame of the eight men engaged in it. I think Sampson was about the only man aboard the "New York" who believed that the expedition did not mean almost certain death to its members. While the "Merrimac" was being prepared, I asked him whether he ever expected to see Hobson and the crew back on the ship. "Oh, yes," he said, "I think they have a good chance. It's a dangerous thing, a brave thing, but it isn't so easy to shoot eight men on a big ship on a dark night. And, you know, the Spaniards are very poor shots." But on the morning of June 3d, when Naval Cadet Powell returned in his launch without the "Merrimac" crew, there was none in the whole fleet more anxious over the fate of the brave men than Sampson.

While the "Merrimac" affair was in progress, the close blockade began. The completeness of the victory over Cervera, a month later, was due, in the first place, to the fact

that we had good men in good ships ; and in the second place, to the excellence of the plan of blockade. A British naval officer of distinction, who was at Kingston, Jamaica, said he believed Sampson could blockade closely in the daytime ; but that if he attempted to blockade closely at night, with the torpedo destroyers inside the harbor, he would come to a bad end. That a fleet could blockade a fortified harbor, with four modern cruisers and two excellent torpedo destroyers inside, at a distance ranging nightly from one to four miles, with picket boats in rifle range of the shore, was something foreign naval experts could hardly believe. And yet it was exactly this that was done. Admiral Cervera said afterward that he had deemed it impossible to take his fleet out at night, so blinding were the rays of the search-light and so heavy would have been the short-range fire of the ships that were clustered around the harbor mouth. The original plan of blockade was issued on June 2d, as follows :

The fleet off Santiago de Cuba will be organized during the operations against that port and the Spanish squadron as follows :

First squadron under personal command of the Commander-in-chief : "New York," "Iowa," "Oregon," "New Orleans," "Mayflower," "Porter." Second squadron, Commodore Schley : "Brooklyn," "Massachusetts," "Texas," "Marblehead," "Vixen."

Vessels joining subsequently will be assigned by the Commander-in-chief. The vessels will blockade Santiago de Cuba closely, keeping about six miles from the Morro in the daytime and closing in at night, the lighter vessels well in shore. The first squadron will blockade on the east side of the port, and the second squadron on the west side. If the enemy tries to escape, the ships must close and engage as soon as possible, and endeavor to sink his vessels or force them to run ashore in the channel. It is not considered that the shore batteries are of sufficient power to do any material injury to battleships.

In smooth weather the vessels will coal on station. If withdrawn to coal elsewhere, or for other duty, the blockading vessels on either side will cover the angle thus left vacant.

On June 7th, the blockading order was amplified by stationing three picket launches, detailed from the ships of the squadron each evening, one mile from the Morro, one to the eastward, one to the westward, and one south of the harbor entrance ; while on a circle drawn with a radius of two miles from the Morro were stationed the "Vixen," "Suwanee," and "Dolphin." The remaining vessels retained the positions already occupied by them, but kept carefully within a four-mile circle. In this order Sampson said :

I again call attention to the absolute necessity of a close blockade of this port, especially at night and in bad weather. In the daytime, if clear, the distance shall not be greater than six miles. At night, or in thick weather, not more than four miles. The end to be attained justifies the risk of torpedo attack, and that risk must be taken. The escape of the Spanish vessels at this juncture would be a serious blow to our prestige and to a speedy end of the war.

On June 8th, a memorandum regarding search-lights was issued. The "Iowa," "Oregon," and "Massachusetts" were ordered to take turns of two hours each during the dark hours of the night in keeping one searchlight directly on the harbor entrance. Later, a second battleship was kept close to the illuminating ship, so that the first of these two would be able to use her guns without disturbing the illumination. On June 10th, the search-light ships were ordered to move forward into their positions, not more than two miles from the entrance, and to hold their lights steadily during their period of duty upon the entrance of the harbor.

On June 15th, an order was issued whereby the day distance of ships was lessened until they were within four miles of the harbor mouth, which positions were retained until the end of the campaign. Even when coaling, or otherwise restricted in their movements, the ships were to keep within this distance. The order concluded :

Disregard of the directions which have already been given has led to endless confusion. Many times during the day the fleet is so scattered that it would be perfectly possible for the enemy to come out of the harbor and meet with very little opposition. The Commander-in-chief hopes that strict attention will be given this order.

The steady glare of the search-light, that never moved from Morro for many nights after this, tried the souls of the Spanish sailors and soldiers, who were so blinded that neither from the castle top nor from the harbor below could they see even the huge shadows of the ships. The work done by the blockading picket launches and torpedo boats was terribly hard. The men were nearly always within rifle shot of the beach, and often under fire, lying in a nasty swell that kept their small craft rolling through all the tedious night and made many a marine sick. The blockade was not dramatic and decisive like the naval battle ; but it was a good deal harder work, and, in its way, just as wonderful and just as well carried out.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In the December number of the Magazine, Mr. Goode will give the story, as told in the official despatches, of all the operations of the American fleet during the blockade of Santiago, including the destruction of Cervera's fleet, down to the close of the war.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

STALKY & CO.—STORIES BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

KIPLING has entered and mastered a new field of fiction. The connected episodes of school life, soon to begin in *McClure's*, will come to the reader with the same freshness as the *Jungle* stories. Kipling had written of the *jungle*—indeed, he had written of *Mowgli*—before the first *jungle* tale was produced; yet the idea expanded and bore fruit, and a new classic was added to the language.

So in this series of new stories, he has taken the characters of "Slaves of the Lamp" and told other incidents of their school life. The whole makes a piece of fiction that will take its place with "Tom Brown's School-days" and "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." Such tales of the real boy have, in fact, never been written before.

There is, moreover, an interesting significance in these stories—they really show the men of England in the making—the men who lead armies, govern provinces, and represent the English in far fields and in many capacities. The boys depicted in them—strong, honest, adventurous, plucky, fighting boys—are the strength and promise of the Anglo-Saxon race.

THE INNER HISTORY OF THE WAR.

We are sure that no contribution to the history of the war could have more genuine value for our readers than such articles as the one in this number of the *Magazine* by Mr. Goode, consisting, as it does, of all the important official despatches, joined together by a plain, unbiased statement of actual conditions that makes the despatches tell their story in the clearest and most direct manner. There is a sense of reality and finality, and there is surpassing intelligent human interest, in a narrative that thus gives, not the views of individual participants or observers, but the very documents upon which all historians will have to base their judgments on the war, and so enables the reader to see and judge for himself how the few great actors conducted affairs; how the successive great responsibilities were laid upon them from day to day, and how these responsibilities were met. An additional statement of plain facts for plain people will appear in the December number,

giving the inner story of the *Santiago* blockade and the conclusion of the operations of the fleet in the Atlantic.

THE BOOK DEPARTMENT'S FIRST YEAR'S WORK.

We want our readers to know of the success of the Book Department. It has just finished its first year, and we are celebrating the anniversary by the publication of Mr. Kipling's new book, "The Day's Work"—an event of the first importance in the world of books. Although we began only a year ago to gather together a collection of books, we confess that it is some satisfaction to look over the titles already secured, including, as they do, those of important works by such authors as Rudyard Kipling, Conan Doyle, Hamlin Garland, Henry George, Mary E. Wilkins, Mrs. Rorer, of "Cook Book" fame; Mrs. Burton Harrison, General Nelson A. Miles, Hezekiah Butterworth, Bliss Perry, Stephen Crane, George Adam Smith, George E. Waring, Jr., and many more. Our ambition is to publish each year only the very best books, and we propose to expend the same editorial effort and judgment in securing our books that has made the *Magazine* successful. It is a pleasure to say that our plans for the future include the publication of books which represent the most progressive element in literature—the work of the "coming men."

About six months ago, we offered to send to any reader of *McClure's Magazine* any of our publications on approval, with the distinct understanding that they need not be paid for until received and could be returned, if unsatisfactory for any reason whatever. In a word, our book-store is in every post-office of the United States. It may interest our readers to know that this policy has been very successful, despite the prognostications of contemporaries who declared that people would send for the books, read them, and return them; or even that they would appropriate them without more ado. As a matter of fact, the loss has been almost nothing, and the number of people who have taken unfair advantage of the system—which gives the reader in the country or the small town equal opportunities with those who live in the great cities—has been gratifyingly small.

THEODORE B. STARR, Diamond Merchant, Jeweler and Silversmith

Announces the opening of a Stationery
Department in connection with his well-known
business of Rich Jewelry and Silverware.

This department will be in charge of experienced men,
and the high standards maintained in the other branches of the
business will be strictly adhered to.

No pains will be spared to produce the most artistic and
perfect work at prices which will be found to be reasonable.

Plate engraving in all its branches, stamping, die-sinking,
and heraldic work.

Correct styles in wedding stationery, and in papers for
social correspondence.

A large variety of novelties for desk furnishings.

206 Fifth Avenue, Madison Square, New York

SAPOLIO

*is a friend
that will wear
itself out in
your service*

Take no Substitutes
ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS CO.



ESTABLISHED 1780.

Walter Baker & Co's

PURE,
DELICIOUS

Breakfast
Cocoa

COSTS LESS
THAN ONE CENT
A CUP.



TRADE-MARK.

Trade-Mark on Every Package.

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

DORCHESTER, MASS.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

Made from most highly
refined grape cream
of tartar.

Makes pure, delicious,
wholesome food.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

IVORY SOAP



**Will not cause
the skin to
roughen or crack**

For Thirty-nine Years the
STANDARD AMERICAN BRAND
...OF...
STEEL PENS
SPENCERIAN

NEW SERIES



SILVER PLATED BUSINESS PENS

Incorrodible. Uniform. Perfectly Smooth

Sample of each number sent on receipt of return
postage. Ask for Silverine Pens

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.

450 BROOME STREET, NEW YORK CITY

10 Cents
a Copy

Rudyard Kipling's New Serial

\$1.
a Y

MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE

FOR DECEMBER



PEARS' SOAP





Painted for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, at Bethlehem, 1898, by Corwin Knapp Linnon.

SHEPHERDS ABIDING IN THE FIELD.

"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night."

St. Luke, chapter ii. 8.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XII.

DECEMBER, 1898.

No. 2.

"STALKY." *

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

Author of "In Ambush," "Captains Courageous," "The Day's Work," etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY L. RAVEN-HILL.

"How they have taken Kinmont Willie
Against the peace of the border tide,
And they've forgot that the Bauld Buccleuch
Was keeper here on the Scottish side."

—Kinmont Willie.



AND then De Vitré said we were beastly funks not to help, and I said there were too many chaps in it to suit us. Besides, there's bound to be a mess somewhere or other with old De Vitré in charge. Wasn't I right?"

"Quite. And, anyhow, it's a silly biznai, bung through. What'll they do

with the beastly cows when they've got 'em? You can milk a cow—if she'll stand still. That's all right."

"You're a pig, Beetle."

"No, I ain't; but what's the sense of drivin' a lot of cows up from the Burrows to—where is it?"

"They're tryin' to drive 'em to Toowey's barnyard at the top of the hill—the empty one, where we smoked last Tuesday. It's a revenge. Vidley chivied De Vitré twice last week for ridin' his ponies on the Burrows; and De Vitré's goin' to lift as many of old Vidley's cattle as he can and plant 'em up the hill. He'll muck it, though—with Parsons, Orrin, and Howlett helping. They'll only yell, an' shout, an' bunk if they see Vidley."

"We might have managed it," said McTurk slowly, turning up his coat-collar against the rain that swept over the Burrows. His hair was of the dark mahogany-red that goes with a certain temperament.

"We should," Corkran replied with equal confidence. "But they've gone into it as if it was a sort of spider-hunt. I've never done any cattle-liftin', but it seems to me-e-e that one might just as well be stalky about a thing as not."

Smoking vapors of the Atlantic drove low in pearly-gray wreaths above the boys' heads. Out of the mist to windward, beyond the gray loom of the Pebble Ridge, came an unceasing roar of the sea rising and falling in mile-long rollers. To leeward a few stray ponies and cattle, the property of the Northam potwallopers, and the playthings of the boys in their leisure hours, showed through the haze. Beyond—blotted out—lay Apple-dore and the flats of her Pool, where the Taw and the Torridge join. They halted by the Cattle-gate, which marks the limit of cultivation, where Northam Hill comes down to the Burrows. Beetle, shock-headed and spectacled, drew his nose pensively to and fro along the wet top-bar; McTurk shifted from one foot to the other, watching the water drain into either print; while Corkran whistled through his teeth as he leaned against the sod-bank, peering into the mist.

A grown or sane person might have called the weather vile; but the boys of the College had not yet learned the national interest in climate. It was a little damp, to be sure; but it was always damp in Easter term,

and—this was an article of faith—sea-wet could not give one a cold under any circumstances. Macintoshes were excellent things to go to church in, but crippling if one had to run at short notice across heavy country. So they waited serenely in the downpour, clad as their mothers would not have cared to see.

"I say," said Beetle, wiping his spectacles for the twentieth time, "if we aren't going to help De Vitré, what are we here for?"

"We're goin' to watch, of course. I wish to goodness they'd hurry up."

"It's an awful biznai, driving cattle—in open country," said McTurk, who, as the son of an Irish baronet, knew something of these operations. "They'll have to run half over the Burrows after 'em. S'pose they're ridin' Vidley's ponies?"

"De Vitré's sure to be. He's a dab on a horse. Listen! What a filthy row they're making. They'll be heard for miles."

The thick air filled with whoops and shouts, cries, words of command, the rattle of broken golf-clubs, and a clatter of hoofs. Three cows with their calves came up to the Cattle-gate at an indignant milch-canter, followed by four heifers and some bullocks. A fat and freckled youth of fifteen trotted behind them, riding bare-backed and brandishing a hedge-stake. De Vitré up to a certain point was an inventive youth, with a passion for horse-exercise that the Northam commoners did not encourage. Farmer Vidley had once called him a thief for the small matter of chasing cows across the barrows, and the insult rankled. Hence the raid.

"Come on," he cried over his shoulder.

"Open the gate, Corkran, or they'll all cut back again. We've had no end of bother to get 'em. Oh, won't old Vidley be wild!"

Three boys on foot ran up, "shooing" the cattle in excited, amateur fashion, till they headed into the narrow, high-banked Devonshire lane that led up-hill.

"Come on, Corkran. It's no end of a lark," pleaded De Vitré; but Corkran shook his head. The raid had been presented to him after dinner that day as a completed scheme, in which he might, by favor, play a minor part; and Arthur Lane Corkran, No. 104, did not care for lieutenantcies.

"You'll be colared," he cried, as he shut the gate. "Parsons



The cattle raid.

and Orrin are no good in a row. You'll be collared sure as a gun, De Vitré."

"Oh, you're a beastly funk!" The speaker was already hidden by the mist.

"Hang it all," said McTurk. "It's about the first time we've ever had a cattle-lift at the Coll. Let's——"

"Not much. Keep your eye on your Uncle," said Corkran firmly. His word was law in matters like these. Experience had taught them that if they manœuvred without Corkran they fell into trouble.

"You're jealous because you didn't think of it first," said Beetle; and Corkran kicked him three times slowly, neither he nor Beetle changing a muscle the while.

"No, I ain't; but it isn't stalky enough for me."

"Stalky," in the school vocabulary, meant clever, well-considered, and wily, as applied to a plan of action; and stakiness was the one virtue Corkran toiled after.

"Same thing," said McTurk. "You think you're the only stakly chap in the Coll."

Corkran kicked him as he had kicked Beetle; and, even as Beetle, McTurk took not the faintest notice. By the etiquette of their three-year-old friendship, this was no more than formal notice of dissent from a proposition.

"They haven't thrown out any pickets" (not for nothing did the school prepare boys for Sandhurst). "They ought to do that—even for apples. Toowey's barnyard may be full of people, for all they know."

"'Twasn't last week," said Beetle, "when



"They wriggled into the top of an old hollow double-hedge."

we smoked in that cartshed place? It's a mile from any house, too."

Up went one of Corkran's light eyebrows. "Oh, Beetle, I *am* so tired o' kickin' you. Does that mean it's empty now? They ought to have sent one fellow ahead to look. They're simply bound to be collared. An' where'll they bunk to if they have to run for it? Parsons has only been here two terms. He don't know the lie of the country. Orrin's a fat ass, an' Howlett bunks from a guv'nor" (vernacular for a native of Devon engaged in agricultural pursuits) "as far as he can see one. De Vitré's the only decent chap in the lot, an'—an' I put him up to tryin' Toowey's farmyard."

"Well, keep your hair on," said Beetle. "What are we going to do? It's rather damp here."

"Let's think a bit." Corkran whistled between his teeth and presently broke into a swift, short double-shuffle. "We'll go straight up an' see what happens to 'em. Cut across the fields; an' lie up in the hedge where the lane comes in by the barn—where we found the dead hedgehog last term. Come on!"

He scrambled over the earth bank and dropped on to the rain-soaked plow. It was a stiff rise to the brow of the hill where Toowey's out-barns stood. The boys took no account of stiles or foot-paths, crossing field after field diagonally, and where they found a hedge, bursting through it like beagles. The lane lay on their right flank, and they heard much lowing and shouting from that direction.

"Well, if he isn't collared," said McTurk, kicking off a few pounds of loam against a gate-post, "he jolly well ought to be."

"We'll be collared, too, if you go with your nose up like that. Duck, you ass, and come along under the hedge! We can get quite close up to the barn," said Corkran. "There's no sense in not doin' a thing stalkily while you're about it."

They wriggled into the top of an old hollow double-hedge less than thirty yards from the big black-timbered barn and the square of out-buildings. Their ten minutes' uphill climb had lifted them a couple of hundred feet above the Burrows. As the mists parted here and there, they could see the great triangle of sodden green, tipped with yellow sand-dunes and fringed with half a mile of white foam, laid out like a blurred map below. The steady thunder of the surge along the Pebble Ridge made the background to the wild noises in the lane.

"What did I tell you?" said Corkran, peering through the dripping stems of quick-set which commanded a view of the farmyard. "Three farm chaps—getting out dung—with pitchforks! It's too late to head off De Vitré. We'd be collared if we showed up. Besides, they've heard 'em. They couldn't help hearing. What asses!"

The natives, brandishing their weapons, talked together, using many times the word "Colleger." As the tumult swelled, they disappeared into various pens and byres. The first of the cattle trotted up to the yard-gate, and De Vitré felicitated his band.

"That's all right," he shouted. "Oh, won't old Vidley be wild! Open the gate,

Orrin, an' whack 'em through. They're pretty warm."

"So'll you be in a minute," muttered McTurk. The raiders hurried into the yard behind the cattle. They heard a shout of triumph; shrill yells of despair; saw one Devonian guarding the gate with a pitchfork, while the others, alas! captured all four boys.

"Of all the infernal, idiotic, lower-second asses!" said Corkran. "They haven't even taken off their house-caps."

"Aie! Yeou young fascals. We've got 'e! Whutt be doin' to Muster Vidley's bullocks?" a man cried.

"Oh, we found 'em," said De Vitré, who bore himself well in defeat. "Would you like 'em?"

"Found 'un! They bullocks drove like that—all heavin' an' penkin' an' hotted! Oh, 'tes shaamful. Yeou've nigh to killed the cows—lat alone stealin' 'em. They sends pore boys to jail for half o' this."

"That's a lie," said Beetle to McTurk, turning on the wet grass.

"I know; but they always say it. 'Member when they collared us at the Monkey Farm—that Sunday—with the apples in your topper?"

"My Aunt! They're goin' to lock 'em up an' send for Vidley," Corkran whispered, as one of the captors hurried downhill in the direction of Appledore, and the prisoners were led into the barn.

"But they haven't taken their names and numbers," said Stalky, who had fallen into the hands of the enemy more than once.

"But they're bottled all tight O! Rather sickly for De Vitré," said Beetle. "It's one lickin' anyhow, even if Vidley don't hammer him. The Head's pretty wild about gate-liftin', an' poachin', an' all that sort of thing. He won't care for cattle-stealin' much."

"It's awfully bad for cows, too, to run 'em about—in milk," said McTurk, lifting one knee from a sodden primrose tuft. "What's the next move, Corky?"

"Let's get into the old cartshed where we smoked last Tuesday. It's next to the barn. We can cut across while they're inside and get in through the window."

"S'pose we're collared?" said Beetle, cramming his red and black house-cap into his pocket. One does not attack under house-colors.

"That's just it. They'd never dream of any more chaps walkin' bung into the trap. Besides, we can get out through the roof if

they spot us. Keep your eye on your Uncle! Come on."

A swift dash carried them to a huge clump of nettles, beneath the unglazed back-window of the cartshed. Its open front, of course, gave on to the barnyard.

They scrambled through, dropped among the carts, and climbed up into a rudely boarded upper floor that they had discovered a week ago when in search of retirement. It covered half of the building and ended in darkness at the barn-wall. The roof-tiles were broken and displaced. Through the chinks they commanded a clear view of the yard, half filled with disconsolate cattle, steaming sadly in the rain.

"You see," said Corkran, ever careful to secure an open line of retreat, "if they bottle us up here, we'll squeeze out between these rafters, slide down the roof, an' bunk. They couldn't even get out through the window. They'd have to run right round the barn. Now are you satisfied, you burbler?"

"Huh! You only said that to make quite sure yourself," Beetle retorted.

"If the boards weren't all loose, I swear I'd kick you," growled Corkran. "What's the sense of gettin' into a place if you can't get out of it? Shut up and listen."

A confused murmur of voices reached them from the end of the attic. McTurk tiptoed thither with caution.

"Hi! It leads through. At least you can get through. Come along!" He fingered the boarded wall.

"What's the other side?" said Corkran the cautious.

"Hay, you idiot." They heard his boot-heels grating on wood, and he was gone.

At some time or other sheep must have been folded in the cartshed, and an inventive farm-hand, sooner than take the hay round, had displaced a board in the barn-side to thrust fodder through. It was in no sense a lawful path, but twelve inches square is all that any boy needs.

"Look!" said Beetle, as they waited



"They scripped into the hay and crusted to the edge of the loft."



"Tweak 'em, then," said Corkran.

McTurk's return. "The beastly cattle are comin' in out of the wet."

A brown, hairy back showed some three feet below the half-floor, as one by one the cattle shouldered in for shelter among the carts, filling the shed with their sweet breath.

"That blocks our way out, unless we get out by the roof, an' that's rather too much of a drop, unless we have to," said Corkran. "They're all bung in front of the window. What a day we're havin'!"

"Corkran! Beetle!" McTurk's whisper shook with delight. "You can see 'em; I've seen 'em. They're in a blue funk in the barn, an' the two clods are makin' fun of 'em—horrid. Orrin's tryin' to bribe 'em, an' Parsons is nearly blubbin'. Come an' look! I'm in the hayloft. Get through the hole. Don't make a row, Beetle."

Lithely they wriggled between the displaced boards into the hay and crawled

to the edge of the loft. Three years of skirmishing against a hard and unsympathetic peasantry had taught them the elements of strategy. For tactics they looked to Corkran; but even Beetle, notoriously absent-minded, held a lock of hay before his head as they crept forward. There was no haste, no betraying giggle, no squeak of excitement. They had learned, by stripes, the unwisdom of these things. But the conference, by a root-cutter on the barn-floor, was deep in its own affairs; De Vitre's party promising, entreating, and cajoling, while the natives laughed.

"Wait till Muster Vidley an' Muster Toowey—yis, an' the policemen come," was the only answer. "'Tis about time to go to milkin'. What'll us do, Abram?"

"Yeou go milk, Tom, an' I'll stay long o' the young gentlemen," said the bigger of the two captors. "Muster Toowey, he's laike to charge yeou for usin' his yard so free.

Iss fai! Yeou'll be wopped proper. Rackon yeou'll be askin' for junkets to set in this week o' Sundays to come. But Muster Vidley, he'll give 'ee the best leatherin' of all. He'm passionful, I tal 'ee."

Tom stumped out to milk. The barn-doors closed behind him, and in the fading light a great gloom fell on all but Abraham, who discoursed eloquently on Mr. Vidley, his temper and attributes.

Corkran turned in the hay and retreated to the attic, followed by his army.

"No good," was his verdict. "I'm afraid it's all up with 'em. We'd better get out."

"Yes, but look at these beastly cows," said McTurk, spitting on to a heifer's back. "It'll take us a week to shove 'em away from the window; and that brute Tom'll hear us. He's just across the yard, milkin'."

"Tweak 'em, then," said Corkran. "Hang it, I'm sorry to have to go, though. If we

could get that other beast out of the barn for a minute we might make a rescue. Well, it's no good."

He drew forth a long, lean, well-worn, home-made catapult—the "tweaker" of those days—slipped a buckshot into the supple chamois leather-pouch, and pulled to the full stretch of the elastic. The others followed his example. They only wished to get the cattle out of their way, but seeing the backs so near they deemed it their duty each to choose his bird and to let fly with all their strength.

They were not in the least prepared for what followed. Three bullocks, smitten as they believed by lo's gadfly, trying to wheel amid six close-pressed companions, not to mention three calves, several carts, and all the lumber of a general utility shed, cannot turn end for end without confusion. It was lucky for the boys that they stood a little back on the floor, because one horned head, tossed in pain, flung up the loose board at the edge, and it came down lance-wise on amazed backs. Another victim floundered bodily across the shafts of a decrepit-gig, smashing these and oversetting the wheels. That was more than enough for the nerves of the assembly. With wild bellowings and buttings they dashed into the barnyard, and began a very fine free fight on the midden. The last cow out hooked down an old set of harness, which flapped over one eye and trailed behind her. When a companion trod on it, which happened every few seconds, she naturally fell on her knees; and, being a Burrows cow, with the interests of her calf at heart, attacked the first passer-by. Half awed, but wholly delighted, the boys watched the outburst. It was in full flower before they even dreamed of a second shot. Tom came out from a byre with a pitchfork, to be chased in again by the harness-cow. A bullock floundered on the muck-heap, fell, rose, and bedded himself to the belly, helpless, a-stare, and bellowing. The others took great interest in him.

Corkran, through the roof, scientifically "tweaked" a frisky heifer on the nose, and it is no exag-

geration to say that she danced on her hind legs for half a minute.

"Abram! Oh, Abram! They'm bewitched. They'm ragin'. 'Tes the milk-fever. They've been drove mad. Oh, Abram! They'll horn the bullocks! They'll horn me! Abram!"

"Bide till I lock the door," quoth Abraham, faithful to his trust. They heard him padlock the barn-door; saw him come out with yet another pitchfork. A bullock lowered his head, Abraham ran to the nearest pig-pen, where unearthly squeakings told that he had disturbed the peace of a large family.

"Beetle," snapped Corkran. "Go in an' get 'em out up here. Quick! We'll keep the cows happy."

A people sitting in darkness and the shadow of a monumental licking, too depressed to be angry with De Vitré, heard a voice from on high saying, "Come up here! Come on! Come up! There's a way out."

They shinned up the loft-stanchions without a word; found a boot-heel which they were bidden to take for guide, and squeezed desperately through a hole in darkness, to be hauled out by Corkran.

"Have you got your caps? Did you give 'em your names and numbers?" said he.

"Yes. No."

"That's all right. Drop down here. Don't stop to jaw. Over the cart—through that window, and bunk! Get out!"

De Vitré needed no second word. They heard him squeak as he dropped among the nettles, and through the roof-chinks they



"The last cow hooked down an old set of harness, which flapped over one eye and trailed behind her."

watched four slight figures disappear into the rain. Tom and Abraham, from byre and pig-pen, exhorted the cattle to keep quiet.

"By gum!" said Beetle; "that *was* stalky. How did you think of it?"

"You ass! It was the only thing to do. Anybody could have seen that."

"Hadh't we better bunk, too?" said McTurk uneasily.

"Why? We're all right. We haven't done anything, have we? I want to hear what old Vidley will say. Stop tweakin', Turkey. Let 'em cool off. Golly! how that heifer danced! I swear I didn't know cows could be so lively. We're only just in time."

"My Hat! Here's Vidley—and Toowey," said Beetle, as two farmers, both with sticks, strode into the yard.

"Gloats! oh, gloats! Fids! oh, fids! Hefty fids and gloats to us!" said Corkran.

These words, in their vocabulary, expressed the supreme of delight. "Gloats" implies more or less of personal triumph, "fids" is felicity in the abstract; and the boys were tasting both that day. Last joy of all, they had the pleasure of Mr. Vidley's acquaintance, albeit he did not love them. Toowey was more of a stranger, his orchards lying overnear the public road.

Tom and Abraham together told a tale of stolen cattle maddened by overdriving, of cows sure to die in calving, and of milk that would never return, that made Mr. Vidley swear for three consecutive minutes in the soft speech of North Devon.

"Tes tu bad. 'Tes tu bad," said Toowey, consolingly; "let's 'ope they 'aven't took no great 'arm. They be wonderful wild, though."

"'Tes all well for yeou, Toowey, that sells them dom Collegers seventy quart a week."

"Eighty," Toowey replied, with the meek triumph of one who has underbidden his neighbor on tender; "but that's no odds to me. Yeou'm free to leather 'em saame as if they was yeour own sons. On my barn-floor shall 'ee leather 'em."

"Generous old pig," said Beetle; "De Vitré ought to have stayed for this."

"They'm all safe an' to rights," said the officious Abraham, producing the key. "Rackon us'll come in an' hold 'em for yeou. Hey! the cows are fair ragin' still. Us'll have to run for it."

The barn being next to the shed, the boys could not see that stately entry. But they heard.

"Gone an' hid in the hay. Aie! They'm proper afraid."

"Rout un out! Rout un out!" thundered Vidley, rattling a stick impatiently on the root-cutter.

"Oh, my Aunt!" said McTurk, standing on one foot.

"Shut the door. Shut the door, I tal 'ee. Rackon us can find un in the dark. Us don't want un boltin' like rabbitses under our elbows." The big barn-door closed with a clang.

"My Hat!" said Corkran, which was always his oath in time of action. He dropped down and was gone for perhaps ten seconds.

"And that's all right," he said, returning at a gentle pace.

"Hwhatt?" McTurk almost shrieked, for Corkran, in the shed below, waved a large key.

"Stalks! Frabjous stalks! Bottled 'em! all four!" was the reply, and Beetle fell on his bosom. "Yiss. They'm so's to say, like, locked up. If you're goin' to laugh, Beetle, I shall have to kick you."

"But I must!" Beetle was purple with suppressed mirth.

"You won't do it here, then!"

He thrust the already limp Beetle through the cartshed window. It sobered him, for one cannot laugh on a bed of nettles. Then Stalky stepped on his prostrate carcass, and McTurk followed, just as Beetle would have risen; so he was upset, and the nettles painted his cheek with a likeness of hideous eruptions.

"Thought that 'ud cure you," said Corkran, with a sniff.

Beetle rubbed his face desperately with dock-leaves, and said nothing. All desire to laugh had gone from him. They entered the lane.

A clamor broke out from the barn—a compound noise of horse-like kicks, shaking of door-panels, and fivefold yells.

"They've found it out," said Corkran. "How strange!" He sniffed again.

"Let 'em," said Beetle. "No one can hear 'em. Come on up to Coll."

"What a brute you are, Beetle! You only think of your beastly self. Those cows want milkin'. Poor dears! Hear 'em low," said McTurk.

"Go back and milk 'em yourself, then." Beetle danced with pain. "We shall miss call-over, hangin' about like this; an' I've two black marks this week already."

"Then you'll have fatigue-drill on Monday, sure pop," said Stalky. "Come to think of it, I've got two black marks *aussi*. Hm! This is serious. This is hefty serious."

"I told you," said Beetle, with vindictive triumph. "An' we want to go out after that hawk's nest on Monday. We shall be swottin' dumb-bells, though. *All* your fault. If we'd bunked with De Vitré at first——"

Stalky paused between the hedgerows. "Hold on a shake an' don't burble. Do you know, I believe some one's shut up in that barn. I think we ought to go and see."

"Don't be a giddy idiot. Come on back

"Now play up," said Corkran. "Turkey, you keep the cows merry. We've just discovered 'em. We don't know anything, remember. Keep your eye on your Uncle!"

They picked their way over the muck and held speech through the crack by the hinge. Three more genuinely surprised boys the North Devon rain never fell upon. And they were so polite—so polite and so difficult to enlighten. They had to be told again and again.

"We've been 'ere for hours an' hours." That was Toowey. "An' the cows to milk, an' all." That was Vidley. "The door she blewed against us an' jammed herself." That was Abraham.

"Yes, we can see that. It's quite jammed this side," said Stalky. "How careless you farmers are!"

"Open un. Open un. Bash her open with a rock, young gen'elmen. The cows are milk-heat-ed an' raagin'. Haven't yeou boys no sense?"

Seeing that Mr. Turk from time to time tweaked the wretched cattle into renewed bel-lowings and ca-perings, it was quite possible that the boys had some



"Abraham ran to the nearest pigpen."

to Coll." But Corkran took no notice of Beetle.

He retraced his steps to the head of the lane, and, lifting up his voice, cried as in bewilderment,

"Hullo! Who's there? What's that row about? Who are you?"

"Oh, Peter!" said Beetle, and forgot his pain in this new and jestful development.

"Hoi! Hoi! 'Ere! Let us out!" The answers came muffled and hollow from the black bulk of the barn, with renewed thunders on the door.

knowledge of a sort. But Mr. Vidley was rude. They told him so through the door, professing only now to recognize his voice.

"Humor un if 'ee can. I paid seven-an'-six for the dom padlock," said Toowey.

"Niver mind *him*. 'Tes only old Vidley."

"Be yeou gwaine to stay a prisoner an' captive for the sake of a lock, Toowey? I'm 'shamed of 'ee. Rout un oppen, young gen'elmen! 'Twas a God's own mercy yeou heard us. Toowey, yeou'm a borned miser."

"It'll be a long job," said Corkran. "Look here. It's near our call-over. If

we stay to help you we'll miss it. We've come miles out of our way already—after you."

"Tell yeour master, then, what kept 'ee—an arrand o' mercy, laike. I'll tell un tu when I bring the milk to-morrow," said Toowey.

"That's no good," said Corkran; "we may be caned twice over by then. You'll have to give us a letter."

McTurk, backed against the barn-wall, was firing steadily and accurately into the cattle.

"Yiss, yiss; come down to my house. My missus shall write 'ee a beauty, young gen'elmen. She makes the bills. I'll give 'ee such a letter o' recommendation as I'd give to my own son, if only yeou can humor the dom lock!"

"Niver mind the lock," Vidley wailed. "Let me get to my pore dommed cows, 'fore they'm dead."

They went to work with ostentatious rattlings and wrenchings, and a good deal of the by-play that Corkran always loved. At last—the noise of unlocking was covered by some fancy hammering with a young boulder—the door swung open and the captives marched out.

"Hurry up, Mister Toowey," said Corkran, "we ought to be getting back. Will you give us that note, please?"

"Some of yeou Collegers was drivin' my cattle off the Burrowses," said Vidley. "I give 'ee fair warnin', I'll tell yeour masters. I know *yeou*!" He glared at Corkran.

McTurk looked him over from head to heel with a slow stare. "Oh, it's only old Vidley. Drunk again, I suppose. Well, we can't help that. Come on, *Mister Toowey*. We'll go to your house."

"Drunk, am I? I'll drink 'ee! How do I know yeou bain't same lot? Abram, did 'ee take their names an' numbers?"

"What is he ravin' about?" said Beetle. "My good fool, can't you see that if we'd taken your beastly cattle we shouldn't be hanging round your beastly barns? 'Pon my Sam, you guv'nors haven't any sense—"

"Let alone gratitude," said Corkran. "I suppose he *was* drunk, Mister Toowey; an' you locked him in the barn to get sober. Shockin'! Oh, shockin'!"

Vidley denied the charge in language that the boys' mothers would have wept to hear.

"Well, go and look after your cows, then," said McTurk. "Don't stand here cursin' us because we've been kind enough to help you out of a scrape. Why on earth weren't your

cows milked before? *You're* no farmer. It's long past milkin'. No wonder they're half crazy. Disreputable old bog-trotter, you are. Brush your hair, sir. I beg your pardon, Mister Toowey. Hope we're not keeping you."

They left Vidley dancing on the muck-heap, amid the cows, and devoted themselves to propitiating Mr. Toowey on their way to his house. Exercise had made them hungry, and hunger is the mother of good manners: they won golden opinions from Mrs. Toowey.

"Three-quarters of an hour late for call-over, and fifteen minutes late for lock-up," said Foxy, the school-sergeant, crisply. He was waiting for them at the head of the corridor. "Report to your house-master, please—an' a nice mess you're in, young gentlemen."

"Quite right, Foxibus. Strict attention to dooty does it," said Corkran. "Now where, if we asked you, would you say that his honor, Mister Prout, might at this moment of time be found prouting?"

"In 'is study—as usual, Mister Cockran. He took call-over."

"Did he? Hurrah! Luck's with us. Don't blub, Foxy. I'm afraid you won't catch us this time."

"We went up to change, sir, before comin' to you. That made us a little late, sir. We weren't really very late. We were detained—by a——"

"An errand of mercy," said Beetle, and they laid Mrs. Toowey's laboriously written note before him. "We thought you'd prefer a letter, sir. He got himself locked into a barn, and we heard him shouting—Toowey who brings the Coll. milk, sir—and we went to let him out."

"There were ever so many cows waiting to be milked," said McTurk; "and, of course, he couldn't get at them, sir. They said the door had jammed. There's the note, sir."

Mr. Prout read it over thrice. It was perfectly unimpeachable, only it said nothing about a large tea supplied by Mrs. Toowey.

"Well, I don't like you're getting mixed up with farmers and potwallopers. Of course you will not have any more to do with the Tooweyes."

"Of course not, sir. It was really on account of the cows, sir," said McTurk, glowing with philanthropy.

"And you came straight back?"

"We ran nearly all the way from the Cat-

tle-gate," said Corkran, carefully developing the unessential. "That's a mile, sir. Of course, we had to get the note from Toowey first."

"But it was because we went to change—we were rather wet, sir—that we were really late. After we'd reported ourselves to the sergeant, sir, and he knew we were in Coll., we didn't like to come to your study all dirty." Sweeter than honey in the comb was the voice of Beetle.

"Very good. Don't let it happen again." Their house-master learned to know them better in later years.

They entered—not to say swaggered into—a form-room, where De Vitré, Orrin, Parsons, and Howlett, before the fire, were still telling their adventures to admiring associates. They rose as one boy.

"What happened to *you*? We just saved call-over. Did you stay on? Tell us."

The three smiled pensively. They were not distinguished for telling more than was necessary.

"Oh, we stayed on a bit and then we came away," said McTurk. "That's all."

"You scab! You might tell a chap, anyhow."

"Think so? Well, that's awfully good of you, De Vitré. 'Pon my sainted Sam, that's awfully good of you," said Corkran,



"Tom and Abraham together told a tale."

shouldering into the center of the warmth and toasting one slippered foot before the blaze. "So you really think we might tell you?"

They stared at the coals and shook with deep, delicious chuckles.

"My Hat! We *were* stalky," said McTurk. "I swear we were about as stalky as they make 'em. Weren't we?"

"It was a frabjous stalk," said Beetle. "Much too good to tell you brutes, though."

The form wriggled under the insult, but made no motion to avenge it. After all, on

De Vitré's own showing, the three had saved the raiders from a public licking.

"It wasn't half bad," said Corkran. "Stalky is the word."

"You were the really stalky one," said McTurk, one contemptuous shoulder turned to a listening world. "By gum! you *were* stalky."

Corkran accepted the compliment and the name together. "Yes," said he; "keep your eye on your Uncle Stalky an' he'll pull you through."

"Well, you needn't gloat so," said De Vitré, viciously; "you look like a stuffed cat."

Corkran, henceforward to be known as Stalky, took not the faintest notice, but smiled dreamily.

"My Hat! Yes. Of course," he murmured. "Your Uncle Stalky—a doocid good name. Your Uncle Stalky is no end of a stalker. He's a great man. I swear he is. De Vitré, you're an ass—a putrid ass."

De Vitré would have denied this but for assenting murmurs from Parsons and Orrin.

"You needn't rub it in, then."

"But I do, I does. You are such a wop-pin' ass. D'you know it? Think over it a bit at prep. Think it up in bed. Just oblige me by thinkin' of it every half hour till further notice. Gummy! *What* an ass you are! But your Uncle Stalky"—he picked up the form-room poker and drove it thoughtfully against the mantelpiece—"is a great man!"

"Hear, hear!" said Beetle and McTurk, who had fought under that general.

"Isn't your Uncle Stalky a great man, De Vitré? Speak the truth, you fat-headed old impostor."

"Yes," said De Vitré, deserted by his band. "I—I suppose he is."

"Mustn't suppose. Don't guess."

"Well, he is."

"A great man?"

"A great man. *Now* won't you tell us," said De Vitré pleadingly.

"Not by a heap," said Stalky Corkran.

Therefore the tale has stayed untold till to-day.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the first of a series of stories that Mr. Kipling has written about "Stalky," Beetle, McTurk, and their associates. The second, entitled "An Unsavory Interlude," will appear in the January number.

THE WAR ON THE SEA AND ITS LESSONS.

BY CAPTAIN ALFRED T. MAHAN.

Author of "The Influence of Sea Power upon History," "Life of Nelson," etc.

I.

HOW THE MOTIVE OF THE WAR GAVE DIRECTION TO ITS EARLIER MOVEMENTS.

IT is a common and a true remark that final judgment cannot be passed upon events still recent. Not only is time required for the mere process of collecting data, of assorting and testing the numerous statements, always imperfect and often conflicting, which form the material for history, but a certain and not very short interval must be permitted to elapse during which men's brains and feelings may return to normal conditions and permit the various incidents which have exalted or depressed them to be seen in their totality, as well as in their true relative importance. There are thus at least two distinct operations essential to that accuracy of judgment to which alone finality can

be attributed: first, the diligent and close study of detail, by which knowledge is completed; and, second, a certain detachment of the mind from the prejudgments and passions engendered by immediate contact, a certain remoteness, corresponding to the idea of physical distance, in virtue of which confusion and distortion of impression disappear and one is enabled, not only to distinguish the decisive outlines of a period, but also to relegate to their true place in the scheme subordinate details which, at the moment of occurrence, had made an exaggerated impression from their very nearness.

It is yet too soon to look for such fullness and justness of treatment in respect to the

late hostilities with Spain, between whom and ourselves, at this moment of writing, formal war still exists, although military operations have been suspended. Mere literal truth of narrative cannot yet be attained, even in the always limited degree to which historical truth is gradually elicited from a mass of partial and often irreconcilable testimony; and literal truth, when presented, needs to be accompanied by a discriminating analysis and estimate of the influence exerted upon the general result by individual occurrences, positive or negative. I say positive or negative; for we are too apt to overlook the vast importance of negative factors, of inaction as compared to action, of things not done in comparison with those that were done, of mistakes of omission as contrasted with those of commission. Too frequently men, spectators or actors, in careers essentially of action, imagine that a safe course is being held because things continue seemingly as they were; whereas, at least in war, failure to dare greatly is often to run the greatest of risks. "Admiral Hotham," wrote Nelson in 1795, "is perfectly satisfied that each month passes without any losses on our side." The result of this purely negative conduct, of this military sin of mere omission, was that Bonaparte's great Italian campaign of 1796 became possible, that the British fleet was forced to quit the Mediterranean, and the map of Europe was changed. It is, of course, a commonplace that things never really remain as they were; that they are always getting better or worse, at least relatively.

But while it is true that men must perforce be content to wait a while for the full and sure accounts, and for the summing up which shall pass a final judgment upon the importance of events and upon the reputations of the actors in them, it is also true that in the drive of life, and for the practical guidance of life, which, like time and tide, waits for no man, a rapid, and therefore rough, but still a working decision must be formed from the new experiences, and inferences must be drawn for our governance in the present and in the near future, whose exigencies attend us. Absolutely correct conclusions, if ever attained in practical life, are reached by a series of approximations; and it will not do to postpone action until exhaustive certainty has been gained. We have tried it at least once in the navy, watching for a finality of results in the experimental progress of European services. What the condition of our own fleet was at the end of those years might be fresh in all our mem-

ories, if we had time to remember. Delayed action may be eminently proper at one moment; at another it may mean the loss of opportunity. Nor is the process of rapid decision—essential in the field—wholly unsafe in council, if inference and conclusion are checked by reference to well-settled principles and fortified by knowledge of the experience of ages upon whose broad bases those principles rest. Pottering over mechanical details doubtless has its place, but it tends to foster a hesitancy of action, which wastes time more valuable than the resultant gain.

The preceding remarks indicate sufficiently the scope of these papers. It is not proposed to give a complete story of the operations, for which the material is not yet available. Neither will it be attempted to pronounce decisions absolutely final, for the time is not yet ripe. The effort will be rather to suggest general directions to thought, which may be useful to the reader as he hereafter follows the many narratives, official or personal, that will surely be given to the public; to draw attention to facts and to analogies; to point out experiences, the lessons from which may be profitable in determining the character of the action that must speedily be taken to place the sea power of the republic upon a proper material basis; and, finally, to bring the course of this war into relation with the teachings of previous history—the experiences of the recent past to reinforce or to modify those of the remoter past; for under superficial diversity, due to differences of conditions, there often rests fundamental identity, the recognition of which equips the mind, quickens it and strengthens it, for grappling with the problems of the present and the future. The value of history to us is as a record of human experience; but experiences must be understood.

The character and the direction of the first movements of the United States in this conflict with Spain were determined by the occasion, and by the professed object, of the hostilities. As frequently happens, the latter began before any formal declaration of war had been made; and, as the avowed purpose and cause of our action were not primarily redress for grievances of the United States against Spain, but to enforce the departure of the latter from Cuba, it followed logically that the island became the objective of our military movements, as its deliverance from oppression was the object of the war. Had a more general appreciation of the situation

been adopted, a view embracing the undeniable injury to the United States from the then existing conditions and the generally iniquitous character of Spanish rule in the colonies, and had war for these reasons been declared, the objective of our operations might have been differently chosen for strategic reasons; for our leading object in such case would not have been to help Cuba, but to constrain Spain, and to compel her to such terms as we might demand. It would have been open, for instance, to urge that Porto Rico, being between five and six hundred miles from the eastern end of Cuba and nearly double that distance from the two ports of the island most important to Spain

Havana on the north and Cienfuegos on the south — would be invaluable to the mother country as an intermediate naval station and as a basis of supplies and reinforcements for both her fleet and army; that, if left in her undisturbed possession, it would enable her, practically, to enjoy the same advantage of nearness to the great scene of operations that the United States had in virtue of our geographical situation; and that, therefore, the first objective of the war should be the eastern island, and its reduction the first object. The effect of this would have been to throw Spain back upon her home territory for the support of any operations in Cuba, thus entailing upon her an extremely long line of communications, exposed everywhere throughout its course, but especially to the molestation of small cruisers issuing from the harbors of Porto Rico, which flank the routes and which, upon the supposition, would have passed into our hands. This view of the matter was urged upon the writer, a few days before hostilities began, by a very old and intelligent naval officer who had served in our own navy and in that of the Confederate States. To a European nation the argument must have been quite decisive: for to it, as distant, or more distant, than Spain from Cuba, such an intermediate station would have been an almost insurmountable obstacle while in an enemy's hands, and an equally valuable base if wrested from him. To the United States these considerations were applicable only in part; for, while the inconvenience to Spain would be the same, the gain to us would be but little, as our lines of communication to Cuba neither required the support of Porto Rico, nor were by it particularly endangered.

This estimate of the military importance of Porto Rico should never be lost sight of by us as long as we have any responsibility,

direct or indirect, for the safety or independence of Cuba. Porto Rico, considered militarily, is to Cuba, to the future Isthmian canal, and to our Pacific coast, what Malta is, or may be, to Egypt and the beyond; and there is for us the like necessity to hold and strengthen the one, in its entirety and in its immediate surroundings, that there is for Great Britain to hold the other for the security of her position in Egypt, for her use of the Suez Canal, and for the control of the route to India. It would be extremely difficult for a European state to sustain operations in the eastern Mediterranean with a British fleet at Malta. Similarly, it would be very difficult for a trans-Atlantic State to maintain operations in the western Caribbean with a United States fleet based upon Porto Rico and the adjacent islands. The same reasons prompted Bonaparte to seize Malta in his expedition against Egypt and India in 1798. In his masterly eyes, as in those of Nelson, it was essential to the communications between France, Egypt, and India. His scheme failed, not because Malta was less than invaluable, but for want of adequate naval strength, without which no maritime position possesses value.

There were, therefore, in America two possible objectives for the United States, in case of a war against Spain, waged upon grounds at all general in their nature; but to proceed against either was purely a question of relative naval strength. Unless, and until, the United States fleet available for service in the Caribbean Sea was strong enough to control, permanently, the waters which separated the Spanish islands from our territory nearest to them, the admitted vast superiority of this country in potential resources for land warfare was completely neutralized. If the Spanish navy preponderated over ours, it would be evidently impossible for transports carrying troops and supplies to traverse the seas safely; and, unless they could so do, operations of war in the enemy's colonies could neither be begun nor continued. If, again, the two fleets were so equally balanced as to make the question of ultimate preponderance doubtful, it was clearly foolish to land in the islands men whom we might be compelled, by an unlucky sea-fight, to abandon there.

This last condition was that which obtained, as war became imminent. The force of the Spanish navy on paper, as the expression goes, was so nearly equal to our own, that it was well within the limits of possibility that an unlucky incident, the loss,

for example, of a battle-ship, might make the Spaniard decisively superior in nominal—or even in actual—available force. An excellent authority told the writer that he considered that the loss of the “*Maine*” had changed the balance; that is, that whereas with the “*Maine*” our fleet had been slightly superior, so, after her destruction, the advantage—still nominal—was rather the other way. We had, of course, a well-founded confidence in the superior efficiency of our officers and men, and in the probable better condition of our ships and guns; but, where so much is at stake as the result of a war, or even as the unnecessary prolongation of war, with its sufferings and anxieties, the only safe rule is to regard the apparent as the actual, until its reality has been tested. However good their information, nations, like fencers, must try their adversary’s force before they take liberties. Reconnoissance must precede decisive action. There was, on the part of the Navy Department, no indisposition to take risks, provided success, if obtained, would give an adequate gain. It was clearly recognized that war cannot be made without running risks; but it was also held, unwaveringly, that no merely possible success justified risk, unless it gave a fair promise of diminishing the enemy’s naval force, and so of deciding the control of the sea, upon which the issue of the war depended. This single idea, and concentration of purpose upon it, underlay and dictated every step of the Navy Department from first to last—so far, at least, as the writer knows; and it must be borne in mind by any reader who wishes to pass intelligent judgment upon the action or non-action of the Department in particular instances.

It was this consideration that brought the “*Oregon*” from the Pacific to the Atlantic; a movement initiated before hostilities opened, though not concluded until after they began. The wisdom of the step was justified not merely, nor chiefly, by the fine part played by that ship on the 3d of July, but by the touch of certainty her presence imparted to the grip of our fleet upon Cervera’s squadron during the preceding month, and the consequent power to move the army without fear by sea to Santiago. Few realize the doubts, uncertainties, and difficulties of the sustained watchfulness which attends such operations as the “*bottling*” of the Spanish fleet by Admiral Sampson; for “*bottling*” a hostile fleet does not resemble the chance and careless shoving of a cork into a half-used bottle. It is rather like the wiring down of cham-

pagne by bonds that cannot be broken and through which nothing can ooze. This it is which constitutes the claim of the American Commander-in-Chief upon the gratitude of his countrymen; for to his skill and tenacity in conducting that operation is primarily due the early ending of the war, the opportunity to remove our stricken soldiery from a sickly climate, the ending of suspense, and the saving of many lives. “The moment Admiral Cervera’s fleet was destroyed,” truly said the London “*Times*” (August 16th), “the war was practically at an end, unless Spain had elected to fight on to save the point of honor;” for she could have saved nothing else by continued war. To such successful operation, however, there is needed not only ships individually powerful, but numbers of such ships; and that the numbers of Sampson’s fleet were maintained—not drawn off to other, though important, operations—even under such sore temptation as the dash of Cámara’s fleet from Cadiz to the Philippines, was due to the Department’s ability to hold fast the primary conception of concentration upon a single purpose, even though running thereby such a risk as was feared from Cámara’s armored ships reaching Dewey’s unarmored cruisers before they were reinforced. The chances of the race to Manila, between Cámara, when he started from Cadiz, and the two monitors from San Francisco, were deliberately taken, in order to insure the retention of Cervera’s squadron in Santiago; or its destruction, in case of attempted escape. Not till that was sufficiently provided for would Watson’s division be allowed to depart. Such exclusive tenacity of purpose, under suspense, is more difficult of maintenance than can be readily recognized by those who have not undergone it. To avoid misconception, it should be added here that our division at the Philippines was not itself endangered, although it was quite possible that Manila Bay might have to be temporarily abandoned, if Cámara kept on. The movements of the monitors were well in hand, and their junction assured, even under the control of a commander of less conspicuous ability than that already shown by Admiral Dewey. The return of the united force would speedily have insured Cámara’s destruction and the restoration of previous conditions. It is evident, however, that a certain amount of national mortification, and possibly of political complication, might have occurred in the interim.

The necessity and the difficulty of thus watching the squadrons of an enemy within

his ports—of “blockading” them, to use a common expression, of “containing” them, to conform to a strictly accurate military terminology—are more familiar to the British naval mind than to ours; for, both by long historical experience and by present-day needs, the vital importance of so narrowly observing the enemy’s movements has been forced upon its consciousness. A committee of very distinguished British admirals a few years since reported that, having in view the difficulty of the operation in itself, and the chances of the force detailed falling below its minimum by accidents, or by absence for coal or refits, British naval supremacy, vital to the empire, demanded the number of five British battle-ships to three of the fleet thus to be controlled. Admiral Sampson’s armored ships numbered seven to Cervera’s four, a proportion not dissimilar; but those seven were all the armored ships, save monitors, worthless for such purpose, that the United States owned, or will own for some months yet to come. It should be instructive and convincing to the American people to note that, when two powerful armored ships of the enemy were thus on their way to attack at one end of the world an admiral and a division that had deserved so well of their country, our whole battle fleet, properly so called, was employed to maintain off Santiago the proportions which foreign officers, writing long before the conditions arose, had fixed as necessary. Yet the state with which we were at war ranks very low among naval powers.

The circumstance possesses a further most practical present interest, from its bearing upon the question between numbers and individual size in the organization of the naval line of battle; for the ever importunate demand for increase in dimensions, in the single ship, is already upon the United States navy, and to it no logical, no simply rational, limit has yet been set. This question may be stated as follows: A country can, or will, pay only so much for its war fleet. That amount of money means so much aggregate tonnage. How shall that tonnage be allotted? And, especially, how shall the total tonnage invested in armored ships be divided? Will you have a few very big ships, or more numerous medium ships? Where will you strike your mean between numbers and individual size? You cannot have both, unless your purse is unlimited. The Santiago incident, alike in the battle, in the preceding blockade, and in the concurrent necessity of sending battle-ships to Dewey, illustrates

various phases of the argument in favor of numbers, as against extremes of individual size. Heavier ships were not needed; fewer ships might have allowed some enemy to escape; the “Massachusetts” and the “New York,” both being necessarily, though temporarily, absent, would, had the ships been bigger and fewer, have taken much more, proportionately, from the entire squadron. Above all, had that aggregate, 65,934 of tonnage, in seven ships, been divided among five only, of 13,000 each, I know not how the two ships that were designated to go with Watson to the Philippines could possibly have sailed.

The question is momentous, and claims intelligent and immediate decision; for tonnage, once locked up in a built ship, cannot be got out and redistributed to meet the call of the moment. Neither may men evade a definite conclusion by saying that they will have both unlimited power—i.e., size—and unlimited number; for this they cannot have. A decision must be reached, and upon it purpose must be concentrated unwaveringly; the disadvantages as well as the advantages of the choice must be accepted with singleness of mind. Individual size is needed, for specific reasons; numbers also are necessary. Between the two opposing demands there is doubtless a mean of individual size which will insure the maximum offensive power of the fleet; for that, and not the maximum power of the single ship, is the true object of battle-ship construction. Battle-ships in all ages are meant to act together, in fleets; not singly, as mere cruisers.

A full discussion of all the considerations, on one side or the other, of this question would demand more space than the scope of these papers permits. As with most conclusions of a concrete character dealing with contradictory elements, the result reached will inevitably be rather an approximation than an absolute demonstrable certainty; a broad general statement, not a narrow formula. All rules of war, which is not an exact science, but an art, have this characteristic. They do not tell one exactly how to do right, but they give warning when a step is being contemplated which the experience of ages asserts to be wrong. To an instructed mind they cry silently, “Despite all plausible arguments, this one element involved in that which you are thinking to do shows that in it you will go wrong.” In the judgment of the writer, two conditions must be primarily considered in determining a class of battle-ship to which, for the sake of homogeneous-

ness, most of the fleet should conform. Of these two, one must be given in general terms; the other can be stated with more precision. The chief requisite to be kept in view in the battle-ship is the *offensive power of the fleet* of which it is a member. The aggregate gun-power of the fleet remaining the same, the increase of its numbers, by limiting the size of the individual ships, tends, up to a certain point, to increase its offensive power; for war depends largely upon combination, and facility of combination increases with numbers. Numbers, therefore, mean increase of offensive power, other things remaining equal. I do not quote in defense of this position Nelson's saying that "numbers only can annihilate," because in his day experience had determined a certain mean size of working battle-ship, and he probably meant merely that preponderant numbers of that type were necessary; but weight may justly be laid upon the fact that our forerunners had, under the test of experience, accepted a certain working mean, and had rejected those above and below that mean, save for exceptional uses.

The second requisite to be fulfilled in the battle-ship is known technically as *coal endurance*—ability to steam a certain distance without recoaling, allowing in the calculation a reasonable margin of safety, as in all designs. This standard distance should be the greatest that separates two coaling places, as they exist in the scheme of fortified coaling ports which every naval nation should frame for itself. In our own case, under evident future conditions, such distance would be that from Honolulu to Guam, in the Ladrones—3,500 miles. The excellent results obtained from our vessels already in commission, embodying as they do the tentative experiences of other countries, as well as the reflective powers of our own designers, make it antecedently probable that 10,000 and 12,000 tons represent the extremes of normal displacement advantageous for the United States battle-ship. When this limit is exceeded, observation of foreign navies goes to show that the numbers of the fleet will be diminished and its aggregate gun-power not increased—that is, ships of 15,000 tons actually have little more gun-power than those of 10,000. Both results are deviations from the ideal of the battle fleet already given. In the United States navy the tendency to huge ships needs to be particularly watched, for we have a tradition in their favor, inherited from the successes of our heavy frigates in the early years of this

century. It must be recalled, therefore, that those ships were meant to act singly, but that long experience has shown that for fleet operations a mean of size gives greater aggregate efficiency, both in force and in precision of manœuver. In the battle-ship great speed is distinctly secondary to offensive power and to coal endurance.

To return from a long digression. Either Cuba or Porto Rico might, in an ordinary case of war, have been selected as the first objective of the United States' operations, with very good reasons for either choice. What the British island Santa Lucia is to Jamaica, what Martinique would be to France, engaged in important hostilities in the Caribbean, that, in measure, Porto Rico is to Cuba, and was to Spain. To this was due the general and justifiable professional expectation that Cervera's squadron would first make for that point, although the anchorage at San Juan, the principal port, leaves very much to be desired in the point of military security for a fleet—a fact that will call for close and intelligent attention on the part of the professional advisers of the Navy Department. But, while either of the Spanish islands was thus eligible, it would have been quite out of the question to attempt both at the same time, our navy being only equal to the nominal force of Spain; nor, it should be added, could a decided superiority over the latter have justified operations against both, unless our numbers had sufficed to overbear the whole of the hostile war fleet at both points. To have the greater force, and then to divide it, so that the enemy can attack either or both fractions with decisively superior numbers, is the acme of military stupidity; nor is it the less stupid because in practice it has been frequently done. In it has often consisted the vaunted operation of "surrounding an enemy," "bringing him between two fires," and so forth; pompous and troublesome combinations, by which a divided force, that could perfectly well move as a whole, starts from two or three widely separated points to converge upon a concentrated enemy, permitting him meanwhile the opportunity, if alert enough, to strike the divisions in detail.

Having this obvious consideration in mind, it is curious now to recall that in the "North American Review," so lately as February, 1897, appeared an article entitled "Can the United States Afford to Fight Spain?" by "a Foreign Naval Officer"—evidently, from internal indications, a Spaniard—in which occurred this brilliant statement: "For the

purposes of an attack upon Spain in the West Indies, the American fleet would necessarily divide itself into two squadrons, one ostensibly destined for Porto Rico, the other for Cuba. . . . Spain, before attempting to inflict serious damage upon places on the American coast, would certainly try to cut off the connection between the two American squadrons operating in the West Indies, and to attack each separately." The remark illustrates the fool's paradise in which many Spaniards, even naval officers, were living before the war, as is evidenced by articles in their own professional periodicals. To attribute such folly to us was not complimentary; and I own my remarks, upon first reading it, were not complimentary to the writer's professional competency.

All reasons therefore combined to direct the first movement of the United States upon Cuba, and upon Cuba alone, leaving Spain in undisputed possession of such advantages as Porto Rico might give. But Cuba and Porto Rico, points for attack, were not, unluckily, the only two considerations forced upon the attention of the United States. We have a very long coast-line, and it was notorious that the defenses were not so far advanced, judged by modern standards, as to inspire perfect confidence, either in professional men or in the inhabitants. By some of the latter, indeed, were displayed evidences of panic unworthy of men, unmeasured, irreflective, and therefore irrational; due largely, it is to be feared, to that false gospel of peace which preaches it for the physical comfort and ease of mind attendant, and in its argument against war strives to smother righteous indignation or noble ideals by appealing to the fear of loss—casting the pearls of peace before the swine of self-interest. But a popular outcry, whether well or ill founded, cannot be wholly disregarded by a representative government; and outside of the dangers to the coast, which, in the case of the larger cities at least, were probably exaggerated, there was certainly an opportunity for an enterprising enemy to embarrass seriously the great coasting trade carried on under our own flag. There was much idle talk, in Spain and elsewhere, about the injury that could be done to United States commerce by scattered cruisers, commerce-destroyers. It was overlooked that our commerce under our own flag is inconsiderable—there were very few American ships abroad to be captured. But the coasting trade, being wholly under our own flag, was, and remains, an extremely vulnerable interest, one the protection of

which will make heavy demands upon us in any maritime war. Nor can it be urged that that interest alone will suffer by its own interruption. The bulky cargoes carried by it cannot be transferred to the coastwise railroads, without overtaxing the capacities of the latter; all of which means, ultimately, increase of cost and consequent suffering to the consumer, together with serious injury to all related industries dependent upon this traffic.

Under these combined influences the United States government found itself confronted from the beginning with two objects of military solicitude, widely divergent one from the other, both in geographical position and in method of action—namely, the attack upon Cuba, and the protection of its own shores. As the coast defenses did not inspire confidence, the navy had to supplement their weakness, although it is essentially an offensive, and not a defensive, organization. Upon this the enemy counted much at the first. "To defend the Atlantic coasts in case of war," wrote a Spanish lieutenant who had been naval attaché in Washington. "the United States will need one squadron to protect the port of New York and another for the Gulf of Mexico. But if the squadron which it now possesses is devoted to the defense of New York (including Long Island Sound), the coasts of the Gulf of Mexico must be entirely abandoned and left at the mercy of blockade and bombardment." Our total force for the order of battle, prior to the arrival of the "Oregon," was nominally only equal to that of the enemy, and, when divided between the two objects named, the halves were not decisively superior to the single squadron under Cervera—which also might be reinforced by some of the armored ships then in Spain. The situation, therefore, was one that is not infrequent, but always embarrassing: a double purpose and a single force, which, although divisible, ought not to be divided.

It is proper here to say, for the remark is both pertinent and most important, that coast defenses and naval force are not interchangeable things; neither are they opponents, one of the other, but complementary. The one is stationary, the other mobile; and, however perfect in itself either may be, the other is necessary to its completeness. In different nations, the relative consequence of the two may vary. In Great Britain, whose people are fed from the outside world, the need for a fleet vastly exceeds that for coast defenses. With us, able to live off ourselves, there is more

approach to parity. Men may even differ as to which is the more important; but such difference, in this question, which is purely military, is not according to knowledge. In equal amounts, mobile offensive power is always, and under all conditions, more effective to the ends of war than stationary defensive power. Why, then, provide the latter? Because mobile force, whatever shape it take, ships or men, is limited narrowly as to the weight it can bear; whereas stationary force, generally, being tied to the earth, is restricted in the same direction only by the ability of the designer to cope with the conditions. Given a firm foundation, which practically can always be had, and there is no limit to the amount of armor—mere defensive outfit—be it wood, stone, bricks, or iron, that you can erect upon it; neither is there any limit to the weight of guns, the offensive element, that earth can bear; only they will be motionless guns. The power of a steam navy to move is practically unfettered; its ability to carry weight, whether guns or armor, is comparatively very small. Fortifications, on the contrary, have almost unbounded power to bear weight, whereas their power to move is *nil*; which again amounts to saying that, being chained, they can put forth offensive power only at arm's length, as it were. Thus stated, it is seen that these two elements of sea warfare are in the strictest sense complementary, one possessing what the other has not; and that the difference is fundamental, essential, unchangeable—not accidental or temporary. Given local conditions which are generally to be found, greater power, defensive and offensive, can be established in permanent works than can be brought to the spot by fleets. When, therefore, circumstances permit ships to be squarely pitted against fortifications—not merely to pass swiftly by them—it is only because the builders of the shore works have not, for some reason, possibly quite adequate, given them the power to repel attack which they might have had. It will not be asserted that there are no exceptions to this, as to most general rules; but as a broad statement it is almost universally true. "I took the liberty to observe," wrote Nelson at the siege of Calvi, when the commanding general suggested that some vessels might batter the forts, "that the business of laying wood against walls was much altered of late." Precisely what was in his mind when he said "of late," does not appear; but the phrase itself shows that the conditions which induced any momentary equality between ships and

forts, when brought within range, were essentially transient.

As seaports, and all entrances from the sea, are stationary, it follows naturally that the arrangements for their defense also should, as a rule, be permanent and stationary, for as such they are strongest. Indeed, unless stationary, they are apt not to be permanent, as was conclusively shown in the late hostilities, where all the new monitors, six in number, intended for coast defense, were diverted from that object and despatched to distant points; two going to Manila, and stripping the Pacific coast of protection, so far as based upon them. This is one of the essential vices of a system of coast defense dependent upon ships, even when constructed for that purpose; they are always liable to be withdrawn by an emergency, real or fancied. Upon the danger of such diversion to the local security Nelson insisted, when charged with the guard of the Thames in 1801. The block ships (stationary batteries), he directed, were on no account to be moved for any momentary advantage; for it might very well be impossible for them to regain their carefully chosen positions, when wanted there. Our naval scheme in past years has been seriously damaged, and now suffers, from two misleading conceptions: one that a navy is for defense primarily, and not for offensive war; the other, consequent mainly upon the first, that the monitor, being stronger defensively than offensively, and of inferior mobility, was the best type of war ship. The Civil War, being, so far as the sea was concerned, essentially a coast war, naturally fostered this opinion. The monitor, in smooth water, is better able to stand up to shore guns than ships are, which present a larger target; but, for all that, it is more vulnerable, both above water and below, than shore guns are, if these are properly distributed. It is a hybrid, neither able to bear the weight that fortifications do, nor having the mobility of ships; and it is, moreover, a poor gun-platform, in a sea-way.

There is no saying of Napoleon's known to the writer more pregnant of the whole art and practice of war than this, "Exclusiveness of purpose is the secret of great successes and of great operations." If, therefore, in maritime war, you wish permanent defenses for your coasts, rely exclusively upon stationary works, if the conditions admit, not upon floating batteries which have the weaknesses of ships. If you wish offensive war carried on vigorously upon the seas, rely exclusively upon ships that have the qualities

of ships and not of floating batteries. We had in the recent hostilities 26,000 tons of shipping sealed up in monitors, of comparatively recent construction, in the Atlantic and the Pacific. There was not an hour, from first to last, I will venture to say, that we would not gladly have exchanged the whole six for two battle-ships of less aggre-

gate displacement; and that although, from the weakness of the Spanish defenses, we were able to hug pretty closely most parts of the Cuban coast. Had the Spanish guns at Santiago kept our fleet at a greater distance, we should have lamented still more bitterly the policy which gave us sluggish monitors for mobile battle-ships.

THE NIGHT AFTER SAN JUAN.

STORIES OF THE WOUNDED ON THE FIELD AND IN THE HOSPITAL.

BY STEPHEN BONSAI.



As we gazed upon it from afar, the charge of the two gallant infantry brigades up the slopes leading to the heights where the San Juan fort was perched resembled nothing so much as a great wave sweeping slowly in from the sea. Before our eyes, in some places, the great wave grew smaller and thinner, and now and again would subside and seemed about to dissolve altogether, as though robbed of all its force and impetus by the ragged reefs. It seemed even, for moments, as though the waves must fall back, our thin, broken line recede, for the impossible had been attempted, and the fire that came from the blockhouse was more than flesh and blood could stand against. Still the scattered bunches of men kept moving wearily up the hill, with their necks stretched out eagerly and dragging their lagging bodies. But the little clumps of blue which did not advance, which could not move, the heaps of dead and wounded, which in their blue clothing stood out so strikingly against the green background of the jungle grasses, were growing more numerous with every smokeless volley that came from the blockhouse.

Truly, at this crisis, it seemed as though the blue waves would not reach the hilltop, as though the men who had fallen upon the slopes had fallen in vain. Then the bugle note "to the charge" was heard again, over the valley and up the hill; three of the buglers of the Sixth Infantry alone, gave their last dying breath to this trumpet call, which shall never die away in the memory of their countrymen. It was heard again and again, above

the unceasing "rup rup" of the regular, almost mechanical musketry fire that came sweeping down from the Spanish position. And with this inspiration, in one place, right by the fort, the human wave rose and ran out into a point. You could count on the fingers of your hand the brave men who were leading it, and even as you counted they grew fewer, the arms of some going wildly up in the air as they fell. Then, with a weak and tired cheer, half a dozen men came out upon the open ground in front of the blockhouse, looking strangely tall against the sky line. I expected to see them mowed down, they were so pitifully few, but the Spaniards had fled. In no instance did our line come into closer contact with the retreating Spaniards than from 100 to 150 yards, and I am afraid the artists who have pictured the scene differently have succumbed to the temptation to draw the conventional scene of a hand-to-hand conflict, and I am sure they have failed to represent things as they were.

A PRIVATE OF THE SIXTH.

The leader of this thin and scattered line, this forlorn hope that persisted in advancing through the leaden hail, was Lieutenant Ord — of a family that has given many a brave soldier to our country, but none braver than he. There raced with him, running neck and neck the gauntlet of death, a color-bearer of the Sixteenth Infantry, carrying his great flag unfurled to the battle breeze; a private of the Sixth Infantry; and a little flute-player of the Sixth—a boy of sixteen, looking, however, barely fourteen, who, when the regiment came out of the jungle and the



THE UNITED STATES FLAG AND REGIMENTAL COLORS OF THE SIXTEENTH REGULAR INFANTRY—THE FIRST AMERICAN FLAGS RAISED ON SAN JUAN HILL.

colors of the regiment were uncapped and all made ready for the assault, had been ordered back to the hospital, but had concluded to remain with the "other fellows," as he told me. The young private of the Sixth was an Ohio boy who joined the regiment just before it left Fort Thomas for the war. He ran by Ord's side, the first on the rush line throughout the terrible climb, only to fall about twenty yards short of the crest of the hill. A deadly pallor spread over his face, and Ord, who had turned to one side in answer to a faint cry from his brave companion, saw that the wound was a mortal one. "My poor fellow," he said, for the moments they had lived together during the charge had bound them with bonds of steel. "My poor fellow, I can do nothing for you."

"I didn't call you back for anything like that, Lieutenant. I'm done for. But I thought you'd better take my steel nippers; there may be still another wire fence beyond the crest of the hill, and I won't be there to cut it for you."

In a few minutes he died where he had fallen, but not before he had heard the bugle notes that called upon our scattered men to assemble in the blockhouse and the trenches that they had wrested from the Spaniards,

and not before his eyes had seen the Stars and Stripes waving over the Spanish fort. And in one thing more his death was merciful: he never knew that the young officer whom he worshiped with pure, unselfish idolatry had fallen, like himself, in the hour of victory, and lay there stiff and cold, not fifty yards away.

"IT WAS A MAN."

A fat sergeant creeping cautiously along upon his hands and knees came in to my bomb-proof hollow, and asked me if I had any grub in my haversack or water in my canteen to spare. And when I gave him the canteen mechanically, he shook it, and hearing how little water there was left, gave it back to me and began to lecture. "You're a pretty soldier," he said, "giving away your canteen with just enough water in it to cook coffee with; it may be a long time before you get any more water, and you had better keep that."

But I didn't; I drank it. All the talk about water had made me thirsty. And, after all, I did not come out so badly; the sergeant's talk of cooking coffee was purely fantastic—there was very little coffee cooked until the white flag went up on the 3d, and

of those who attempted it, many paid for their temerity with their lives. I now followed the sergeant, on hands and knees, to the little hollow in the hill where he and his companions, a mixed crowd of men from one cavalry and three infantry regiments, were waiting for the arrival of the intrenching tools which never came. They talked about grub, torn coats, broken shoes and pickaxes, just as if they had not come out unscathed from the most deadly charge that American troops ever engaged in. And I listened all ears and attention, but they could not quite hold my attention, because of an uncanny thing that lay there upon the ground about six feet away. When the sergeant saw that my eyes were riveted upon it, his gaze shifted uneasily from it to me, and then the conversation began to flag. I look at it again, it seems to be a door-mat, all smeared with blood and gore; then the door-mat seems to be covered with the Spanish uniform, and at last I spring to my feet and say, "What is that, Sergeant? Why, it moves!"

"It's a man, or it was a man." The sergeant shifts from one foot to the other, and glances from one of his comrades to another; but the whole detachment look a little sheepish and out of countenance. Finally, one man spoke up: "No, it wasn't a man," he said; "it was a murdering, cowardly scoundrel. He was lying wounded on the edge of the trench where he had fallen in attempting to escape, when Lieutenant Ord of our company ran past him toward the blockhouse; and seeing that the fellow would be killed by the fire from his own men, he turned to two of us and said, 'Take that Spaniard, and carry him behind the blockhouse, out of the fire.' The scoundrel listened, then pulling out a pistol, he poked it in our lieutenant's face and blew out his brains, killing on the spot the brave boy that we had been following all the day, who, even in the moment of victory, had thought how he might save the scoundrel's life. The Spaniard then fell back smiling like a devil, but I reckon we knocked that expression out of his face. Yes, that's him, though his own mother would not know him; we clubbed him to death with the butts of our rifles."

THE LITTLE FLUTE-PLAYER AGAIN.

When I crept on, I found the little flute-player sitting by young Ord's body, at the place where we afterwards buried him, by the trenches which the Twenty-fourth Infantry subsequently occupied. The little chap, a

gray-eyed, freckled-face boy, sat at the feet of the officer for whose approving smile he had shown such courage that day. Then an officer of the Sixth came by, and in all kindness, for it was no place for children, scolded the boy and ordered him back to the hospital. And then the little fellow told how it had happened.

"I was going back," he said; "I wanted to go back to the hospital and look after Colonel Egbert when he fell wounded, and I was doing no good at the front, for my flute is ruined with the mud and the rain. But just as I started back I heard Mr. Ord say, 'Now all the boys who is brave will follow me; all the boys who's brave, follow me!' and then he rushed ahead, and kept that up for 'bout half an hour, resting a little while, and then rushing ahead. And every time he started up, he would shout back, 'Now, all the boys who's brave will follow me!' So all the boys followed him, and as I was lighter I got farther ahead than most."

"Weren't you afraid, sonny?" inquired the officer, grinning with delight.

"I was very fearful, sir, but I wasn't afraid."

While we were talking, a colonel of cavalry came riding up the hill as far as he could go, and then dismounting came on on foot. His face was stern and ashen, with the look of a man who has seen his son die at his side not an hour before. He listened to the little flute-player, and smiled with pleasure at the boy's brave answer. "Ah, yes," he said, "there are many brave boys left, and you will make a good soldier some day," and patting the little fellow on the shoulder, he went on.*

THE WOUNDED IN THE JUNGLE.

After the rain and during the hour of darkness before the moon rose, in all the fullness of its warm tropical beauty, over the battlefield, the wounded, who had been crouching behind the bushes near which they fell or in the little dressing-stations directly behind the firing line, where they had been cared for as far as the devotion of their comrades and the courage of the surgeons and the hospital stewards could supply the absolute want of proper medical and surgical supplies, were placed on blankets caked with mud and wet from the recent rain, and carried down the hillside under a dropping fire from the enemy, and back along the forest road which led

*The last I heard of the young flute-player, he was very ill with the fever at Montauk; if he died, I believe, with the cavalry colonel, that we have indeed lost a brave soldier.

from the foot of the heights to San Juan Creek. Here, under the shelter of a high bank, the central emergency hospital had been in operation throughout the long and bloody day. The place was perhaps badly chosen, but there was no time during the day of battle to change. Several of the surgeons were killed here, and not a few of the attend-

pital and which at times seemed to be directed upon it.

Of course, in view of the perilous situation which the two divisions now occupied upon the crest of the hill, and the great anxiety which was felt at headquarters for the safety of the whole army, and the preparations which had to be made against the expected night



A field hospital near El Caney, directly behind the firing line. From a photograph kindly loaned by the Chicago "Record."

ants, picked off by Spanish sharpshooters, to whom it seemed that the red cross which flew over the hospital station, and which was worn by those who were charged with the care of the wounded, was indeed a shining and attractive mark and one rather sought after than avoided. But, of course, appearances may have been deceptive, and the whole valley may have been swept with the fire which proved so destructive about the hos-

attack of the Spaniards to drive our men back and retake their lost position, the search for the dead and the wounded this evening had to be confined to a very limited area, and was only as thorough as the shortness of the time for which men could be spared from the colors permitted. The jungle and the great fields of long grass were not searched, and thus many of the wounded were not discovered until the following day, and quite a num-

ber, indeed, not until the armistice was declared, on the third day after the battle, when the men had time to ransack the hill-side and the valley for the missing. And there were some—those who had the strength when they fell to crawl through the cactus, the Spanish bayonet, and all manner of prickly and trailing plants into the deeper and more protected recesses of the jungle—who were never discovered at all until days, many days, had passed; and the gathering of the vultures told where some poor fellow had died without care and without food, of his wounds or from starvation. Of such an one, when his place of hiding was discovered, there was, as a rule, only left a whitened skeleton and pieces of the uniform he had worn. The last resting-place of not a few was never discovered at all.

I believe I am giving a moderate estimate when I say that at least one-third of the men wounded on July 1st received no attention and were not brought back to the division hospital until the afternoon of July 3d. This night we knew nothing, and had not the slightest suspicion, of how numerous the undiscovered wounded were. Those that had been discovered and brought back to the dressing-station by the creek were far more numerous than even those who had followed the battle most closely had anticipated. Shortly after sunset a long train of army wagons, which, in default of ambulances, were to carry the wounded back to the division hospital and to Siboney, came rattling up to the dressing-station, and here were loaded with the sadly moaning and pitifully mutilated bodies of those who had fallen in the gallant charge. To the song of the shrapnel and the crackling sound of the Mauser bullets, as they tore their way through the jungle, and amid the sharp, exploding reports overhead, which gave rise to the belief among our men that the Spaniards were using explosive bullets,* the wounded were taken out of the improvised litters upon which they had been brought down, loaded into the springless army wagons, and started down the trail, where for many a mile they were potted at by sharpshooters, and were, indeed, for a considerable distance well within the range of the fire of the Spanish riflemen in their trenches.

Only about half of the wounded men who

were discovered this evening had been brought back to the dressing-station, when the moon rose above the dark forest line and lit up the battlefield and the heights of San Juan as clearly, and, indeed, more clearly than day, for there was now not the dazzling force and the confusing mirage of the pitiless sunlight to blind the sight. The majority of these men had had their wounds dressed where they fell, or soon after falling, with the first-aid bandages. There were very few indeed to whom it had been possible to give any further attention than this, as the regimental surgeons, for want of transportation, had been unable to bring their medical chests, and those who were best provided carried with them only small pocket cases. Under these circumstances, then, the distribution to the soldiers of the first-aid bandages, which had taken place several days before, was a great blessing, and undoubtedly saved many lives.

When the first-aid bandages were applied, the wounded man and those who helped him were, as a rule, under fire, which made any but the most summary methods of wound-dressing quite impossible. Fortunately these bandages, so simple and practical, lent themselves excellently well to this procedure. The first thing the soldiers or the hospital attendants would do when they came upon a wounded man was, in the case of a wound in the body, to tear off his shirt, or in the case of a wound in the leg, tear off his trousers, and then wrap around the wound the first-aid bandage.

The wound-dressers were generally in such haste, and the wounded men usually so helpless to assist in any way, and their shirts and trousers so rotten from the drenching rains in which they had been worn without change day or night, that the taking off of the clothing was literally what I call it—tearing, and the garment came off so rent as to be quite useless for further wear. Consequently the soldiers were carried half-naked, or, if they had been wounded in both the body and the lower limbs, as was so frequently the case, entirely naked, to the army wagons and so down to the hospital, where there was not a scrap of clothing or bedding forthcoming to cover them with. Those who were stripped in this way during the daytime were baked and blistered by the fierce sunlight, only to shiver with the penetrating cold and dampness after the rain had ceased to fall and when the chill night came on.

Knowing that he was totally unprepared to clothe or cover the wounded that would

* These reports which sounded so much like explosive bullets were doubtless occasioned by the separation of the copper jacket from the bullet in mid air. The Spaniards harbored the same suspicion of the ammunition that we were using as we did of theirs. It is doubtless only another example of how unacquainted both armies were with the effect of the small-bore, flat trajectory rifle.

probably be brought in, the chief surgeon of the corps issued an order, the evening before the battle, that all wounded men should be brought in with their blankets, halves of shelter-tents, and ponchos, when possible. This was certainly a step in the right direction, even if it was but a frank confession by the authorities that no preparation had been made by them for the emergency which it cannot be said was suddenly thrust upon them, but which they might have foreseen and should have been preparing against for many weeks previous. While the attending soldiers, realizing how serious for their wounded comrades it would be to have to lie in the hospitals uncovered to wind and weather, made great efforts to find their packs, these efforts were not often successful, and a great majority of the wounded reached the hospital half naked, and had thereafter only the covering and the bedding which their comrades and the hospital attendants were able to "rustle" for them, and this was little enough and not seldom nothing at all. Had the ambulances been at hand which we left in Tampa or upon the transports, ambulances without which it is reasonable to suppose—at least we had supposed—no civilized power would enter upon an aggressive war, much less upon a campaign in which we had the advantage of choosing both our own time and the field of operations, the outrageous treatment which our wounded suffered and the barbarous scenes which we were called upon to witness upon this and the following days would never have occurred.

The wounded men were brought down from the firing line in every conceivable and makeshift way. Some were carried lying limp, like clay, in wet blankets, which now and then would tear, throwing the wounded upon the ground. Others came pick-a-back upon the shoulders of their comrades. Very few indeed came in the stretchers especially intended for this purpose, for notwithstanding their lightness and varied utility, in the terribly trying march up from the sea, the officers had been unable to prevent the soldiers from abandoning the great majority of them. So very thin was our firing line, and so loath were the officers to spare rifles from it when the attack was expected at any moment, that not a few of the wounded, and many with very serious wounds, were compelled to hobble down quite alone and unassisted from the front, reaching the dressing-station often in a state of complete exhaustion. I saw several amusing instances, during the day,

showing how far a wounded man can hobble to get out of the zone of fire. The whistling bullets approaching the lair where they lay wounded often proved an almost miraculous tonic to their relaxed energies. I saw one man who was seriously wounded indeed, and who had been unable or had thought he was unable to raise a finger for the two preceding hours, get up and walk resolutely for two miles, straight away, when a shrapnel shell burst over the bush under which he was enjoying shelter from the sun, but not from the bullets.

In an army ambulance each man has his own berth or section, very much after the plan of our sleeping-cars. These berths rise tier above tier and row after row. Traveling in one is not the acme of comfort, still it is the best that civilization can do for men engaged in the savage game of war. At least they cannot be overcrowded, each man has his allotted place, and no one can encroach upon it. But we now had in use only three ambulances, and the army wagon, our substitute, offered no such safeguard against overcrowding. The wagons were, of course, large and roomy, but there were no sections or compartments, nothing for the poor, jostled patient to hang on to as the springless vehicle jolted over the rugged road; and the siding and flooring of the wagons were rough and splintered by the weight of the heavy barrels, the cartridge boxes, and the other heavy freight that they had carried this very day. In consequence, many a wounded man was taken out covered with splinters, which had penetrated deep into his flesh, inflicting uncomfortable and in some instances serious wounds.

The way in which the human freight was loaded into the great, barn-like wagons left nothing to be desired. Where the wounded had brought blankets with them, these were tucked about them to break as far as possible the jolting of the unbending axles; and, at least for the first part of the evening and before it was suspected how very heavy our losses had been, an effort was made to give each man all the room that his condition required. Those who were so weak as not to be able to sit up were allotted plenty of room to lie down in, and those who could sit up and lean against the boarding of the wagons were given, it seemed, ample elbow and knee room in which to stretch out their weary limbs when cramped.

In this plight, which at the moment did not seem too horrible, we saw the wagon train of wounded start out upon the journey

of about four miles to the hospital, which many a man now dead would have survived had the journey been made with more suitable transportation and under more civilized circumstances. The trail leading back to Siboney, for such it is, though set down upon the Spanish maps as a royal road, was washed out in many places by the tropical rains that were now falling, and in others was so overgrown with weeds that it scarcely deserved to be dignified even with the name of trail. Certainly in many places it was very obscure. There were four creeks to be crossed between the front and the division hospital, and these creeks the corps of engineers had failed to bridge, though they made repeated, but most unsuccessful, attempts to do so.*

The army wagons were perfectly bare and empty. Upon neither the side-boarding nor the flooring were there divisions or cross-bars by which a passenger could retain his position when the wagons tilted forward or backward and from one side to the other, as they did every fifty paces owing to the inequalities of the rugged road. This was terrible enough, because of the most acute suffering it caused to the wounded, but it was much worse when the wagons, driven blindly in the darkness over an almost unexplored trail, plunged forward down the banks of the stream, and after many a delay, caused by the balking of the mules and the heavy mire, were driven at a gallop up the other side.

It was at a ford a mile back from the dressing-station, where we waited and filled our dry canteens with water, that I first realized the suffering which the absence of proper transportation entailed upon the wounded. Here it was that I began to understand that the men whom I had heard crying out, as we passed them on the dark trail, "Stop, stop! For God's sake, let me get out and die in the grass!" were not delirious, but in conscious

agony were suffering more than the strongest man could bear. I shall never forget the sight which I shall now attempt, not to describe, but simply to outline; it is the one the most lasting and indelible of my impressions of the war. And yet it is so fantastic and so horrible that at times I have tried to dismiss it altogether from my mind as an unreal and a gruesome dream which came to me in an access of fever. But, unfortunately, there were others with me who saw it, others whose memory of it coincides with mine.

We had filled our canteens and poured into them a few precious drops of the lime juice which the soldiers so thirsted for,* and were on the far side of the stream when the first wagon of the noisy, creaking train came out of the forest trail toward us and pitched down the precipitous bank into the stream. There came from the wagon, as it drew near, a strange, low, moaning sound. It seemed too regular, altogether too mechanical, to come from human beings in distress: perhaps the axles and the tires needed greasing, I thought. Then suddenly the moon came sailing out from behind the forest trees, and I shall try and tell you something of what it disclosed, something of what I saw in the one moment I had the courage and heart to look upon the blood-curdling spectacle. Having no way of retaining their positions through all the jolting and the jarring, the sliding backward and forward, the wounded whom, but half an hour before, I had seen each in his place and as far as space was concerned comparatively comfortable, now lay all huddled together in indescribable confusion. There they lay, a squirming, writhing mass of naked, blood-stained, and banded limbs. . . . It was hard indeed to realize, as I heard their pitiful cries, that these were the same brave, patient fellows who had smiled so cheerfully as we helped them into the wagon half an hour before, with the thought that, at least for the present, their greatest sufferings were at an end. You would have been moved to indignation had the bodies that were heaped together in

* Had the building of these bridges been left for half a day to a detail of Michigan lumbermen, who were well represented in the Michigan regiments, or to a few frontiersmen of the regulars, the bridges would have been built, and good bridges too; but of course this was against all precedent prescribed by Red Tape. From now on, the engineer officers kept building bridges on paper, and the engineer soldiers kept trying to realize these scientific monstrosities in wood. But the only one of these attempted that came at all near completion, I saw fall down under its own weight. Every gun that was drawn through these creeks stuck in the mud at the bottom, and all traffic over the road had to be suspended for hours at a time while a battalion of men waded into the water and became thoroughly chilled in drawing the gun out. And when, as was so often the case, the bottom of the fords was covered with great granite boulders, the magnificent artillery horses were lamed and deeply cut about the shoulders by their iron collars drawn tight by the sudden jolts of these enforced halts. But thoroughly discreditable as were these incidents, they were as nothing in comparison with the suffering which these little unbridged creeks, over which an athletic man could almost spring, entailed upon the sick and the wounded who were jolted down the precipitous banks and up again in the lumbering army wagons.

* The very few boxes of this precious and, in such a climate, almost indispensable drink represented the full extent of the appreciation which was shown by the officials of the Commissary and Subsistence Department of the dietary necessary to the successful prosecution of a tropical campaign. Our baked beans and the fat bacon, with all their healing properties, would have been suitable food for a North Pole expedition or a journey to the Klondike. But to be eaten in the tropics they were simply poisonous, and I have always thought that, as this was the only sort of food obtainable, it was a very great blessing that we were able to get so very little of it. It is undoubtedly true that the regiments of the first division to advance, which lived on starvation rations at the front for the first week after landing, were in much better physical condition than the troops which, remaining behind on the beach and under a tropical sun, gorged themselves with this heating and greasy food.

this way been the bodies of the dead. But when you heard the low moans, the pitiful groans, and caught glimpses now and again of the pale, distracted faces, and the arms and hands stretched from out the writhing mass of men fruitlessly struggling to extricate themselves from their horrible position, you could hardly restrain yourself from knocking some one down, the teamster or the attendant, whoever was nearest at hand, before proceeding to do the little that here upon this lonely trail it was possible to do to help the sufferers.*

At last the little stream just west of the hospital was reached. Here the road was blocked, and there was much delay in getting the wounded out of the wagons and into the hospital inclosure. The hospital authorities had re-

ceived no information that led them to expect the arrival of wounded in such great numbers, and of course they were found only half prepared. But there were many willing hands here, and we went from wagon to wagon helping the wounded to release

themselves, and repairing as far as it lay in our power the damage, in some instances irreparable damage, which the journey down to the hospital under these circumstances had occasioned. Not a few men were taken out of the wagon dead. Many who had been placed in the wagons with the assurance from the sur-



"The first weapon of the enemy, a rushing train, came out of the forest trail and pitched down the precipitous bank into the stream."

* It is only right and fair to say that I did not see a single instance of negligence or carelessness on the part of the teamsters and the hospital attendants who were in charge of this melancholy train. The teamsters were fully occupied in driving their mules along a dangerous and unknown road, with every now and then a shell coming unpleasantly near and causing the mules to balk and sometimes, as the teamsters graphically described the strange cry, to "howl" with terror. There was only one attendant to each wagon, and as the wagons had no tall-boards, all these men could do was to sit at the end of the wagon and try and keep the wounded who were slipping and sliding about the floor from falling out altogether. Several of them I saw endeavoring to straighten out their patients, to get each man back to his place, but it was a hopeless task; and, besides, the orders were to drive straight down to the hospital without stopping, and so get out of the range of the Spanish fire as quickly as possible.

geons at the front that they would be up and about in a few days and could return to the colors, were found delirious, and shrieking with horror, and living over again the scenes of suffering which they had witnessed and in which they had participated in the journey down from the front.

Slowly, very slowly indeed it seemed to me and to all of us who were anxious to have the wounded men examined and their wounds properly dressed, the human freight was unloaded at the entrance to the hospital inclosure. Here you could see in the moonlight, suspended from a tall bamboo, high up above the entrance to the inclosure, the Red Cross of Pity and the White Flag of Peace. At the gate there was on guard a detail of soldiers to search the wounded for arms as they were carried or hobbled past into the dressing-station. Their rifles and pistols were taken away from them, and this separation of the wounded soldier from his weapon gave rise to many pathetic scenes. The rifles were stacked in long rows along the road, and the cartridge belts were piled up in every direction. One after another the men were carried into the inclosure, and laid down somewhere, each with his ticket and number. And there, in the long files, they lay hour after hour upon the wet grass and in the dew, waiting patiently and without a murmur to be examined and to learn what fate the next few hours had in store.

Up and down the rows the younger surgeons hurry, on the lookout for men with pressing cases of hemorrhage, where time is very life itself. These they take out of their turn, and carry up to the examination-table, where the light of four or five flaming torches and the sputtering, smoking lamps shed a green, unnatural light over their blood-stained bodies, and over the surgeons working away as calmly as though they were examining the mechanism of a watch that was a little out of order. Meanwhile the attendants bustle about, carrying strange-looking instruments that glisten like silver in the moonlight. Now and again they move a little to one side, and you can see them wringing out sponges that are dark and heavy with the ebbing flood of many a man's life-blood.

I, too, sit down for a few moments in the circle of the wounded, who, bewildered by the light and all the noise and bustle of the busy place, lie there blinking and watching the surgeons at their work. As I lie there a sensation of numbness creeps up my limbs from the damp ground and finally ends in a chill. How long I stay, aghast and benumbed by the spectacle, I have no idea. At last, however, I am aroused. I feel that there is some one in that crowd of sufferers whose eyes are fixed upon me. Not idly or carelessly, but with the eloquent look of a

man who knows that the fulfillment of his last mortal wish depends upon me—a stranger. I look down one row and up another until at last I come upon them, as I knew I would, those eyes which have been resting upon me with such an expression of intense anxiety. When this wounded man sees that, by the strange unfathomable power of telepathy, which none of us can explain, but which all of us have experienced, he has attracted my attention, his eyes leave mine and fall upon the figure of a young surgeon who, with his back to us, is kneeling over another wounded man about fifty feet away; and I understand what he would have me do, though no word is spoken.

In a few minutes I have brought the busy surgeon back. He recognizes the soldier, who belonged to the regiment in which he had served before being detached for hospital work. He places his arm around the poor fellow's shoulder in a friendly way, which makes him smile. "What can I do for you?"

For some moments the poor fellow's lips tremble, move spasmodically, and yet make no articulate sound. Finally we catch, however, what he is saying with such painful effort. "Truth, truth," he mutters, with his eyes still fixed in a searching, pleading gaze upon the doctor. He understands, and looks the man over carefully. He is shot through the stomach, and is dying of internal hemorrhage.

"Well, H——, I will tell you the truth. No man, not even a doctor, can speak with certainty, but I believe you are very seriously wounded; you have done your duty——"

The dying man interrupts; he has understood very quickly. "Pocket, right." And as we have now learned to understand the staccato way of speaking which the poor fellow has adopted in his agony for the economy of breath, the doctor dives his hand into his pocket and pulls out a handful of the little, hard, red berries that grew everywhere by the side of the jungle trail we have marched from the sea. The soldier had picked and strung them upon a piece of thread to make a necklace of.

"Write," he mutters; and the kindly doctor opens his note-book, in which there were already set down the last words of not a few voices that are now still. The dying soldier summons all his remaining strength for the great effort as the surgeon kneels beside him with book and pencil in hand and with his ear close to the purple lips.

"Have you got it?" was the first broken sentence he spoke when he had revived from

the utter collapse into which the strain of constant speaking had thrown him.

"Yes, all right," answered the doctor cheerfully.

"Twenty-one — Street?" he inquired restlessly, almost suspiciously.

The young doctor read over, slowly and distinctly, each word of the address as he had taken it down. The dying soldier nodded with approval as one after another each entry, the name, the street, the number, the city, and the State were correctly read off. The cross-examination over, he drew the necklace of berries to his lips, pressed it to his cheek, clutched it almost convulsively in both hands, and then, with trembling fingers, passed it over to the doctor, who took it mechanically, tied a little paper tag about it, put it away in his pocket, and then went on down through the rows of the wounded in search of men who, unlike the poor fellow he had just left, were not beyond the reach of human aid.

It was a strange and moving picture, this great amphitheater in the jungle clearing, where the moonlight fell so coldly upon the upturned faces of a thousand crippled men who were waiting there quietly for the examination upon the result of which for them and for us so much depended. For though we are 70,000,000 strong, and all our men are brave, we can ill afford to lose a single one of these gallant fellows who have shown such matchless courage to-day, who have added such undying laurels to our arms by their stubborn courage at Caney and their contempt for death

at San Juan. It was a picture which I shall never forget, but you can never see, unless it has been preserved by more adequate words than are to be found in the halting phrases which come to my pen. Each in his turn—except the cases of such pressing importance that a few minutes' delay is all the difference between life and death—the wounded are carried up to the examination-table, where white men and black and yellow succeed one another like the painted slides of a stereopticon. They are stripped stark naked, and their wounds stand out bare in the lurid, mixed light of the fluttering torches and the serene reflection of the full moon overhead. Our regulars, our own people, the blacks who have won to-day in every quarter of the extended field a fame that will never die, and the Cubans, who have done what they could do, follow one another across the operation-table, showing upon



"Flaming torches at . . . guttering . . . lamps shed a green, unnatural light over the surgeons."

their torn and mutilated bodies every conceivable wound that man can suffer. And not from a single one of them is heard a word of complaint. Of a natural anxiety as to their individual chances they gave no signs, but lay there quietly and still, with that peace of mind which comes from the consciousness of duty that has been well done. Now and again they would turn their weary, tired eyes toward the table where their comrades were passing before them under the probe and the knife; but I heard not a single outburst of impatience or an expression of anxiety from any man to hasten his turn, so that he might learn the sooner whether it was time or eternity that was opening before him.

Here under the light that beat upon the operating-table and the cold, searching eye of the surgeon, the wounded are divided into two classes: those whose wounds are dressed, and for whom a regular treatment is ordered and written out upon the little tags that are tied around each man's arm, and those who are past saving and for whom nothing can be done. I remember the first of those I saw that came into this category of the hopelessly wounded, of those whose injuries were so obviously mortal that the overworked surgeons did not feel justified in wasting a moment upon them. His face was livid, and the attendants drew him over the table as though he had been a sack of meal.

"Why do you bring a man here looking like that?" asked the surgeon-major, somewhat sternly.

"Because, Major," answered the young contract surgeon, "I think we can save this fellow's life by laparotomy."

The major grew interested. "Very pretty case; nice operation indeed." Then losing interest, "And perhaps we might save his life; but did you ever hear of a man recuperating after the shock of laparotomy on a diet of hard tack and rancid pork?"

The contract surgeon admitted with a laugh that he never had and never expected to.

"Anyhow," continued the major, with the confidence of a man aware that his reasoning is unanswerable, "we can't waste time on doubtful cases. It would be hardly a kindness to cut this man all to pieces, and then to let him die by inches of starvation, or from want of food proper to his condition. Besides, we must do the greatest good for the greatest number, and there are stacks of soldiers out there who, if we get at them to-night, may live, and if we don't, will die. So no more wasted time on doubtful cases, if you please."

The attendants hurried the hopelessly wounded man away from the zone of light around the table, and laid him down under the great ceiba-tree, with a blanket wrapped about him and with a bundle of guinea grass to pillow his head. It was a quiet place, secluded from all the hurry and bustle by a hedge-like thicket. Here, stretched out in a semicircle, lay all those upon whom it was thought not fair to their comrades to waste a moment's care. Here each man is dying his own death, as different from that of his neighbor as his life has been. Some fail gently, falling asleep like tired children; and for some the hand of time is turned back, and it is given them to live one moment before they go in the vanished yesterday. These are babbling the dear names which with the passing of time have become unfamiliar, and their faces grow soft as they hear again the voices for which they have listened in vain and see again the faces that passed beyond their ken long ago. And some there are who struggle, who moan pitiously and cry aloud, and shrinking back from the great transformation, die the terrible death of conscious agony. God speed them to the bourne toward which they sail, and spare us the death of conscious agony. . . . To His beloved He giveth sleep and beauty which is not all of this world; as they lie there so calmly, with arms crossed, a strange light falls upon their upturned faces, out of which, by a process not known to alchemy, all the dross and worldiness have been refined. No, it is not the moonlight, but the pale reflection of those beacons which they alone who are dying there can see.

Now and again a rough soldier, heavily booted and bearded like the pard, but softened by the scenes of suffering that surround him into the most tender of nurses, picks his way carefully in and out among the rows of the dying, pouring upon their parched lips the precious drops of water, and mopping from the cold foreheads great beads of perspiration with a sponge steeped in alcohol and vinegar, which gives them the strength to manfully bear the pangs of dissolution. Now and again you are aroused by the steady tramp of the burying detail, and you see the sergeant as he passes down the line, throwing the light of his lantern upon the white marble faces and quietly bidding his men to carry away those human shells from which the brave souls have fled even while you stand there and wonder, so near to, and yet so far from the understanding of, the mystery of life and death.

AN ENGINEER'S CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY JOHN A. HILL,

Author of "The Polar Zone," "Jim Wainwright's Kid," and other stories.



IN the summer, fall, and early winter of 1863, I was tossing chips into an old Hinkley insider up in New England, for an engineer by the name of James Dillon. Dillon was considered as good a man as there was on the road: careful, yet fearless, kind-hearted, yet impulsive, a man whose friends would fight for him and whose enemies hated him right royally.

Dillon took a great notion to me, and I loved him as a father: the fact of the matter is, he was more of a father to me than I had at home, for my father refused to be comforted when I took to railroading, and I could not see him more than two or three times a year at the most—so when I wanted advice I went to Jim.

I was a young fellow then, and being without a home at either end of the run, was likely to drop into pitfalls. Dillon saw this long before I did. Before I had been with him three months, he told me one day, coming in, that it was against his principles to teach locomotive-running to a young man who was likely to turn out a drunkard or gambler and disgrace the profession, and he added that I had better pack up my duds and come up to his house and let "mother" take care of me—and I went.

I was not a guest there: I paid my room-rent and board just as I should have done anywhere else, but I had all the comforts of a home, and enjoyed a thousand advantages that money could not buy. I told Mrs. Dillon all my troubles, and found kindly sympathy and advice; she encouraged me in all my ambitions, mended my shirts, and went with me when I bought my clothes. Inside of a month, I felt like one of the family, called Mrs. Dillon "mother," and blessed my lucky stars that I had found them.

Dillon had run a good many years, and was heartily tired of it, and he seldom passed a nice farm that he did not call my attention

to it, saying: "Jack, now there's comfort; you just wait a couple of years—I've got my eye on the slickest little place, just on the edge of M——, that I am saving up my pile to buy. I'll give you the 'Roger William' one of these days, Jack, say good evening to grief, and me and mother will take comfort. Think of sleeping till eight o'clock,—and no poor steamers, Jack, no poor steamers!" And he would reach over, and give my head a gentle duck as



"'Jack, now there's comfort.'"

I tried to pitch a curve to a front corner with a knot: those Hinkleys were powerful on cold water.

In Dillon's household there was a "system" of financial management. He always gave his wife just half of what he earned; kept ten dollars for his own expenses during the

month, out of which he clothed himself; and put the remainder in the bank. It was before the days of high wages, however, and even with this frugal management, the bank account did not grow rapidly. They owned the house in which they lived, and out of her half "mother" had to pay all the household expenses and taxes, clothe herself and two children, and send the children to school. The oldest, a girl of some sixteen years, was away at normal school, and the boy, about thirteen or fourteen, was at home, going to the public school and wearing out more clothes than all the rest of the family.

Dillon told me that they had agreed on the financial plan followed in the family before their marriage, and he used to say that for the life of him he did not see how "mother" got along so well on the allowance. When he drew a small month's pay he would say to me, as we walked home: "No cream in the coffee this month, Jack." If it was unusually large, he would say: "Plum duff and fried chicken for a Sunday dinner." He insisted that he could detect the rate of his pay in the food, but this was not true—it was his kind of fun. "Mother" and I were fast friends. She became my banker, and when I wanted an extra dollar, I had to ask her for it and tell what I wanted it for, and all that.

Along late in November, Jim had to make an extra one night on another engine, which left me at home alone with "mother" and the boy—I had never seen the girl—and after swearing me to be both deaf, dumb, and blind, "mother" told me a secret. For ten

years she had been saving money out of her allowance, until the amount now reached nearly \$2,000. She knew of Jim's life ambition to own a farm, and she had the matter in hand, if I would help her. Of course I was head over heels into the scheme at once. She wanted to buy the farm near M——, and give Jim the deed for a Christmas present; and Jim mustn't even suspect.

Jim never did.

The next trip I had to buy some underclothes: would "mother" tell me how to pick out pure wool? Why, bless your heart, no, she wouldn't, but she'd just put on her things and go down with me. Jim smoked and read at home.

We went straight to the bank where Jim kept his money, asked for the president, and let him into the whole plan. Would he take \$2,100 out of Jim's money, unbeknown to Jim, and pay the balance of the price of the farm over what "mother" had?

No, he would not; but he would advance the money for the purpose—have the deeds sent to him, and he would pay the price—that was fixed.

Then I hatched up an excuse and changed off with the fireman on the M—— branch, and spent the best part of two lay-overs fixing up things with the owner of the farm and arranging to hold back the recording of the deeds until after Christmas. Every evening there was some part of the project to be talked over, and "mother" and I held many whispered conversations. Once Jim, smiling, observed that, if I had any hair on my face, he would be jealous.



Mother and I had a long, whispered conversation.

I remember that it was on the 14th day of December, 1863, that pay-day came. I banked my money with "mother," and Jim, as usual, counted out his half to that dear old financier.

"Uncle Sam'd better put that 'un in the hospital," observed Jim, as he came to a ragged ten-dollar bill. "God-dess of Liberty pretty near got her throat cut there; guess some reb has had hold of her," he continued, as he held up the bill. Then laying it down, he took out his pocket-book and



"'Godless of Liberty pretty near got her throat cut there . . . ' said Jim."

cut off a little three-cornered strip of pink court-plaster, and made repairs on the bill.

"Mother" pocketed her money greedily, and before an hour I had that very bill in my pocket to pay the recording fees in the court-house at M——.

The next day Jim wanted to use more money than he had in his pocket, and asked me to lend him a dollar. As I opened my wallet to oblige him, that patched bill showed up. Jim put his finger on it, and then turning me around towards him, he said: "How came you by that?"

I turned red—I know I did—but I said, cool enough, "'Mother" gave it to me in change."

"That's a lie," he said, and turned away.

The next day we were more than two-thirds of the way home before he spoke; then, as I straightened up after a fire, he said: "John Alexander, when we get in, you go to Aleck [the foreman] and get changed to some other engine."

There was a queer look on his face; it was not anger, it was not sorrow—it was more like pain. I looked the man straight in the eye, and said: "All right, Jim; it shall be as you say—but, so help me God, I don't know what for. If you will tell me what I have done that is wrong, I will not

make the same mistake with the next man I fire for."

He looked away from me, reached over and started the pump, and said: "Don't you know?"

"No, sir, I have not the slightest idea."

"Then you stay, and I'll change," said he, with a determined look, and leaned out of the window, and said no more all the way in.

I did not go home that day. I cleaned the "Roger William" from the top of that mountain of sheet-iron known as a wood-burner stack to the back casting on the tank, and tried to think what I had done wrong, or not done at all, to incur such displeasure from Dillon. He was in bed when I went to the house that evening, and I did not see him until breakfast. He was in his usual spirits there, but on the way to the station, and all day long, he did not speak to me. He noticed the extra cleaning, and carefully avoided tarnishing any of the cab-fittings;—but that awful quiet! I could hardly bear it, and was half sick at the trouble, the cause of which I could not understand. I thought that, if the patched bill had anything to do with it, Christmas morning would clear it up.

Our return trip was the night express, leaving the terminus at 9.30. As usual,

that night I got the engine out, oiled, switched out the cars, and took the train to the station, trimmed my signals and head-light, and was all ready for Jim to pull out. Nine o'clock came, and no Jim; at 9.10 I sent to his boarding-house. He had not been there. He did not come at leaving time—he did not come at all. At ten o'clock the conductor sent to the engine-house for another engineer, and at 10.45, instead of an engineer, a fireman came, with orders for John Alexander to run the "Roger William" until further orders,—I never fired a locomotive again.

I went over that road the saddest-hearted man that ever made a maiden trip. I hoped there would be some tidings of Jim at home—there were none. I can never forget the blow it was to "mother"; how she braced up on account of her children—but oh, that sad face! Christmas came, and with it the daughter, and then there were two instead of one: the boy was frantic the first day, and playing marbles the next.

Christmas day there came a letter. It was from Jim—brief and cold enough—but it was such a comfort to "mother." It was directed to Mary J. Dillon, and bore the New York post-mark. It read:

"Uncle Sam is in need of men, and those who lose with Venus may win with Mars. Enclosed papers you will know best what to do with. Be a mother to the children—you have *three* of them.

"JAMES DILLON."

He underscored the three—he was a mystery to me. Poor "mother"! She declared that no doubt "poor James's head was affected." The papers with the letter were a will, leaving her all, and a power of

attorney, allowing her to dispose of or use the money in the bank. Not a line of endearment or love for that faithful heart that lived on love, asked only for love, and cared for little else.

That Christmas was a day of fasting and prayer for us. Many letters did we send, many advertisements were printed, but we never got a word from James Dillon, and Uncle Sam's army was too big to hunt in. We were a changed family: quieter and more tender of one another's feelings, but changed.

In the fall of '64 they changed the runs around, and I was booked to run in to M—. Ed, the boy, was firing for me. There was no reason why "mother"

should stay in Boston, and we moved out to the little farm. That daughter, who was a second "mother" all over, used to come down to meet us at the station with the horse, and I talked "sweet" to her; yet at a certain point in the sweetness I became dumb.

Along in May, '65, "mother" got a package from Washington. It contained a tin-type of herself; a card with a hole in it (made evidently by having been forced over a button), on which was her name and the old address in town; then there was a ring and a saber, and on the blade of the saber was etched, "Presented to Lieutenant Jas. Dillon, for bravery on the field of battle." At the bottom of the parcel was a note in a strange hand, saying simply, "Found on the body of Lieutenant Dillon after the battle of Five Forks."

Poor "mother"! Her heart was wrung again, and again the scalding tears fell. She never told her suffering, and no one ever knew what she bore. Her face was a little sadder and sweeter, her hair a little whiter—that was all.



"How came you by that?"

I am not a bit superstitious—don't believe in signs or presentiments or pre-nothings—but when I went to get my pay on the 14th day of December, 1866, it gave me a little start to find in it the bill bearing the chromo of the Goddess of Liberty with the little three-cornered piece of court-plaster that Dillon had put on her wind-pipe. I got rid of it at once, and said nothing to "mother" about it; but I kept thinking of it and seeing it all the next day and night.

On the night of the 16th, I was oiling around my Black Maria to take out a local leaving our western terminus just after dark, when a tall, slim old gentleman stepped up to me and asked if I was the engineer. I don't suppose I looked like the president: I confessed, and held up my torch, so I could see his face—a pretty tough-looking face. The white mustache was one of that military kind, reinforced with whiskers on the right and left flank of the mustache proper. He wore glasses, and one of the lights was ground glass. The right cheek-bone was crushed in, and a red scar extended across the eye and cheek; the scar looked blue around the red line because of the cold.

"I used to be an engineer before the war," said he. "Do you go to Boston?"

"No, to M——."

"M——! I thought that was on a branch."

"It is, but is now an important manufacturing point, with regular trains from there to each end of the main line."

"When can I get to Boston?"

"Not till Monday now; we run no through Sunday trains. You can go to M—— with me to-night, and catch a local to Boston in the morning."

He thought a minute, and then said, "Well, yes; guess I had better. How is it for a ride?"

"Good; just tell the conductor that I told you to get on."

"Thanks; that's clever. I used to know a soldier who used to run up in this country," said the stranger, musing. "Dillon; that's it, Dillon."

"I knew him well," said I. "I want to hear about him."

"Queer man," said he, and I noticed he was

eying me pretty sharp.

"A good engineer."

"Perhaps," said he.

I coaxed the old veteran to ride on the engine—the first coal-burner I had had. He seemed more than glad to comply. Ed was as black as a negro, and swearing about coal-burners in general and this one in particular, and made so much noise with his fire-irons after we started, that the old man came over and sat behind me, so as to be able to talk.

The first time I looked around after getting out of the yard, I noticed his

long slim hand on the top of the reverse-lever. Did you ever notice how it seems to make an ex-engineer feel better and more satisfied to get his hand on a reverse-lever and feel the life-throbs of the great giant under him? Why, his hand goes there by instinct—just as an ambulance surgeon will feel for the heart of the boy with a broken leg.

I asked the stranger to "give her a whirl," and noticed with what eager joy he took hold of her. I also observed with surprise that he seemed to know all about "four-mile hill," where most new men got stuck. He caught me looking at his face, and touching the scar, remarked: "A little love pat,



"... And held up my torch, so I could see his face."

with the compliments of Wade Hampton's men." We talked on a good many subjects, and got pretty well acquainted before we were over the division, but at last we seemed talked out.

"Where does Dillon's folks live now?" asked the stranger, slowly, after a time.

"M——," said I.

He nearly jumped off the box. "M——? I thought it was Boston!"

"Moved to M——."

"What for?"

"Own a farm there."

"Oh, I see; married again?"

"No."

"No!"

"Widow thought too much of Jim for that."

"No!"

"Yes."

"Er—what became of the young man that they—er—adopted?"

"Lives with 'em yet."

"So?"

Just then we struck the suburbs of M——, and, as we passed the cemetery, I pointed to a high shaft, and said: "Dillon's monument."

"Why, how's that?"

"Killed at Five Forks. Widow put up monument."

He shaded his eyes with his hand, and peered through the moonlight for a minute.

"That's clever," was all he said.

I insisted that he go home with me. Ed took the Black Maria to the house, and we took the street cars for it to the end of the line, and then walked. As we cleaned our feet at the door, I said: "Let me see, I did not hear your name?"

"James," said he, "Mr. James."

I opened the sitting-room door, and ushered the stranger in.

"Well, boys," said "mother," slowly getting up from before the fire and hurriedly taking a few extra stitches in her knitting before laying it down to look up at us, "you're early."

She looked up, not ten feet from the stranger, as he took off his slouched hat and brushed back the white hair. In another minute her arms were around his neck, and she was murmuring "James" in his ear, and I, like a dumb fool, wondered who told her his name.

Well, to make a long story short, it was James Dillon himself, and the daughter came in, and Ed came, and between the three they nearly smothered the old fellow.

You may think it funny he didn't know me, but don't forget



"I noticed his long slim hand on the top of the reverse lever."

that I had been running for three years—that takes the fresh off a fellow; then, when I had the typhoid, my hair laid off, and was never reinstated, and when I got well, the whiskers—that had always refused to grow—came on with a rush, and they were red. And again, I had tried to switch with an old hook-motion in the night and forgot to take out the starting-bar, and she threw it at me, knocking out some teeth; and taking it altogether, I was a changed man.

"Where's John?" he said finally.

"Here," said I.

"No!"

"Yes."

He took my hand, and said, "John, I left all that was dear to me once, because I was jealous of you. I never

knew how you came to have that money or why, and don't want to. Forgive me."

"That is the first time I ever heard of that," said "mother."

"I had it to buy this farm for you—a Christmas present—if you had waited," said I.

"That is the first time I ever heard of that," said he.

"And you might have been shot," said "mother," getting up close.

"I tried my darndest to be. That's why I got promoted so fast."

"Oh, James!" and her arms were around his neck again.

"And I sent that saber home myself, never intending to come back."



"She looked up" as he told her about his adventures.

"Oh, James, how could you!"

"Mother, how can you forgive me?"

"Mother" was still for a minute, looking at the fire in the grate. "James, it is late in life to apply such tests, but love is like gold; ours will be better now—the dross has been burned away in the fire. I did what I did for love of you, and you did what you did for love of me; let us all commence to live again in the old way," and those arms of hers could not keep away from his neck.

Ed went out with tears in his eyes, and I beckoned the daughter to follow me. We passed into the parlor, drew the curtain over the doorway—and there was nothing but that rag between us and heaven.



HUNTING ON ELEPHANTS.

STORIES FROM THE EXPERIENCE OF A FAMOUS HUNTER OF BIG GAME.

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

Illustrated from photographs taken by Peter Burges, Esq., whose experiences the article relates.

THE walls bristled with great horned heads of the Indian buffalo; the floors were spread with tiger skins, bear skins, leopard skins; and from opposite sides of the hall, like ugly sentinels, looked down two skulls of the rhinoceros, most formidable beast of the jungle. This was the home of a quiet English gentleman, Peter Burges, Esq., of Bristol, known nevertheless in India, where the big-bore rifles crack, as a sportsman whose nerve fails him not when the tiger springs and whose gun comes up steady to the rhino's rush. I noticed that there were no lion skins about.

"No," said Mr. Burges, "you can't shoot lions from elephants; most of my trophies have been won in the howdah."

So we talked about going after big game on the back of a lurching pachyderm, as they do it in the tall grass region north of Calcutta.

"People have no conception," continued Mr. Burges, "of the height and thickness of this grass. I have seen it stretching for miles thirty or forty feet high, a dense forest of grass covering the plain. When the beating line goes through it, everything is swallowed up, elephants, howdahs, riders; from a little distance you see only a swaying of the tops. If a man were dropped into this sea of grass, he would certainly die there; he could never force his way out, for the stems of the grass are as thick as saplings, and stand very close together. I went down into it once off my elephant, and the darkness was like the blackest night. I could not even see the sky overhead for the thick interlacing of shoots and leaves. These pictures will give you a slight idea of the character of the grass, but of course I could get no results with my camera in the densest part. This one shows a patch of wild banana

rising well over the head of a native standing on a moving elephant, and this one just shows the top of an elephant's pad-saddle with shoots reaching twenty feet above it."

"Do you find tiger and rhino in this grass?"

"They sometimes rush by us in tunnels far below our level, but we cannot see them, nor even be sure what animal is passing. It is a law of the beat never to fire in the high grass, for a sportsman might shoot one of his own elephants that had bolted. That has actually happened where a new man has lost his head."

"Then where do you get the big game?"

"Nearly always in green patches along a stream or nullah. In dry months the natives burn off the high grass, so that their cattle can get at the tender sprouts as they come up. But the moist ground along the streams keeps the grass there so wet that it will not burn, and this leaves the tigers the very place of shelter they desire, with water to drink and cattle to kill close at hand. So when the *shikaris*, that is, the native trackers, bring word to camp of tiger killings in this or that village, we beat the banks of the nearest stream, and usually drive out something."

THE KIND OF ELEPHANTS USED IN THE HUNT.

"How many elephants are used in a beat?"

"Forty or fifty, besides the big ones that carry the howdahs and the guns. When you remember that each elephant is worth from \$375 to \$2,500 and costs about four rupees [about \$1.20] a day for keep, you will see that this kind of sport takes a long purse; indeed, it is scarcely possible for a traveler to engage in it unless he be the guest, as I have always been, of one of the rajahs. We usually went into camp with fifty or sixty elephants, each having its own "mahout" to drive it and its own "matey" to feed and take care of it. Then there are the rajah and his personal servants, the invited guns, each with his own servant, and a corps of cooks, waiters, attendants, and water-carriers; so that, in tents and huts, we were usually quite a hundred and fifty men."

"I will give you an outline, if you like, of a typical day's sport, going back to the 1896 season, when I was with the Rajah of Kuch Behar, up under the hills of Northeastern India. We were six guns in all, mounted on five elephants. Mine was Bheim Singh, and he would go in anywhere, although he was a



THE RAJAH'S ELEPHANT "INDRAJIT," KING OF THE HERD.

The mahout's position on the elephant's head, with his legs hidden behind the ears, his feet in the stirrups, and in his hand the gunga-bar for prodding the elephant, is well shown.

rough-moving beast. The Rajah was mounted on Indrajit, a splendid heavy tusker, king of the herd, and worth \$3,500 in the market. I may say that a certain amount of discretion is shown in assigning elephants to the guns, for a bad shot is apt to let a tiger get at his elephant, which means that the animal may be injured in the trunk and ruined for hunting. You see an elephant's trunk is everything to him; he eats and drinks with it, he fights with it, and if it is disabled, he pines and dies. Two or three clawings by a tiger will spoil even the best elephant for sport; he loses his nerve. The result is that many an uncertain gun has gone through the season lamenting that his mahout 'couldn't get the brute forward,' when it was really a case of the mahout having excellent reasons for keeping at a safe distance. It's all very fine for the man in the howdah to talk about danger, but the chap who has to look out for his skin is the poor devil of a mahout up forward.

"Well, suppose we are starting now from camp some time after sunrise—the hour of starting depends on the distance to the place where a kill has been reported. Our object is to come upon the tiger at about ten or eleven o'clock, when he is lying in the grass

gorged with a heavy meal. An hour or two before we start the howdah elephants have been loaded and sent on ahead, for they travel more slowly than the lighter pad elephants, that carry the guns. How many times as the day was breaking have I watched this process of making fast the howdahs, the great beasts kneeling in silent line before the tents and the nimble-footed natives scrambling over them. Usually it takes four men to get the howdah in place, for the frame is of heavy teak wood and weighs four or five hundred pounds. The howdah has cane sides, but is open at the bottom, and rests on two long roller pads that are strapped on at either side of the backbone. When you shoot from the howdah, you stand on these pads, with a foot on each, and if you look down between them, you can see the elephant's black skin working underneath you. When you sit in the howdah, you rest on a box with your back against a leather strap. In harnessing an elephant the tail girth is usually passed through a piece of iron pipe, laid under the tail, to prevent chafing.

"With breakfast over, and time for a bit of smoke, we climb up on the pad elephants, mounting by head or tail as each man prefers. I always liked the trick of stepping



WASHING THE SINGLE-TUSKERS.

The single-tuskers are regarded by the natives as sacred animals. One of the Indian gods is represented in the form of a single-tusk elephant.



HOWDAH ELEPHANTS GOING AHEAD TO THE PLACE OF BEATING.

The sportsmen come later, on smaller pad elephants, thus allowing the big tuskers to reserve their strength for the hunt proper. On the foremost elephant is seen one of the mahouts standing and stamping his foot in characteristic fashion.

on the curved trunk and letting the animal swing me up. Some of the pads have guddies on them, that is, little platforms with iron guards fore and aft for the passengers to hang fast to going down banks or over hard places. There we sit, three or four on a guddy, with legs dangling, and the line moves off briskly with thirty or forty beaters in the rear, most of them driven bare-back by the agile mahouts."

"How do they control the elephants?"

"Partly by talking to them, partly with the gunga-bar, a sharp iron rod with a blade like a reaping-hook, curving out from one side; it weighs seven or eight pounds, and is a frightful weapon. In ordinary going, the mahouts merely jab the sharp end of this an inch or so into the elephant's head, but at critical moments they swing the hooked blade down with all their might and then haul back hard against the flesh. It is not a pleasant sight, but the animal usually finishes by behaving.

A HUNTING ELEPHANT'S REVENGE ON HIS KEEPER.

"That reminds me of an exciting thing that happened in camp one morning just as

we were ready to start. The elephants were ranged in double line in front of the tents, and Ashton, the head keeper, was standing with his back turned, about ten yards ahead of Kennedy, a big elephant that had been nursing a slumbering hatred against him for a long time. Kennedy's mahout got down to fix a strap on the pad, and that gave Kennedy the opportunity he had been waiting for. A shout from the men warned Ashton of his danger, and, turning quickly, he saw Kennedy coming at him with trunk stretched out in a straight line and as much diabolical hatred in his little eyes as an elephant's eye can show. Kennedy meant murder; there was no doubt about that; and Ashton did the only thing possible—that is, started on a dead run for a banyan tree about one hundred yards distant.

"Down the line came Ashton, sprinting for all there was in him, and after him came Kennedy with a lumbering shuffle, but getting over the ground surprisingly. There was no time for help; all we could do was to stand and stare and wonder whether Kennedy would reach the tree before Kennedy reached him. For about twenty yards Ashton kept his advantage, and then suddenly went headlong in the dust, his toe

caught in some knotted grass. I turned my head with a sickening feeling, but those who looked say that Kennedy was confused by this happening and lunged clumsily at Ashton, missing him with his tusks, and then tried to trample him with his big feet. His momentum, however, was so great that he stumbled over him with his fore feet, missed him with one of his hind feet, caught him a glancing kick on the abdomen with the other hind foot, and then lurched onward in a cloud of dust. Before he could turn, several mahouts had driven their elephants in between him and Ashton. Then we saw Ashton rise upright, his clothes covered with blood, stagger a few yards, fall headlong, and lie quite still. We thought he was dead, but it proved that he was not seriously injured, the elephant's foot having merely grazed him. Until his last hour comes, though, he will never be nearer death than he was at that moment.

"When it was all over, the Rajah came up in a great rage and scored the mahout unmercifully for leaving his seat. And then he told him to take Kennedy into the open and give old Indrajit a chance at him. It was Indrajit's prerogative, as king of the herd, to punish refractory elephants, and he

took uncommon pleasure in it. There was no elephant of them all that dared stand before Indrajit, for not only was he heavier and stronger than the others, but his tusks were longer and sharper. Round and round in the open went Kennedy, plunging and struggling under the blows of the angry mahout, who dug in his gunga-bar until the blood streamed. Then up came Indrajit slowly, as a cat stalks a mouse, to make the pleasure last. When Kennedy saw him, he lifted his trunk and trumpeted in terror, but he stood quite still, as if fascinated, and watched the slow approach of Indrajit.

"Step by step the big tusker came nearer, eying Kennedy pleasantly, as if to say, 'I shall be having some fun with you in a moment, my friend.' And at five yards he charged, and sent his tusks into Kennedy's flank a good six inches; and when he took them out, there were holes there as if cannon balls had gone in. Then Kennedy ran, and Indrajit after him, and the two mahouts gone mad. It was a hard race, but Kennedy lost in the end and got another prodding, after which they took the big fellow off and left Kennedy bellowing.

"'Starve him for two days,' said the Rajah to the mahout, 'and then put him to



THE BEATING LINE GOING THROUGH A PATCH OF WILD BANANAS.

The elephants invariably pull up a supply of the sweet cane and carry it on with them for eating by the way.



THE BEATING LINE MOVING THROUGH SHORT GRASS.

The picture shows the customary position of a tiger hunter, standing on the pads, holding the front of the howdah with his left hand and the stock of his rifle with his right. The howdah in the foreground is a double one; but only one man can shoot from it, the second man being merely a passenger. The mahout is seen jabbing the gunga-bar into the elephant's head.

work again. Now, gentlemen, on your elephants please.'

"In spite of this constant punishment with the gunga-bars, the elephants suffer little real injury at the hands of the mahouts. Their great heads are made up of soft bony tissue which may be shot through by rifle balls in all directions without harm unless the bullet happens to strike the brain, which is very small, about the size of a saucer.

HOW THE ELEPHANTS UNDERSTAND WHEN SPOKEN TO.

"I said just now that the mahouts direct the elephants partly by talking to them, and this is true to an extent that has made me believe the animals must actually understand spoken words. For instance, it has happened more than once that I have dropped a cartridge into the deep grass and told the mahout to get it for me. In such cases, the mahout stops his elephant and tells him to pick up the cartridge. The elephant swings his trunk to the ground, moves it to one side and the other, as the mahout directs—'No, you silly—to the right—further

back—no, to the left—there, now you've got it.' And, finally, up curves the elephant's trunk with the cartridge.

"It used to be a source of endless amusement to me, while lurching along on an elephant's back, to notice the various tricks and peculiarities of the big animals. For instance, they are always eating, and in going through a plantation of wild bananas, Bheim Singh never failed to tear up a great stock, with the sweet sap streaming from it, as a provision for a half hour's sucking in less fruitful regions. Then again, how often have I seen Bheim Singh reach down his trunk, take a half hitch round a tuft of grass, draw it out by the roots, and tipping up his big fore foot, carefully knock the earth off, before putting the grass into his mouth. Then, when elephant flies were swarming, I was always amused to watch Bheim Singh's favorite manœuver for getting rid of them. He would heap up a little mound of dust with his fore feet, lay the end of his trunk beside it on the ground, and with a slow movement fill his trunk with dust. Then, very slyly, so that the flies might have no warning, he would curve his



THE LOADING OF THE GAME.

The bodies of the slain tigers are sent back to camp on pad elephants to be skinned.

trunk around until it was within good range, pause a moment to take air, and, with a great *Pheugh*, send a blinding shower of dust all over himself, to the utter discomfiture of the flies.

"This annoyance of the flies keeps the elephants swinging their tails incessantly, and a new man will not ride many miles on a guddy without getting such a crack from the elephant's tail as will make him think that a heavy club has hit him over the shins. I never had any great respect for an elephant's tail before I rode on a guddy, but painful experience made me change my views, and I learned to keep my legs out of striking distance.

CROSSING A RIVER ON AN ELEPHANT'S BACK.

"It is a great sight to see a line of elephants crossing a river with steep banks. They go down slowly, striking the ground with their trunks before each step and never making a slip or miss, although you feel every minute as if you were going to take a header into the water. Then they wade or swim, as the case may be, and they swim beautifully, not hesitating to cross half a mile of deep water if need be. I must say,

however, that the sensation of sitting on the back of a swimming elephant is the reverse of pleasant; you fancy yourself on an enormous barrel that may roll round at any moment and take you under. Furthermore, they swim so low in the water that you are sure of a wetting, which in India means an excellent chance of fever. Having crossed the stream, they must climb to the top of the bank, and this is the most peculiar operation of all. Down on their knees they go, and with trunk and tusks dig out a foothold for themselves, and so, step by step, work their way to the top, their position being sometimes about that of a fly climbing up a wall. As they reach the top, they give a lurch sideways, and shoot one leg straight out over the bank, give a lurch to the other side and shoot out the other leg in the same way, which brings them into the position of a boy hanging by his arms from the edge of a roof. Then they come to their knees, and finally, with a great scrambling and kicking of hind legs, bring themselves to level ground again.

"In spite of these perilous ascents and descents, I never knew an elephant to miss his foothold, although there was a case where one of the herd got stuck in the mud and



"PADDING" A LEOPARD ON A SMALL ELEPHANT.

sank gradually deeper and deeper until only his head and part of his back could be seen. The elephant thus engulfed was Kennedy, the same that tried to kill Ashton. The Rajah ordered ten other elephants brought up, and they were hitched to the unfortunate Kennedy, and by pulling together at a given word, brought their bellowing comrade out of the mud with a plomp like the pop of a thousand-ton cork.

TAKING POSITION TO RECEIVE THE TIGER.

"So with chatting and jolting and tails swinging and elephants lurching by the way, we reach the point where the howdah elephants are waiting; where the tigers and rhinos are waiting also, let us hope. First, we take our places in our respective howdahs, stepping up to them from the backs of the pad elephants. The ammunition box is before us, strapped to the front, with ready cartridges. At right and left, with muzzles fixed in the rests, are the guns, an eight-bore elephant rifle for rhinos and buffalo, a twelve-bore tiger gun; two express rifles, large and small, for deer, and a shotgun for small game—partridges, bustard, etc.—when beating home lazily at night.

"The place of beating reached, there follows a consultation as to stationing the guns,

and the Rajah's secretary passes a hat around and lets us draw slips for positions. In beating up a tiger in a nullah, guns are stationed in a U on either bank, while two guns come on with the beating elephants, flanking the line in case the tiger breaks back. And one gun is placed at the head of the drive—that is, at the opening of the U—where he will have a clear shot at the tiger if he breaks into the ravine from the grass on either side.

"Now the waiting guns hold themselves ready, while the beating elephants move up the two banks of the nullah. Every man stands on the pads, holding his heavy rifle by the breech, while the barrel rests on the howdah. What a tension of suspense for an untried hand! How a man looks to his guns, and plans what he will do when the tiger springs, and prays that his nerve may not fail him. The beaters come on and on, nearer and nearer, and still nothing stirs. Word comes from the Rajah to close in from all sides. Only a little bit of grass remains, and the guns are all about it. There may be a tiger lurking there; there may be nothing. We have sometimes drawn in so close that the space at the center was not larger than this room, and we could touch guns from one elephant to another. And up to the very last the tiger made no sign. We

could tell, though, by the trumpeting of the elephants that we were coming on big game.

"And then suddenly, from behind you or before you, sounds the quick *oof, oof, oof*, the barking of the tiger at bay, a terrifying sound that the sportsman does not forget, quite different from the long tiger roar heard in the Zoo. And then a tawny body streaks the air, and the tiger is on you, and you must act. How the bullets fly—*vrtt, vrtt, vrtt*—one gun, two guns, sometimes four or five guns firing almost at the same moment! And you hit the tiger or you do not, and if yours is the first bullet to touch him yours is the trophy, no matter who makes the kill. And this is the law for leopards, too; but not for buffaloes and rhinos; there it is the gun finally downing the beast that gets him. And great are the arguments over a tiger's dead body to decide the question of proprietorship. In all such cases of dispute, the Rajah sits as a court of last appeal and weighs out justice impartially.

"I remember a case where five of us had fired almost at the same moment, at short range, and four of us had missed; a single fortunate bullet had shattered a great hole in the foreshoulder and laid the tiger low. The question was, Who fired that bullet? The Rajah ordered the skin taken off at once

and the bullet given to him. Then calling us about him, he said, smiling: 'Mr. Burges, do you think you killed the tiger?'

"Yes, I do," said I.

"Mr. P——, do you think you killed this tiger?"

"I am absolutely certain of it," he answered.

"And so spoke the others. Perhaps it is not quite modest of me to tell of my own triumph, but I was proud enough of it at the time, for the bullet in the Rajah's hand came from a twelve-bore Paradox rifle, and that was the one I had used. You saw the skin just now in the library.

"Speaking of skinning tigers, here is a photograph that is interesting [reproduced on page 145]. It shows a swarm of vultures hovering over the stripped bones of a tiger's carcass given them only ten minutes before the photograph was taken, and in that time cleaned of every shred of flesh. It is most remarkable how these carrion birds arrive almost before an animal's skin has been taken off. They soar at great heights, in intersecting circles, and so are able to cover with their telescopic eyes a wide range of country; and as soon as one swoops down another follows, and then another, and then thousands, until it seems to be raining vultures.



ELEPHANTS GATHERING ROUND A RHINOCEROS THAT HAS JUST BEEN SHOT FROM THE HOWDAH.



AN INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH OF A GROUP OF VULTURES.

These vultures have just finished the feat of stripping, within the space of ten minutes, every shred of flesh from the bones of a tiger's carcass.

"I should have said that the skinning of the game is not done on the spot where the game is killed, but at camp, whither the bodies are immediately sent on pad elephants. The loading of the game on the elephants involves a great hauling and straining of ropes before this is properly accomplished, especially if it be a full-grown tiger, which will weigh from three to five hundred pounds. A few hours later, the skins are stretched in the frames drying in the sun, for there is no time to be lost in so hot a climate."

"Is a tiger hard to hit?" I asked.

"Not particularly; that is, for a man who is handy with his rifle and doesn't get into a funk. But hitting a tiger is not killing him, as many a good sportsman has found out to his cost. The foreshoulder is the only sure place to land, and a tiger is always a flying mark. That is why lion shooting is so much easier, for you simply stalk up to your lion and draw on him at rest from easy range. But there is no drawing on a tiger: it is touch-and-go shooting always. Besides, the tiger is just the color of the ground and the dried grass, and you need a trained eye to see him. I remember one case where a tiger came right past a German prince and the prince never fired, although the mahout screamed 'Marro, marro, sahib,' with all his lungs.

"'Why didn't you shoot?' asked the Rajah afterwards.

"'I was waiting to see him better,' said the prince, 'and I wish that mahout would keep still when I'm trying to aim. What does 'marro, marro' mean?'

"'It means 'kill, kill,' of course.'

"'Ah, I thought perhaps it meant not to shoot,' grumbled the prince, and the Rajah looked disgusted. A gun should know enough Bengalese to understand his mahout."

"What was the most dangerous position you were ever in while tiger-shooting?"

Mr. Burges smiled. "I really believe it was one day when I was flanking the line of beaters driving up a nullah. I was fairly caught between the guns on either bank, and they kept blazing away at a tiger as he darted in and out, and kept missing him. My howdah was just in the line of their bullets, and I couldn't see the tiger to take a hand in the sport, and I couldn't get out of the way. So I crouched down, and listened to the rifle balls singing by."

"Don't the elephants get frightened in a bombardment like that?"

"Sometimes, and then there is danger of their charging into the forest and sweeping off howdah and occupants against the branches. That is when the mahouts show their skill."

We talked next of "rhino" shooting, which, in the opinion of many sportsmen, is even more exciting than tiger shooting.

"Although it was always a rule of the beat," said Mr. Burges, "that all arrangements gave way to news of tiger, there were a number of us, including the Rajah himself, who preferred, by a good deal, the big pigs to the big cats. For one thing, the rhino is much harder to find than the tiger, and much harder to get when found. You see, he is practically invulnerable, and is afraid of nothing. Neither an elephant nor a tiger nor any other beast of the jungle would have the slightest chance against him. There are many elephants that will stand up to a tiger gamely, but the best of them turn tail when a rhino charges. He rips up their legs, you see, with his tusks and his big horn, and the elephants squeal for mercy.

"That is why it is so hard to get a rhino, even when you have him surrounded by the beaters in a big piece of grass (he keeps away from small patches on principle), for his favorite trick is to break back through the driving line, which at once becomes a driven line, and then good-by rhino. As to overtaking him, that is impossible, for he can gallop twice as fast as the best elephant can

shuffle. Your only chance is to catch him with a true shot from your elephant gun, either behind the shoulder or in the neck, where the ball cuts the arteries. But that is about as hard a thing to do as there is in sport."

"Do women ever go out for big game?" I asked.

"Occasionally, but I never knew one to do much good. The recoil of the big rifle would almost knock a woman out of the howdah, and if she uses a lighter piece she is sure to go popping away at deer and little things. Of course it is an unpardonable sin, if you are after tiger, to shoot at anything except tiger. I remember one day we took the wife of the German prince along with us, and she spoiled the drive by letting fly at a partridge or something when we were just getting a tiger nicely cornered. She got so excited she didn't know what she was doing, and we lost the tiger. The Rajah was furious."

We talked about many other things connected with big-game shooting, about feeding the elephants and washing them, about watching them come to camp at night laden with fodder for the herd, about native superstitions, etc., but space is wanting to tell of these. The memories of a big-game hunter are an inexhaustible mine of incident.



RUNNING TRAINS BY TELEGRAPH.

EXPERIENCES OF A TRAIN-DESPATCHER.—HOW THE DESPATCHERS DO THEIR WORK.—THE MAKING AND TRANSMITTING OF ORDERS.—AN OLD DESPATCHER'S MISTAKE.—AN OPERATOR WHO LIVED UP TO THE RULES.

BY CAPTAIN JASPER EWING BRADY, U.S.A.



HE despatcher's office of a big railroad line is one of the most interesting places a man can get into, especially if he is interested in the general working of our great railway systems. It is located at division headquarters or any such other point as makes the despatching of trains and attendant orders of easy

accomplishment.

The interior is not as a rule very sumptuous. There is the big counter at one side of the room, on which are the train registers, car record books, message blanks, and forms for various reports. Over against the wall, on one side, is a big blackboard, known as the "call-board." On it is recorded the probable arrival and departure of trains, and the names of their crews; also the time certain crews are to be called. As soon as the train men have completed the work of turning their train over to the yard crew at the end of their run, they are registered in the despatcher's office, and are thereafter liable for duty in their turn. The rule "first in, first out" is supposed to be strictly adhered to in the running of trains.

About the middle of the room, or in the recess of the bay-window, is the despatcher's table. On it, in front of the man on duty, is the train sheet, containing exact information of all trains on his division. There is also a space set apart for the expected arrival of trains on his district from the other end, and one for delays. Loads, empties, everything is there that it is necessary for him to know to properly run the trains on time and with safety. Generally there are two sets of telegraph instruments on the table, one for what is known as the despatcher's wire, over which his sway is absolute, and the other for a wire that is used for messages, reports, and the like, and, in case of emergency, by the despatcher.

Mounted on a roll, in front of the train sheet and instruments, is the current time-card of the division. From the information contained therein the despatcher makes all his calculations for time orders, meeting-points, work trains, etc. Across the table from the despatcher sits his "copy operator," whose duty it is to copy everything, thus relieving the despatcher of anything that would tend to disturb him in his work. This copy operator is generally the man next for promotion to a despatcher's trick, and his relations with his chief must be entirely harmonious.

The working force in a well-regulated despatcher's office consists of the chief despatcher, three despatchers, two copy operators, and the various call boys and messengers. The chief despatcher is next to the division superintendent, and has full charge of the office. He has supervision of the yard reports and of the ordering out of trains and crews. He has charge of all the operators on the division, and has general supervision of the telegraph service. His office hours? He hasn't any. Most of the chiefs are in their offices early and late, and there is no harder worked man than the chief despatcher.

Each day is divided into three periods of eight hours each, known as "tricks," and a despatcher assigned to each. The first trick is from eight A.M. to four P.M.; the second from four P.M. to twelve midnight; and the third from twelve midnight to eight A.M.

At eight o'clock in the morning, the first-trick despatcher comes on duty, and his first work is to verify the order book and train sheet. The man going off duty checks off all orders issued by him that have been carried out, and his successor signs his initials to all orders yet to be obeyed. This signifies that he has read them over and thoroughly understands their purport and intent. He glances carefully over his train sheet, as-

Order 35. *As 7/16 18—*

OTB No. 16 Mn

OTB No. 17 Lva.

③ No. 16 & No. 17 meet at Meru

Piquet, No. 17 to Meru - No. 16 due to Lva

El Monte, 12:16 is cancelled between

El Monte & Meru

35. OTB 16 Mn

Ok Smith 12:00 am M.A.B.

35. OTB 17 Lva

Ok 12:11 am M.A.B.

35. Lva & Piquet No. 16 M.A.B. 12:14 am M.A.B.

35. Piquet & Roberts No. 17 M.A.B. 12:22 am M.A.B.

FACSIMILE OF A COMPLETED ORDER AS ENTERED IN THE DESPATCHER'S ORDER-BOOK.

sure himself that everything is correct, and then assumes his duties. Anything that is not clear to him must be thoroughly explained before his predecessor leaves, and he must signify that he perfectly understands everything. The value of the time card rule, so familiar to all old railroaders, "In case of doubt always take the safe side," is exemplified many times every day in the telegraph service. After a despatcher has assumed charge of the trick, he is the master of the situation; his attentiveness and judgment are the powers that keep trains moving on time.

When all trains are running on time and there are no extras out, the despatcher's duty is easy, and consists largely in taking and recording "O. S. reports" and "consists." The O. S. report is the report sent by the various operators as trains arrive and depart from their several stations. A "consist" is a message sent by a conductor to the division superintendent, giving the exact composition and destination of each car in a train. When trains are late, however, and business is heavy and many extras are running, the despatcher's work becomes very hard. Orders have to be made, crews and engines kept working together, and trains moving.

Down the center of the train sheet, which varies in size according to the size of the division, are printed the names of all the telegraph stations on the division and the distances between them. On either side of this column are ruled smaller columns, each one of which represents a train. The number of each train is at the head of the appropri-

ate column, and under it are the number of the engine, the names of the engineer and conductor, and the number of loads and empties in the train. All trains on a division are arranged in three classes, and each class has certain rights. Trains of the first class are always passenger trains; the through freight and the combination freight and passenger trains compose the second class. All other trains, such as work trains and construction trains, belong to the third class. It is an invariable rule on all railroads that trains running one way have exclusive rights over trains of their own and of inferior classes running in the opposite direction.

What is called the "double order system" is used almost exclusively on all single-track roads, and if the rules and regulations pertaining to it were strictly carried out and adhered to, accidents for which human agency was responsible would be impossible. It consists simply in giving an order to all trains concerned at the *same time*. That is to say, if the despatcher desires to make a meeting-point for two trains, he will send the same order simultaneously to both trains. If a train is leaving his end of the division, and he desires to make a meeting-point with a train coming in, before giving his order to the conductor and engineer he would telegraph it to a station at which the incoming train was soon to arrive, and whence the operator would repeat it back word for word and would signify that his red board was turned. By this means both trains would receive the same order.

MANNER OF SENDING ORDERS.

Let us suppose a case of two sections of No. 13 running east and one section of No. 14 running west. Both trains are second class trains, and as east-bound trains have the right of way, No. 14 must keep out of the way of 13. A certain point, call it Smithville, is, according to the time card, the meeting-point for these trains. But 14 finds out that she has a lot of work to do at Jonesboro; or a hot driving-box or a draw-head pulling out delays her, and thus she cannot possibly reach Smithville in time for No. 13. She is at Jason, and unless she can get orders to run farther on 13's time, she will have to tie up there and be further

delayed an hour. The conductor asks the operator at Jason to ask "Ds" if he can help them any. "Ds" glances over his train sheet, and finds that he cannot let them run to Smithville, because 13 is nearly on time; but there is a siding at Burke's, between Jason and Smithville, and he concludes to let 14 go there. It will delay 13 only a few minutes, and 14 will get a big lift. So he tells the operator at Jason to "copy 3." Then he calls Smithville, and tells him to "copy 5." Both the engineer and the conductor get a copy of all orders pertaining to their train, and the operators retain one copy for reference in case of accident. Both operators turn their red lights the *first thing*, and so long as the signal remains red no train can pass without first receiving an order or a clearance card. In the case supposed, the order sent would be as follows:

Ds 12 8 98.

ORDER No. 31.

To C & E 1st and 2d 13. Sm.

To C & E No. 14. In.

First and second sections No. 13 and No. 14 will meet at Burke's.

12

H. G. C.

The despatcher's operator, sitting opposite to his chief, copies every word of this order as the despatcher sends it, and when the operators at Jason and Smithville repeat it, he underlines each word, great care being taken to correct any error made by the operators. After an operator has repeated the order back, he signs his name, and the despatcher then says, "Order No. 31 O. K.," giving the time and signing the division superintendent's initials thereto. The order is next handed to the conductor and the engineer of each train when they come into the office; both read it carefully, and then signify that they understand it fully by signing their names. The operator then says to the despatcher, "Order 31.

sig. Jones and Smith," and the despatcher gives the "complete" and exact time. Then a copy is given to the conductor and one to the engineer, and they leave. On some roads the conductor must read the order out loud to the engineer before leaving the office.

Thus No. 14, having got her orders, pulls out, and when she reaches Burke's, she goes on the side track, and waits there for both 13s, because 13, being an east-bound train of the same class, has right of track over her. The same *modus operandi* is gone through with for No. 13, and when the trains have departed, the operators pull in their red lights. When the meeting has been made, and both trains are by Burke's safely, the despatcher draws a blue pencil through his order-book copy and signs his initials, which signifies that the provisions of the order have



"Half lying on the table, face downward, dead by his own hand."

been carried out. Should its details not have been completed when the despatcher is relieved, his successor signs his initials thereto, showing that he has received it. This is the method of sending train orders, pure and simple, on single-track roads. On double-track lines the work is greatly simplified, because trains running in each direction have separate tracks.

The simple meeting order has been given above. The following forms will illustrate some of the many other different kinds of orders, self-explanatory.

TIME ORDER.

No. 14 has the right to use ten minutes of the time of No. 13 between Jason and Jonesboro.

SLOW ORDER.

All trains will run carefully over track from one half a mile east of Salt Water to Big River bridge, track soft.

EXTRA ORDER.

Engine 341 will run extra from De Leon to Val-dosta.

ANNULMENT ORDER.

No. 15 of January 6th is annulled between Santiago and Rio.

WORK ORDER.

Engine 228 will work between Posey and Paterson, keeping out of way of all regular trains. Clear track for extra west engine 327 at 10:30 A.M.

When an operator has turned his red light for an order, he must not pull it in until he has delivered the order to the train for which it was intended. In the meantime, should another train come in for which he has no orders, he will give it a clearance card, as follows:

To C & E No. 27:

There are no orders for you, signal is set for No. 18.
H. G. CLARKE, *Operator*.

At stated intervals during the day, the despatchers on duty on each division send full reports of trains to the divisions adjoining them on either side. This train report is very complete, giving the composition of each and every train on the road and the destination of every car. A form of the message will readily illustrate this:

San Angelo 5/16

W. H. C. Ds.

No. 17 will arrive at Ds at 10.20, A.M. with the following:

- 1 HH Goods.....Chgo.
- 2 Live Stock.....Kansas City.
- 3 Mdse.....Do
- 1 Emgt Outfit.....St Louis.
- 6 Coal.....Houston.
- 2 Wheat.....Chgo.
- 7 Empty flats.....Flat Rock.

All work is done over the initials of the division superintendent and in his name. These reports keep the despatchers fully informed as to what may be expected, and arrangements can be made to keep trains moving. Of course the report illustrated above is for but one train. Necessarily it must be much longer when many trains are running.

At some regular time during the day all agents must send in a car report. This is copied by the despatcher's operator, and shows how many and what kinds of cars are on the side tracks; the number of cars wanted to load during the ensuing twenty-four hours; the number of loads ready to go out; and if the station is a water-station, how many feet of water are in the tank; or if a coaling station, how many cars of coal are on hand; and, lastly, what is the character of the weather. On some roads weather reports are sent in every hour.

In view of all this, it is not too much to say that the eyes of the despatcher see everything on the road. There are a thousand and one small details, in addition to the momentous matters that he has charge of, and the man who can keep his division clear, with all trains moving smoothly and on time, must indeed be a man of excellent method and application, and must have the ability to master numerous unexpected situations the instant they arise.

AN OLD DESPATCHER'S MISTAKE.

I had become thoroughly proficient as a copy operator, and frequently Borroughs, the first-trick despatcher, would allow me to "spell" him while he was eating his lunch. Be it said to his credit, however, that he never was out of hearing when I was doing any of his work. He was carefulness personified, and the following incident only serves to show what unaccountable errors will be made even by the best of men.

One cold morning in January, I started to the office as usual. The air was so crisp and biting that the air-pumps of the engines had that peculiar sharp, snappy sound heard only in a panting engine in cold weather. It made the engines seem to be almost endowed with life. As I went into the office, to go on duty at eight o'clock, the night man remarked that I must be feeling pretty brash; that my spirits seemed so high. And in fact, that was no joke; I was feeling fine, and showed it all over. But as I said good morning to Borroughs, I noticed that he

on the train sheet. Two minutes after the freight had left Monte Carlo, poor Pat realized that he had made a mistake. He said not a word to any person, but quietly ordered out the wrecking outfit, and then reaching in the drawer he took his revolver and snuffed out his candle. He fell forward on the train sheet, as if to cover up, with his lifeless body, the terrible blunder he had made. Many other despatchers had made serious errors, and in a measure outlived them; but here was a man who had grown gray in the service of railroads, with never a mark against him. By one slip of memory he had, as he thought, ruined himself forever, and too proud to bear the disgrace, he killed himself.

The wreck was an awful one. The superintendent's son was riding on the engine, and he and the engineer and the fireman were crushed almost beyond recognition. The superintendent, his wife, his daughter, and a friend were badly bruised, but none of them seriously injured. The second-trick man wasn't to be found immediately, so I worked until four o'clock, and the impression of that day will never leave me. It was a long time before I fully recovered my equanimity.

The next afternoon we buried poor Pat, and the earth closed over him forever, and thus passed from view a man whose character was of the purest and whose nature was of the gentlest. I have never seen his equal in any way. I often think that, if I had not gone over to the hotel on that fatal morning, the accident might have been averted, because, perhaps, I would have noticed the mistake in time to have prevented the collision. But again, it is probable that I would not have observed it, for operators, not having the responsibility of the despatchers, rarely concentrate their minds intensely on what they are taking. A man will sit and copy by the hour with the greatest accuracy, and at the same time be utterly oblivious of the purport of what he has been taking. There can be no explanation as to why Pat forgot the special. It is one of those things that happen; that's all.

MY FIRST TRICK.

The rule of seniority was adhered to in the office, and in the natural sequence of events the night man got my job. I was promoted to the third trick—from twelve midnight until eight A. M.—and a new night copy operator was brought in from Vining.

If any trick is easier than another it is the third, but none of them are sinecures by any means. When I was copy operator, I used to imagine it was easy to sit over on the other side of the table and give orders, "jack up" conductors and engineers because they didn't make time, and haul operators over the coals if you called them five minutes; but when I was finally assigned a trick, I found things very different. Copying, with no responsibility, was easy; but despatching I found about the stiffest job I had ever undertaken. I had to be on the alert in every faculty and every minute for about eight hours. While the first and second tricks have, perhaps, more train-order work attached to them, the third is about on a par with them, as far as actual labor goes, because, in addition to the regular train-order work, a new train sheet has to be opened every night at twelve o'clock, which necessitates the keeping of two until all the trains on the old one have completed their runs. There is also a consolidated train report to be made at this time, which is a recapitulation of the movements of all trains for the preceding twenty-four hours, giving delays, the causes thereof, accidents, cars hauled, etc. This is submitted to the division superintendent in the morning, and after he has perused it, he sends a condensed copy to the general superintendent. Many a man loses his job by a report against him on that train sheet.

To show the strain on a man's mind when he is despatching trains, let me tell a little incident that happened to me in the beginning of my career. Every morning about five o'clock, the third-trick man begins to figure on his work-train orders for the day, and when he has completed them, he gives them to the different crews. Work-train orders, it may not be amiss to explain, are the orders given the different construction crews, such as the bridge gang, the grading gang, track gang, etc., to work between certain points at certain times. They must be very full and explicit in detail as to all trains that are to run during the continuance of the order. For regular trains running on time no notification need be given, because the time-card rules apply; but for all extras, specials, and delayed trains, warnings must be given, so that the work-trains can get out of the way for them, otherwise the results might be very serious. Work orders are the bane of a new despatcher's existence.

I got along fairly well the first night as a

despatcher, and had no mishaps to speak of, although I delayed a through passenger some ten minutes by making a bad meet with a freight train, and I put a through freight on a siding for a train of an inferior class. For these little errors of judgment I was "cussed out" by the conductors and engineers, when they came in, and the division superintendent, on looking over the train sheet the next morning, remarked, that delaying a passenger train would never do, and in such a tone of voice that I could plainly see my finish, should I ever so offend again.

By 5.30 A.M., I had completed my work-train orders and sent them out. From that time until 8 o'clock, when the first-trick man relieved me, I was kept busy. He read over my orders, verified the sheet, and signed the transfer on the order book, and after a few moments' chat I went home. I went to bed about 9 o'clock, and was on the point of dropping off to sleep, when all at once I remembered that an extra fast freight was due to leave at 9.45 A.M. and that there was a train working in the cut about four miles out. I wondered if I had notified her to get out of the way of the extra. The extra would go down through that cut like greased lightning, because Horace Daniels, on engine 341, was going to pull her, and Horace was known as a runner from away back. I reviewed, as carefully as I could, the orders I had given to the work-train, and was rather sure I had notified them, but still I was not absolutely certain, and began to feel very uncomfortable. Poor Borroughs had just made his smash-up, and I didn't want poor Bates to have his right away. I looked at my watch, and found it was then 9.20. The extra would leave in twenty-five minutes, and I lived nearly a mile from the office. I slipped on my clothes, and, without putting on a collar or cravat, I caught up my hat and ran

for the depot. As I approached, I saw Daniels giving 341 the last touch of oil before he started out. I shouted to him, "Don't pull out for a minute, Daniels; I think there is a mistake in your orders."

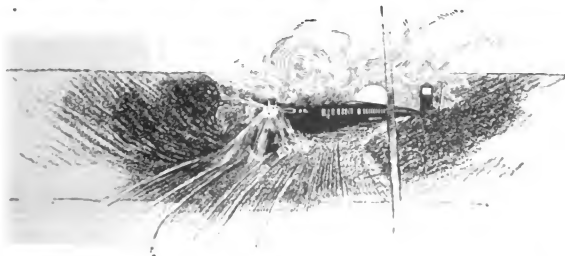
Daniels was a gruff sort of fellow, and he snapped back at me, "What is the matter with you? I hain't got no orders yet. Come here till I oil those wheels in your head."

I went up to the office, and Daniels followed me. Bennett, the chief, was standing by the counter as I went in, and after a glance at me, he said, "What's up, kid? Seen a ghost? You look almost pale enough to be one yourself."

I said, "No, I haven't seen any ghosts, but I am afraid I forgot to notify that gang working just east of here about this extra."

The conductor and engineer were both there, and they smiled very audibly at my discomfiture; in fact it was so audible that you could hear it for a block. Bennett went over to the table, glanced at the order book, and said, "Oh, bosh, Bates, of course you notified them. Here it is as big as life. 'Look out for extra east, engine 341, leaving El Monte at 9.45 A.M.' What do you want to scare us that way for?"

I was about to depart for home, congratulating myself on my escape, when Bennett called me over to one side of the room, and in a low, but very firm, voice metaphorically ran up and down my spinal column with a rake. He asked me if I didn't know there were other despatchers in that office besides myself; and didn't I suppose that the order book would be verified and consulted before sending out the extra? He hoped I never would show such a case of rattles again. That was all. Good morning. All the same I was glad I went back to the office that morning, because I satisfied myself that I had not committed an unpardonable error at the outset of my career.





MIRACLE JOYEUX.

BY
FRANK NORRIS.

MERVINUS had come to old Jerome's stone-built farmhouse, across the huge meadow where some half-dozen of the neighboring villagers pastured their stock in common. Old Jerome had received a certain letter, which was a copy of another letter, which in turn was a copy of another letter, and so on and so on, nobody could tell how far. Mervinus would copy this letter and take it back to his village, where it would be copied again and again and yet again, and copies would be made of these copies, till the whole countryside would know the contents of that letter pretty well by heart. It was in this way, indeed, that these people

made their literature. They would hand down the precious documents to their children, and that letter's contents would become folk-lore, become so well known that it would be repeated orally. It would be a legend, a mythos; perhaps by and by, after a long time, it might gain credence and become even history.

But in that particular part of the country this famous letter was doubly important, because it had been written by a man whom some of the peasants and laborers and small farmers knew. "I knew him," said old Jerome, when Mervius had come in and the two had sat down on either side of the oak table in the brick-paved kitchen. Mervius—he was past seventy himself—slipped his huge wooden sabots and let his feet rest on the warm bricks near the fireplace, for the meadow grass had been cold.

"Yes, I knew him," said Jerome. "He took the name of Peter afterwards. He was a fisherman, and used to seine fish over in the big lake where the vineyards are. He used to come here twice a week and sell me fish. He was a good fisherman. Then the carpenter's son set the whole country by the ears, and he went away with him. I missed his fish. Mondays and Wednesdays he came, and his fish were always fresh. They don't get such fish nowadays."

"I'll take the letter you have," said Mervius—"the copy, that is—and my wife will transcribe it; I—I am too old, and my eyes are bad. This carpenter's son now—as you say, he set the people by the ears. It is a strange story."

Old Jerome put his chin in the air. "He was the son of a carpenter, nothing else. We all knew his people; you did, and I. His father built the bin where I store my corn, and some stalls in my brother's barn in the next village. The son was a dreamer; any one could have told he would have perished in the end. The people were tired of him, a mild lunatic. That was all."

Mervius did not answer directly. "I have read this letter," he said, "this fisherman's letter. The man who looks after my sheep loaned me a copy. Peter was not always with the man, the carpenter's son. One thing he has left out—one thing that I saw."

"That *you* saw!" exclaimed old Jerome.

Mervius nodded.

"I saw this man once."

"The carpenter's son?"

"Yes, once, and I saw him smile. You notice this letter never makes record of him smiling."

"I know."

"I saw him smile."

"As how?"

Mervius wrapped his lean, old arms under the folds of his blouse, and resting his elbows on his knees, looked into the fire. Jerome's crow paced gravely in at the door, and perched on his master's knee. Jerome fed him bits of cheese dipped in wine.

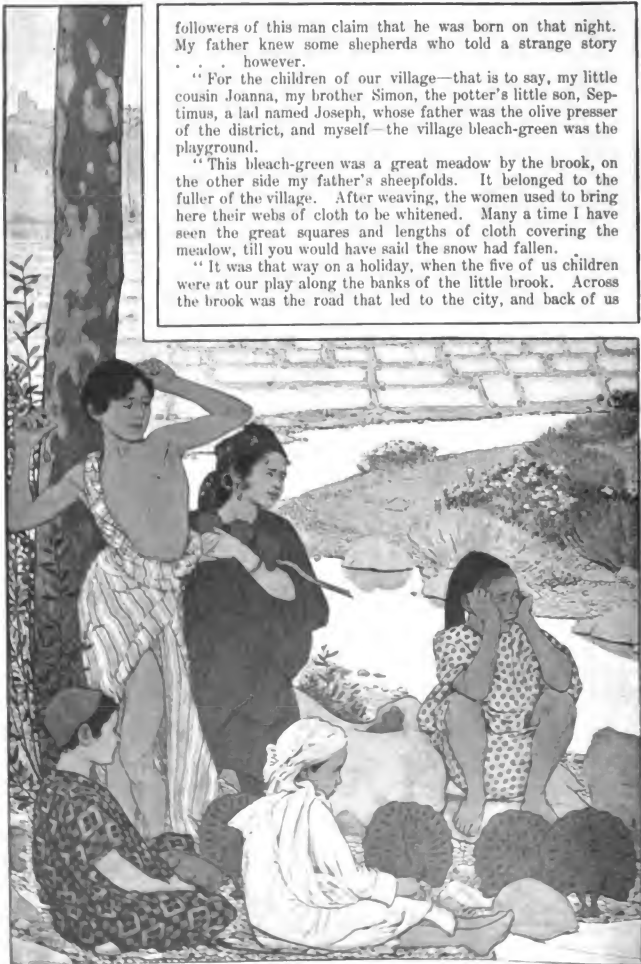
"It was a long time ago," said Mervius; "I was a lad. I remember I and my cousin Joanna—she was a little girl of seven then—used to run out to the cow stables early of the cold mornings, and stand in the fodder on the floor of the stalls to warm our feet. I had heard my father tell of this man, this carpenter's son. Did you ever hear," he added, turning to old Jerome, "did you ever hear—when you were a boy—hear the older people speak of the 'White Night'? At midnight it grew suddenly light, as though the sun had risen out of season. In fact, there *was* a sun, or star—something. The chickens all came down from their roosts, the oxen lowed, the cocks crew, as though at daybreak. It was light for hours. Then towards four o'clock the light faded again. It happened in mid-winter. Yes, they called it the 'White Night.' It was strange. You know the

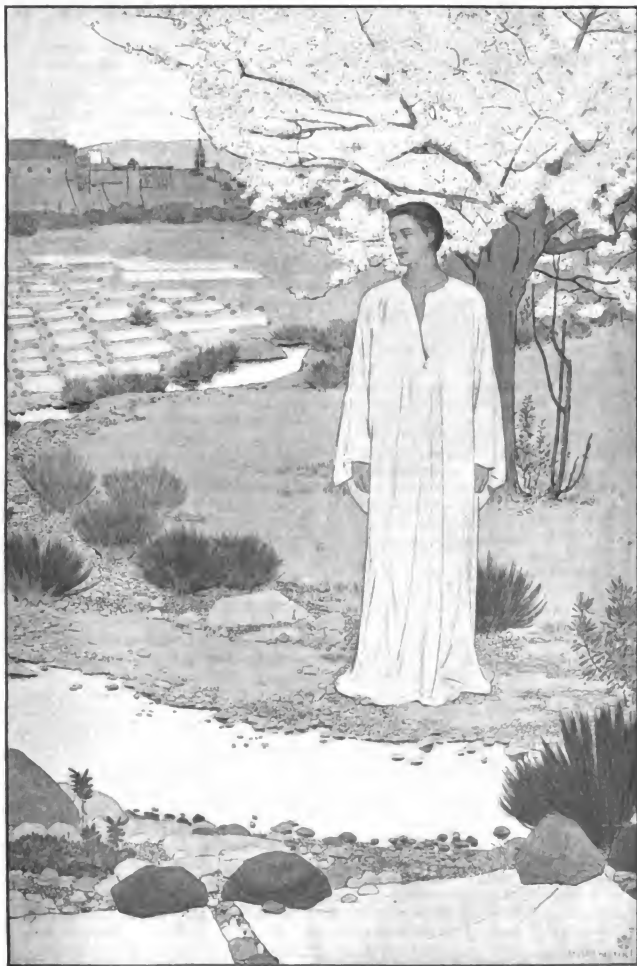
followers of this man claim that he was born on that night. My father knew some shepherds who told a strange story . . . however.

"For the children of our village—that is to say, my little cousin Joanna, my brother Simon, the potter's little son, Septimus, a lad named Joseph, whose father was the olive presser of the district, and myself—the village bleach-green was the playground.

"This bleach-green was a great meadow by the brook, on the other side my father's sheepfolds. It belonged to the fuller of the village. After weaving, the women used to bring here their webs of cloth to be whitened. Many a time I have seen the great squares and lengths of cloth covering the meadow, till you would have said the snow had fallen.

"It was that way on a holiday, when the five of us children were at our play along the banks of the little brook. Across the brook was the road that led to the city, and back of us





the bleach-green was one shimmer of white, great spreads and drifts of white cloth, billowing and rippling like shallow pools of milk, as the breeze stirred under them. They were weighted down at the corners with huge, round stones. It was a pretty sight. I have never forgotten that bleach-green.

"I remember that day we had found a bank of clay, and the potter's son, Septimus, showed us how to model the stuff into pots and drinking-vessels, and afterwards even into the form of animals: dogs, fishes, and the lame cow that belonged to the widow at the end of the village. Simon made a wonderful beast, that he assured us was a lion, with twigs for legs, while I and Septimus patted and pinched our lump of clay to look like the great he-pig that had eaten a litter of puppies the week past—a horror that was yet the talk of all the village.

"Joanna—she was younger than all the rest of us—was fashioning little birds, clumsy, dauby little lumps of wet clay without much form. She was very proud of them, and set them in a row upon a stick, and called for us to look at them. As boys will, we made fun of her and her little, clumsy clay birds, because she was a girl, and Simon, my brother, said:

"Hoh, those aren't like birds at all. More like bullfrogs, I guess. *I'll* show you."

"He and the rest of us took to making all manner of birds—pigeons, hawks, chickens, and the like. Septimus, the potter's son, executed a veritable masterpiece, a sort of peacock with tail spread which was very like, and which he swore he would take to his father's kiln to have baked. We all exclaimed over this marvel, and gathered about Septimus, praising him and his handiwork, and poor little Joanna and her foolish dauby lumps were forgotten. Then, of course, we all made peacocks, and set them in a row, and compared them with each other's. Joanna sat apart looking at us through her tears, and trying to pretend that she did not care for clay peacocks, that the ridicule of a handful of empty-headed boys did not hurt her, and that her stupid little birds were quite as brave as ours. Then she said, by and by, timid-like and half to herself, 'I think my birds are pretty, too.'

"Hoh," says Septimus, 'look at Joanna's bullfrogs! Hoh! You are only a girl. What do you know? You don't know *anything*. I think you had better go home. We don't like to play with girls.'

"She was too brave to let us see her cry, but she got up, and was just about going home across the bleach-green—in the green aisles between the webs of cloth—when Simon said to me and to the others:

"Look, quick, Mervius, here comes that man that father spoke about, the carpenter's son who has made such a stir.' And he pointed across the brook, down the road that runs from the city over towards the lake, the same lake where you say this Peter used to fish. Joanna stopped, and looked where he pointed; so did we all. I saw the man, the carpenter's son, whom Simon meant, and knew at once that it was he."

Old Jerome interrupted: "You had never seen him before. How did you know it was he?"

Mervius shook his head. "It was he. How could I tell? I don't know. I knew it was he."

"What did he look like?" asked Jerome, interested.

Mervius paused. There was a silence. Jerome's crow looked at the bright coals of the fire, his head on one side.

"Not at all extraordinary," said Mervius at length. "His face was that of a peasant, sun-browned, touched, perhaps, with a certain calmness. That was all. A face that was neither sad nor glad, calm merely, and not unusually or especially pleasing. He was dressed as you and I are now—as a peasant—and his hands were those of a worker. Only his head was bare."

"Did he wear his beard?"

"No, that was afterward. He was younger when I saw him, about twenty-one maybe, and his face was smooth. There was nothing extraordinary about the man."

"Yet you knew it was he."

"Yes," admitted Mervius, nodding his head. "Yes, I knew it was he. He came up slowly along the road near the brook where we children were sitting. He walked as any traveler along those roads might, not thoughtful nor abstracted, but minding his steps and looking here and there about the country. The prettier things, I noted, seemed to attract him, and I particularly remember his stopping to look at a cherry-tree in full bloom and smelling at its blossoms. Once, too, he stopped and thrust out of the way a twig that had fallen across a little antheap. When he had come opposite us, he noticed us all standing there and looking at him quietly from across the brook, and he came down and stood on the other bank and asked us for a drink. There was a cup in an old bucket not far away that was kept there for those who worked on the bleach-green. I ran to fetch it, and when I had come back, he, the carpenter's son, had crossed the brook, and was sitting on the bank, and all the children were about him. He had little Joanna on his knee, and she had forgotten to cry. He drank out of the cup I gave him, and fell to asking us about what we had been doing. Then we all cried out together, and showed him our famous array of clay peacocks."

"And you were that familiar with him?" said old Jerome.

"He seemed like another child to us," answered Mervius. "We were all about him, on his shoulders, on his knees, in his arms, and Joanna in his lap—she had forgotten to cry.

"See, see my birds," she said. I tell you she had her arms around his neck. 'See, they said they were not pretty. They are pretty, aren't they, quite as pretty as theirs?'

"Prettier, prettier," he said. 'Look now.' He set our little clay birds before him in a row. First mine, then Simon's, then those of Joseph and of Septimus, then one of little Joanna's shapeless little lumps. He looked at them, and at last touched the one Joanna had made with his finger-tip, then— Did you ever see when corn is popping, how the grain swells, swells, then bursts forth into whiteness? So it was then. No sooner had that little bird of Joanna, that clod of dust, that poor bit of common clay, felt the touch of his finger, than it awakened into life and became a live bird—and white, white as the sunshine, a beautiful little white bird that flew upward on the instant, with a tiny, glad note of song. We children shouted aloud, and Joanna danced and clapped her hands. And then it was the carpenter's son smiled. He looked at her as she looked up at that soaring white bird, and smiled, smiled just once, and then fell calm again.

"He rose to go, but we hung about him, and clamored for him to stay.

"No," he said, as he kissed us all, 'I must go, go up to the city.' He crossed the brook, and looked back at us.

"Can't we go with you?" we cried to him. He shook his head.

"Where I am going you cannot go. But," he added, 'I am going to make a place for just such as you.'

"And you'll come again?" we cried.

"Yes, yes, I shall come again."

"Then he went away, though often looking back and waving his hand at us. What we said after he had gone I don't know. How we felt I cannot express. Long time and in silence we stood there watching, until his figure vanished around a bend in the road. Then we turned and went home across the bleach-green, through the green aisles between the webs of white cloth. We never told what had happened. That was just for ourselves alone. The same evening we heard of

a great wonder that had been worked at a marriage in a town near by, water turned to wine, and a little later another, a man blind from his birth suddenly made to see. What did we care? He had not smiled upon those others, those people at the marriage, that crowd in the market-place. What did we care?"

Mervius stopped, and slipped his feet back into his sabots, and rose. He took the letter from Jerome, and put it in the pocket of his blouse.

"And you saw that?"

Mervius nodded, but old Jerome shook his head in the manner of one who is not willing to be convinced.

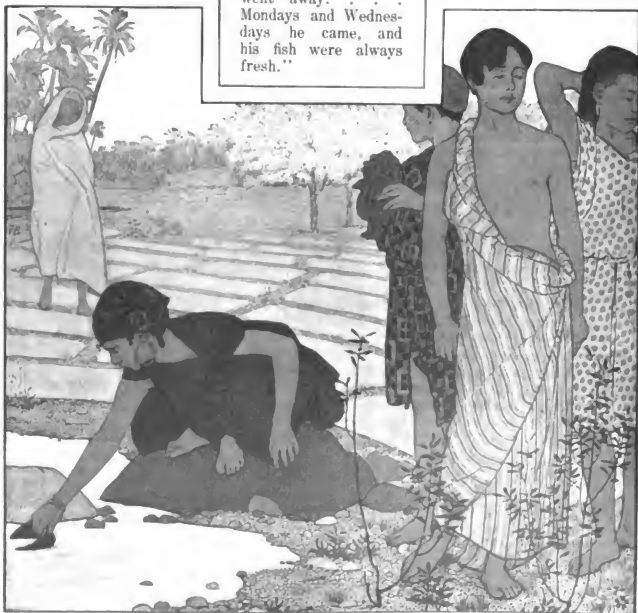
"He was a dreamer with unspeakable pretensions. Why, his people were laboring folk in one of the villages beyond the lake. His father was a carpenter, and built my corn-bin. The son was a fanatic. His wits were turned."

"But this thing I saw," said Mervius at the door. "I saw it, who am speaking to you."

Jerome put his chin in the air.

"... A dreamer. . . . We were well rid of him. . . . But I was sorry when Peter went away.

Mondays and Wednesdays he came, and his fish were always fresh."



THE LATER LIFE OF LINCOLN.

EMBRACING UNPUBLISHED LETTERS AND REMINISCENCES, AND
OTHER UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENTS AND MATERIAL, RELATING
TO LINCOLN'S PERSONAL LIFE DURING THE WAR.

BY IDA M. TARBELL,

Author of "The Early Life of Lincoln."

I.

MR. LINCOLN AS PRESIDENT-ELECT.



Y the election of November 6, 1860, Abraham Lincoln became the President-elect of the United States. For four months, however, he could exercise no direct influence on the affairs of the country. If the South tried to make good her threat to secede in case he was elected, he could do nothing to restrain her. The South did try, and at once. With the very election returns the telegraph brought Lincoln news of disruption. Day by day this news continued, and always more alarming. On November 10th, the United States senators from South Carolina resigned. Six weeks later, that State passed an ordinance of secession and began to organize an independent government. By the end of December, the only remnant of United States authority in South Carolina was the small garrison commanded by Major Anderson which occupied Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbor. The remaining forts and batteries of that harbor, the lighthouse tender, the arsenal, the post-office, the custom-house, in short, everything in the State over which the Stars and Stripes had floated, was under the Palmetto Flag.

In his quiet office in Springfield, Mr. Lincoln read, in January, reports of the proceedings of conventions in Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, and Louisiana, by all of which States, in that month, ordinances of secession were adopted. In February, he saw representatives of these same States unite in a general convention at Montgomery, Alabama, and the newspapers told him how promptly and intelligently they went to work to found a new nation, the Southern Con-

federacy, to provide it with a constitution, and to give it officers.

Mr. Lincoln observed that each State, as she went out of the Union, prepared to defend her course if necessary. On November 18th, Georgia appropriated \$1,000,000 to arm the State, and in January she seized Forts Pulaski and Jackson and the United States arsenal. Louisiana appropriated all the federal property in her borders, even to the mint and custom-house and the money they contained. Georgia, Florida, Alabama, and Mississippi were not behind in their seizures, and when the new government was formed at Montgomery, it promptly took up the question of defending its life.

Mr. Lincoln was not only obliged to sit inactive and watch this steady dissolution of the Union, but he was obliged to see what was still harder—that the administration which he was to succeed was doing nothing to check the destructionists. Indeed, all through this period proof accumulated that members of Mr. Buchanan's cabinet had been systematically working for many months to disarm the North and equip the South. The quantity of arms sent quietly from Northern arsenals was so great that the citizens of the towns from which they went became alarmed. Thus the Springfield "Republican" of January 2, 1861, noted that the citizens of that town were growing excited over "the procession of government licenses which, during the last spring and summer, and also quite recently, have been engaged in transporting from the United States Armory to the United States freight station, an immense quantity of boxes of muskets marked for Southern distribution." "We find," the paper continues, "that in 1860 there were removed for safe-keeping in other arsenals"

135,430 government arms. This has nothing to do with the distribution occasionally made for State militia." And when, in December, the citizens of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, found that 123 cannon had been ordered South from the arsenal there, they made such energetic protests that President Buchanan was obliged to countermand the order of his Secretary of War.

LINCOLN CALLED ON TO DECLARE HIMSELF.

The rapid disintegration which followed the election of Mr. Lincoln filled the North with dismay. There was a general demand for some compromise which should reassure the South and stop secession. It was the place of the Republicans, the conservatives argued, to make this compromise. A furious clamor broke over Mr. Lincoln's head. His election had caused the trouble; now what would he do to quell it? How much of the Republican platform would he give up? Among the newspapers which pleaded with the President-elect to do something to reassure the South the most able was the New York "Herald." Lincoln was a "sectional president," declared the "Herald," who, out of 4,700,000 votes cast, had received but 1,850,000, and whom the South had had no part in electing.

If Mr. Lincoln intends to carry on the government according to the principles laid down in the Chicago platform and the documents issued under the authority of the Republican "national" committee, the inevitable tendency of his administration will be to encourage servile insurrections and to make the Southern States still more uncomfortable within the Union than they could by any possibility be without it. . . . If the new President recognizes the fact that he is not bound by the Chicago platform—the people having repudiated it; . . . if he comes out and tells the people that he will govern the country according to the views of the majority, and not to serve the purposes of the minority, all may yet be well. . . . Mr. Lincoln must throw his pledges to the winds, let his party go to perdition in its own way, and devote himself to the service of the whole country. It is Mr. Lincoln's bounden duty to come out now and declare his views.

It was not only the opposition press which urged Mr. Lincoln to offer some kind of compromise; many frightened Republican newspapers added their influence. The appeals of thousands of letters and of scores of visitors were added to the arguments of the press. Lincoln, however, refused to express his views anew. "I know the justness of my intentions," he told an interviewer in November, "and the utter groundlessness of the pretended fears of the men who are filling the country with their clamor. If I go

into the Presidency, they will find me as I am on record, nothing less, nothing more. My declarations have been made to the world without reservation. They have been often repeated, and now self-respect demands of me and of the party which has elected me that, when threatened, I should be silent."

MAINTAINS THAT NOTHING IS TO BE GAINED BY FAWNING

Business was brought almost to a standstill throughout the North by the prospect of disunion. "It is an awful time for merchants," wrote a correspondent to Charles Sumner, "worse than in 1857. And if there is not some speedy relief, more than half of the best concerns in the country will be ruined." Numbers of prominent men of wealth urged the President-elect to say something conciliatory for the sake of trade. To one of these he wrote on November 10th:

I am not insensible to any commercial or financial depression that may exist, but nothing is to be gained by fawning around the "respectable scoundrels" who got it up. Let them go to work and repair the mischief of their own making, and then perhaps they will be less greedy to do the like again.

And to Henry J. Raymond, the editor of the New York "Times," he gave, on November 28th, in answer to a request for his views, what he called a "demonstration" of the correctness of his judgment that he should say nothing for the public:

On the 20th instant, Senator Trumbull made a short speech, which I suppose you have both seen and approved. Has a single newspaper, heretofore against us, urged that speech upon its readers with a purpose to quiet public anxiety? Not one, so far as I know. On the contrary, the Boston "Courier" and its class hold me responsible for that speech, and endeavor to inflame the North with the belief that it foreshadows an abandonment of Republican ground by the incoming administration; while the Washington "Constitution" and its class hold the same speech up to the South as an open declaration of war against them. This is just as I expected, and just what would happen with any declaration I could make. These political fiends are not half sick enough yet. Party malice, and not public good, possesses them entirely. "They seek a sign, and no sign shall be given them." At least such is my present feeling and purpose.

While refusing positively to express himself for the general public at this time, Lincoln wrote and talked freely to the Republican leaders, almost all of whom were busy with one or another scheme for quieting the distracted nation. On the opening of Congress, a committee of thirty-three had been appointed by the House to consider "the present perilous condition of the country,"

and the Republican members wished to know what Mr. Lincoln would yield. The Hon. William Kellogg, the Illinois member of the committee, wrote to him. His reply, dated December 11th, is unmistakable :

Entertain no proposition for a compromise in regard to the extension of slavery. The instant you do, they have us under again : all our labor is lost, and sooner or later must be done over. Douglas is sure to be again trying to bring in his "popular sovereignty." Have none of it. The tug has to come, and better now than later. You know I think the fugitive-slave clause of the Constitution ought to be enforced—to put it in its mildest form, ought not to be resisted.

While the committee of thirty-three was seeking grounds for a settlement in the House, a committee of thirteen was busy in the Senate in the same search. On the latter committee was William H. Seward, and he too sent to Mr. Lincoln for a suggestion. In reply, the President-elect sent Mr. Seward, by Thurlow Weed, a memorandum of his views. This document has been lost, and no record of its contents is known ; that it was direct and clear in its statements we may infer from Mr. Lincoln's letter to the Hon. E. B. Washburne, written on December 13th :

HON. E. B. WASHBURN.

My dear Sir : Your long letter received. Prevent, as far as possible, any of our friends from demoralizing themselves and our cause by entertaining propositions for compromise of any sort on "slavery extension." There is no possible compromise upon it but which puts us under again and leaves all our work to do over again. Whether it be a Missouri line or Eli Thayer's popular sovereignty, it is all the same. Let either be done, and immediately filibustering and extending slavery recommences. On that point hold firm, as with a chain of steel.

Yours as ever,

A. LINCOLN.

These counsels were given while secession was still in its infancy. The alarming developments which followed did not cause Lincoln to waver. On January 11th, he wrote the Hon. J. T. Hale :

What is our present condition ? We have just carried an election on principles fairly stated to the people. Now we are told in advance the government shall be broken up unless we surrender to those we have beaten, before we take the offices. In this they are either attempting to play upon us or they are in dead earnest. Either way, if we surrender, it is the end of us and of the government. They will repeat the experiment upon us *ad libitum*. A year will not pass till we shall have to take Cuba as a condition upon which they will stay in the Union. They now have the Constitution under which we have lived over seventy years, and acts of Congress of their own framing, with no prospect of their being changed ; and they can never have a more shallow pretext for breaking up the government, or extorting a compromise, than now. There is, in my judgment, but one compromise which would really settle the slavery question, and that would be a prohibition against acquiring any more territory.

APPEALS TO LINCOLN FROM THE SOUTH.

It was not the North and the Republicans alone that appealed to Mr. Lincoln ; the Unionists of the South urged him for an explanation which they might present to the people as proof that there was nothing to fear from his election. Lincoln had no faith that any expression of his would be heeded ; yet he did, confidentially, express himself frankly to many Southerners who came to him in Springfield, and there are two letters of his in existence which show how completely he grasped the essential difference between the North and the South, and with what justice and kindness he put the case to those who disagreed with him. The first of these letters was written to John A. Gilmer, a member of Congress from North Carolina, who desired earnestly to preserve the Union, but not unless the opinions of the South were considered. Mr. Gilmer had written to Mr. Lincoln, asking his position on certain questions. Lincoln replied :

(Strictly confidential.)

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, December 15, 1860.

HON. JOHN A. GILMER.

My dear Sir : Yours of the 10th is received. I am greatly disinclined to write a letter on the subject embraced in yours ; and I would not do so, even privately as I do, were it not that I fear you might misconstue my silence. Is it desired that I shall shift the ground upon which I have been elected ? I cannot do it. You need only to acquaint yourself with that ground, and press it on the attention of the South. It is all in print and easy of access. May I be pardoned if I ask whether even you have ever attempted to procure the reading of the Republican platform, or my speeches, by the Southern people ? If not, what reason have I to expect that any additional production of mine would meet a better fate ? It would make me appear as if I repented for the crime of having been elected, and was anxious to apologize and beg forgiveness. To so represent me would be the principal use made of any letter I might now thrust upon the public. My old record cannot be so used ; and that is precisely the reason that some new declaration is so much sought.

Now, my dear sir, be assured that I am not questioning your candor ; I am only pointing out that while a new letter would hurt the cause which I think a just one, you can quite as well effect every patriotic object with the old record. Carefully read pages 18, 19, 74, 75, 88, 89, and 267 of the volume of joint debates between Senator Douglas and myself, with the Republican platform adopted at Chicago, and all your questions will be substantially answered. I have no thought of recommending the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, nor the slave-trade among the slave States, even on the conditions indicated ; and if I were to make such recommendation, it is quite clear Congress would not follow it.

As to employing slaves in arsenals and dock-yards, it is a thing I never thought of in my life, to my recollection, till I saw your letter ; and I may say of it precisely as I have said of the two points above.

As to the use of patronage in the slave States, where there are few or no Republicans, I do not expect to inquire for the politics of the appointee, or whether he does or not own slaves. I intend, in that matter, to accommodate the people in the several localities, if they themselves will allow me to accommodate them. In one word, I never have been, am not now, and probably never shall be in a mood of harassing the people either North or South.

On the territorial question I am inflexible, as you see my position in the book. On that there is a difference between you and us; and it is the only substantial difference. You think slavery is right and ought to be extended; we think it is wrong and ought to be restricted. For this neither has any just occasion to be angry with the other.

As to the State laws mentioned in your sixth question, I really know very little of them. I never have read one. If any of them are in conflict with the fugitive-slave clause, or any other part of the Constitution, I certainly shall be glad of their repeal; but I could hardly be justified, as a citizen of Illinois, or as President of the United States, to recommend the repeal of a statute of Vermont or South Carolina.

With assurance of my highest regards, I subscribe myself,

Your obedient servant,

A. LINCOLN.

P. S.—The documents referred to I suppose you will readily find in Washington.

A. L.

A week later, Mr. Lincoln wrote to A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, in reply to a note in which Stephens had said: "The country is certainly in great peril, and no man ever had heavier or greater responsibilities resting upon him than you have in the present momentous crisis."

(For your own eye only.)

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, December 22, 1860.

HON. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

My dear Sir: Your obliging answer to my short note is just received, and for which please accept my thanks. I fully appreciate the present peril the country is in, and the weight of responsibility on me. Do the people of the South really entertain fears that a Republican administration would, directly or indirectly, interfere with the slaves, or with them about the slaves? If they do, I wish to assure you, as once a friend, and still, I hope, not an enemy, that there is no cause for such fears. The South would be in no more danger in this respect than it was in the days of Washington. I suppose, however, this does not meet the case. You think slavery is right and ought to be extended, while we think it is wrong and ought to be restricted. That, I suppose, is the rub. It certainly is the only substantial difference between us.

Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN.

LINCOLN DECLARES SECESSION UNLAWFUL.

The uproar which raged about Mr. Lincoln soon became quite as loud over "coercion" as over "compromise." Each passing week made conciliation more difficult, saw new elements of disunion realized. What was to be done with the seceding States? What was to

be done about the forts and arsenals, custom-houses and post-offices, they were seizing? If Mr. Lincoln would not compromise, was he going to let the States and the federal property go, or was he going to compel them to return with it? Did he purpose to coerce the South? Though the President-elect refused to give any expression of opinion on the subject to the country, it was not because he was not perfectly clear in his own mind. Secession he considered impossible. "My opinion is," he wrote Thurlow Weed on December 17th, "that no State can in any way lawfully get out of the Union without the consent of the others; and that it is the duty of the President and other government functionaries to run the machine as it is."

When Horace Greeley advocated letting the "wayward sisters go in peace," Lincoln said nothing publicly, though in Springfield it was believed that he considered the policy "dangerous and illogical." He certainly was only amused at Fernando Wood's scheme to take New York City out of the Union and make it a free city—another Hamburg. "I reckon," he said to a New Yorker in February, in discussing the subject, "that it will be some time before the front door sets up house-keeping on its own account."

As to the forts and other federal property seized by the outgoing States, he seems to have felt from the first that they were to be retaken. In this matter he sought guidance from Andrew Jackson. Less than a week after his election, a correspondent of the "Evening Post" found him engaged in reading the history of the nullifiers of 1832 and 1833 and of the summary way in which "Old Hickory" dealt with them. In December, he wrote to his friend E. B. Washburne, who had just reported to him an interview with General Scott, the Commander-in-Chief of the army, on the dangers of the situation:

Please present my respects to the General, and tell him, confidentially, that I shall be obliged to him to be as well prepared as he can to either hold or retake the forts, as the case may require, at and after the inauguration.

And the very next day, he wrote the following letter, which has only recently been discovered and has never before been published:

(Confidential.)

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, December 22, 1860.

MAJOR DAVID HUNTER.

My dear Sir: I am much obliged by the receipt of yours of the 18th. The most we can do now is to watch events, and be as well prepared as possible for any turn things may take. If the forts fall, my judgment is

that they are to be retaken. When I shall determine definitely my time of starting to Washington, I will notify you.* Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

From the foregoing letters it will be seen that Mr. Lincoln had stripped his opinions on the questions of the day of all verbiage and non-essentials and reduced them to the following simple propositions.

- (1) Slavery is wrong, and must not be extended.
- (2) Entertain no proposition for a compromise in regard to the extension of slavery.
- (3) No State can in any way lawfully get out of the Union, without the consent of the others. It is the duty of the President and other government functionaries to run the machine as it is.
- (4) If the forts fall, my judgment is that they are to be retaken.

To these simple statements he stuck throughout this period of confusion and distress, refusing to allow them to be obscured by words and passion, and making them his guide in the work of preparation for his inauguration.

Three things especially occupied him in this preparation: (1) Making the acquaintance of the men with whom he was to be associated in the administration. (2) His cabinet. (3) His inaugural address.

MEETING OF LINCOLN AND HAMLIN.

The first letter Lincoln wrote after his election was to Hannibal Hamlin, the Vice-President-elect, asking for an interview. The two gentlemen met at the Tremont House, Chicago, on November 23d. Mr. Hamlin once gave to a friend, Mr. C. J. Prescott, of New York, an account of this meeting, which Mr. Prescott has written out for this article:

Mr. Hamlin was for many years a member of the Board of Trustees of Waterville College, now Colby

* Mr. Lincoln had been in correspondence with Major Hunter regarding the appropriation of the government armament to the use of the South since October, as the following letter, never before published, shows:

(Private and Confidential.)
SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, October 26, 1860.

MAJOR DAVID HUNTER.

My dear Sir: Your very kind letter of the 20th was duly received, for which please accept my thanks. I have another letter from a writer unknown to me, saying the officers of the army at Fort Kearny have determined, in case of Republican success at the approaching Presidential election, to take themselves, and the arms at that point, South, for the purpose of resistance to the government. While I think there are many chances to one that this is a humbug, it occurs to me that any real movement of this sort in the army would leak out and become known to you. In such case, if it would not be unprofessional or dishonorable (of which you are to be judge), I shall be much obliged if you will apprise me of it.

Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN.

MAJOR DAVID HUNTER,
Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

University, Waterville, Maine. On one of the annual Commencement occasions, I found him one afternoon seated on the piazza of the Elmwood, for the moment alone and unoccupied. Taking a chair by his side, I said: "Mr. Hamlin, when did you first meet Mr. Lincoln?" "Well," said he, "I very plainly recall the circumstances of our first meeting. It was in Chicago. Some time before the inauguration, I received a letter from Mr. Lincoln, asking me to see him before I went to Washington. So I went to Chicago, where I was to meet Mr. Lincoln. Sending my card to Mr. Lincoln's room, I received word to 'come right up.' I found the door open, and Mr. Lincoln approaching with extended hand. With a hearty welcome, he said, 'I think I have never met you before, Mr. Hamlin, but this is not the first time I have seen you. I have just been recalling the time when, in '48, I went to the Senate to hear you speak. Your subject was not new, but the ideas were sound. You were talking about slavery, and I now take occasion to thank you for so well expressing what were my own sentiments at that time.'

"Well, Mr. President," said I, "this is certainly quite a remarkable coincidence. I myself have just been recalling the first time I ever saw you. It must have been about the same time to which you allude. I was passing through the House, and was attracted by some remarks on the subject of slavery from one of the new members. They told me it was Lincoln, of Illinois. I heard you through, and I very well remember how heartily I endorsed every point you made. And, Mr. President, I have no doubt we are still in perfect accord on the main question."

The result of the Chicago interview was a cordial understanding between the two men which lasted throughout their administration. This was to be expected, for they were not unlike in character and experience. The same kind of democratic feeling inspired their relations with others. Both "marched with the boys." Both were eminently companionable. Hamlin liked a good story as well as Lincoln, and told almost as many. He had, too, the same quaint way of putting things. Like Lincoln, Hamlin had been born poor, and had had a hand-to-hand struggle to get up in the world. He had worked on a farm, chopped logs, taught school, studied law at night; in short, turned his hand cheerfully and eagerly to anything that would help him to realize his ambitions. Like Lincoln, he had gone early into politics, and, like Lincoln again, he had revolted from his party in 1856 to join the Republicans.

CHOOSING A CABINET.

A great many men were summoned to Springfield to see Lincoln, in order that he might learn their views more perfectly. Among those who came, either by his direct or indirect invitation, were Edward Bates, Thurlow Weed, David Wilmot, A. K. McClure, George W. Julian, E. D. Baker, William Sweeney, Horace Greeley, and Carl Schurz. With many of them Lincoln did not hesitate to talk over

his cabinet. Thurlow Weed says that, when he visited the President-elect in December, the latter introduced the subject of the cabinet, saying that "he supposed I had had some experience in cabinet-making, that he had a job on hand, and as he had never learned that trade, he was disposed to avail himself of the suggestions of friends." "The making of a cabinet," he continued, "now that he had it to do, was by no means as easy as he had supposed; that he had, even before the result of the election was known, assuming the probability of success, fixed upon the two leading members of his cabinet; but that, in looking about for suitable men to fill the other departments, he had been much embarrassed, partly from his want of acquaintance with the prominent men of the day, and partly, he believed, because that, while the population had greatly increased, really great men were scarcer than they used to be."

The two members of his cabinet on whom Lincoln fixed so early were Seward and Chase. He wrote Seward on December 8th, asking permission to nominate him as Secretary of State, and saying:

It has been my purpose, from the day of the nomination at Chicago, to assign you, by your leave, this place in the administration. I have delayed so long to communicate that purpose in deference to what appeared to me a proper caution in the case. Nothing has been developed to change my view in the premises; and I now offer you the place, in the hope that you will accept it, and with the belief that your position in the public eye, your integrity, ability, learning, and great experience, all combine to render it an appointment pre-eminently fit to be made.

Seward took three weeks to consider, and finally, on December 28th, wrote that, "after due reflection and much self-distrust," he had concluded it was his duty to accept.

Lincoln did not approach Chase on the subject of the cabinet until some three weeks after he had written Seward. Then, on December 31st, he wrote him this brief note:

In these troublous times I would much like a conference with you. Please visit me here at once.

Chase reached Springfield on the evening of January 3d, and Lincoln, in his informal way, went to the hotel to see him. Chase afterward described the interview in a letter to a friend:

He said he had felt bound to offer the position of Secretary of State to Mr. Seward as the generally recognized leader of the Republican party, intending, if he declined it, to offer it to me. He did not wish that Mr. Seward should decline it, and was glad that he had ac-

cepted, and now desired to have me take the place of Secretary of the Treasury.

Chase did not promise to accept, only to think it over, and so the situation stood until the appointment was actually made in March.

It was Pennsylvania and the South that gave Lincoln the greatest trouble. "Pennsylvania," he told Weed, "any more than New York or Ohio, cannot be overlooked. Her strong Republican vote, not less than her numerical importance, entitles her to a representative in the cabinet." After a careful "balancing of matters," as he called it, he concluded to appoint Simon Cameron as the Pennsylvania cabinet member, and on December 31st, he gave Cameron, who had been for three days in Springfield discussing the situation, the following letter:

HON. SIMON CAMERON.

My dear Sir: I think fit to notify you now that, by your permission, I shall at the proper time nominate you to the United States Senate for confirmation as Secretary of the Treasury, or as Secretary of War—which of the two I have not yet definitely decided. Please answer at your earliest convenience.

Your obedient servant,

A. LINCOLN.

Cameron had scarcely reached home with his letter before those opposed to him in Pennsylvania had frightened Lincoln into believing that the lack of trust in Cameron's political honesty which existed throughout the country would destroy faith in the new cabinet. Lincoln immediately wrote Cameron that things had developed which made it impossible to take him into the cabinet. Later he assured Cameron that the withdrawal did not spring from any change of view as to the ability or faithfulness with which he would discharge the duties of the place, and he promised not to make a cabinet appointment for Pennsylvania without consulting him and giving all the weight he consistently could to his views and wishes. There the matter remained until March.

Among conciliatory Republicans there was a strong desire that Lincoln find a member of his cabinet in the South. It was believed that such an act would be taken as proof that the new President intended to consider the claims of the South. Lincoln did not believe the idea practical, and he showed the difficulties in the way very shrewdly by causing to be inserted, on December 12th, in the "Illinois Journal," a paper popularly called his "organ," the following short editorial:

We hear such frequent allusions to a supposed purpose on the part of Mr. Lincoln to call into his cabinet

two or three Southern gentlemen from the parties opposed to him politically, that we are prompted to ask a few questions.

First. Is it known that any such gentlemen of character would accept a place in the cabinet?

Second. If yes, on what terms does he surrender to Mr. Lincoln, or Mr. Lincoln to him, on the political differences between them; or do they enter upon the administration in open opposition of each other?

The demand continued, however. Weed told Lincoln in December that, in his opinion, at least two of the members of the cabinet should be from the South. Lincoln was doubtful if they could be trusted. "There are men in Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee," replied Weed, "for whose loyalty under any circumstances, and in any event, I would vouch."

"Well," said Lincoln, "let me have the names of your white blackbirds." Weed gave him four names. Mr. Seward, a little later, suggested several, and Mr. Greeley likewise sent him a list of five Southerners whom he declared it would be safe to take into the official family. Of all those named, Lincoln preferred John A. Gilmer, of North Carolina, and he invited him to come to Springfield for an interview. As late as January 12th, he wrote to Seward:

I still hope Mr. Gilmer will, on a fair understanding with us, consent to take a place in the cabinet. . . . I fear, if we could get, we could not safely take more than one such man—that is, not more than one who opposed us in the election, the danger being to lose the confidence of our friends.

Mr. Gilmer did not accept Mr. Lincoln's invitation to Springfield, however, and nothing ever came of the overture made him. The nearest approach Lincoln made to selecting a cabinet member from the South was in the appointment of Edward Bates, of Missouri. He was one of the men whom Lincoln had decided upon as soon as he knew of his election, and he was the first after Seward to be notified. A representative from Indiana was desirable, and Caleb Smith was put on the slate provisionally. It was necessary, too, that New England have a place in the cabinet. Mr. Lincoln had three candidates, of all of whom he thought well—Tuck, of New Hampshire; Banks, of Massachusetts; Gideon Welles, of Connecticut; but he made no decision until after he reached Washington.

THE WRITING OF THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

About the middle of January, 1861, Lincoln began to prepare his inaugural address. A more desperate situation than existed at

that moment it would be hard to imagine. Thus far every peace measure had failed, and the endless discussions of press and senate chamber were daily increasing the anger and the bewilderment of the people. Four States had left the Union, and the South was rapidly accepting the idea of separate nationality. The North was desperate and helpless. All the bitterness and confusion centered about Lincoln. A hundred things told him how serious was the situation: the averted faces of his townsmen of Southern sympathies, the warnings of good men who sought him from North and South, letters threatening him with death, sketches of gibbets and stilettos in every mail.

But in spite of all these distracting circumstances, when he thought it time to write the inaugural address, he calmly locked himself up in an upper room over a store, across the street from the State House, where he had his office, and there, with no books but a copy of the "Constitution," Henry Clay's "Speech of 1850," Jackson's "Proclamation against Nullification," and Webster's "Reply to Hayne," he prepared the document. Wishing to have several copies of it, he went to the general manager of the "Illinois State Journal," Major Wm. H. Bailhache, now of San Diego, California, to arrange for them. Major Bailhache has prepared for this article a statement of the incident:

In relation to the printing of the draft of his first inaugural address, my recollection is very clear that his manner was as free from formality and affectation as it would have been had he been ordering the printing of a legal document. He merely asked me, one day early in January, 1861, if I could print his address in a certain style without its contents becoming known, and upon being assured that I could do so, he remarked that he would give me the manuscript in a few days. Not long after this, he placed the momentous paper in my hands. I had the work done at once, under my personal supervision, in a private room in the "Journal" building, by a trusted employé, sworn to secrecy. When it was finished, I returned the manuscript to Mr. Lincoln, together with the twenty printed copies ordered, one of which he himself gave to me, and it has been retained in my possession ever since. I may remark in passing, that the manuscript was all in his own handwriting and was almost entirely free from alterations or interlineations. He did not ask to see a proof, reposing entire confidence in my careful supervision. Neither the original draft nor the printed sheets were ever out of my immediate custody for an instant during the time occupied in the printing, and I doubt whether any of the score or more of "typos" employed in the "Journal" office had even the slightest suspicion that this important state paper was then being put in type under the same roof with them. Be this as it may, the secret was well kept, although the newspapers employed every conceivable means to obtain a hint of its tenor, and the whole country was in a state of feverish anxiety to learn what the policy of the new President was to be.

LINCOLN'S DESPONDENCY AT THIS TIME.

Although Lincoln met the appalling events which preceded his inauguration with an outward calm, which led many people to say that he did not realize the seriousness of the situation, he was keenly alive to the dangers of the country and to the difficulty of his own position. So full of threats and alarms had his life become by the time of his election that the mysticism of his nature was awakened, and he was the victim of an hallucination which he afterwards described to different friends, among them Noah Brooks, who tells the story in Lincoln's own words :

It was just after my election in 1860, when the news had been coming in thick and fast all day and there had been a great "hurrah, boys," so that I was well tired out and went home to rest, throwing myself down on a lounge in my chamber. Opposite where I lay was a bureau with a swinging glass upon it (and here he got up and placed furniture to illustrate the position), and looking in that glass, I saw myself reflected nearly at full length; but my face, I noticed, had two separate and distinct images, the tip of the nose of one being about three inches from the tip of the other. I was a little bothered, perhaps startled, and got up and looked in the glass, but the illusion vanished. On lying down again, I saw it a second time, plainer, if possible, than before; and then I noticed that one of the faces was a little paler—say, five shades—than the other. I got up, and the thing melted away, and I went off, and in the excitement of the hour forgot all about it—nearly, but not quite, for the thing would once in a while come up, and give me a little pang, as if something uncomfortable had happened. When I went home again that night, I told my wife about it, and a few days afterward I made the experiment again, when (with a laugh), sure enough! the thing came again; but I never succeeded in bringing the ghost back after that, though I once tried very industriously to show it to my wife, who was somewhat worried about it. She thought it was a "sign" that I was to be elected to a second term of office, and that the paleness of one of the faces was an omen that I should not see life through the last term.

Of far deeper significance than this touch of superstition is a look into the man's heart which Judge Gillespie, a life-long friend of Lincoln, left, and which his daughter, Mrs. Josephine Gillespie Prickett, of Edwardsville, Illinois, has kindly put at my service. Early in January, Judge Gillespie was in Springfield, and spent the night at Mr. Lincoln's home. It was late before the President-elect was free, and then the two men seated themselves by the fire for a talk.

"I attempted," says Judge Gillespie, "to draw him into conversation relating to the past, hoping to divert him from the thoughts which were evidently distracting him. 'Yes, yes, I remember,' he would say to my references to old scenes and associations; but the old-time zest was not only lacking, but in its place was a gloom and despondency entirely foreign to Lincoln's

character as I had learned to know it. I attributed much of this to his changed surroundings. He sat with his head lying upon his arms, which were folded over the back of his chair, as I had often seen him sit on our travels after an exciting day in court. Suddenly he roused himself. 'Gillespie,' said he, 'I would willingly take out of my life a period in years equal to the two months which intervene between now and my inauguration to take the oath of office now.' 'Why?' I asked. 'Because every hour adds to the difficulties I am called upon to meet, and the present administration does nothing to check the tendency toward dissolution. I, who have been called to meet this awful responsibility, am compelled to remain here, doing nothing to avert it or lessen its force when it comes to me.'

"I said that the condition of which he spoke was such as had never risen before, and that it might lead to the amendment of such an obvious defect in the federal Constitution. 'It is not of myself I complain,' he said, with more bitterness than I ever heard him speak, before or after. 'But every day adds to the difficulty of the situation, and makes the outlook more gloomy. Secession is being fostered rather than repressed, and if the doctrine meets with a general acceptance in the border States, it will be a great blow to the government.'

"Our talk then turned upon the possibility of avoiding a war. 'It is only possible,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'upon the consent of this government to the erection of a foreign slave government out of the present slave States. I see the duty devolving upon me. I have read, upon my knees, the story of Gethsemane, where the Son of God prayed in vain that the cup of bitterness might pass from him. I am in the garden of Gethsemane now, and my cup of bitterness is full and overflowing.'

"I then told him that as Christ's prayer was not answered and his crucifixion had redeemed the great part of the world from paganism to Christianity, so the sacrifice demanded of him might be a great beneficence. Little did I then think how prophetic were my words to be, or what a great sacrifice he was called to make.

"I trust and believe that that night, before I let him go, I shed some rays of sunlight into that troubled heart. Ere long he came to talk of scenes and incidents in which he had taken part, and to laugh over my reminders of some of our professional experiences. When I retired, it was the master of the house and chosen ruler of the country who saw me to my room. 'Joe,' he said, as he was about to leave me, 'I suppose you will never forget that trial down in Montgomery County, where the lawyer associated with you gave away the whole case in his opening speech. I saw you signaling to him, but you couldn't stop him. Now, that's just the way with me and Buchanan. He is giving away the case, and I have nothing to say, and can't stop him. Good-night.'

SAYING FAREWELL TO SPRINGFIELD.

But the time for going to Washington was drawing near. There had been considerable discussion about when he had better go. So many threats had been made and so many rumors were in the air, that the party leaders had begun to feel, as early as December, that the President-elect might never get to Washington alive. Even Seward, optimistic as he was,

felt that precautions had better be taken, and he wrote Lincoln, from Washington, on December 28th :

There is a feverish excitement here which awakens all kinds of apprehensions of popular disturbance and disorders, connected with your assumption of the government.

I do not entertain these apprehensions myself. But it is worth consideration, in our peculiar circumstances, that accidents themselves may aggravate opinion here. Habit has accustomed the public to anticipate the arrival of the President-elect in this city about the middle of February ; and evil-minded persons would expect to organize the demonstrations for that time. I beg leave to suggest whether it would not be well for you, keeping your own counsel, to be prepared to drop into the city a week or ten days earlier. The effect would be, probably, reassuring and soothing.

Mr. Lincoln replied :

I have been considering your suggestions as to my reaching Washington somewhat earlier than is usual. It seems to me the inauguration is not the most dangerous point for us. Our adversaries have us now clearly at disadvantage. On the second Wednesday of February, when the votes should be officially counted, if the two Houses refuse to meet at all, or meet without a quorum of each, where shall we be ? I do not think that this counting is constitutionally essential to the election ; but how are we to proceed in absence of it ?

In view of this, I think it best for me not to attempt appearing in Washington till the result of that ceremony is known.

The peace of the capital was, however, in good hands. General Scott, the Commander-in-Chief of the army, had, even before the election, seen the trouble coming, and had pleaded with the administration to dispose of the United States forces in such a way as to protect threatened property. Early in January, he succeeded in securing a guard for Washington. The fear that the electoral vote would never be counted partially subsided then, and Lincoln announced that he would leave Springfield on February 11th.

The fortnight before his departure he gave to settling up his private business and saying good-by to his old friends. His stepmother was still living near Charleston, in Coles County, and thither he went to spend a day with her and to visit his father's grave. The comfort and happiness of his stepmother had been one of his cares from the time he began to be self-supporting, and in this farewell visit he assured himself that her future was provided for. Mrs. Lincoln, who was now a very old woman and might naturally doubt whether she would live to see her son again, was not concerned about herself at this time. The threats which pursued Lincoln had reached her, and in bidding him good-by, she sobbed out her belief that she would never see him again, that his life would be taken. This same

fear was expressed by many of Lincoln's early friends who came to Springfield to say good-by to him.

In the multitude of partings which took place in these last days none was more characteristic than that with his law partner, Herndon. The day before his departure, Mr. Lincoln went to the office to settle some unfinished business.

"After those things were all disposed of," writes Mr. Herndon, "he crossed to the opposite side of the room and threw himself down on the old office sofa, which, after many years of service, had been moved against the wall for support. He lay for some moments, his face towards the ceiling, without either of us speaking. Presently he inquired, 'Billy'—he always called me by that name—"how long have we been together?" 'Over sixteen years,' I answered. 'We've never had a cross word during all that time, have we?' . . . He gathered a bundle of papers and books he wished to take with him, and started to go ; but before leaving he made the strange request that the sign-board which swung on its rusty hinges at the foot of the stairway should remain. 'Let it hang there undisturbed,' he said, with a significant lowering of the voice. 'Give our clients to understand that the election of a President makes no change in the firm of Lincoln and Herndon. If I live, I am coming back some time, and then we'll go right on practicing law as if nothing had happened.' He lingered for a moment, as if to take a last look at the old quarters, and then passed through the door into the narrow hallway."

Herndon says that he never saw Lincoln more cheerful than on that day, and Judge Gillespie, who visited him a few days earlier, found him in excellent spirits. "I told him that I believed it would do him good to get down to Washington." "I know it will," he replied. "I only wish I could have got there to lock the door before the horse was stolen. But when I get to the spot, I can find the tracks."

THE PRESIDENTIAL JOURNEY FROM SPRINGFIELD TO WASHINGTON.

Mr. Lincoln and his party were to leave Springfield by a special train at eight o'clock on Monday morning, February 11th. And at precisely five minutes before eight o'clock, he was summoned from the dingy waiting-room of the station. Slowly working his way through the crowd of friends and townspeople that had gathered to bid him good-by, he mounted the platform of the car, and turning, stood looking down into the multitude of sad, friendly upturned faces. For a moment a strong emotion shook him ; then, removing his hat and lifting his hand to command silence, he spoke :

My friends, no one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. Here I

have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail. Trusting in Him who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell.*

A sob went through the listening crowd as Mr. Lincoln's broken voice asked their prayers, and a choked exclamation, "We will do it! We will do it!" rose as he ceased to speak. Upon all who listened to him that morning his words produced a deep impression. "I was only a lad of fourteen," says Mr. Lincoln Dubois, of Springfield, "but to this day I can recall almost the exact language of that speech." "We have known Mr. Lincoln for many years," wrote the editor of the "State Journal." "We have heard him speak upon a hundred different occasions; but we never saw him so profoundly affected, nor did he ever utter an address which seemed to us so full of simple and touching eloquence, so exactly adapted to the occasion, so worthy of the man and the hour. Although it was raining fast when he began to speak, every hat was lifted and every head bent forward to catch the last words of the departing chief. When he said, with the earnestness of a sudden inspiration of feeling, that *with God's help he should not fail*, there was an uncontrollable burst of applause."

The speech was of course telegraphed over the country, and though politicians sneered at it, the people were touched. He had appealed to one of their deepest convictions, the belief in a Providence whose help was given to those who sought it in prayer. The new President, they said to one another, was not only a man who had struggled with life like common people; he was a man who believed, as they did, in God, and was not ashamed to ask the prayers of good men.

ENTHUSIASM ALONG THE WAY.

The journey eastward through Illinois, which now began, was full of incident. "The enthusiasm all along the line was intense," says Thomas Ross,† a brakeman on the Presidential train. "As we whirled through the country villages, we caught a cheer from the

people and a glimpse of waving handkerchiefs and of hats tossed high into the air. Wherever we stopped there was a great rush to shake hands with Mr. Lincoln, though of course only a few could reach him. The crowds looked as if they included the whole population. There were women and children, there were young men, and there were old men with gray beards. It was soul-stirring to see these white-whiskered old fellows, many of whom had known Lincoln in his humbler days, join in the cheering, and hear them shout after him, 'Good-by, Abe. Stick to the Constitution, and we will stick to you.' It was my good fortune to stand beside Lincoln at each place at which he spoke—at Decatur, Tolono, and Danville. At the State line the train stopped for dinner. There was such a crowd that Lincoln could scarcely reach the dining-room. 'Gentlemen,' said he, as he surveyed the crowd, 'if you will make me a little path, so that I can get through and get something to eat, I will make you a speech when I get back.'

"I never knew where all the people came from. They were not only in the towns and villages, but many were along the track in the country, just to get a glimpse of the President's train. I remember that, after passing Bement, we crossed a trestle, and I was greatly interested to see a man standing there with a shot-gun. As the train passed he presented arms. I have often thought he was there, a volunteer, to watch the trestle and to see that the President's train got over it in safety. As I have said, the people everywhere were wild. Everybody wanted to shake hands with Lincoln, and he would have to say: 'My friends, I would like to shake hands with all of you, but I can't do it.' At Danville I well remember seeing him thrust his long arm over several heads to shake hands with George Lawrence. Walter Whitney, the conductor, who went on to Indianapolis, told me when he got back that, after Lincoln got into a carriage, men got hold of the hubs and carried the vehicle for a whole block. At the State line, I left the train, and returned to Springfield, having passed the biggest day in my whole life."

RECEPTION AT INDIANAPOLIS.

It was nearly five o'clock in the afternoon before the party reached Indianapolis, where they were to spend the night. An elaborate reception had been prepared, and here Mr. Lincoln made his first speech. It was not long, but it contained a paragraph of vital

* The version of the farewell speech here used is that given by Nicolay and Hay in their "Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln."

† Interview by J. McCan Davis for McClure's Magazine.

importance. The discussion over the right of the government to coerce the South was at its height. Lincoln had never publicly expressed himself on this point. In the Indianapolis speech he said :

The words "coercion" and "invasion" are much used in these days, and often with some temper and hot blood. Let us make sure, if we can, that we do not misunderstand the meaning of those who use them. Let us get exact definitions of these words, not from dictionaries, but from the men themselves, who certainly deprecate the things they would represent by the use of the words. What, then, is "coercion"? What is "invasion"? Would the marching of an army into South Carolina without the consent of her people, and with hostile intent toward them, be "invasion"? I certainly think it would; and it would be "coercion" also if the South Carolinians were forced to submit. But if the United States should merely hold and retake its own forts and other property, and collect the duties on foreign importations, or even withhold the mails from places where they were habitually violated, would any or all of these things be "invasion" or "coercion"? Do our professed lovers of the Union, but who spitefully resolve that they will resist coercion and invasion, understand that such things as these on the part of the United States would be coercion or invasion of a State? If so, their idea of means to preserve the object of their great affection would seem to be exceedingly thin and airy. If sick, the little pills of the homeopathist would be much too large for them to swallow. In their view, the Union as a family relation would seem to be no regular marriage, but rather a sort of "free-love" arrangement, to be maintained only on "passional attraction."

The speech was warmly applauded by the Republican press. It was the sign they had been seeking from Mr. Lincoln. But to the advocates of compromise it was a bitter message. "The bells of St. Germain l'Auxerrois have at length tolled forth the signal for massacre and bloodshed by the incoming administration," said the New York "Herald."

AT CINCINNATI.

A long public reception in the evening, a breakfast the next morning with the Governor of the State, another reception at the hotel, and then, at ten o'clock on the morning of the 12th, Mr. Lincoln's party left Indianapolis for Cincinnati. Several of the friends who had come from Springfield left Mr. Lincoln at Indianapolis, but others joined him, and the train was as full of life and interest as it had been the day before. There was, too, the same succession of decorated, cheering towns; the same eager desire to see and hear the President at every station. At Cincinnati, where the second night was spent and where a magnificent reception was given him, Lincoln made two

brief addresses. In that to the Mayor and citizens he was particularly happy :

"I have spoken but once before this in Cincinnati," he said. "That was a year previous to the late Presidential election. On that occasion, in a playful manner, but with sincere words, I addressed much of what I said to the Kentuckians. I gave my opinion that we as Republicans would ultimately beat them as Democrats, but that they could postpone that result longer by nominating Senator Douglas for the Presidency than they could in any other way. They did not, in any true sense of the word, nominate Mr. Douglas, and the result has come certainly as soon as ever I expected. I also told them how I expected they would be treated after they should have been beaten; and I now wish to recall their attention to what I then said upon that subject. I then said, 'When we do as we say—beat you—you perhaps want to know what we will do with you. I will tell you, so far as I am authorized to speak for the opposition, what we mean to do with you. We mean to treat you, as near as we possibly can, as Washington, Jefferson, and Madison treated you. We mean to leave you alone, and in no way interfere with your institutions; to abide by all and every compromise of the Constitution; and, in a word, coming back to the original proposition, to treat you, so far as degenerate men—if we have degenerated—may, according to the examples of those noble fathers, Washington, Jefferson, and Madison. We mean to remember that you are as good as we; that there is no difference between us other than the difference of circumstances. We mean to recognize and bear in mind always that you have as good hearts in your bosoms as other people, or as we claim to have, and treat you accordingly.'"

"Fellow-citizens of Kentucky!—friends!—brethren! may I call you in my new position? I see no occasion, and feel no inclination, to retract a word of this. If it shall not be made good, be assured the fault shall not be mine."

These conciliatory remarks were received with great enthusiasm, the crowd rushing at him as soon as he had finished, patting him on the back, and almost wrenching his arms off in their efforts at showing their approval.

On Wednesday morning, Mr. Lincoln left Cincinnati for Columbus. Although few stops were made, he was kept busy receiving the committees and politicians who boarded the train here and there, and who were indefatigable in their efforts to draw from him some expression of his views. Mr. Lincoln felt that to answer their questions would be the gravest indiscretion, and he resorted to stories and jests in his efforts not to commit himself or offend his visitors. The reports of his "levity," as more than one felt this practice to be, were telegraphed over the country and bitterly commented upon by a large part of the press. So far, however, as the stories Mr. Lincoln told on his journey have come to us, they contain quite as much political wisdom as a sober dissertation could have contained. Thus there was a great deal of discussion *en route* about the possibility of

reconciling the Northern and Southern Democrats. Mr. Lincoln was appealed to. "Well," he said, "I once knew a good sound churchman called Brown, who was on a committee to erect a bridge over a very dangerous and rapid river. Several engineers had failed, and at last Brown said he had a friend Jones, who, he believed, could build the bridge. Jones was accordingly summoned. 'Can you build this bridge?' asked the committee. 'Yes,' replied Jones; 'I could build a bridge to the infernal regions if necessary.' The committee was horrified; but after Jones had retired, Brown said thoughtfully, 'I know Jones so well, and he is so honest a man and so good a builder, that if he says he can build a bridge to Hades, why, I believe it; but I have my doubts about the abutments on the infernal side.' So," said Lincoln, "when politicians say they can harmonize the Northern and Southern wings of the Democracy, why, I believe them, but I have my doubts about the abutments on the Southern side."

A SPEECH THAT CAUSED TROUBLE.

At Columbus, the brilliant receptions of Indianapolis and Cincinnati were repeated, and here Mr. Lincoln addressed briefly the State Legislature. One clause of his remarks proved to be most unfortunate:

Allusion has been made to the interest felt in relation to the policy of the new administration. In this I have received from some a degree of credit for having kept silence, and from others some deprecation. I still think that I was right.

In the varying and repeatedly shifting scenes of the present, and without a precedent which could enable me to judge by the past, it has seemed fitting that, before speaking upon the difficulties of the country, I should have gained a view of the whole field, being at liberty to modify and change the course of policy as future events may make a change necessary.

I have not maintained silence from any want of real anxiety. It is a good thing that there is no more than anxiety, for there is nothing going wrong. It is a consoling circumstance that when we look out there is nothing that really hurts anybody. We entertain different views upon political questions, but nobody is suffering anything. This is a most consoling circumstance, and from it we may conclude that all we want is time, patience, and a reliance on that God who has never forsaken this people.

A hostile press took the phrases "there is nothing going wrong"—"there is nothing that really hurts anybody"—"nobody is suffering anything," and used them apart from the context, to prove that the President-elect did not grasp the situation. At Newark, New Jersey, a week later, just before the Presidential party passed through, a poster appeared in the town quoting these

sentences and calling on the unemployed to meet at the station when Mr. Lincoln's train arrived and show the President that "they emphatically differed from these sentiments." Nothing came of this attempt to create a disturbance.

On Thursday morning, February 14th, the Presidential party was again *en route*, this time bound for Pittsburgh. Lincoln must have made this journey with a lighter heart than that of the day before, for the danger that the counting of the electoral vote would be interfered with was now over. The night before, at Columbus, he had received a telegram which read: "The votes have been peaceably counted. You are elected." The ceremony had passed off without incident.

At Pittsburgh, where the night of the 14th was spent, the President spoke to an immense crowd, and as the issue in Pennsylvania had been so largely protection, it was to that doctrine that he gave his chief attention. Nothing could have pleased the Iron City better. The people were so wild with enthusiasm that it took the combined efforts of the police and militia to get the Presidential party on the train and out of town.

From the hour that Lincoln's coercion remarks at Indianapolis reached the country, he had received telegraphic congratulations and remonstrances at almost every stop of the train. The remarks at Columbus produced a similar result, and he seems to have concluded at this point to make his future speeches more general. At Cleveland, Buffalo, Albany, and New York there was nothing in what he said that his enemies could fasten on. His journey from Pittsburgh eastward was in no way different from what it had been previously. There were the same crowds of people at every station, the same booming of cannon, gifts of flowers, receptions at hotels, breakfasts, dinners, and luncheons with local magnates. All along the route in the East, as in the West, the people were out; everywhere there were flags and banners and mottoes. The party in the train continued to change as it had done, committees and "leading citizens" replacing each other in rapid succession. None of these accessions aroused more interest among the other members of the party than Horace Greeley, who appeared unexpectedly at Girard, Ohio, bag and blankets in hand, and after a ride of twenty miles with Mr. Lincoln, departed.

At Buffalo, where Mr. Lincoln spoke on Saturday, the 16th, a bit of variety was infused into the celebration by the fulfilment

of an election wager. The loser was to saw a cord of wood in front of the American House and present it to the poorest negro to be found. He accordingly appeared with a wagon-load of cord-wood just before Mr. Lincoln began his speech from the hotel balcony, and during the address sawed vigorously.

RUMORS OF A PLOT AGAINST LINCOLN'S LIFE.

The journey through New York State, with the elaborate ceremonies at Albany and New York City, occupied three days, and it was not until the evening of February 21st that Lincoln reached Philadelphia. The day had been a hard one. He had left New York early, had replied to greetings at Jersey City and again at Newark, had addressed both branches of the New Jersey Legislature at Trenton and gone through a formal dinner there, and now, though it was dark and cold, he was obliged to ride in state through the streets of Philadelphia to his hotel, where hundreds of visitors soon were surging in to shake his hand. The hotel was still crowded with guests when he was summoned to the room of one of his party, Mr. Norman Judd. There he was introduced to Mr. Allan Pinkerton, who, as Mr. Judd explained, was a Chicago detective and had a story to lay before him.

"Pinkerton informed me," said Mr. Lincoln afterwards, in relating the affair to Benson J. Lossing, "that a plan had been laid for my assassination, the exact time when I expected to go through Baltimore being publicly known. He was well informed as to the plan, but did not know that the conspirators would have pluck enough to execute it. He urged me to go right through with him to Washington that night. I did not like that. I had made engagements to visit Harrisburg, and go from there to Baltimore, and I resolved to do so. I could not believe that there was a plot to murder me. I made arrangements, however, with Mr. Judd for my return to Philadelphia the next night, if I should be convinced that there was danger in going through Baltimore. I told him that if I should meet at Harrisburg, as I had at other places, a delegation to go with me to the next place (then Baltimore), I should feel safe, and go on."

Mr. Lincoln left Mr. Pinkerton, and started to his room. On the way he met Ward Lamon, also a member of his party, who introduced Frederick Seward, the son of the Senator. Mr. Seward told Mr. Lincoln that he had

a letter for him from his father. The letter informed Mr. Lincoln that General Scott and Colonel Stone, the latter the officer commanding the District of Columbia militia, had just received information which seemed to them conclusive that a plot existed in Baltimore to murder him on his way through that city. Mr. Seward besought the President to change his plan and go forward secretly.

Mr. Lincoln read the note through twice slowly and thoughtfully; then looked up, and said to Mr. Seward, "Do you know anything about the way this information was obtained?"

No, Mr. Seward knew nothing.

"Did you hear any names mentioned? Did you, for instance, ever hear anything said about such a name as Pinkerton?"

No, Mr. Seward had heard no names mentioned save those of General Scott and Colonel Stone.

"I may as well tell why I ask," said Mr. Lincoln. "There were stories and rumors some time ago, before I left home, about people who were intending to do me a mischief. I never attached much importance to them—never wanted to believe any such thing. So I never would do anything about them in the way of taking precautions and the like. Some of my friends, though, thought differently—Judd and others—and, without my knowledge, they employed a detective to look into the matter. It seems he has occasionally reported what he found; and only to-day, since we arrived at this house, he brought this story, or something similar to it, about an attempt on my life in the confusion and hurly-burly of the reception at Baltimore."

"Surely, Mr. Lincoln," said Mr. Seward, "that is a strong corroboration of the news I bring you."

He smiled, and shook his head. "That is exactly why I was asking you about names. If different persons, not knowing of each other's work, have been pursuing separate clews that led to the same result, why, then, it shows there must be something in it. But if this is only the same story, filtered through two channels, and reaching me in two ways, then that don't make it any stronger. Don't you see?"

After a little further discussion of the subject, Mr. Lincoln rose and said: "Well, we haven't got to decide it to-night, anyway, and I see it is getting late. You need not think I will not consider it well. I shall think it over carefully, and try to decide it right; and I will let you know in the morning."

RAISING THE FLAG ON INDEPENDENCE HALL.

The next day was Washington's Birthday. The hauling down of the Stars and Stripes in the South and the substituting of State flags had stirred the North deeply. The day the first Palmetto Flag was raised in South Carolina, a new reverence for the national emblem was born in the North. The flag began to appear at every window, in every buttonhole. On January 29th, Kansas was admitted into the Union, without slavery, thus adding a new star to the thirty-three then in the field; and for raising the new flag thus made necessary, Washington's Birthday became almost a universal choice. In Philadelphia, it was arranged that the new flag for Independence Hall be raised by Mr. Lincoln. The ceremony took place at seven o'clock in the morning. Mr. Lincoln's brief speech was one of the best received of all he made on the journey:

I am filled with deep emotion at finding myself standing in this place, where were collected together the wisdom, the patriotism, the devotion to principle from which sprang the institutions under which we live. You have kindly suggested to me that in my hands is the task of restoring peace to our distracted country. I can say in return, sir, that all the political sentiments I entertain have been drawn, so far as I have been able to draw them, from the sentiments which originated in and were given to the world from this hall. I have never had a feeling, politically, that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence. I have pondered often over the dangers which were incurred by the men who assembled here and framed and adopted that Declaration. I have pondered over the toils that were endured by the officers and soldiers of the army who achieved that independence. I have often inquired of myself what great principle or idea it was that kept this Confederacy so long together. It was not the mere matter of separation of the colonies from the motherland, but that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty not alone to the people of this country, but hope to all the world, for all future time. It was that which gave promise that in due time the weights would be lifted from the shoulders of all men, and that all should have an equal chance. This is the sentiment embodied in the Declaration of Independence. Now, my friends, can this country be saved on that basis? If it can, I will consider myself one of the happiest men in the world if I can help to save it. If it cannot be saved upon that principle, it will be truly awful. But if this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it. Now, in my view of the present aspect of affairs, there is no need of bloodshed and war. There is no necessity for it. I am not in favor of such a course, and I may say in advance that there will be no bloodshed unless it is forced upon the government. The government will not use force, unless force is used against it.

My friends, this is a wholly unprepared speech. I did not expect to be called on to say a word when I came here. I supposed I was merely to do something toward raising a flag. I may, therefore, have said something indiscreet. [Cries of "No, no."] But I have said nothing

but what I am willing to live by, and, if it be the pleasure of Almighty God, to die by.

SECRET NIGHT JOURNEY TO WASHINGTON.

It was after returning from the flag-raising at Philadelphia that Lincoln told his friends that he had decided to go on to Washington at whatever time they thought best after his only remaining engagement was filled; viz., to meet and address the Pennsylvania Legislature at Harrisburg that afternoon. The engagement was carried out, and late in the afternoon he was free. It had been arranged that he leave Harrisburg secretly at six o'clock in the evening with Colonel Lamon, the rest of his party to know nothing of his departure. But Mr. Lincoln did not like to go without at least informing his companions, and asked that they be called. "I reckon they'll laugh at us, Judd," he said, "but you had better get them together." Several of the party, when told of the project, opposed it violently, arguing that it would expose Mr. Lincoln to ridicule and to the charge of cowardice. He, however, answered that unless there was something besides ridicule to fear, he was disposed to carry out Mr. Judd's plan.

At six o'clock he left his hotel by a back door, bareheaded, a soft hat in his pocket, and entering a carriage, was driven to the station, where a car and engine, unlighted save for a headlight, awaited him. A few minutes after eleven o'clock, he was in Philadelphia, where the night train for Washington was being held by order of the president of the road for an "important package." This package was delivered to the conductor as soon as it was known that Mr. Lincoln was on the train. At six o'clock the next morning, after an undisturbed night, he was in Washington, where Mr. Washburne and Mr. Seward met him, and, with devout thanksgiving, conducted him to Willard's Hotel, there to remain until after the inauguration.

There were still nine days before the inauguration, and nine busier days Mr. Lincoln had not spent since his election. He was obliged to make visits to President Buchanan, Congress, and the Supreme Court, and under Mr. Seward's guidance, this was done at once. He received, too, great numbers of visitors, including many delegations and committees. The Hon. James Harlan, of Iowa, at that time United States Senator, called on Mr. Lincoln on February 23d, the day of his arrival. "He was overwhelmed

with callers," says Senator Harlan. "The room in which he stood, the corridors and halls and stairs leading to it, were crowded full of people, each one, apparently, intent on obtaining an opportunity to say a few words to him *privately*."

It was in these few days before his inauguration that the great fight over the future cabinet was made. As we have seen, Lincoln had made his selections, subject to events, before he left Springfield. When he reached Washington he sought counsel on his proposed appointments from great numbers of the leading men of the country. If they did not come to him, he went to them. Thus Senator Harlan, in an unpublished manuscript, "Recollections of Abraham Lincoln," tells how the President-elect sounded him on the cabinet. "A page came to me at my desk in the Senate Chamber," writes Senator Harlan, "and said, 'The President-elect is in the President's room and wishes to see you.' I confess that I felt a little flurried by this announcement. I had not been accustomed to being called in by presidents of the United States; hence, to gain a little time for self-composure, I said to the little page, 'How do you know that the President-elect wishes to see me?' 'Oh,' said he, 'his messenger came to the door of the Senate Chamber, and sent me to tell you.' 'All right,' said I. 'You may tell the President's messenger that I will call immediately,' which, of course, I did without the least delay.

"I was received by the President in person, who, after the ordinary greetings, offered me a seat, and seated himself near me. No one else was in the room. He commenced the conversation, saying in a half-playful, half-serious tone and manner, 'I sent for you to tell me whom to appoint as members of my cabinet.' I responded, saying, 'Mr. President, as that duty, under the Constitution, devolves, in the first instance, on the President, I have not given to the subject a serious thought; I have no names to suggest, and expect to be satisfied with your selections.' He then said he had about concluded to nominate William H. Seward, of New York, as Secretary of State; Edward Bates, of Missouri, for Attorney-General; Caleb B. Smith, of Indiana, for Secretary of the Interior; Gideon Welles, of Connecticut, for Secretary of the Navy; Montgomery Blair, of Maryland, for Postmaster-General; and that he thought he ought to appoint Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, and Salmon P.

Chase, of Ohio, for the remaining two places, but was in doubt which one to offer Mr. Cameron and would like to have me express my opinion frankly on the point.

"'Well,' said I, 'Mr. President, if that is the only question involved, I have not the slightest doubt that Mr. Chase ought to be made Secretary of the Treasury,' and then I proceeded to mention, without hesitation or reserve, my reasons for this opinion. He thanked me cordially for my frankness. I took my leave. This interview lasted probably about ten or fifteen minutes."

Not all of those with whom Mr. Lincoln talked about his cabinet professed, like Senator Harlan, to be satisfied with his selections. Radical Republicans, mistrusting Seward's spirit of compromise, besought him to take Chase and drop Seward altogether. Conservatives, on the contrary, feared Chase's implacable "no compromise" spirit, and urged Lincoln to omit him from the cabinet. Seward finally, on March 2d, probably thinking to force Lincoln's hand, withdrew his consent to take an appointment. He said later that he feared a "compound cabinet" and did not wish to "hazard" himself in the experiment. This action brought no immediate reply from Mr. Lincoln. He simply left Seward's name where he had placed it at the head of his slate. The struggle over Cameron's appointment, which had been going on for more than two months, now culminated in a desperate encounter. The appointment of Blair was hotly contested. Caleb Smith's seat was disputed by Schuyler Colfax. In short, it was a day-and-night battle of the factions of the Republican party, which raged around Lincoln from the hour he appeared in Washington until the hour of his inauguration.

In spite of all the arguments and threats from excited and earnest men, to which he listened candidly and patiently, Lincoln found himself, on the morning of March 4th, with the cabinet which he had selected four months before unchanged. This fact, had it been known, might have modified somewhat the opinion expressed generally at the time, that the new President would never be anything but the tool of Chase or Seward, or of whoever proved to be the strong man of his cabinet—that is, if he was ever inaugurated. Of this last many had doubts, and even as late as the morning of March 4th were betting in the hotel corridors and streets of Washington that Abraham Lincoln would never be President of the United States.

A TIGER OF THE TEA GARDENS

BY
W. A. FRASER

Author of "King for a Day," "God and the Pagan," and other stories.

CHITTAGONG is on the way between Calcutta and Rangoon. If that were all it would not matter, but it is the hunter of big game's paradise. It is to all forms of life what the stable-yard is to the fungi. The natives come up like flies; elephant, sambar, tiger, and black leopards simply walk about looking for the *shikari's* (hunter's) bullet.

Higgins was as simple in his way of life as his name. He ran a tea garden, after a fashion—two of them, for the matter of that. He was tall, and straight, and blue-eyed as a viking. Not that that made any difference; for a small man, if he has the nerve, is as good behind an "Express" rifle as a big one.

His manner of killing tigers was simplicity itself. Elephants and beaters, and all that sort of thing, he knew nothing about. He killed them with his rifle—that was his way. When he got word that a tiger was knocking things about on one of the gardens near by, killing coolies, and eating hind quarters out of bullocks, he would go out and wander about until he and Stripes looked into each other's eyes at close quarters. Then the cool, steady aim, and an "Express" bullet crashing through the beast's brain, and the thing was done. At the time I was stopping with Higgins for a day or so on his garden, he had killed twenty tigers in just this honest, fair-deal sort of way.

We were lounging about the veranda in the heat of the afternoon, when a coolie came rushing up from among the tea-drying houses. There was a tiger among the tea-pickers—"seventeen tigers!" but numbers counted for nothing, for the man was drunk with his fear. Above the rifle-rack, from a pair of sambar horns, hung a silver whistle. Higgins blew a shrill note on this, and gathered unto himself a rifle and much ammunition. Another native, a short, thick-set, powerful hill-man, came bounding through the crotons like a wild boar. It was the *shikari*, Higgins's native hunter, answering the call of the silver whistle.

"Give me a rifle," I said, intoxicated by the prospect of slaughter.

Higgins reached me one from



"... a coolie came rushing up."

the rack—there were half a dozen left. He was like a billiard-player with his cues. "Keep close!" he said, as we rushed along behind the *shikari*.

My blood tingled as I kept pace with the long strides of my friend. Of a verity I was afraid, but my blood tingled. The garden was a labyrinth of small hills and valleys. As we passed from among the "coolie-lines," a native came rushing up and pointed to a hill on our left. "He is there, *Huzoor*, and is of the size of an elephant. I, Nellia, who was too frightened to run, saw him. Even as I hid behind a tea-bush did he eat ten men, as a *Madrassi* eats chillies."

He, Nellia, was still at it, talking, as we rushed off in the direction he indicated. Be-

A sharp, hissing noise came from the *shikari*. He was standing with his head thrust forward, his sharp, black eyes peering intently at some object among the bushes in the bottom of the *nulla* (ravine).

"He's there," said Higgins, inclining his head in that direction. As he spoke I caught sight of the strong, undulating tail, swishing back and forth viciously. "He's got something," he continued.

We could not see what it was, for the bushes were thick. "Keep behind a little," said Higgins, "and if I do not bag him and he charges back, give him your rifle. Don't get in a hurry; keep cool."

I was glad that he gave me that advice about keeping cool; I had forgotten all about



"The beast turned his head."

fore we were half-way up the rise, another coolie came tearing over the brow of the hill on our right.

"Lord Protector!" he yelled, making straight for us, "the eater of men is just over there from whence I came. As he rushed by me his leg struck my leg, and it is broken. Tankia saw five of them—five tigers, *Sahib*, each one as big as the *Huzoor's* pony."

He was talking to the wind, for Higgins had darted off in the direction of the last report. The information was picturesque, but confusing. As we neared the summit of the small hill, Higgins moved cautiously. On the farther side we could see coolies fleeing up the incline. "He's here, somewhere," whispered Higgins to me, as we stood for a moment peering about. "I hope he has not made off with one of the poor devils."

it. I was getting just a trifle excited. I fancied that I had three or four rifles in my hands, and was not sure whether I was to shoot the *shikari*, Higgins, or the tiger. But my friend's nerve was superb. It was as though he were going to bag a jack-snipe. The tiger was a hundred yards away when we first saw him. Higgins walked along quietly till he was within twenty paces. I was a little in the rear. We could see his beautiful black-and-yellow striped body, and also something else—there was something black under his massive paws. My heart turned sick as I looked. There were two black bodies there, crushed to the earth, one on top of the other, pinioned by those merciless claws.

The tiger had winded us; his head was up, listening. We were in his rear. Higgins

advanced cautiously, step by step, his rifle ready. When he was within twenty feet, he whistled softly. That was that the tiger might look around and give him the brain-shot—fair between the eyes. The beast turned his head till he saw us out of the corner of the oblique slit in his face. I could see the snarling, curled lip and the meer-schaum-colored fangs.

eclipses. Higgins was standing quite motionless, holding his gun ready. Five paces off the huge beast lay dying.

"Through the heart," said my friend laconically. "Here, Jeswant, get those coolies up. They're not hurt, I hope."

The *shikari* ran over to the two men lying so silently there. Why did they not move? The tiger had not mauled them. Jeswant

stooped down, and touched one of the figures. Then he gave a queer cry. We hurried forward, and looked at them. They were both dead—dead by a bullet. That terrible "Express" had sent the leaden messenger through the tiger, heart and all, and through the two men lying at his breast.

I felt sorry for Higgins. He turned with loathing from the tiger. I could see from his face that the death of the two men was lying heavy on his mind. "Poor old chaps," he said, and his voice was unsteady.

"It's a magnificent skin," I said, looking at the dead beast and trying to draw Higgins's thoughts away from the other.

"I'll never touch it!" he said passionately. "I could not bear to have it about my bungalow. It would always make me think of Sookar and Ramia here."

I took it. Higgins was glad to give it to me. I haven't it now, but I know where it is. Somehow I got tired of seeing it about, just as Higgins said he would. The man who has it does not know the story connected with it.



"Then he gave a queer cry."

The shot was a bad one: that sloping forehead would turn a bullet like a sheet of armor. There was a good heart-shot, behind the outstretched foreleg. The tiger lashed his sides with his tail, but kept his prey down with stubborn ferocity. Higgins raised his rifle; the blue eyes looked carefully along the sights; there was a report.

For a minute there was a noise like the meeting of two railroad engines. The air was full of sand and yellow-striped sun



WALT BOWIE.

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER.



THE head of the Government Secret Service during the Civil War was Brigadier-General Lafayette C. Baker, and serving with him intimately was his cousin, my father, Major J. Stannard Baker. My father has told me many stories of the adventures of himself and the other men of the Secret Service, and the following is one of them, given here in substantially the words and form in which he related it.

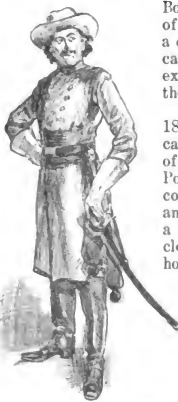
Running the picket lines during the early years of the Civil War was not confined wholly to avaricious speculators and poor whites. There were Snowdens, Camerons, Milburns, and Bowies among the number, and they rode and scouted, carried mail, and captured horses, with all the dash and spirit of the Southern blood. They were familiar with the country roads of Maryland and Virginia, and they knew the best crossings and fords of the Potomac. If they were trapped within the Federal lines, they appealed for protection at the nearest plantation, the owner of which was more than likely to be a cousin or an uncle, and when the searchers appeared, they were stowed safely away in an attic or hay-loft, and there they remained until danger was past. They were all dashing, reckless young fellows, the prodigal sons of respectable families, to whom the war came as a license for lawlessness.

One of the best known of these young marauders was Captain Walter W. Bowie. He was born in Maryland, near Lower Marlborough, his mother being one of the historic Snowden family. On his father's side he was related to the famous Colonel James Bowie, duelist and companion of Crockett, who gave his name

to the Bowie knife. Before the war opened Captain Bowie had made a reputation as a hard rider and a hard drinker, and there were few of the people of Maryland who did not know him. He is described as being above medium height, with dark, curly hair, dark eyes, a handsome face, and the manners of an accomplished gallant. At the outbreak of hostilities he was commissioned captain by General J. E. B. Stuart. He served for some time with the guerrilla bands of eastern Virginia, and then began his clandestine excursions through the Federal lines. The guerrillas could be driven off or captured, but Bowie was as nimble as a flea, and his stings were quite as frequent and irritating. For the whole of one season he demoralized several counties in central Maryland. The authorities at Washington sent out a number of expeditions to capture him, but he invariably eluded them, two or three times under the most desperate circumstances. Mrs. Surratt, who kept a tavern at Surrattville, and who was afterward famous for her connection with the Booth conspiracy, knew him well.

"You'll never get Walt Bowie," she told the detectives of the Secret Service; "he has a charmed life; you can neither capture nor kill him," and she expressed the belief of many of the people of lower Maryland.

One dark night in the spring of 1863, Bowie was surrounded by a cavalry detachment on the banks of the Potomac, some miles above Port Tobacco. The lieutenant in command dismounted his men, and advanced cautiously through a strip of pine woods. They closed in and captured Bowie's horse and a quantity of contraband goods, but Bowie himself had mysteriously disappeared. They spread out, and began to beat for him through the bushes. Half an hour later they found their lieutenant lying face upward in the weeds, with Bowie's knife in his breast.



Captain Walt Bowie.

After this incident the case was referred by the War Department to General L. C. Baker of the Secret Service Bureau, and Traill was assigned the task of capturing Bowie. It seems that Traill and Bowie had been friends before the war, and in some way, best known to themselves, a mortal enmity had sprung up between them. Traill never told me the exact particulars, but I know that Bowie had threatened to shoot him on sight.

After several weeks of watching, Traill learned that Bowie was accustomed to visit the home of Colonel James H. Waring, one of the best known planters of southern Maryland. Bowie's mother was distantly related to the Warings, as, indeed, she was related to many of the older families of the South. Colonel Waring's house stood on a picturesque knoll, around which crooked the Patuxent River, leaving only a small neck of land to connect it with other parts of the plantation. The especial attraction which drew Bowie into this dangerous trap was Colonel Waring's daughter, whom he had known before the war. Traill learned that he had made arrangements to pay one of his regular visits on the night of July 14, 1863.

General Baker at once detailed Odell,

house. We understood without specific orders that we were to shoot any one who failed to halt on command.

Traill and I went to the front of the house, and Brant and Odell to the rear. I waited below in the walk and watched the windows while Traill thundered on the iron knocker. In a moment the whole plantation sprung into life. Dogs began to bark, negroes ran shouting from their quarters, and lights began to flash out one by one in the upper windows. Traill knocked again more violently, and presently an aged negro woman with white, kinky hair unbarred the door and started back, gasping, when we crowded in.

"Is Walt Bowie here?" demanded Traill.

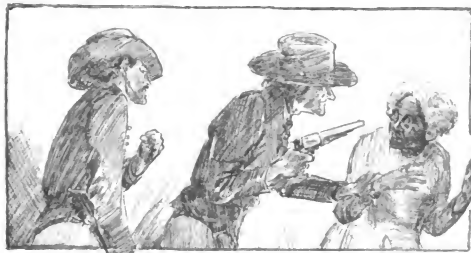
"Dunno, massa; yain't seed nothin' ob him, massa——"

Traill remained at the front door questioning the negro, and I went down the long hallway and opened the back door, so as to establish communication with Odell and Brant. It was dark, and as I stepped out on the porch I stumbled over the prostrate body of a little house negro curled on the doorstep fast asleep. I seized him just as he was squirming away, and brought him sharply around, so that the light shone in his face.

"Where's Walt Bowie?" I asked.

"He done come las' night——" and then he must have caught sight of a warning finger from some of the negroes who were gathering on the porch, for his tongue froze with fright and we could get nothing further out of him.

Brant and Odell were stationed out-



"Is Walt Bowie here?" demanded Traill.

Brant, and me Traill and me to make the arrest. We the expedition caution, choosing the best and freshest horses we could get, and arming ourselves with two revolvers each.

It was past midnight when we rode through the gateway of the Waring plantation. We tethered our horses in a grove of trees at some distance from the drive, leaving them ready saddled and bridled in case of need. Then we crept up cautiously toward the

to go with make the prepared for with unusual

side of the house, and Traill and I began the search inside. We worked from the cellar to the attic, opening every closet and looking up the chimneys. At every step we were hindered in our search by the Waring house-negroes. They seemed half-frightened out of their senses; they stumbled aimlessly up and down the stairways, huddled in corners, and blocked the passageways. At that time we laid their peculiar actions wholly to abject terror, and Traill finally ordered them all into the big plantation dining-room, to remain until morning. Old Colonel Waring was not then at

home, although he came in later in the night. The white women of the family assembled in the parlor, and watched the search with apparent calmness, although their faces were pale.

In the room occupied by Colonel Waring's daughter we discovered some important rebel mail, secreted between the mattresses of the bed, and in an adjoining room we found a handsome uniform belonging to a Confederate captain of cavalry, together with a saber and sash, two bowie-knives, and a handsome double-barreled gun with the name "Walter W. W. Bowie" engraved on the shoulder-plate. This gun played a most important part in Bowie's subsequent history.



"The white women of the family assembled in the parlor."

The presence of these personal belongings of Captain Bowie convinced us that he was secreted somewhere in the house; but search as we would, we could not find him. At last Traill called us together outside, and after a consultation we determined to keep watch until daylight, hoping that we might get Bowie when he left the house. Odell placed himself in the center of the isthmus formed by the crook in the Patuxent River, thus cutting off all egress from the house by land. Brant concealed himself immediately in front of the wide piazza, and Traill and I took our positions just behind the house, near a pathway that led down to the spring. Through a clump of leafy bushes we could command a clear view of every window and door at the back of the house without exposing ourselves. We dared give Bowie no opportunity for pistol play.

Just as morning was breaking, the back door was opened cautiously, and the red-turbaned head of an old negro auntie was thrust out. She looked this way and that, and, seeing nothing to alarm her, she stepped out on the porch and swung a small tub to her head.

Following her came two other negro women carrying water-buckets. Straight down the pathway to the spring they came, swinging close together and glancing fearfully from side to side. Traill and I stepped out suddenly before them with our revolvers in our hands. At sight of us, two of the women started and cried out, but the third, with a low warning, dragged them along.

"Don' shoot, massa!" begged one of the women; "don' shoot! We's only poo' niggahs."

It happened that both of us were exceedingly thirsty. We had worked all the sultry July night with nothing to drink, and we had not dared to desert our posts long enough to go to the spring. So we parted and let the three women go by, urging them to hurry back with the water. Just as they were disappearing in the half-light of the early morning, I saw one of the women drop her bucket and run. Instantly the ruse flashed upon me, and I went hot all over—one of the women was Walt Bowie.

We turned instantly and tore through the bushes toward the river shore. At the spring

we found two of the negro women, but the third was missing. Thirty yards farther down, concealed in a clump of pines, we captured Bowie's horse, saddled and bridled, left there for just such an emergency. More hopefully we spread out through the bushes, confident now that we should corner our prey somewhere on the river bank. We were both

low. The sun had not yet risen, and a soft mist hung over the river and filled the valley.

In the slushy sand close to the water's edge we found two fresh footprints, and the shallows of the river itself were still stringy with mud where they had been disturbed. But we peered in vain out upon the misty



"Don' shoot: We's only poor niggers"

thoroughly alert, for we knew well enough what a fighter Walt Bowie at bay would be. Odell and Brant soon joined us, and we trusted no clump of bushes nor fallen log until we were sure that Bowie was not behind it.

Presently a shout came from Odell. I was near him on his right, and I ran through the bushes to his assistance. Odell was holding up a long, loose wrapper, such as negro women wore. He had found it entangled in one of the bushes where Bowie, hampered by its clinging folds, had thrown it off. We paused only a moment, and then plunged down the bank, calling for the other men to fol-

low. The sun had not yet risen, and a soft mist hung over the river and filled the valley.

low. The sun had not yet risen, and a soft mist hung over the river and filled the valley.

low. The sun had not yet risen, and a soft mist hung over the river and filled the valley.

low. The sun had not yet risen, and a soft mist hung over the river and filled the valley.

"You fellows go back if you care to," he said; "I'm going after Bowie."

After I knew of the feud, I understood the almost frantic haste with which he ran up the hill, mounted his horse, and galloped away up the road. Odell, Brant, and I returned to Washington, thoroughly dejected.

Two days later Traill came in. He was gaunt and dirty and silent; we forbore asking him if he had captured Walt Bowie. Since our return the gun which we captured at the Waring place had stood in one corner of General Baker's office. Traill's eye fell on it almost as soon as he entered the room. He picked it up and turned it over in his hand.

"I'd like to have this gun," he said.

"You can't use it in the service," objected the General.

"If you'll give me this gun I'll use it," he said, significantly.

Traill might not have believed that Bowie's life was charmed, but he was a Virginian, brought up among conjuring negroes, and doubtless he knew the old superstition that only the weapon of a "charmed" person is effective against the charm. And he took Bowie's gun.

About this time I became an officer in the First District of Columbia Cavalry, then being organized by General Baker, and for several months I lost sight of Traill. On my return to Washington early in 1864, I met him at the Secret Service headquarters, and he told me the story of his subsequent search for Bowie, which was further amplified by the General.

After our failure in July, Traill kept to the scent with all the pertinacity of a bloodhound. I saw a note which Bowie had left for Traill. It was scrawled on yellow wrapping-paper, and it read something like this:

"Tell Traill that if he comes into lower Maryland again he will get shot. B."

Traill carried this slip in an inside pocket all

of that summer and fall. And Bowie kept growing bolder and bolder. He would appear suddenly in central Maryland with four or five men, loot a store, gather in a string of horses, and escape across the Potomac before the Union forces knew what had happened. And that was at a time when the Federal War Department flattered itself on the perfect impregnability of its lines. Indeed, it was said that Bowie himself had begun to believe in his own immunity from bullets and arrest, and he hunted Traill with almost as much enthusiasm as Traill hunted him. They tracked each other all over Maryland, each trying to get the other at a disadvantage. The General told me that Traill grew thin and haggard under the strain and that he would hardly answer when spoken to.

One day about the middle of December, Traill came in after an unusually long absence, and held a conference with his chief. Early the following morning he rode out across the navy-yard bridge with two revolvers in his holsters and Bowie's gun thrown across the pommel of his saddle. He chose little-known roads and cow-paths, and kept



"... 'I'll use it,' he said, significantly."



" . . . flut on his face in the hog-pines . . . watching Bowie's movements."

well in toward the Potomac River. Upon nearing a little cross-roads known as Bconcville, he led his horse across the fields and tied it in an old tobacco-house. Here he remained concealed until nightfall. He had made arrangements with a friend named Carton, who lived in the neighborhood, to keep a sharp watch for Bowie. Carton's enmity had been fired by the loss of numerous horses and mules, and he had lain flat on his face in the hog-pines for two days watching Bowie's movements.

When it was quite dark, Traill went down into the woods, crossed an old swale, and whistled sharply. The signal was answered, and Carton appeared a moment later. He was shivering with cold and fright. He told Traill that Bowie had passed him on his way to the Potomac not two hours before. He had two men and eight or ten horses with him.

On the supposition that Bowie intended to escape at once into Virginia, Traill, followed by Carton, ran down the road, hoping to intercept him before he crossed the river. The track was blind with pine shoots and fallen logs, and the darkness of a cloudy night was rendered even denser by the thickets which crowded up to the road on both sides. They tripped and fell a dozen times in the first mile, and then they went more cautiously for fear of alarming Bowie and his men, should they be concealed somewhere in the woods. After nearly an hour of exhausting pursuit, Traill dropped on his knees, scratched a match, and carefully examined the track. There was not a sign of horses' hoofs. Carton could not explain the mystery, but he insisted that the road did not branch anywhere in its course from the old plantation to the

river. Traill crept back silently for some distance, and finally found the tracks again. They turned from the road into the woods, where the hog-pines grew so thick that it seemed impossible for a man, much less a horse, to penetrate. Here Carton hung back.

"Bowie's in there waiting for you," he said; "and you can't kill him."

"Stay where you are, then," answered Traill, "and see that he don't shoot you."

Traill turned from the road, and pushed his way cautiously through the pines. For a space he walked, stooping almost double, with Bowie's gun thrust out before him; then he dropped on his hands and knees and crawled. If Bowie was watching for him, he knew that he would be lying on the ground in some thicket or behind some log, and he wanted to be ready for him. Bowie might have taken this very means for hunting his hunter. The dense darkness of the night was in Traill's favor, although in the stillness of the woods every twig that snapped under his knees sounded like the report of a pistol.

In this way he crawled for twenty rods or more, and then of a sudden he looked up and saw through a rift in the pine thicket a glimmer of light against the black foliage of a group of larger pines beyond. Then he knew that Bowie had built a fire and camped. Still more cautiously he wriggled along the moist ground, always keeping the gun, ready cocked, before him.

Thirty paces farther on he emerged from the thicket into an open space, in the center of which he could see the faint glimmer of a camp-fire. A moment later he was startled by the restless stirring of horses. He had not counted on this interference, although he knew that Bowie depended on his horses to give notice of the approach of enemies. He lay still for a long quarter hour, until the horses were quiet again, and then he wriggled forward, feeling his way, and throwing aside every twig that might snap under his weight. And thus he came presently to a stump about twenty feet from the fire. Here he raised up just a little. He saw the dark forms of

the horses picketed in a bunch some little distance to his right. Between them and the fire lay three figures closely wrapped in blankets with their heads on their saddles. Three pairs of cavalry boots were suspended bottom down over the fire to dry. There was no means of telling which of the men was Bowie; as they lay there they looked exactly alike. So Traill decided to capture them. He would rather have taken Bowie than any man in the Confederacy. He thought he could pounce on him while he was asleep and get his revolver, although he knew that Bowie never would submit without a fight, and, knowing Bowie, he knew what such a fight would be. He cared nothing for the other men; they were mere hostlers for the captured horses, and he knew they would submit readily enough if their chief was taken.

Traill left the protection of the stump, and wriggled forward again toward the fire. His eyes never left the three blanketed figures. When he was a man's length away from their feet he raised to his hands and knees, and made ready to spring upon them. But he had not counted on the horses. At sight of him they lunged back, snorting with fright.

Instantly the three men were on their feet. They stood facing the horses, and Traill was behind them. In the darkness he could not tell which was Bowie, and he would take no chances. He rose swiftly to his feet and brought the gun to his shoulder. It was already cocked.

"Walt Bowie!" he shouted.

Bowie whirled.

"Traill!" he said, and fired both revolvers.

At the same instant Traill's fingers closed on the triggers of Bowie's gun. Both barrels went off at once. Bowie's head dropped back, and he fell face downward by the fire. When Traill reached him he was dead.

The next day Traill rode into Washington with two prisoners and the personal effects of Walt Bowie. He was begrimed with dust, and his eyes were dark and hollow. He set Bowie's gun in a corner behind the General's desk.

"I'm through with that," he said, in his drawling voice.

"Where's Walt Bowie?" asked the General.

"Shot him," said Traill.

FIVE HUNDRED YEARS OF THE ANGLO-SAXON.

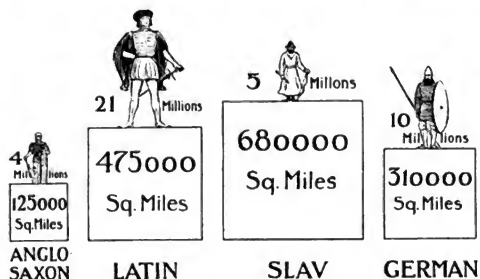
BY GEORGE B. WALDRON.

THE blessing promised to Shem seems destined to receive its fulfilment in the dominance of the Anglo-Saxon. Five hundred years ago one of the weakest of European peoples, and practically confined to two small islands, to-day the Anglo-Saxon rules nearly a third of the world's territory and an equal proportion of its people. Three other races only—the Latin, the German, and the Slavic—have any claim to comparison. These four comprise two-thirds of the population of the globe and four-fifths of its territory.

At the opening of the fifteenth century the Anglo-Saxons ruled less than 125,000 square miles of territory and about 4,000,000 people. To-day their flag floats over 15,050,000 square miles of area and 475,000,000 people, a gain of more than a hundred fold. Then the Latin races—the French, the Italians, the Spanish, and the Portuguese—embraced but 475,000 square miles and perhaps 21,000,000 population. To-day they stand next to the Anglo-Saxons, with 14,-

950,000 square miles of area and 255,000,000 people. Five hundred years ago Poland was the chief representative of the Slavs. Russia, overrun by the Tartars, was but a fraction of its present European extent. To-day Russia has absorbed Poland and much of Europe and Asia, and the Slavic branch is represented by 9,050,000 square miles of area and 140,000,000 subjects. This is in sharp contrast with the 680,000 square miles and 5,000,000 subjects in 1400. The Germans at that early date had some 10,000,000 people in about 310,000 square miles of area. To-day their domain has extended to 2,350,000 square miles and their numbers to 135,000,000.

With the fifteenth century there dawned a new era in the world's development. The discovery of the compass encouraged the bold sons of Portugal to make voyages of exploration down the African coast. Then followed the crowning achievements of the Columbian discovery of America, and the doubling of the Cape of Good Hope, five



STRENGTH OF THE FOUR DOMINANT RACES, IN TERRITORY OCCUPIED AND IN NUMBERS, IN THE YEAR 1400.

years later, by Vasco da Gama. It was the Latin opportunity, and during the following 200 years the race stood at the height of its colonial glory. Nearly all the Americas and East Indies were held by Spain, Portugal, and France. Outside her home islands, England had little more than her New England and Virginia colonies in America. Holland, alone of the Germanic nations, showed a genius for colonizing. Russia threw off her foreign yoke, and began to expand her empire, until, under Peter the Great, the opening of the eighteenth century found her across the Ural Mountains and well on her way toward the Pacific. In 1700, the Latins stood first in area, with 8,050,000 square miles; then followed the Slavs, with 5,960,000; the Germans, 1,100,000, and, last of all, the Anglo-Saxons, with 650,000 square miles. The Latins stood at the head also in population, with 41,000,000; then the Germans, 28,000,000; the Slavs, 14,000,000, and the Anglo-Saxons, 9,000,000 people.

But now the Anglo-Saxon began to forge to the front. The American colonies multiplied in population and wealth, till 1776 saw the birth of a new Anglo-Saxon nation. Seventeen years earlier the British flag supplanted the French in Quebec, and eleven years later the first English settlements were made in Australia. It was not, however, till near the close of the century that the Cape of Good Hope passed from the Dutch to become a British possession, and England began to rule in India. When the present century opened, the Latins still stood first in territory, but the Anglo-Saxons had passed them in population by nearly a half. The Latin area measured 11,450,000 square miles; the

Anglo-Saxon, 8,750,000; the Slavic, 7,100,000, and the German, 1,050,000 square miles. The Anglo-Saxon people numbered 96,000,000; the Latin, 65,000,000; the German, 54,000,000, and the Slav, 35,000,000. More than half the world's area and two-fifths of its population were ruled by these four races.

Nor have the developments of this century diminished the Anglo-Saxon lead. Tract after tract of

Latin North America was absorbed by the Anglo-Saxon United States until this country's empire extended in unbroken expanse from sea to sea. Alaska, "Seward's folly," was joined to our realm. British vigor and capital subdued the unknown Northwest territories, conquered Australia, established new empires in Africa, and extended over the Indies and other nations. In 1850, Anglo-Saxon territory had expanded to 11,250,000 square miles, and a quarter of a century later to 12,200,000 square miles. The population swelled to 161,000,000 in 1850, and to 335,000,000 in 1875.

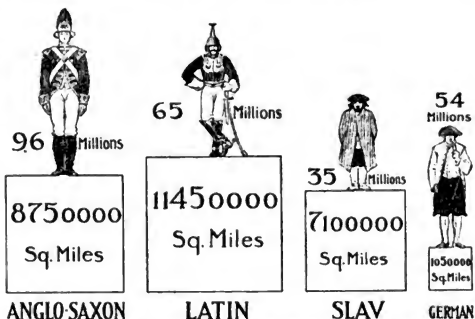
The first three quarters of this century made little change in the territory of the other three races. The Latin area fell off a million square miles, to 10,400,000, in 1850, and gained but 100,000 in the next quarter century. The Slavs and the Germans, at the middle of the century, held no more than at the beginning. By 1875, the Slavs had increased their area to 7,900,000 square miles, and the Germans to 1,150,000. In population they steadily advanced. The Latins numbered 110,000,000 in 1850, and 155,000,000 in 1875. The Germans increased to 73,000,000, and then to 95,000,000. The Slavs nearly doubled in the first fifty years, numbering 66,000,000, and were 85,000,000 twenty-five years later.

To-day the Anglo-Saxon continues in the lead, with 475,000,000 people, or nearly one-third of the entire population of the world. The three other races together have but 55,000,000 more. The four comprise more than two-thirds of the entire population of the world, and, at the present rate of progress, in another quarter century will control practically the world. Asia and Africa are rapidly

crumbling before the vigor of the Occident. Which race will ultimately take the lead in this world empire? If history and present tendencies count for anything, we must answer, the Anglo-Saxon. Surpassing the other races in territory for the past fifty years, and in population for more than a century, there is every reason to believe that this dominance will be perpetuated.

Apparently, the nearest rivals are the Latins, with a territory nearly equal in extent and peopled by nearly as many as the Slavs and Germans combined. But this rivalry is only apparent. More than half the Latin territory lies in this hemisphere. It is scarcely a question of centuries when the Anglo-Saxon's genius will permeate the entire area. With a canal across the Isthmus, the United States must, in self-defense, repeat the British history of Egypt and the Suez. Interchange of colonists and goods with South America and Mexico will not necessarily unite all into one nation with us, but it will stamp upon these people of the South the common Anglo-Saxon spirit and institutions. It may be in fifty years or it may be in five hundred, but some time every foot of ground from the Strait of Magellan to the Arctic, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, will be Anglo-Saxon.

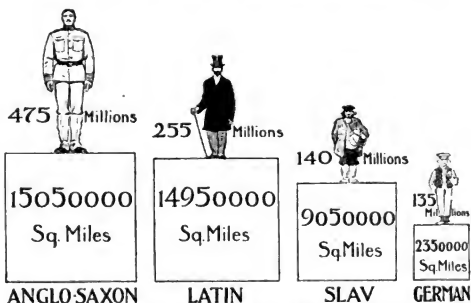
Of the Latin races, Italy, which once held the capital of the world, long ago dropped from the rank of dominant nations. Portugal still holds a colonial empire, but so feebly that only the jealousy of rival nations prevents her despoilment. And Spain, poor



STRENGTH OF THE FOUR DOMINANT RACES, IN TERRITORY OCCUPIED AND IN NUMBERS, IN THE YEAR 1800.

Spain! Once supreme in the New World, to-day she holds not a foot of ground in this hemisphere, while her East India gems—the Philippines—are passing to Anglo-Saxon dominance.

The deadness of Spain may find a counterpart in France, now the most vigorous of Latin peoples. Like Spain, she has known how to acquire vast colonial domain and has shown scarcely more skill in holding it. As Quebec fell before the British, so may her African empire vanish before the same power. England will not rest until her flag floats over a continuous country from the mouth of the Nile to the Cape of Good Hope. Where she has the will she has also the power,



STRENGTH OF THE FOUR DOMINANT RACES, IN TERRITORY OCCUPIED AND IN NUMBERS, AT THE PRESENT TIME.

and woe to the people that stand in the way of her destiny. Torn with dissensions at home and threatened in her possessions abroad, France may not be able to stand as a bulwark for the Latins against the encroachments of the other races.

But let no one think that the Anglo-Saxon is to have an easy struggle for supremacy. The Germans, next of kin, propose to insist upon a fair division. It was not until 1884, thirteen years after the birth of the empire, that Germany began to seek domain outside of Europe. But in the fifteen years since that time she has acquired over 1,000,000 square miles of territory in Africa and the Pacific, and gained a foothold in Asia in readiness for the coming partition of that country. In the peaceful victories of trade, too, she has made a progress not less astonishing. With characteristic thoroughness and patience, her people have solved questions of production and trade until England, once supreme in the world's commerce, finds herself undersold by the Germans in the foreign markets and is brought face to face at home with the danger of economic death.

More dangerous yet to the supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon is the rivalry of the empire of the Russians. For two hundred years Russia has possessed three-fifths of Europe and more than half of Asia. To-day she measures a sixth of the world's area, and,

next to the British Empire, is the largest under one ruler in the world. Diplomatic victories have given her control of one province of China, and have put her in a position to reap the richest rewards when the final partition shall take place.

But on the Eastern battle-ground a new force has arisen. American ships and guns have seized the capital of the Philippines, and henceforth this nation is to have a large voice in that field. The logic of circumstances and destiny demand that the two greatest divisions of the Anglo-Saxon race—England and the United States—shall stand together in this struggle for supremacy.

At the end of five hundred years, the Anglo-Saxon, once weakest of the four races, now leads, while its nearest rival is fast crumbling to pieces. What another five hundred years will bring, or even the fruits of another century, the boldest prophet shrinks from forecasting. Yet, if present tendencies count for anything, before the twentieth century ends, all of the two Americas and Australasia, all of southern Asia, and nearly all of Africa will be dominated by the Anglo-Saxon. And that race will swell in numbers till, in another hundred years, it will embrace a population larger than the present population of the entire world. These four—Anglo-Saxon, Latin, German, Slav—to-day dominate the earth; but the greatest of these is Anglo-Saxon.

THE FOUR DOMINANT RACES.

AREA IN SQUARE MILES.

	1400*	1700	1800	1850	1875	1898
Anglo-Saxon.....	125,000	650,000	8,750,000	11,250,000	12,200,000	15,950,000
Latin.....	475,000	8,050,000	11,450,000	10,400,000	10,500,000	14,950,000
Slav.....	680,000	5,960,000	7,100,000	7,150,000	7,900,000	9,050,000
German.....	310,000	1,100,000	1,050,000	1,050,000	1,150,000	2,350,000
Total.....	1,590,000	15,760,000	28,350,000	29,850,000	31,750,000	41,400,000
World.....	3,555,000	51,239,000	51,239,000	51,239,000	51,239,000	51,239,000

POPULATION.

	1400*	1700	1800	1850	1875	1898
Anglo-Saxon.....	4,000,000	9,000,000	96,000,000	161,000,000	235,000,000	475,000,000
Latin.....	21,000,000	41,000,000	65,000,000	110,000,000	155,000,000	255,000,000
Slav.....	5,000,000	14,000,000	35,000,000	66,000,000	85,000,000	140,000,000
German.....	10,000,000	28,000,000	54,000,000	73,000,000	95,000,000	135,000,000
Total.....	40,000,000	92,000,000	250,000,000	410,000,000	670,000,000	1,005,000,000
World.....	50,000,000	400,000,000	640,000,000	1,000,000,000	1,400,000,000	1,500,000,000

* Europe only. It should be explained that, in classifying any given country, the method has been to credit the whole area and population to the race that clearly predominates in its government and society, as if the whole population and occupancy were of that one race. By so proceeding in all instances, and for one as for another of the four races compared, a perfectly just basis of comparison has been secured. But in many instances, as in that of India, the actual population of the country is not preponderantly of the race that rules it and to which it is therefore credited. Of a total population in India, estimated at about 330,000,000 for 1898, only a few hundred thousand at most are strictly British, or Anglo-Saxon. The like holds true as to much of Africa, Oceania, and Asia, so far as they are credited to any of the four races.



FORERUNNERS OF EMPIRE.

BY MORTIMER O. WILCOX.



VERY nearly upon the Tropic of Cancer, but a long way beyond the Sandwich group, there is an island almost unknown to the dwellers in Polynesia. A small boat with two men in it lay off this shore one day, and tossed on the long rollers of the Western Pacific.

One of the men in the boat stared across the water with weary, observant eyes. It was three years since Allison had last seen the island, and the years had changed the man, but they had not changed the broad stretch of beach or the grassy hills beyond it. If the planet had been flat, one might have looked from this higher ground 8,000 miles to South America and passed one's eyes over nothing but the sea waves.

The other man on board wore a red shirt; and he almost covered the chicken-coop of a cabin by reclining on it while he smoked. "What part of the map is it, Jim?" he inquired.

"This is the place we're after," Allison replied. "We've fetched it right enough. I used to call it Island of Faraway. Looks lonelier than ever; but there is a village over beyond them palms."

They took the boat in carefully over the

bar, and made her fast; but there were no signs of life, except for a few scared sea-fowl, which flew up screaming as the men waded ashore. The odorous trade-winds were roaring in the tree-tops overhead; the never-pausing thunder of the surf lulled the listener's senses, and these sounds and the deep solitude brought back the past to Allison. He walked up to the higher ground, and turned to look at the breakers, which rolled in with the weight of the Pacific behind them.

"Seems most like old times," he said to the other man, Holmes. "Many's the hour I've laid right here and watched that everlasting old water-line, wondering whether there might be a ship behind it. Wooh! lonely! I'd go almost wild sometimes." He gazed down upon the bay and the little boat at her moorings. A bit of dingy bunting fluttered from the bow; and although it was dingy, and to the view insignificant, it had now a kind of haughty meaning, as if to proclaim that an American craft lay there and that a new flag was upon the waters of the world.

The weary eyes of Allison brightened; his careless figure seemed to swell. He put a hand on Holmes's shoulder, and pointed one way and the other.

"Look at there, Henry," he said, with a kind of shamed enthusiasm. "Over that

way, to our backs, is San Francisco and the States. And down there is the Philippines, where Dewey is. But here on this side we're the farthest out of any Americans. I tell you it makes a fellow feel responsible!"

"Where's your village?" asked Holmes at length.

"Come on; over this way," and the two trudged heavily inland through the big brilliant ferns. There had been a path through these as Allison remembered, and it had disappeared; but the significance of this fact did not occur to him until they came out before a huddle of mouldering huts, with rank grass growing everywhere. Holmes gave a dry whistle.

"This your village?"

"Seems to be," replied Allison, ruefully. He looked around him with a feeling of depression at that abandoned place. "Wonder what's become of 'em?" he said, in a whisper, as though he feared to walk among their ghosts. "They were real decent people for niggers, and just like children too—so innocent."

"Somebody is comin' out of that farthest shanty," Holmes observed.

"Well, now, if that ain't old Ben Harrison!" the other said. "Hello, Benjamin!" he added, "where are all the rest of you? Dead?"

The brown, ancient face expressed neither surprise nor emotion. "Some of them are. Rest down yonder—way around. New village there. Lots of new things now."

"I declare, I should think so," Allison remarked.

"Can we make the other village to-night?" Holmes asked.

"No, let's stay here. Old Ben Harrison will find us something to eat, and we can go down to the other place in the morning. I ain't got no relish for it now. Seems better to leave these people alone, anyway. What good does it do them for us to come around and try to civilize 'em?"

"Oh, brace up!" said the other, with awkward sympathy.

All that night, while they lay in the hut of old Ben Harrison, the rumble of the ocean was present to their ears, and the trade-winds roared above them in the tree-tops. Allison did not sleep very soundly; and when he slept, he dreamed of a fluttering bit of flag.

For indeed he was a dreamer; a man without much culture, but a touch of real imagination. It was possibly this which had brought him back to the Pacific after three years in a Sacramento grocery store, this

and the old mysterious craving which keeps men pushing westward. And on these far-off waters he had vaguely felt a touch of the strange new spirit which was moving over the world. The burning desire of the American was upon him to take a hand in great events and to be a part of them; but these past few hours had made him doubtful. In the morning he and Holmes took their boat around the coast to where the newer village lay.

It lay along the echoing beach, and one astonished glance told the new-comers that Civilization had arrived. Gin-bottle corks and strips of paper littered the firm white sand, and an old straw hat decorated the pole in front of one house. Before the largest house of all, with natives loitering around, sat three men in the garb of the Caucasian.

"Ben Harrison didn't tell us about this," said Allison, and Holmes's face grew somewhat wolfish. They went up grudgingly to the three, in the guarded fashion of men who meet each other in earth's lonely places.

"Good morning, gentlemen," spoke a German voice in excellent, precise English. He was a spruce young fellow, with the upturned mustaches of the Second Wilhelm, and his shoulders were squared as though they still wore a uniform of the Prussian marine. "You have, I perceive, found us out in our island."

"I guess, mebbe," said Allison, slowly, "that one of us has been here before you have."

"Truly. These natives have, in fact, endeavored to tell us of a white man once dwelling in this place, who traded a little and seems to have won their hearts."

Allison stared moodily at the speaker, who watched him through half-shut eyes and laughed.

"Permit me. My name is Von Rosen, and this is my comrade, Herr Eckhardt. And this"—he turned to a surly old pickled mariner with British salt written all over him—"this is Mr. Tibbits, the representative of her Majesty Victoria. Mr. Tibbits, here are some blood relations of yours, it would appear."

Mr. Tibbits sarcastically inspected the new arrivals. "Americans, eh?" he growled.

Holmes nodded briefly. "Just so," he said, and spat upon the sand.

"Long way from home, ain't ye?" inquired the Briton. "Howsoever, I ain't your guardian."

"Too bad about that," responded Holmes.

"So hard to do without you. But we'll try to worry along."

"Which, I think, perhaps ye will have to!" came back the ancient mariner, and knocked the ashes from his pipe.

"Good! Bravo!" cried Von Rosen, with a roar of laughter, and he winked at his companion. Then, with effusive politeness: "You must pardon our friends, Mr. Tibbits, their very proper pride in recent acquisitions. For have they not a brand new navy?"

"And an army," said Eckhardt, "all in nice new uniforms?"

Allison began to speak: "That navy of ours," said he, "is, by last accounts, still a-floating. You have heard, mebbe, about a little happening out in the Philippines?"

"No," said Von Rosen. "Did the most highly renowned Dewey really arrive, then? Did he seek for worlds to conquer? For you must know that we were set down here some three weeks past and receive not the newspapers."

"You listen," Allison replied; and squatting down in the shade he supplied them with some information. They had heard nothing of it; news travels but slowly in these side places of the Pacific. With a halting eloquence he told of the sea fight of Manila and the Death of the Ships.

Von Rosen at the end sat and eyed the other with an eye which calculated chances. "Very fine," said he, "exceedingly fine. And now, my good friend, for you have not yet explained it to us, what brings you to this little-known island?"

The American flushed under his tan. "Mebbe it's because I have been here before," said he.

"Exactly. But also—we are here now. You perceive that fact in all its force and clearness." He took an inventory with his eyes of all the other men.

"Put 'em all under, did he?" grumbled old Tibbits past his pipe. "That's not so bal now. I mean," he hastily corrected himself, "for Americans."

"Oh, I suppose Englishmen would have done better," said Holmes, "as you did in the War of 1812? Or the Revolution? Oh, yes."

"Side wars," remarked the venerable Tibbits; "little two-penny side wars. Ye blooming infants was never yet in a real foreign conflict."

"Real pity you fellows can't come over and learn us," said Holmes.

"Some day, little man, some day, when

you have a few more ships," was Tibbits's repartee.

"Ha, ha, most excellent!" exclaimed Von Rosen, and his face expressed appreciation and much joy. With a rare diplomacy he urged them on to new passages of sarcasm, making fierce enemies of them; and his was the fine complacency of one who can hoodwink men. Remarkable Von Rosen—but if only he had comprehended the true inwardness of Anglo-Saxon chaff.

Toward evening he seemed to think that the time was ripe for a decisive word.

"Being now here in possession," he said, standing up very erect and twirling those fierce mustaches of his, "and the natural representatives of his sacred Majesty, we cannot, as you will understand, consent to relinquish any of our rights. Here, as in China, we stand by the doctrine of the mailed fist. And as a formality thereto, that there may be no unfortunate misunderstandings, I propose at sunset to hoist on this spot the German flag."

"Humph!" said Holmes and Allison together, and they went off by themselves to a point of rock to discuss the matter; for being both of New England stock, the town-meeting instinct was still strong in them.

"Wahl?" said Holmes, and looked at Allison.

"Well," Allison replied, "what'll we do now?"

"Just so soon," said Holmes, "as I get matters straight in my own mind I'm goin' right ahead. I want to do the fair thing," he added (the Puritan coming uppermost), "and I've sometimes thought it ain't quite right to mop up any land without a word to the inhabitants. I ain't forgot my United States history or Helen Hunt Jackson's book about the Injuns. But I will be blowed if I like to back down to these here Dutchmen."

"It's just like this," Allison said, eagerly. "Somebody is a-going to get this island; you can't get around the fact. The only question is, Who?"

"Quite right," a voice remarked; "who?"

Old Tibbits was smoking his pipe at the other side of the rock. They went around to him, and found him sitting on the sand, gazing thoughtfully out to sea.

"Down yonder," said he, with a flourish of the pipe, "is the Philippines, and also Australie. And further up, as everybody knows, lies bloomin' old China. But over there," and starting up, he pointed northward, "over there is Russia! Just beyond them rocks, and with nothin' but a little

water between, the Bear is a-reachin', reachin' out of his paws, and always gettin' ready. This turn of yours with the Spanish is all very good for amusement; but just ye wait a little if ye wants to see true jollity." He smacked his lips, and leaned forward, peering as though he saw already the giant threatening shadow. He was talking in large terms, much as Allison had done; this little island, so lonely in the sea, seemed favorable to expansive ideas. Presently Tibbits, coming out of his dream, looked around.

"No hard feelin's," said he.

"No, of course not," Allison replied.

"They don't understand it," remarked the old tar, "and they can't. Well, I've said enough things in my time about ye Yanks—learned that name from a little Charleston man as was on the 'Alabama.' But the plain fact of it is," he burst forth, "and I tell it in confidence, I can't stand these blasted foreigners. Russians, Prussians, Frenchmen, and other Dagoes—they're all alike. What business have they got here, anyway? We showed the way into these waters; we showed 'em how to do it. And now they come, and want to grab land and inflict their bloomin' military despotism on the bloomin' niggers. They know how to run things! They fight a ship! Wy, I tell ye what," he cried, with a final wave of the pipe, "we may have our family jars now and again, but we ain't foreigners, I hope."

Columbia and the Mother Country solemnly shook hands all round. Somewhat later the three strolled down to the beach, where the Germans were waiting.

"Well?" asked Von Rosen.

"Wahl," replied Holmes, "Mr. Tibbits, late of her Majesty's navy, not being an interested party, is kindly a-goin' to be our diplomatic ambassador."

The ambassador rolled heavily twice and thrice on his wide-bowed legs.

"We-ll," said he, "it's this way. My friends here, they thinks they were first on this bloomin' island, and if anybody has a right to it, it's them. They don't exactly claim as they own it, but they do claim as nobody else does."

"Ah!" said Von Rosen. He drew himself again to military erectness, and with a contemptuous smile stared over the heads of the three slouching figures. Possibly their awkwardness and hesitation had deceived him. "Most unfortunately," said he, "a former officer of his sacred Majesty cannot permit himself to be guided by the wishes of two Yankee beach-combers. At sunset,

therefore, I shall at this point run up the German flag."

Holmes turned, and spoke to his companion in a melancholy voice and with only a furtive gleam of enjoyment in his eye. "I guess, mebbe," said he, "that there ain't no need for further talkin'."

The other American without a word walked to the water's edge. He waded out to his boat, swung himself aboard, and pulled down the American flag at the bow. Then he waded ashore with it, and came back up the beach, dripping and short of breath, with the eyes of all upon him. The natives stood around in a big circle, watching without comprehension. The blue ocean before and the low hills behind, with the placid Pacific sunshine streaming down, made the setting of a picture in which Allison was the only thing that moved. He marched up in front of the hut, and drove the flag-staff down into the sand; then falling back a step, removed his hat, and gazed upon his handiwork.

"There!" he said.

And Holmes, with the queer, sure instinct of the race, seized the psychological moment and edged forward.

"That," he remarked, "is about all there is to it. We was here first, we are a kind of sacred majesties ourselves, and our motto is, 'Hands off!' If these niggers have got to have the blessin's of civilization, they might as well learn to vote and beg for gin in English. And I guess they'll have to."

"Them doctrines," said old Tibbits, "awakens here a cordial response. Wherefore and whereas, as I was about to say when intercepted, they won't annex the bloomin' island, but they're goin' to be the suzy—the suzyraine power. And"—with a hand upon his belt—"I backs 'em."

"And now then," said Holmes, looking Von Rosen in the eye, "about that mailed fist?"

The German shrugged his shoulders. "To fight for it?" said he. "This wilderness? Bah!"

While to Eckhardt he said later, with airy indifference: "So, my comrade, we tried what these Yankees themselves term a bluff, and they were too stupid to see it. The greedy pigs! But they have not the first idea of why they want this island."

Even old Tibbits, returned again to sarcasm, was grumbling: "Eh, and what will ye do with it now? Make a coalin' station, I suppose, for your man-of-war down yonder."

But none the less that bit of American bunting waved over the beach of Faraway Island.

Cents
only

| A VOYAGE ON THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA |

\$1.00
a Year

MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE

FOR JANUARY





"This only is the witchcraft
I have us'd"



Photographed by J. H. Adams for McClure's Magazine.

CAPTAIN ALFRED T. MAHAN, U. S. N.

Member of the Naval Strategy Board, and author of "The Influence of Sea Power upon History" and of the valuable series of articles, "The War on the Sea and Its Lessons," now appearing in this magazine.

Frontispiece—McClure's Magazine for January.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XII.

JANUARY, 1899.

No. 3.



The submarine boat "Argonaut" on a wrecking expedition

VOYAGING UNDER THE SEA.

I.—THE SUBMARINE BOAT "ARGONAUT" AND HER ACHIEVEMENTS.

BY SIMON LAKE,

Inventor and builder of the boat.



HE problem of submarine navigation has had the attention of inventors almost from time immemorial. It has led to the expenditure of immense sums of money and the sacrifice of many lives. One of the earliest experiments was an appliance that enabled a

diver to disappear beneath the surface of the water at night, and walk along the bottom until he came beneath an enemy's ships, the bottoms of which he perforated with an auger, thus causing the ships to sink. But the father of submarine navigation may be said to be a Dutch inventor, Cornelius Debrell, who built in England, in the time of James I., a sub-

Copyright, 1898, by the S. S. McCURE Co. All rights reserved.

marine boat embodying the principle common to all submarine boats, that, namely, of the water-ballast compartments, with pumps for emptying them, to restore the buoyancy of the vessel. If the accounts of the matter are correct, Debrell submerged his boat a number of times, and kept it under water several hours at a time.

Following Debrell, a number of inventors worked at the problem, and devised vessels that they thought would solve it, among others Robert Fulton; and during the Civil War a number of submarine boats were built and tried with more or less success. It was by means of a submarine boat—of the kind called "Davids"—that the Confederates sank the Federal steamship "Housatonic," in Charleston Harbor, on the night of February 17, 1864. Since then the interest in the subject has been constant and keen, our own and the English, French, Spanish, Italian, and Russian governments making trial of many inventions submitted to them, and some of them spending large sums of money in experiments of their own.

My own submarine boat, the "Argonaut," is quite different from any other thus far projected or constructed. All previous attempts have been to design a boat to navigate between the surface and the bottom; but the results have been, as a rule, unsatisfactory, owing to the disturbing influence of waves and currents, as well as the difficulty of maintaining trim and equilibrium. These craft should more properly be called diving boats. They are intended to be steered by vertical and horizontal rudders or vanes (as in the Nordenfolt, Gymnote, Holland, and Peral types) placed in various positions, but generally near the stern, or by changing the angle of the propellers, as in the Goubet, Baker, and Tuck types.

When it is desired to submerge such boats, they must first be very accurately bal-

anced, so that the bow and stern are exactly alike. Then the vessel must be in equilibrium with the water; that is, she must weigh no more, no less, than the water she displaces, under which conditions the theory is that she can be guided through the water like a fish; but here the difficulty arises. Man has not, nor can he have, the training and instincts of fishes, and he cannot compete with nature in her own domain. With a navigator carefully trained to the business, a vessel might possibly succeed in navigating the deep to some extent in this manner; but it still remains, I think, somewhat of a question. All mariners know how difficult it is to steer an absolutely straight course on the sur-

face; then how much more difficult is it to steer a straight course beneath the waves.

On the surface the vessel can only swing to the right or left. She does not go up in the air, because she is held to one plane by her weight; neither does she go down, because she is held to the same plane (the surface of the water) by her buoyancy; therefore, the rudder is able to control



THE "ARGONAUT, JUNIOR."

Mr. Lake built this, his first experimental submarine boat, in 1894. After several successful descents, she was abandoned, and now lies at Atlantic Highlands, half buried in the sand. Dimensions: length, 14 feet; width, 4½ feet; depth, 5 feet.

her. But below the surface all these conditions are changed. Every wave imparts an up-and-down motion to the particles of water beneath it, and, consequently, affects the course of the submarine vessel. Currents run in a variety of directions, and as soon as the screw or propelling mechanism starts in motion, it affects the equilibrium and trim of the boat. If one of the crew moves either forward or aft, the trim is affected, and all these things tend to elevate or depress the bow of the boat or affect her course; and as she can go either to the right or left, or up or down, or, indeed, in any direction, there is scarcely any limit to the difficulty of holding her securely to an appointed course under the surface of the water. Either she will be ducking down and running her bow into the bottom of the sea, or bobbing up again to the surface.

But with the "Argonaut" we experience none of the difficulties above recited. By referring to the accompanying skeleton sketch, her principles will be readily understood.

The hull of the vessel is mounted on three wheels. Of these, *E* is the rudder, for surface steering, and is also the guiding wheel when the vessel is running on the sea bottom; and *C* is one of the supporting and driving wheels, of which there are two, one on each side. *BB* are two anchor weights, each weighing 1,000 pounds, attached to cables, and capable of being hauled up or lowered by a drum and mechanism within the boat; *OOOO* are water-ballast compartments contained within the boat; *H* is the diver's compartment, situated forward, with an exit door opening outward in the bottom; while *G* is an air-lock.

When it is desired to submerge the vessel, the anchor weights *BB* are first lowered to the bottom; water is then allowed to enter the water-ballast compartments until her buoyancy is less than the weight of the two anchors, say 1,500 pounds; the cables connecting with the weights are then wound in, and the vessel is thus hauled to the bottom, until she comes to rest on her three wheels. The weights are then hauled into their pockets in the keel, and it is evident that she is resting on the wheels with a weight equal to the difference between her buoyancy with the weights on the bottom, and the weights in their pockets, or 500 pounds. Now, this weight may be increased or diminished as we please, either by admitting more water into the ballast tanks or by pumping some out. Thus it will be seen that we have perfect control of the vessel in submerging her, as

we may haul her down as fast or as slow as we please; and by having her rest on the bottom with sufficient weight to prevent the currents from moving her out of the course, we may start up our propeller or driving wheels and drive her at will over the bottom, the same as a tricycle is propelled on the surface of the earth in the upper air. In muddy bottoms, we rest with a weight not much over 100 pounds; while on hard bottoms, or where there are strong currents, we sometimes rest on the wheels with a weight of from 1,000 to 1,500 pounds.

Thus the effect of currents and wave motion and the maintenance of trim and equilibrium are not factors in the successful navigation of the vessel; in fact, navigation becomes surer than on the surface, as one is traveling in a medium which does not constantly change like the surface water from the effects of winds, waves, and currents. When the divers desire to leave the vessel, they go into the diver's compartment, located in the forward



SIMON LAKE.

Drawn from life by W. D. Stevens at Atlantic Highlands, October 16, 1898.

ward portion of the ship, and close the door communicating with the living quarters. This door closes on rubber packing, and is air-tight. Air is then admitted into the compartment from compressed-air reservoirs, until the pressure of air equals that of the surrounding water. The bottom door may then be opened, and no water will come into the boat, as the pressure of air contained within the compartment offers an invisible barrier to its entrance, and the divers may pass in and out as frequently as they please.

The "Argonaut" is fitted with a White and Middleton gasoline engine of thirty horsepower, which operates the screw, the driving wheels, the dynamo, the air compressors,

anchor hoists, and derrick-operating machinery. She is provided with two Mannesmann steel tubes, in which sufficient air may be stored, with what is contained in the boat, to last the crew for twenty-four hours without obtaining a fresh supply from the surface. In the "Argonaut," however, and probably in all such craft used for commercial pursuits, as a usual thing, there will be a connection with the surface, through which a constant supply of air may be drawn, either by the masts, as shown in the views, one of which supplies air to the interior of the vessel, the other being utilized as an exhaust from the engine, or through suction hose extending to a buoy on the surface. While the engine is running, there is about fifty cubic feet of air flowing into the boat per minute; and when the engine is closed down, there may be a flow of air maintained by an auxiliary blower, so that it is possible to remain below for days, or even weeks, at a time.

The course is directed by an ordinary compass when on the bottom, and it is found that the needle responds as quickly and is as accurate as when on the surface. Notwithstanding the fact that the "Argonaut" is quite a small vessel, a crew of five men have lived aboard her during an experimental cruise extending over two months, during which she traveled over 1,000 miles under her own power, partly on the surface and partly on the bottom. The trip was made to demonstrate the practicability of vessels of her type traveling on various kinds of bot-

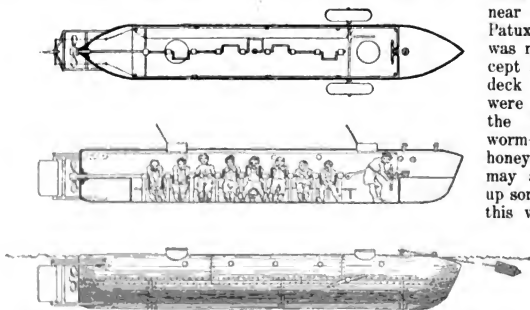
tom; also to demonstrate her seaworthiness and capabilities in searching the bottom, in working on sunken wrecks, finding and taking up submerged cables, etc.

We have been out in some pretty rough weather, and found that she was perfectly seaworthy. Of course, being so small and of such weight, the seas at times would wash clear over her decks. This, however, caused no inconvenience to those below, as her stability was such that she would roll or pitch very little, even though the seas were breaking over her in great volume. We have been cruising on the bottom in rivers, in Chesapeake Bay, and beneath the broad Atlantic. In the rivers we invariably found a muddy bed; in the bay we found bottoms of various kinds—in some places so soft that our divers would sink up to their knees, while in other places the ground would be hard, and at one place we ran across a bottom which was composed of a loose gravel resembling shelled corn. Out in the ocean, however, was found the ideal submarine course, consisting of fine gray sand, almost as hard as a macadamized road, and very level and uniform.

During this trip we investigated several sunken wrecks, of which there are a great many in Chesapeake Bay and on the coast adjacent thereto. The vessels we boarded were coal-laden craft and of themselves not of much value; but the coal would pay handsomely for its recovery, which could be readily accomplished with the proper equipment. We found one old wreck said to have gone

down some forty years ago near the mouth of the Patuxent River. There was nothing in sight except a few timbers and deck beams, and these were nearly consumed by the teredo—a boring worm—which completely honeycombs any timber it may attack. We pulled up some of the planks of this vessel, which had a

numerous growth of oysters, mussels, and several kinds of submarine vegetation clinging to them. The portion of the timbers not eaten by the teredo was found



THE CONFEDERATE SUBMARINE BOAT WHICH SANK THE UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP "HOUSSATONIC" IN CHARLESTON HARBOR DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

Three different crises were drowned in this boat before she accomplished her purpose. As shown in the two upper diagrams, her propeller and two forward paddles were worked with a shaft propelled by right men. The steersman, in front, discharged the torpedo, shown in the lower view.

to be almost as hard as iron and thoroughly impregnated with the dark blue mud in which the hull lies buried. After the timbers were hauled to the surface, in sawing them in two, we noticed a very strong odor of yellow pine, and so learned that they must be of that wood, though they were as black as ebony. Toad fish had evidently found this old wreck a congenial habitation, and when the diver's hand comes in contact with the slimy back of one of these horrible-looking, strong-jawed, big-mouthed fish, he pulls it back pretty quickly. The piece we pulled up had within it three of these fish, which had taken up their abode in portions of the timber that had been eaten away, and one was a prisoner in a recess which, evidently, he had entered when small and had grown too large to get out. In a wreck near Cape Henry, fish were very numerous, principally bass and croakers, though two or three small sharks were seen in the vicinity.

It might prove interesting to copy one day's experiences from our log-book. This day we submerged for the purpose of discovering how much weight was necessary to prevent the current from moving the "Argonaut" in a strong tideway (Hampton Roads), and also to discover if there was any difference in starting our machinery again under water after it had been shut down for several hours. I copy verbatim from the log-book under date of July 28, 1898.

Submerged at 8:20 A.M. in about thirty feet of water. Temperature in living compartment, eighty-three degrees Fahrenheit. Compass bearing west-north-west, one-quarter west. Quite a lively sea running on the surface, also strong current. At 10:45 A.M. shut down engine; temperature, eighty-eight degrees Fahrenheit.

After engine was shut down, we could hear the wind blowing past our pipes extending above the surface; we could also tell by the sound when any steamers were in the vicinity. We first allowed the boat to settle gradually to the bottom, with the tide run-

ning ebb; after a time the tide changed, and she would work slightly sideways; we admitted about 400 pounds of water additional, but she still would move occasionally, so that a pendulum nine inches long would sway one-eighth of an inch (thwartship). At 12 o'clock (noon) temperature was eighty-seven degrees Fahrenheit; at 2:45 P.M. the temperature was still eighty-seven degrees Fahrenheit. There were no signs of carbonic acid gas at 2:45, although the engine had been closed down for three hours and no fresh air had been admitted during the time. Could hear the whistle of boats on the surface, and also their propellers when running close to the boat. At 3:30 the temperature had dropped to eighty-five degrees. At 3:45 found a little sign of carbonic acid gas, very slight, however, as a candle would burn fairly bright in the pits. Thought we could detect a smell of gasoline by comparing the fresh air which came down the pipe (when hand blower was turned). Storage lamps were burning during the five hours of submergence, while engine was not running.

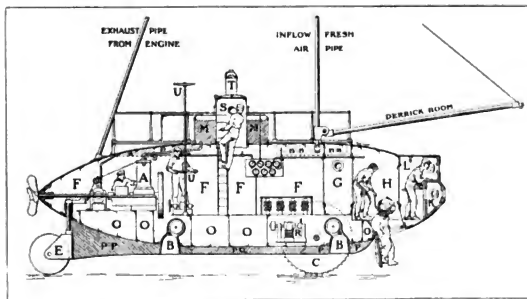
At 3:50 engine was again started, and went off nicely. Went into diving compartment and opened door; came out through air-lock, and left pressure there; found the wheels had buried about ten inches or one foot, as the bottom had several inches of mud. We had 500 pounds of air in the tanks, and it ran the pressure down to 250 pounds to open the door in about thirty feet.

The temperature fell in the diving compartment to eighty-two degrees after the compressed air was let in.

Cooked clam fritters and coffee for supper. The spirits of the crew appeared to improve the longer we remained below; the time was spent in catching clams, singing, trying to waltz, playing cards, and writing letters to wives and sweethearts.

Our only visitors during the day were a couple of black bass that came and looked in at the windows with a great deal of apparent interest.

In future boats, it will be well to provide a smoking



LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF THE LAKE SUBMARINE BOAT "ARGONAUT."

A, gasoline engine, thirty horse-power, which supplies all the power used in moving and operating the boat. BB, the two anchor weights used in sinking the boat. C, one of the two driving wheels. E, rudder and guiding wheel. FFFF, the "living-room," in which are placed the engine and all the other machinery and apparatus for operating the boat. G, the air-lock; it affords passage to and from the diver's room without reducing the air pressure. H, the diver's room, whence free passage is secured into the sea. K, bar compartment near where the search light is placed. L, the forward lookout compartment. MM, gasoline tanks. NN, compressed-air reservoirs. OOOO, water-ballast compartments. PP, permanent keel. PQ, drag keel. R, dynamometer. S, conning tower. T, binoculars. The compass in this binocular is in direct view from the outside steering gear; but from the conning-tower it is read by reflection. U, outside steering gear. In general form, the "Argonaut" is cylindrical, or cigar-shaped, with a very bluff bow and a pointed stern, and is thirty-six feet long.

compartment, as most of the crew had their smoking apparatus all ready as soon as we came up.

Started pumps at 6.20, and arrived at the surface at 6.30. Down altogether ten hours and fifteen minutes. People on pilot boat "Calvert" thought we were all hands drowned..

We spent some time with Hampton Roads as headquarters, and made several descents in the waters adjacent thereto; we were desirous of making a search for the cables which connected with the mines guarding the entrance to the harbor, but could not obtain permission from the authorities, who were afraid we might accidentally sever them, which would, of course, make their entire system of defense useless. It was, therefore, necessary for us, in order to demonstrate the practicability of vessels of this type for this purpose, to lay a cable ourselves, which we did, across the channel leading into the Patuxent River. We then submerged, and, taking our bearings by the compass, ran over the bottom, with the door in our diving compartment open, until we came across the cable, which we hauled up into the compartment with a hook only about four and one-half feet long; and we could not avoid the impression that it would be a very easy thing to destroy the efficiency of the present mine system. And how many lives might have been saved, and millions of dollars besides, had our navy been provided with a craft of this type to lead the way into Santiago, Havana, or San Juan, off which ports squadrons were compelled to lie for weeks and months, owing to fear of the mines!

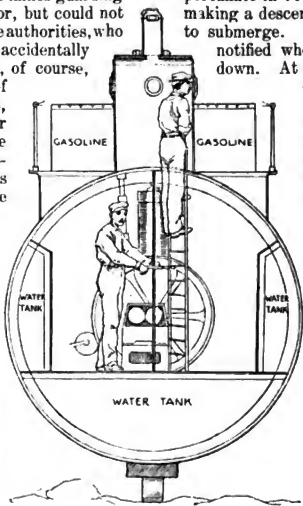
I have frequently been asked my sensations on going beneath the water—whether I had any fear of not being able to come up again and whether it did not require a lot of courage. I usually reply that I have always been too busy and interested for fears or sensations, and that it does not require any courage on my part, as I am so thoroughly satisfied of the correctness of the principles upon which the "Argonaut" is constructed and

the strength of the structure as to have no doubts or fears of any kind; but I do think it requires courage on the part of those who do not understand all the principles involved and who simply trust their lives in my hands. Quite a number of people have made descents in the vessel, but in only one or two instances have I seen them show any signs of fear.

In one instance, during our trials in the Patapsco, several gentlemen were very importunate in requesting the privilege of making a descent the next time we were to submerge. They were, accordingly, notified when the boat was to go down. At the appointed time, however,

some of them did not appear, and of those who did, not one at the last would venture. I have no doubt had we made the descent at the time they made the request all would have gone; but thinking about it for a couple of days made them change their minds.

On another trip, we had a college professor on board who could not understand exactly how our men could get out of the boat. I told him to come into the diver's compartment and I would explain it to him. Accordingly, he reluctantly, as I thought, entered the compartment, which in the "Argonaut" is a



Amidships cross-section of the "Argonaut."

little room, only four feet long and a little wider. After closing the door, I noticed that the color was leaving his face, and a few beads of perspiration were standing out upon his forehead, and had he been any one else than a professor or, possibly, a newspaper man, I would not have gone any further with the experiment. The door, however, was closed and securely fastened. I then opened the valve a full turn, and the air began to rush in with a great noise. He grabbed hold of one of the frames, and glanced with longing eyes at the door we had just entered. I then turned off the air, and said, "By the way, Professor, are you troubled with heart disease?" He said, placing his hand over his heart, "Why, yes, my heart is a little affected." Remark-

"Oh, well, this little depth will not hurt you," I turned on the air again after saying to him, "If you feel any pain in your ears, swallow as if you were drinking water." He immediately commenced swallowing, and during that half minute or so we were getting the pressure on I believe he swallowed enough to have drunk a bucketful of water. After getting the desired pressure, I stooped down and commenced to unscrew the bolts holding the door which leads out into the water. Our professor said, "What are you doing now?" I answered, "I am going to open this door so you can see the bottom." Throwing out his hands, he said, "No, no. Don't do that. I would not put you to that trouble for the world." However, about that time, the door dropped down, and as he saw the water *did not* come in, the color returned to his face, and he exclaimed, "Well, if I had not seen it, I would never have believed it!"

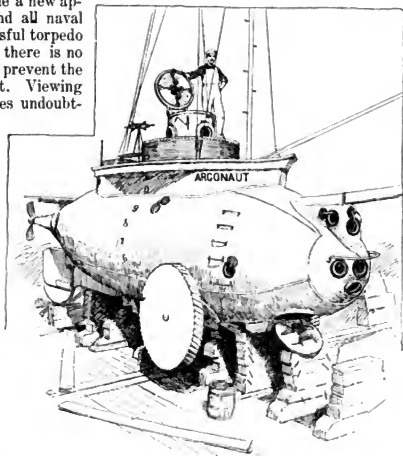
WHAT SUBMARINE VESSELS WILL DO FOR THE HUMAN RACE.

The object hitherto sought in building submarine vessels has been to provide a new appliance for carrying on war; and all naval authorities agree that if a successful torpedo boat of this type can be built, there is no means known to naval science to prevent the destruction of any squadron afloat. Viewing them from this point, submarines undoubtedly will be one of the greatest agencies ever known for the promulgation of that universal peace so much desired by all people who love their fellow-man and who would rather see international differences settled by arbitration than by the sword. When every nation with a seacoast has among its defenses a number of submarine torpedo boats, it will be worse than folly to think of invading its territory from the sea. No transport ships would dare approach its coast-line and attempt to land an army if a number of these little destroyers were known to be prowling about the vicinity. In all probability the fear they would inspire would be so great as to break down the nerves of the best disciplined navy. Men can stand up and fight

an enemy that they can see and at whom they can strike; but to be in a position where they do not know at what instant—whether asleep or awake—without any warning whatever, they may be blown into another world, will inspire such terror that no one could long endure the strain.

Had the Cubans been provided with one or two of these little craft, Spain could never have invaded and laid waste their beautiful territory with her army of 200,000 men. Consequently Cuba would have been in the position which all countries should be in, that the majority of the inhabitants could have managed their own affairs without interference from outsiders.

Warfare, however, is only one feature of their usefulness. While submarine torpedo boats will, in all probability, in future wars between maritime nations, destroy millions of dollars' worth of battleships, cruisers, etc., yet the submarine wrecking boat will undoubtedly recover from the bottom of the sea many times the value of the vessels lost in war. Of the cargoes, treasures, and vessels lost in the merchant service, the aggregate amounts to over one hundred millions



THE "ARGONAUT" IN DRY-DOCK.

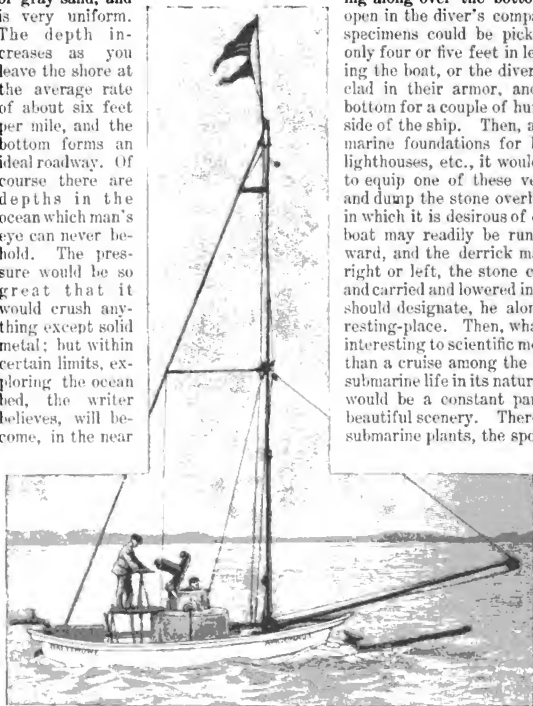
Drawn from photographs by Mr. Lake. The door of the diver's compartment, just under the bow, is open, and resting on some of the keel blocks. Through this door the divers leave the boat when it is submerged, compressed air in the compartment preventing the entrance of water.

of dollars per year, according to the official report of Lieutenant-Commander Richardson Clover, Chief Hydrographer of the United States Navy; and as the loss has been going on for many years, the wealth lying at the bottom of the ocean transcends the fabulous riches of the Klondike. One authority said many years ago: "There is every reason to believe that the sea is even richer than the earth, owing to the millions of shipwrecks which have swallowed up so many a royal fortune." Fortunately the majority of these great losses occur in waters in which it will be practical to operate with submarine boats of the "Argonaut" type. By referring to our coast lines, it will be found that the bottom is principally composed of a hard, white or gray sand, and is very uniform. The depth increases as you leave the shore at the average rate of about six feet per mile, and the bottom forms an ideal roadway. Of course there are depths in the ocean which man's eye can never behold. The pressure would be so great that it would crush anything except solid metal; but within certain limits, exploring the ocean bed, the writer believes, will become, in the near

future, almost as common as traveling on the surface.

In addition to their great value in the wrecking business, submarine vessels will be of immense service in the coral, sponge, or pearl fisheries. These fisheries are principally carried on by native divers, who become so expert that they can remain under water for a minute or so, during which time they may get a handful of shells or a sponge. They can make but a few dives in a day, and can operate only during fair weather, and there is also great danger from sharks, which usually abound in great numbers in the waters where the pearl, sponge, or coral is found. What an immense harvest the submarine could recover here as she went wheeling along over the bottom. With the door open in the diver's compartment, the choice specimens could be picked up with a rake only four or five feet in length, without leaving the boat, or the divers could be sent out clad in their armor, and could search the bottom for a couple of hundred feet on either side of the ship. Then, again, in laying submarine foundations for breakwaters, piers, lighthouses, etc., it would only be necessary to equip one of these vessels as a derrick, and dump the stone overboard in the vicinity in which it is desirous of operating. As the boat may readily be run backward or forward, and the derrick may be swung to the right or left, the stone could be picked up, and carried and lowered into place as the diver should designate, he alone guiding it to its resting-place. Then, what would prove more interesting to scientific men or men of wealth than a cruise among the fishes and a view of submarine life in its natural element? There would be a constant panorama of new and beautiful scenery. There you would see the submarine plants, the sportive actions of the

denizens of the deep, the beautiful coral, shells, and flowers with which in some localities the ocean bed is carpeted; and to this would be added the zest of probably running across a valuable treasure ship. In fact, it would be the most interesting exploration men could make.



THE "ARGONAUT" SAILING ON THE SURFACE.

From a photograph.

II.—A VOYAGE ON THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER.

SIMON LAKE planned an excursion on the bottom of the sea for October 12th. His strange amphibian craft, the "Argonaut," about which we had been hearing so many marvels, lay off the pier at Atlantic Highlands. Before we were near enough to make out her hulk, we saw a great black letter A, framed of heavy gas-pipe, rising forty feet above the water. A flag rippled from its summit. As we drew nearer, we discovered that there really wasn't any hulk to make out—only a small oblong deck shouldering deep in the water and supporting a slightly higher platform, from which rose what seemed to be a squat funnel. A moment later we saw that the funnel was provided with a cap somewhat resembling a tall silk hat, the crown of which was represented by a brass binnacle. This cap was tilted back, and as we ran alongside, a man stuck his head up over the rim and sang out, "Ahoy there!"

A considerable sea was running, but I observed that the "Argonaut" was planted as firmly in the water as a stone pillar, the big waves splitting over her without imparting any perceptible motion.

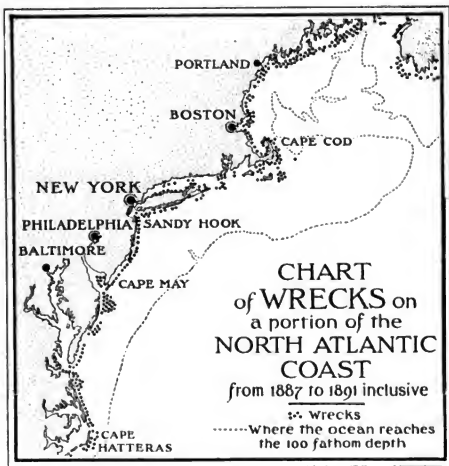
"She weighs fifty-seven tons," said Mr. Lake, "and there are only two or three tons above water. I never have seen the time when she rolled."

We scrambled up on the little platform, and peered down through the open conning-tower, which we had taken for a funnel, into the depths of the ship below. Wilson had started his gasoline engine, and I was wondering what became of the exhaust, which I heard rattling in the pipes, when I saw a white plume of steam rising from the very summit of the gas-pipe frame above us. "This leg of the A," explained Mr. Lake, "carries off the burnt gases, and this one brings in the fresh air while we are submerged. You see the pipes are tall

enough, so that we can use them until we are more than fifty feet under water. Below that, we have to depend on the compressed air in our tanks, or on a hose reaching from the upper end of the pipe to a buoy on the surface." Mr. Lake had taken his place at the wheel, and we were going ahead slowly, steering straight across the bay toward Sandy Hook and deeper water. The "Argonaut" makes about five knots an hour on the surface, but when she gets deep down on the sea bottom, where she belongs, she can spin along more rapidly.

"Are you ready to go down?" asked Mr. Lake. The waves were already washing entirely over the lower platform, and occasionally breaking around our feet, but we both nodded solemnly.

"Open the center compartments," Mr. Lake shouted down the conning-tower. "I'm flooding the ballast compartments," he explained. "Usually we submerge by letting down two half-ton iron weights, and then, after admitting enough water to overcome our buoyancy, we can readily pull the boat to the bottom by winding in on the weight-





SUBMERGING THE "ARGONAUT."

The man is looking up at the compass in the binnacle.

cables. Unfortunately, we have lost one of the weights, and so we have to depend entirely on the compartments."

The "Argonaut" was slowly sinking under the water. We became momentarily more impressed with the extreme smallness of the craft to which we were trusting our lives. The little platform around the conning-tower on which we stood—in reality the top of the gasoline tank—was scarcely a half dozen feet across, and the "Argonaut" herself was only thirty-six feet long. Her sides had already faded out of sight, but not before we had seen how solidly they were built—all of steel, riveted and reinforced, so that the wonder grew how such a tremendous weight, when submerged, could ever again be raised.

"We had to give her

immense strength," said Mr. Lake, "to resist the water pressure at great depths. She is built of the same thickness of steel as the government used for the 2,000-ton cruisers 'Detroit' and 'Montgomery.' She'll stand a hundred feet, although we never took her deeper than fifty. We like to keep our margins safe."

I think we made some inquiries about the safety of submarine boats in general. Other water compartments had been flooded, and we had settled so far down that the waves dashed repeatedly over the platform on which we stood—and the conning-tower was still wide open, inviting a sudden engulfing rush of water.

"You mustn't confuse the 'Argonaut' with ordinary submarine boats," said Mr. Lake. "She is quite different and much safer."

He explained that the "Argonaut" was not only a submarine boat, but much besides.

She not only swims either on the surface or beneath it, but she adds to this accomplishment the extraordinary power of diving deep and rolling along the bottom of the sea on wheels. No machine ever before did that. Indeed, the "Argonaut" is more properly a "sea motorcycle" than a "boat." In its invention Mr. Lake elaborated an idea which the United States Patent Office has decided to be absolutely original.

"I think we better go below," said Mr. Lake, with a trace of haste in his voice.

I went first, slipping hand over hand down the ladder. Mr. Stevens followed, and a great wave came slapping in after him, sousing down over his shoulders. Mr. Lake quickly shut down the conning-tower



AT THE BOTTOM OF THE ATLANTIC.

The "Argonaut" here lies submerged in twenty-eight feet of water, off Virginia Beach, Virginia, where the ocean bed is pure white sand. From a photograph.

cap and screwed it fast over its rubber rims.

We found ourselves in a long, narrow compartment, dimly illuminated by yellowish-green light from the little, round, glass windows. The stern was filled with Wilson's gasoline engine and the electric motor, and in front of us, toward the bow, we could see through the heavy steel doorways of the diver's compartment into the lookout room, where there was a single round eye of light.

"She's almost under," said Mr. Lake.

I climbed up the ladder of the conning-tower and looked out through one of the glass ports. My eyes were just even with the surface of the water. In the trough of the waves I could catch a glimpse of the distant sunny shores of New Jersey, and here and there, off toward Staten Island, the bright sails of oyster smacks. Then, the next wave

thick glass port, the water was only three inches from my eyes, and I could see thousands of dainty, semi-translucent jelly-fish floating about as lightly as thistle-down. They gathered in the eddy behind the conning-tower in great numbers, bumping up sociably against one another and darting up and down with each gentle movement of the water. And I realized that we were in the domain of the fishes.

I returned to the bottom of the boat, to find that it was brilliantly lighted by electricity, and to have my ears pain me sharply.

"You see the air is beginning to come down," said Jim, the first mate, "and we are getting a little pressure."

I held up my hand, and felt the strong gust which was being drawn down through the tall air-pipe above us. It was comfort-



THE "ARGONAUT" SUBMERGED—A SCENE IN THE LIVING-ROOM.

On the left, Mr. Lake is seated; the steersman is in the center. The feet of the lookout in the conning-tower can be seen on the ladder to the right.

Now we were entirely under water. The ripping noises that the waves had made in beating against the upper structure of the boat had ceased. As I looked through the

ing to know that the air arrangements were in working order.

Mr. Lake now hung a small mirror at an angle of forty-five degrees just at the bottom of the conning-tower, and stepped back to the steering-wheel. Upon looking into the mirror, he could see the reflection of the compass, which is placed at the very highest tip of the brass binnacle that crowns the conning-tower. "We can't use a compass down here," said he, "because there is too much machinery and steel." He has found by repeated experiments that the compass points as accurately underwater as on the surface.

Jim brought the government chart, and Mr. Lake announced that we were heading directly for Sandy Hook and the open ocean. But we had not yet reached the bottom, and John was busily opening valves and letting in more water. I went forward to the little steel cubby-hole in the extreme prow of the boat, and looked out through the watch-port. The water had grown denser and yellower, and I could not see much beyond the dim outlines of the ship's spar reaching out forward. Jim

said that he had often seen fishes come swimming up wonderingly to gaze into the port. They would remain quite motionless until he stirred his head, and then they vanished instantly. Mr. Lake has a remarkable photograph which he took of a visiting fish, and Wilson tells of nurturing a queer flat crab for days in the crevice of one of the view-holes. As I turned from the watch-port, my eye fell on an every-day-looking telephone, with the receiver hung up next the steel walls.

"Oh, yes," said Jim, "we have all the modern conveniences. That's for telephoning to the main part of the boat when the diver's compartment is closed and we can't get through."

He also showed me a complex system of call bells, by means of which the man at the lookout could direct the engineer. "When we are down in unknown waters," he said,

"we have a big electric search-light which points out the way."

At that moment, I felt a faint jolt, and Mr. Lake said that we were on the bottom of the sea. "The bottom here is very muddy," he said, "and we are only resting a few hundred pounds' weight on our wheels. By taking in or pumping out water, we can press downward like a locomotive or like a feather. Where we have good hard sand to run on, we use our wheels for driving the boat; but in mud like this, where there's nothing to get hold of, we make our propeller do the work."

Here we were running as comfortably along the bottom of Sandy Hook Bay as we would ride in a Broadway car, and with quite as much safety. Wilson, who was of a musical

turn, was whistling "Down Went McGinty," and Mr. Lake, with his hands on the pilot-wheel, put in an occasional word about his marvelous invention. On the wall opposite, there was a row of dials which told automatically every fact about our condition that the most nervous of men could wish to know. One of them shows the pressure of air in the main compartment of the boat, another registers vacuum, and when both are at zero, Mr. Lake knows that the pressure of the air



CUTTING A CABLE BROUGHT UP THROUGH THE DOOR OF THE DIVER'S COMPARTMENT.

From a photograph.

is normal, the same as it is on the surface, and he tries to maintain it in this condition. There are also a cyclometer, not unlike those used on bicycles, to show how far the boat travels on its wheels; a depth gauge, which keeps us accurately informed as to the depth of the boat in the water, and a declension indicator. By the long finger of the declension dial we could tell whether we were going up hill or down.

Once while we were out, there was a sudden, sharp shock, the pointer leaped back, and then quivered steady again. Mr. Lake said that we had probably struck a bit of wreckage or an embankment, but the "Argonaut" was running so lightly that she had leaped up jauntily and slid over the obstruction.

Strange things has Mr. Lake discovered about the bottom of the sea. He has found that nearly all sea roads are level, a fact of great importance to sea-carriages like the "Argonaut."

"People get the impression from the sea-bottom contours," he says, "that the ocean is filled with vast mountain ranges and deep valleys. As a matter of fact, these contours, in representing thousands of miles of width on a printed page, greatly exaggerate the depth, which at its greatest is only a few thousand feet, thus giving a very false idea. Some shores slope more than others, but I venture to say that there are few spots on the bottom of the Atlantic that would not be called level if they were bare of water."

We had been keeping our eyes on the depth dial, the most fascinating and interest-

ing of any of the number. It showed that we were going down, down, down, literally down to the sea in a ship. When we had been submerged for more than an hour, and there was thirty feet of yellowish-green ocean over our heads, Mr. Lake suddenly ordered the machinery stopped. The clacking noises of the dynamo ceased, and the electric lights blinked out, leaving us at once in almost absolute darkness and silence. Before this, we had found it hard to realize that we were on the bottom of the ocean; now it came upon us suddenly and not without a touch of awe. This absence of sound and light, this unchanging motionlessness and coolness, this absolute negation—this was the bottom of the sea. It lasted only a moment, but in that moment we realized acutely the meaning and joy of sunshine and moving winds, trees, and the world of men.

A minute light twinkled out like a star, and then another and another, until the boat was bright again, and we knew that among the other wonders of this most astonishing of inventions there was storage electricity which would keep the boat illuminated for hours, without so much as a single

turn of the dynamo. With the stopping of the engine, the air supply from above had ceased; but Mr. Lake laid his hand on the steel wall above us, where he said there was enough air compressed to last us all for two days, should anything happen. The possibility of "something happening" had been lurking in our minds ever since we started. "What if your engine should break down,



DIVER LEAVING THE "ARGONAUT" UNDER WATER.

The compartment from which the divers descend is heavily charged with compressed air to prevent the water from entering when the door is opened into the sea, the pressure being increased one atmosphere, or fifteen pounds, to the square inch for every thirty-five feet of descent below the surface.

so that you couldn't pump the water out of the water compartments?" I asked.

"Here we have hand-pumps," said Mr. Lake promptly; "and if those failed, a single touch of this lever would release our iron keel, which weighs 4,000 pounds, and up we would go like a rocket."

I questioned further, only to find that every imaginable contingency, and some that were not at all imaginable to the uninitiated, had been absolutely provided against by the genius of the inventor. And everything from the gasoline engine to the hand-pump was as compact and ingenious as the mechanism of a watch. Moreover, the boat was not crowded; we had plenty of room to move around and to sleep, if we wished, to say nothing of eating. As foreating, John had brought out the kerosene stove and was making coffee, while Jim cut the pumpkin pie.

"This isn't Delmonico's," said Jim, "but we're serving a lunch that Delmonico's couldn't serve—a submarine lunch."

By this time the novelty was wearing off and we sat there, at the bottom of the sea, drinking our coffee with as much unconcern as though we were in an up-town restaurant. For the first time since we started, Mr. Lake sat down, and we had an opportunity of talking with him at leisure. He is a stout-shouldered, powerfully built man, in the prime of life—a man of cool common sense, a practical man, who is also an inventor. And he talks frankly and convincingly, and yet modestly, of his accomplishment.

"When I was ten years old," he said, "I read Jules Verne's 'Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea,' and I have been working on submarine boats ever since." At seventeen he invented a mechanical movement, at twenty he was selling a steering-gear which he had just patented. In 1894 he began to build his first submarine boat, the "Argonaut, Jr.," and for more than four years he has

been slowly perfecting, patenting, and financing his invention.

Having finished our lunch, Mr. Lake prepared to show us something about the practical operations of the "Argonaut." It had been a good deal of a mystery to us how workmen penned up in a submarine boat could expect to recover gold from wrecks in the water outside, or to place torpedoes, or to pick up cables.

"We simply open the door, and the diver steps out on the bottom of the sea," Mr. Lake said, quite as if he was conveying the most ordinary information.

At first it seemed incredible, but Mr. Lake showed us the heavy, riveted door in the bottom of the diver's compartment. Then he invited us inside with Wilson, who, besides being an engineer, is also an expert diver. The massive steel doors of the little room were closed and barred, and then Mr. Lake turned a cock, and the air rushed in under high pressure. At once our ears began to throb, and it seemed as if the drums would burst inward.

"Keep swallowing," said Wilson the diver.

As soon as we applied this remedy, the pain was relieved, but the general sensation of increased air pressure, while exhilarating, was still most uncomfortable. The finger on the pressure dial kept creeping up and up, until it showed that the air pressure

inside of the compartment was nearly equal to the water pressure without. Then Wilson opened a cock in the door. Instantly the water gushed in, and for a single instant we expected to be drowned there like rats in a trap.

"This is really very simple," Mr. Lake was saying calmly. "When the pressure within is the same as that without, no water can enter."

With that, Wilson dropped the iron door, and there was the water and the muddy bottom of the sea within touch of a man's hand. It was all easy enough to understand, and



FISH LOOKING IN AT THE WINDOW OF THE "ARGONAUT."

Both pictures are from photographs taken by Mr. Lake out of the forward look out window of the "Argonaut," while she was running up the Patuxent River to Baltimore.

yet it seemed impossible, even as we saw it with our own eyes.

Mr. Lake stooped down, and picked up a wooden rod having a sharp hook at the end. This he pulled along the bottom. "You see how easily we can pick up a cable and cut it," he said. "Why, we could crawl along from here and cut all the submarine cables and mine wires connecting with New York in half a day, and no one ever would be the wiser. More than that, if the 'Argonaut' had been at Santiago, we could have cleared the harbor of Spanish mines within forty-eight hours. Then we could have crept under the Spanish fleet, where our divers would have stepped out and deliberately set mines or even fastened torpedoes to the bottoms of the ships. When the work was done, we could have backed away, until we were well out of reach of the effects of an explosion. And then, a connection of the wires, and Sampson would have been saved the trouble of smashing Cervera!"

Indeed, it seemed the simplest thing in the world. But the "Argonaut's" most serious work is in wrecking. Mr. Lake explained how difficult it is for divers to go down to wrecks from the surface, owing to the great weight of air-tubing and life-line which they are compelled to drag and the unsteadiness

of the attendants' boat. In great depths the diver cannot stay submerged more than an hour at most, and three-quarters of the time is frequently spent in getting up and down.

"You see we are at the bottom all the time," said Mr. Lake; "we just push our nose up into the wreck, the diver steps out with a short air-tube, and works right in the path of our search-light. He can come back in a minute for tools, or to rest, and go out again without delay, no matter how high the waves are running on the surface."

As we came up, Mr. Lake told us of his plan to build at once a 100-foot boat for practical work, the "Argonaut" being regarded more as an experiment.

We were now rising again to the surface, after being submerged for more than three hours. I climbed into the conning-tower and watched for the first glimpse of the sunlight. There was a sudden fluff of foam, the ragged edge of a wave, and then I saw, not more than a hundred feet away, a smack bound toward New York under full sail. Her rigging was full of men, gazing curiously in our direction, no doubt wondering what strange monster of the sea was coming forth for a breath of air.

RESTING UNDER THE SEA.

From a flash-light photograph of the "Argonaut's" crew "turned in" in the living-room. The door in front opens into the air-lock, diver's room, and forward lookout compartment (see the longitudinal section). On the right is the telephone by which communication is had with the forward compartments when the diver's room is in use.



STALKY AND CO.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

Author of "In Ambush," "Captains Courageous," "The Day's Work," etc.

II.

AN UNSAVORY INTERLUDE.



IT was a maiden aunt of Stalky who sent him both books, with the inscription, "To dearest Artie, on his sixteenth birthday;" it was McTurk who ordered their hypothecation; and it was Beetle, returned from Bideford, who flung them on to the window-sill of Number

Five study with news that Bastable would advance but ninepence on the two, "Eric; or, Little by Little," being almost as great a drug as "St. Winifred's." "An' I don't think much of your aunt. We're nearly out of cartridges, too—Artie, dear."

Whereupon Stalky rose up to grapple with him, but McTurk sat on Stalky's head, calling him a "pure-minded boy" till peace was declared. As they were grievously in arrears with a Latin prose, as it was a blazing July afternoon, and as they ought to have been at a house cricket-match, they began to renew their acquaintance, intimate and unholy, with the volumes.

"Here we are!" said McTurk. "'Corporal punishment produced on Eric the worst effects. He burned *not* with remorse or regret'—make a note o' that, Beetle—'but with shame and violent indignation. He glared'—oh, naughty Eric! Let's get to where he goes in for drink."

"Hold on half a sec. Here's another sample. 'The Sixth,' he says, 'is the palladium of all public schools.' But this lot"—Stalky rapped the gilded book—"can't prevent fellows drinkin' and stealin', an' lettin' fags out of window at night, an'—an' doin' what they please. Golly, what we've missed—not goin' to St. Winifred's! . . ."

"I'm sorry to see any boys of my house taking so little interest in their matches."

Mr. Prout could move very silently if he

pleased, though that is no merit in a boy's eyes. He had flung open the study-door without knocking—another sin—and looked at them suspiciously. "Very sorry, indeed, I am to see you frowsting in your studies."

"We've been out ever since dinner, sir," said McTurk wearily. One house-match is just like another, and their "ploy" of that week happened to be rabbit-shooting with saloon-pistols.

"I can't see a ball when it's coming, sir," said Beetle. "I've had my gig-lamps smashed at little-side cricket till I got excused. I wasn't any good even as a fag, then, sir."

"Tuck is probably your form. Tuck and brewing. Why can't you three take any interest in the honor of your house?"

They had heard that phrase till they were wearied. The "honor of the house" was Prout's weak point, and they knew well how to flick him on the raw.

"If you order us to go down, sir, of course we'll go," said Stalky, with maddening politeness. But Prout knew better than that. He had tried the experiment once at a big match, when the three, self-isolated, stood to attention for half an hour in full view of all the visitors, to whom fags, subsidized for that end, pointed them out as victims of Prout's tyranny. And Prout was a sensitive man.

In the infinitely petty confederacies of the common-room, King and Macrea, fellow house-masters, had borne it in upon him that by games, and games alone, was salvation wrought. Boys neglected were boys lost. They must be disciplined. Left to himself, Prout would have made a sympathetic house-master; but he was never so left, and with the devilish insight of youth, the boys knew to whom they were indebted for his zeal.

"Must we go down, sir?" said McTurk.

"I don't want to order you to do what a

right-thinking boy should do gladly. I'm sorry." And he lurched out with some hazy impression that he had sown good seed on poor ground.

"What does he suppose is the use of that?" said Beetle.

"Oh, he's cracked. King jaws him in common-room about not keepin' us up to the mark, and Macrea bumbles about 'dithcipline,' an' old Heffy sits between 'em sweatin' big drops. I heard Oke (the common-room butler) talking to Richards (Prout's house-servant) about it down in the basement the other day when I went down to bag some bread," said Stalky.

"What did Oke say?" demanded McTurk, throwing "Eric" into a corner.

"Oh, he said, 'They make more nise nor a nest full o' jackdaws, an' half of it like we'd no ears to our heads that waited on 'em. They talks over old Prout—what he've done an' left undone about his boys. An' how their boys be fine boys, an' his'n be dom bad.' Well, Oke talked like that, you know, and Richards got awf'ly wrathy. He has a down on King for something or other. Wonder why?"

"Why, King talks about Prout in form-room—makes allusions, an' all that—only half the chaps are such asses they can't see what he's drivin' at. And d'you remember what he said about the 'Casual House' last Tuesday? He meant us. They say he says perfectly beastly things to his own house, making fun of Prout's," said Beetle.

"Well, we didn't come here to mix up in their rows," McTurk said wrathfully. "Who'll bathe after

call-over? King's takin' it in the cricket-field. Come on." Turkey seized his hat and led the way.

They reached the sun-blistered pavilion over against the gray Pebbleridge just before roll-call, and, asking no questions, gathered from King's voice and manner that his house was on the road to victory.

"Ah, ha!" said he, turning to show the light of his countenance. "Here we have the ornaments of the Casual House at last. You consider cricket beneath you, I believe"—the crowd sniggered—"and from what I have seen this afternoon, I fancy many others of your house hold the same view. And may I ask what you purpose to do with your noble selves till tea-time?"



"The three, self-isolated, stand in attention."

"Going down to bathe, sir," said Stalky.
 "And whence this sudden zeal for cleanliness? There is nothing about you that particularly suggests it. Indeed, so far as I remember—I may be at fault—but a short time ago—"

"Five years, sir," said Beetle hotly.

King scowled. "One of you was that thing called a water-funk. Yes, a water-funk. So now you wish to wash? It is well. Cleanliness never injured a boy or—a house. We will proceed to business," and he addressed himself to the call-over board.

"What the deuce did you say anything to him for, Beetle?" said McTurk angrily, as they strolled towards the big, open sea-baths.

"'Twasn't fair—remindin' one of bein' a water-funk. My first term, too. Heaps of chaps are—when they can't swim."

"Yes, you ass; but he saw he'd fetched you. You ought never to answer King."

"But it wasn't fair, Stalky."

"My flat! You've been here six years, and you expect fairness. Well, you are a dithering idiot."

A knot of King's boys, also bound for the baths, hailed them, beseeching them to wash—for the honor of their house.

"That's what comes of King's jawin' and messin'. Those young animals wouldn't have thought of it unless he'd put it into their heads. Now they'll be funny about it for weeks," said Stalky.
 "Don't take any notice."

The boys came nearer, shouting an opprobrious word. At last they moved to windward, ostentatiously holding their noses.

"That's pretty," said Beetle. "They'll be sayin' our house stinks next."

When they returned from the baths, damp-headed, languid, at peace with the world, Beetle's forecast came only too true. They were met in the corridor by a fag—a common, lower-second fag—who at arm's length handed them a carefully wrapped piece of soap "with the compliments of King's house."

"Hold on," said Stalky, checking immediate attack. "Who put you up to this, Nixon? Rattray and White? (Those were two leaders in King's house.) Thank you. There's no answer."

"Oh, it's too sickening to have this kind o' rot shoved on to a chap. What's the sense of it? What's the fun of it?" said McTurk.

"It will go on to the end of the term, though," Beetle wagged his head sorrowfully. He had worn many jests threadbare on his own account.

In a few days it became an established legend of the school that Prout's house did not wash and were therefore noisy. Mr. King was pleased to smile succulently in form when one of his house drew aside from Beetle with certain gestures.

"There seems to be some disability attaching to you, my Beetle, or else why should Burton major withdraw, so to speak, the hem of his garments? I confess I am still in the dark. Will some one be good enough to enlighten me?"

Naturally he was enlightened by half the form.

"Extraordinary! Most extraordinary! However, each house has its traditions, with which I would not for the world interfere. We have a prejudice in favor of washing. Go on, Beetle—from 'Jugurtha tamen'—and, if you can, avoid the more flagrant forms of guessing."

Prout's house was furious because Macrea's and Har-topp's house joined King's to insult them. They called a house-meeting after dinner—an excited and angry

meeting of all save the prefects, whose dignity, though they sympathized, would not allow them to attend. They read ungrammatical resolutions, and made speeches beginning, "Gentlemen, we have met on this occasion," and ending with, "It's a beastly shame," precisely as houses have done since time and schools began.

Number Five study attended, with its usual air of bland patronage. At last McTurk, of the lantern jaws, delivered himself:

"You jabber and jaw and burble, and that's about all you can do. What's the good of it? King's house'll only gloat because they've drawn you, and King will gloat, too. Besides, that resolution of Orrin's is chock full of bad grammar, and King'll gloat over that."



"I thought you an' Beetle would put it right, an'—an' we'd post it in the corridor," said the composer meekly.

"*Pas si je le connai.* I'm not goin' to meddle with the biznai," said Beetle. "It's a gloat for King's house. Turkey's quite right."

"Well, won't Stalky, then?"

But Stalky puffed out his cheeks and squinted down his nose in the style of Panurge, and all he said was, "Oh, you abject burlblers!"

"You're three beastly scabs!" was the instant retort of the democracy, and they went under amid execrations.

"This is piffling," said McTurk. "Let's get our sallies, and go and shoot bunnies."

Three saloon-pistols, with a supply of bulletted breech-caps, were stored in Stalky's trunk, and this trunk was in their dormitory, and their dormitory was a three-bed attic one, opening out of a ten-bed establishment, which, in turn, communicated with the great range of dormitories that ran practically from one end of the College to the other. Macrea's house lay next to Prout's, King's next to Macrea's, and Hartopp's beyond that again. Carefully locked doors divided house from house, but each house, in its internal arrange-

ments—the College had been originally a terrace of twelve large houses—was a replica of the next, one straight roof covering all.

They found Stalky's bed drawn out from the wall to the left of the dormer window, and the latter end of Richards protruding

from a two-foot-square cupboard in the wall.

"What's all this? I've never noticed it before. What are you tryin' to do, Fatty?"

"Fillin' basins, Muster Corkran." Richards's voice was hollow and muffled. "They've been savin' me trouble. Yiss."

"Looks like it," said McTurk. "Hi! You'll stick if you don't take care."

Richards backed puffing.

"I can't rache un. Yiss, 't ess a turncock, Muster McTurk. They've took an' runned all the watter-pipes a storey higher in the houses—runned 'em all along under the 'ang of the heavens, like. Runned 'em in last holidays. I can't reach the turncock."

"Let me try, then," said Stalky, diving into the aperture.

"Slip 'ee to the left, then, Muster Corkran. Slip 'ee to the left, an' feel in the dark."

To the left Stalky wriggled, and saw a long line of lead-pipe disappearing up a triangular tunnel, whose roof was the rafters and boarding of the college roof, whose floor was sharp-edged joists, and whose side was the rough studding of the lath and plaster wall under the dormer.

"R u m m y show. How far does it go?"

"Right along, Muster Corkran—right along from end to end. Her runs under the 'ang of the

heaves. Have 'ee rached the stopcock yet? Mr. King got un put in to save us carryin' watter from downstairs to fill the basins. No place for a lusty man like old Richards. I'm tu thickabout to go ferretin'. Thank 'ee, Muster Corkran."



"It's a cut, by Jove! You plug first."

The water squirted through the tap just inside the cupboard, and, having filled the basins, the grateful Richards waddled away.

The boys sat round-eyed on their beds considering the possibilities of this trove. Two floors below them they could hear the hum of the angry house; for nothing is so still as a dormitory in mid-afternoon of a midsummer term.

"It has been papered over till now," McTurk examined the little door. "If we'd only known before!"

"I vote we go down and explore. No one will come up this time o' day. We needn't keep *cavé*."

They crawled in, Stalky leading, drew the door behind them, and on all fours embarked on a dark and dirty road full of plaster, odd shavings, and all the raffle that builders leave in the waste room of a house. The passage was perhaps three feet wide, and, except for the struggling light round the edges of the cupboards (there was one to each dormer), almost pitchy dark.

"Here's Macrea's house," said Stalky, his eye at the crack of the third cupboard. "I can see Barnes's name on his trunk. Don't make such a row, Beetle! We can get right to the end of the Coll. Come on! . . . We're in King's house now—I can see a bit of Rattray's trunk. How these beastly boards hurt one's knees!" They heard his nails scraping on plaster.

"That's the ceiling below. Look out! If we smashed that the plaster 'ud fall down in the lower dormitory," said Beetle.

"Let's," from McTurk.

"An' be collared first thing? Not much. Why, I can shove my hand ever so far up between these boards."

Stalky thrust an arm to the elbow between the joists.

"No good stayin' here. I vote we go back and talk it over. It's a crummy place. Must say I'm grateful to King for his water-works."

They crawled out, brushed one another clean, slid the saloon-pistols down a trouser-leg, and hurried forth to a deep and solitary Devonshire lane in whose flanks a boy might sometimes slay a young rabbit. They threw themselves down under the rank elder bushes, and began to think aloud.

"You know," said Stalky at last, sighting at a distant sparrow, "we could hide our sallies in there like anything."

"Huh!" Beetle snorted, choked, and gurgled. He had been silent since they left the dormitory. "Did you ever read a book

called 'The History of a House' or something? I got it out of the library the other day. A French woman wrote it—Violet somebody. But it's translated, you know; and it's very interestin'. Tells you how a house is built."

"Well, if you're in a sweat to find out *that*, you can go down to the new cottages they're building for the coastguard."

"My Hat! I will." He felt in his pockets. "Give me tuppence, some one."

"Rot! Stay here, and don't mess about in the sun."

"Gi' me tuppence."

"I say, Beetle, you aren't stuffy about anything, are you?" said McTurk, handing over the coppers. His tone was serious, for though Stalky often, and McTurk occasionally, manœvered on his own account, Beetle had never been known to do so in all the history of the confederacy.

"No, I'm not. I'm thinking."

"Well, we'll come, too," said Stalky, with a general's suspicion of his aides.

"Don't want you."

"Oh, leave him alone. He's been taken worse with a poem," said McTurk. "He'll go burling down to the Pebbleridge and spit it all up in the study when he comes back."

"Then what did he want with the tuppence, Turkey? He's gettin' too beastly independent. Hi! There's a bunny. No, it ain't. It's a cat, by Jove! You plug first."

Twenty minutes later a boy with a straw hat at the back of his head, and his hands in his pockets, was staring at workmen as they moved about a half-finished cottage. He produced some ferocious tobacco, and was passed from the forecourt into the interior, where he asked many questions.

"Well, let's have your beastly epic," said Turkey, as they burst into the study, to find Beetle deep in Violet-le-Duc and some drawings. "We've had no end of a lark."

"Epic? What epic? I've been down to the coastguard."

"No epic? Then we will slay you, O Beetle," said Stalky, moving to the attack. "You've got something up your sleeve, I know, when you talk in that tone!"

"Your Uncle Beetle"—with an attempt to imitate Stalky's war-voice—"is a great man."

"Oh, no; he jolly well isn't anything of the kind. You deceive yourself, Beetle. Scrag him, Turkey!"

"A great man," Beetle gurgled from the floor. "You are futile—look out for my

tie!—futile burlers. I am the great man. I gloat. Ouch! Hear me!"

"Beetle, de-ah"—Stalky dropped unreservedly on Beetle's chest—"we love you, an' you're a poet. If I ever said you were a doggaroo, I apologize; but you know as

notion when you went away! Turkey said it was a poem."

"I've found out how houses are built. Le' me get up. The floor-joists of one room are the ceiling-joists of the room below."

"Don't be so filthy technical."

"Well, the man told me. The floor is laid on top of those joists—those boards on edge that we crawled over—but the floor stops at a partition. Well, if you get behind a partition, same as you did in the attic, don't you see that you can shove anything you please under the floor between the floor-boards and the lath and plaster of the ceiling below? Look here. I've drawn it."

He produced a rude sketch, sufficient to enlighten the allies. There is no part of the modern school curriculum that deals with architecture, and none of them had yet reflected whether floors and ceilings were hollow or solid. Outside his own immediate interests the boy is as ignorant as the



"Frost's juniors hurled themselves into the war."

well as we do that you can't do anything by yourself without mucking it."

"I've got a notion."

"And you'll spoil the whole show if you don't tell your Uncle Stalky. Cough it up, ducky, and we'll see what we can do. Notion, you fat impostor—I knew you had a

savage he so admires; but he has also the savage's resource.

"I see," said Stalky. "I shoved my hand there. An' then?"

"An' then . . . They've been calling us stinkers, you know. We might shove somethin' under—sulphur, or something that

stunk pretty bad—an' stink 'em out. I know it can be done somehow." Beetle's eyes turned to Stalky handling the diagrams.

"Stinks?" said Stalky interrogatively. Then his face became luminous with delight. "By gum! I've got it. Horrid stinks! Turkey!" He leaped at the Irishman. "This afternoon—just after Beetle went away! *She's* the very thing!"

"Come to my arms, my beamish boy," caroled McTurk, and they fell into each other's arms dancing. "Oh, frabjous day! Calloo, callay! She will! She will!"

"Hold on," said Beetle. "I don't understand."

"Dear man! It shall, though. Oh, Artie, my pure-souled youth, let us tell our darling Reggie about Pestiferous Stinkadores."

"Not until after call-over. Come on!"

"I say," said Orrin, stiffly, as they fell into their places along the walls of the gymnasium. "The house are goin' to hold another meeting."

"Hold away, then." Stalky's mind was elsewhere.

"It's about you three this time."

"All right, give 'em my love . . . *Here, sir,*" and he tore down the corridor.

Gamboling like kids at play, with bounds and sidestarts, with caperings and curvetings, they led the almost bursting Beetle to the rabbit-lane, and from under a pile of stones drew forth the new-slain corpse of a cat. Then did Beetle see the inner meaning of what had gone before, and lifted up his voice in thanksgiving for that the world held warriors so wise as Stalky and McTurk.

"Well-nourished old lady, ain't she?" said Stalky. "How long d'you suppose it'll take her to get a bit whiff in a confined space?"

"Bit whiff! What a coarse brute you are!" said McTurk. "Can't a poor pussy cat get under King's dormitory-floor to die without your pursuin' her with your foul inuendoes?"

"What did she die under the floor for?" said Beetle, looking to the future.

"Oh, they won't worry about *that* when they find her," said Stalky.

"A cat may look at a king." McTurk rolled down the bank at his own jest. "Pussy, you don't know how useful you're goin' to be to three pure-souled, high-minded boys."

"They'll have to take up the floor for her, same as they did in Number Nine when the rat croaked. Big medicine—heap big medi-

cine! Phew! Oh, Lord, I wish I could stop laughin'," said Beetle.

"Stinks! Hi, stinks! (Jammy ones!)" McTurk croaked as he regained his place. "And"—the exquisite humor of it brought them sliding down together in a tangle—"it's all for the honor of the house, too!"

"An' they're holdin' another meetin'—on us," Stalky panted, his knees in the ditch and his face in the long grass. "Well, let's get the bullet out of her and hurry up. The sooner she's bedded out the better."

Between them they did some grisly work with a penknife; between them (ask not who buttoned her to his bosom) they took up the corpse and hastened back, Stalky arranging their plan of action at the full trot.

The afternoon sun, lying in broad patches on the bed-rugs, saw three boys and an umbrella disappear into a dormitory wall. In five minutes they emerged, brushed themselves all over, washed their hands, combed their hair, and descended.

"Are you sure you shoved her far enough under?" said McTurk suddenly.

"Hang it, man, I shoved her the full length of my arm and Beetle's brolly. That must be about six feet. She's bung in the middle of King's big upper ten-bedder. Eligible central situation, I call it. She'll stink out his chaps, and Hartopp's and Macrea's, when she really begins to fume. I swear your Uncle Stalky is a great man. Do you realize what a great man he is, Beetle?"

"Well, I had the notion first, hadn't I, only——"

"You couldn't do it without your Uncle Stalky, could you?"

"They've been calling us stinkers for a week now," said McTurk. "Oh, *won't* they catch it!"

"Stinker! Yah! Stink-ah!" rang down the corridor.

"And she's there," said Stalky, a hand on either boy's shoulder. "She—is—there, gettin' ready to surprise 'em. Presently she'll begin to whisper to 'em in their dreams. Then she'll whiff. Golly, how she'll whiff! Oblige me by thinkin' of it for two minutes."

They went to their study in more or less of silence. There they began to laugh—laugh as only boys can. They laughed with their foreheads on the tables, or on the floor, laughed at length curled over the backs of chairs or clinging to a book-shelf, laughed themselves limp.

And in the middle of it Orrin entered on behalf of the house.

"Don't mind us, Orrin; sit down. You don't know how we respect and admire you. There's something about your pure, high, young forehead, full of the dreams of innocent boyhood, that's no end fetching. It is, indeed."

"The house sent me in to give you this." He laid a folded sheet of paper on the table and retired with an awful front, pursued down the staircase by renewed peals of hysterical mirth.

"It's the resolution! Oh, read it, some one. I'm too silly sick with laughin' to see," said Beetle.

Stalky jerked it open with a precautionary sniff.

"Phew! Phew! Listen. *'The house notices with pain and contempt the attitude of indifference'*—how many f's in indifference, Beetle?"

"Two for choice."

"Only one here—*'adopted by the occupants of Number Five Study in relation to the insults offered to Mr. Prout's house at the recent meeting in Number Twelve Form-room, and the house hereby pass a vote of censure on the said study.'* That's all."

"And she bled all down my shirt, too!" said Beetle.

"An' I'm catty all over," said McTurk, "though I washed twice."

"An' I nearly broke Beetle's broolly plantin' her where she would blossom!"

The situation was beyond speech, but not laughter. There was some attempt that night to demonstrate against the three in their dormitory; so they came forth.

"You see," Beetle began suavely, "the trouble with you is that you're a set of unthinkin' asses. You've no more brains than spiders. We've told you that heaps of times, haven't we?"

"We'll give all three of you a dormitory lickin'. You always jaw at us as if you were perfects," cried one.

"Oh, no, you won't," said Stalky, "because you know that if you did you'd get the worst of it sooner or later. We aren't in any hurry. We can afford to wait for our little revenges. You've made howlin' asses of

yourselves, and just as soon as King gets hold of your precious resolutions to-morrow you'll find that out. If you aren't sick an' sorry by to-morrow night, I'll—I'll eat my hat."

But or ever the dinner-bell rang next day Prout's were sadly aware of their error. King received stray members of the house with an exaggerated attitude of fear. Did they purpose to cause him to be dismissed from the College by unanimous resolution? What were their views concerning the government of the school, that he might hasten to give effect to them? He would not offend them for worlds; but he feared—he sadly feared—that his own house, who did not pass resolutions (but washed), might somewhat deride.

King was a happy man, and his house, basking in the favor of his smile, made that afternoon a long penance to the misled Prout's. And Prout himself, with a dull and lowering visage, tried to think out the rights and wrongs of it all, only plunging deeper into bewilderment. Why should his house be called "Stinkers"? Truly, it was a small thing, but he had been trained to be-



"... and left King to find it."

lieve that straws show which way the wind blows, and that there is no smoke without fire. He approached King in common-room with a sense of injustice, but King was pleased to be full of airy persiflage that tide, and brilliantly danced dialectical rings round Prout.

"Now," said Stalky at bedtime, making pilgrimage through the dormitories before the prefects came up, "now what have you got to say for yourselves? Foster, Carton, Finch, Longbridge, Marlin, Brett! I heard you chaps catchin' it from King—he made hay of you—an' all you could do was to wriggle an' grin an' say, 'Yes, sir,' an' 'No, sir,' an' 'O, sir,' an' 'Please, sir'! You an' your resolution! Urh!"

"Oh, shut up, Stalky."

"Not a bit of it. You're a gaudy lot of resolutionists, you are! You've made a sweet mess of it. Perhaps you'll have the decency to leave us alone in future."

Here the house grew angry, and in many voices pointed out how this blunder would never have come to pass if Number Five study had helped them from the first.

"But you chaps are so beastly conceited, an'—an' you swaggered into the meetin' as if we were a lot of idiots," growled Orrin of the resolution.

"That's precisely what you *are*. That's what we've been tryin' to hammer into your thick heads all this time," said Stalky. "Never mind, we'll forgive you. Cheer up. You can't help bein' asses, you know," and, the enemy's flank deftly turned, Stalky hopped into bed.

That night was the first of sorrow among the jubilant King's. By some accident of underfloor drafts the cat did not vex the dormitory beneath which she lay, but the next one to the right; stealing on the air rather as a pale-blue sensation than as any poignant offense. But the mere adumbration of an odor is enough for the sensitive nose and clean tongue of youth. Decency demands that we draw several carbolized sheets over what the dormitory said to Mr. King and what Mr. King replied. He was genuinely proud of his house and fastidious in all that concerned their well-being. He came; he sniffed; he said things. Next morning a boy in that dormitory confided to his bosom friend, a fag of Macrea's, that there was trouble in their midst which King would fain keep secret. But the Macrea's boy had also a bosom friend in Prout's, a shock-headed fag of malignant disposition, and when he wormed out the secret, he told

—told it in a high-pitched treble that rang along the corridor like a bat's squeak.

"An'—an' they've been calling us 'stinkers' all this week. Why, Harland minor says they simply can't sleep in his dormitory for the stink. Come on!"

"With one shout and with one cry" Prout's juniors hurled themselves into the war, and through the "quarter" between first and second lesson some fifty twelve-year-olds were embroiled on the gravel outside King's windows to a tune whose *leit-motif* was the word "stinker."

"Hark to the minute-gun at sea!" said Stalky. They were in their study collecting books for second lesson, Latin, with King. "I thought his azure brow was a bit cloudy at prayers. 'She is comin', sister Mary. She is——'"

"If they make such a row now, what *will* they do when she really begins to look up an' take notice?"

"Well, no vulgar repartee, Beetle. All we want is to keep out of this row like gentlemen."

"'Tis but a little faded flower.' Where's my Horace? Look here, I don't understand what she means by stinkin' out lattray's dormitory first. We holed in under White's, didn't we?" said McTurk, with a wrinkled brow.

"Skittish little thing. She's rompin' about all over the place, I suppose."

"My Aunt! King'll be a cheerful customer at second lesson. I haven't prepared my Horace one little bit, either," said Beetle. "Come on!"

They were outside the form-room door now. It was within five minutes of the bell, and King might arrive at any moment.

Turkey elbowed into a cohort of scuffling fags, cut out Thornton tertius (he that had been Harland's bosom friend), and bade him tell his tale.

It was a simple one, interrupted by tears. Many of King's house had already battered him for libel.

"Oh, it's nothing," McTurk cried. "He says that King's house stinks. That's all."

"Stale!" Stalky shouted. "We knew that years ago, only we didn't choose to run about shoutin' 'stinker.' We've got some manners, if they haven't. Catch a fag, Turkey, and make sure of it."

Turkey's long arm closed on a hurried and anxious ornament of the lower second.

"Oh, McTurk, please let me go. I don't stink—I swear I don't!"

"Guilty conscience!" cried Beetle. "Who said you did?"

"What d'you make of it?" Stalky punted the small boy into Beetle's arms.

"Snf! Snf! He does, though. I think it's leprosy—or thrush. P'raps it's both. Take it away."

"Indeed, Master Beetle"—King generally came to the house-door for a minute or two as the bell rang—"we are vastly indebted to you for your diagnosis, which seems to reflect almost as much credit on the natural unwholesomeness of your mind as it does upon your pitiful ignorance of the diseases of which you discourse so glibly. We will, however, test your knowledge in other directions."

That was a merry lesson, but, in his haste to scarify Beetle, King clean neglected to give him an imposition, and since at the same time he supplied him with many priceless adjectives for later use, Beetle was well content, and applied himself most seriously throughout third lesson (algebra with little Hartopp) to composing a poem entitled "The Lazar-house."

After dinner King took his house to bathe off the Pebbleridge. It was an old promise; but he wished he could have evaded it, for all Prout's lined up by the five-court and cheered with intention. In his absence not less than half the school invaded the infected dormitory to draw their own conclusions. The cat had gained in the last twelve hours, but a battlefield of the fifth day could not have been so flamboyant as the spies reported.

"My word, she *is* doin' herself proud," said Stalky. "Did you ever smell anything like it? Ah, an' she isn't under White's dormitory at all yet."

"But she will be. Give her time," said Beetle. "She'll twine like a giddy honeysuckle. What howlin' Lazarites they are! No house is justified in makin' itself a stench in the nostrils of decent——"

"High-minded, pure-souled boys. Do you burn with remorse and regret?" said McTurk, as they hastened to meet the house coming up from the sea. King had deserted it, so speech was unfettered. Round its front played a crowd of skirmishers—all houses mixed—flying, reforming, shrieking insults. On its tortured flank marched the Hoplites, seniors hurling jests one after another—simple and primitive jests of the Stone Age. To these the three added themselves, dispassionately, with an air of aloofness, almost sadly.

"And they *look* all right, too," said

Stalky. "It can't be Rattray, can it? Rattray?"

No answer.

"Rattray, dear? He seems stuffy about something or other. Look here, old man, we don't bear any malice about your sending that soap to us last week, do we? Be cheerful, Rat. You can live this down all right. I dare say it's only a few fags. Your house is so beastly slack, though."

"You aren't going back to the house, are you?" said McTurk. The victims desired nothing better. "You've simply no conception of the reek up there. Of course, frouzin' as you do, you wouldn't notice it; but, after this nice wash and the clean, fresh air, even *you'd* be upset. Much better camp on the Burrows. We'll get you some straw. Shall we?"

The house hurried in to the tune of "John Brown's body," sung by loving school-mates, and barricaded themselves into their form-room. Straightway Stalky chalked a large cross, with "Lord, have mercy upon us," on the door, and left King to find it.

The wind shifted that night and wafted a carrion-reek into Macrea's dormitories; so that boys in nightgowns pounded on the locked door between the houses, entreating King's to wash. Number Five Study went to second lesson with not more than half a pound of camphor apiece in their clothing; and King, too wary to ask for explanations, gibbered awhile and hurled them forth. So Beetle finished yet another poem at peace in the study.

"They're usin' carbotic now. Malpas told me," said Stalky. "King thinks it's the drains."

"She'll need a lot o' carbotic," said McTurk. "No harm tryin', I suppose. It keeps King out of mischief."

"I swear I thought he was goin' to kill me when I sniffed just now. He didn't mind Burton major sniffin' at me the other day, though. He never stopped Alexander howlin' 'Stinker!' into our form-rooms before—before we doctored 'em. He just grinned," said Stalky. "What was he frothing over you for, Beetle?"

"Aha! That was my subtle jape. I had him on toast. You know he always jaws about the learned Lepsius."

"Who at the age of four—that chap?" said McTurk.

"Yes. Whenever he hears I've written a poem. Well, just as I was sittin' down, I whispered, 'How is our learned Lepsius?' to Burton major. Old Butt grinned like an

owl. He didn't know what I was drivin' at; but King jolly well did. That was really why he hove us out. Ain't you grateful? Now shut up. I'm goin' to write the 'Balad of the Learned Lepsius.'"

"Keep clear of anything coarse, then," said Stalky. "I shouldn't like to be coarse on this happy occasion."

"Not for wo-orl'ds. What rhymes to 'stencches,' some one?"

In common-room at lunch King discoursed acridly to Prout of boys with prurient minds, who perverted their few and baleful talents to sap discipline and corrupt their equals, to deal in foul imagery and destroy reverence.

"But you didn't seem to consider this when your house called us—ah—stinkers. If you hadn't assured me that you never interfere with another man's house, I should almost believe that it was a few casual remarks of yours that started all this nonsense."

Prout had endured much, for King always took his temper to meals.

"You spoke to Beetle yourself, didn't you? Something about not bathing, and being a water-funk," the school chaplain put in. "I was scoring in the pavilion that day."

"I may have jestingly. I really don't pretend to remember every remark I let fall among small boys; and full well I know the Beetle has no feelings to be hurt."

"May be; but he, or they—it comes to the same thing—have the fiend's own knack of discovering a man's weak place. I confess I rather go out of my way to conciliate Number Five study. It may be weak, but so far, I believe, I am the only man here whom they haven't maddened by their—well—attentions."

"That is all beside the point. I flatter myself I can deal with them alone as occasion arises. But if they feel themselves morally supported by those who should wield an absolute and open-handed justice, then I say that my lot is indeed a hard one. Of all things I loathe, I loathe that anything verging on insularity among ourselves is the first."

The common-room looked at one another out of the corners of their eyes, and Prout flushed.

"I say it absolutely," he said. "He—in fact, I own that I personally object to all three of them. It is not fair, therefore, to—"

"How long do you propose to allow it?" said King.

"But surely," said Marton, deserting his

usual ally, "the blame, if there be any, rests with you, King. You can't hold them responsible for the—you prefer the good old Anglo-Saxon, I believe—stink in your house. My boys are complaining of it now."

"What can you expect? You know what boys are. Naturally they take advantage of what to them is a heaven-sent opportunity," said little Hartopp. "What is the trouble in your dormitories, King?"

Mr. King explained that as he had made it the one rule of his life never to interfere with another man's house, so he expected not to be too patently interfered with. They might be interested to learn—here the chaplain heaved a weary sigh—that he had taken all steps that, in his poor judgment, would meet the needs of the case. Nay, further, he had himself expended, with no thought of reimbursement, sums, the amount of which he would not specify, on disinfectants. This he had done because he knew by bitter—by most bitter—experience that the management of the college was slack, dilatory, and inefficient. He might even add almost as slack as the administration of certain houses which now thought fit to sit in judgment on his actions. With a short summary of his scholastic career, and a *précis* of his qualifications, including his degrees, he withdrew, slamming the door.

"Heigho!" said the chaplain. "Ours is a dwarfing life—a belittling life, my brethren. God help all schoolmasters! They need it."

"I don't like the boys, I own"—Prout dug viciously with the fork into the tablecloth—"and I don't pretend to be a strong man, as you know. But I confess I can't see any conceivable reasons why I should take steps against Stalky and the others because King happens to be annoyed by—by—"

"Falling into the pit he has digged," said little Hartopp. "Certainly not, Prout. No one accuses you of setting one house against another through sheer idleness."

"A belittling life—a belittling life." The chaplain rose. "I go to correct French exercises. By dinner King will have scored off some unlucky child of thirteen; he will repeat to us every word of his brilliant repetitions, and all will be well."

"But about those three. Are they so prominent?"

"Nonsense," said little Hartopp. "If you thought for a minute, Prout, you would see that the enormous fire of feigned imagination that King conveys off is borrowed wholesale from King. I've guessed the pimple that marks the steel." Naturally he

does not approve. Come into the smoking-room for a minute. It isn't fair to listen to boys; but they should be now rubbing it into King's house outside. Little things please little minds."

The dingy den off the common-room was never used for anything except gowns. Its windows were ground glass; one could not see out of it, but one could hear almost every word on the gravel outside. A light and wary footstep came up from Number Five.

"Rattray!" in a subdued voice—Rattray's study fronted that way. "D'you know if Mr. King's anywhere about? I've got a——" McTurk discreetly left the end of the sentence open.

"No. He's gone out," said Rattray unguardedly.

"Ah! The learned Lepsius is airing himself, is he? His Royal Highness has gone to fumigate." McTurk climbed on the railings, where he held forth like the never-wearied rook.

"Now in all the Coll. there was no stink like the stink of King's house, for it stank vehemently and none knew what to make of it. Save King. And he washed the fags *privatim et seriatim*. In the fishpools of Hesbon washed he them, with an apron about his loins."

"Shut up, you mad Irishman!" There was the sound of a golf-ball spurling up gravel.

"It's no good getting wrathful, Rattray. We've come to jape with you. Come on, Beetle. They're all at home. You can wind 'em."

"Where's the Pomposo Stinkadore? 'Tisn't safe for a pure-souled, high-minded boy to be seen round his house these days. Gone out, has he? Never mind. I'll do the best I can, Rattray. I'm *in loco parentis* just now."

("One for you, Prout," whispered Macra, for this was Mr. Prout's pet phrase.)

"I have a few words to impart to you, my young friend. We will discourse together awhile."

Here the listening Prout sputtered: Beetle, in a high head voice, had chosen a favorite gambit of King's.

"I repeat, Master Rattray, we will confer, and the matter of our discourse shall not be stinks, for that is a loathsome and obscene word. We will, with your good leave—granted, I trust, Master Rattray, granted, I trust—study this—this scabrous upheaval of latent demoralization. What impresses me most is not so much the blatant indecency with which you swagger abroad under your load of putrescence" (you must imagine this discourse punctuated with golf-balls, but old Rattray was ever a bad shot) "as the cynical immorality with which you revel in your abhorrent aromas. Far be it from me to interfere with another's house——"

("Good Lord!" said Prout, "but this is King.")

"Line for line, letter for letter; listen," said little Hartopp.)

"But to say that you stink, as certain lewd fellows of the baser sort aver, is to say



"Yiss, I tall 'ee."

nothing—less than nothing. In the absence of your beloved house-master, for whom no one has a higher regard than myself, I will, if you will allow me, explain the grossness—the unparalleled enormity—the appalling fetor of the stench (I believe in the good old Anglo-Saxon word), stench, sir, with which you have seen fit to infect your house . . . Oh, bother! I've forgotten the rest, but it was very beautiful. Aren't you grateful to us for laborin' with you this way, Rattray? Lots of chaps 'ud never have taken the trouble, but we're grateful, Rattray."

"Yes, we're horrid grateful," croaked McTurk. "We don't forget that soap. We're polite. Why ain't you polite, Rat?"

"Hallo!" Stalky cantered up, his cap over one eye. "Exhortin' the Whiffers, eh? I'm afraid they're too far gone to repent. Rattray! White! Perowne! Malpas! No answer. This is distressin'. This is truly distressin'. Bring out your dead, you glandered lepers!"

"You think yourself funny, don't you?" said Rattray, stung from his dignity by this last. "It's only a rat or something under the floor. We're going to have it up to-morrow."

"Don't try to shuffle it off on a poor dumb animal, and dead, too. I loathe prevarication. 'Pon my soul, Rattray——"

"Hold on. The Hartoffles never said 'Pon my soul' in all his little life," said Beetle critically.

"('Ah!'" said Prout to little Hartopp.)

"Upon my word, sir, upon my word, sir, I expected better things of you, Rattray. Why can you not own up to your misdeeds like a man? Have I ever shown any lack of confidence in you?"

"('It's not brutality,'" murmured little Hartopp, as though answering a question no one had asked. "It's boy; only boy.")

"And this was the house," Stalky changed from a pecking, fluttering voice to tragic earnestness. "This was the—the open cesspit that dared to call us 'stinkers.' And now—and now, it tries to shelter itself behind a dead rat. You annoy me, Rattray. You disgust me! You irritate me unspeakably. Thank Heaven, I am a man of equable temper——"

"('This is to your address, Macrea,'" said Prout.

"I fear so, I fear so.")

"Or I should scarcely be able to contain myself before your mocking visage."

"Caré!" in an undertone. Beetle had spied King sailing down the corridor.

"And what may you be doing here, my little friends?" the house-master began. "I had a fleeting notion—correct me if I am wrong (the listeners with one accord choked)—that if I found you outside my house I should visit you with dire pains and penalties."

"We were just goin' for a walk, sir," said Beetle.

"And you stopped to speak to Rattray en route."

"Yes, sir. We've been throwing golf-balls," said Rattray, coming out of the study.

"('Old Rat is more of a diplomat than I thought. So far he is strictly within the truth,'" said little Hartopp. "Observe the ethics of it, Prout.")

"Oh, you were sporting with them, were you? I must say I do not envy you your choice of associates. I fancied they might have been engaged in some of the prurient discourse with which they have been so disgustingly free of late. I should strongly advise you to direct your steps most carefully in the future. Pick up those golf-balls." He passed on.

Next day Richards, who had been a carpenter in the navy, and to whom odd jobs were confided, was ordered to take up a dormitory floor, for Mr. King held that something must have died there.

"We need not neglect all our work for a trumpery incident of this nature; though I am quite aware that little things please little minds. Yes, I have decreed the boards to be taken up after lunch under Richards's auspices. I have no doubt it will be vastly interesting to a certain type of so-called intellect; but any boy of my house or another's found on the dormitory stairs will *ipso facto* render himself liable to three hundred lines."

The boys did not collect on the stairs, but most of them waited outside King's. Richards had been bound to cry the news from the attic window, and, if possible, to exhibit the corpse.

"('Tis a cat, a dead cat!'" Richards's face showed purple at the window. He had been in the chamber of death and on his knees for some time.

"('Cat be blowed!'" cried McTurk. "It's a dead fag left over from last term. Three cheers for King's dead fag!")

They cheered lustily.

"Show it, show it! Let's have a squint at it!" yelled the juniors. "Give her to the Bug-hunters (this was the natural history

society). The cat that looked at the King—and died of it! Hoosh! Yai! Yaow! Maow! Ftzz!” were some of the cries that followed.

Again Richards appeared.

“She’ve been”—he checked himself suddenly—“dead a long taimé.”

The school roared.

“Well, come on out for a walk,” said Stalky in a well-chosen pause. “It’s all very disgustin’, and I do hope the Lazar-house won’t do it again.”

“Do what?” a King’s boy cried furiously.

“Kill a poor innocent cat every time you want to get off washing. It’s awfully hard to distinguish between you as it is. I prefer the cat, I must say. She isn’t quite so whiff. What are you goin’ to do, Beetle?”

“*Je vais gloater. Je vais gloater tout le* blessed afternoon. *Jamais j’ai gloaté comme je gloaterai aujourd’hui. Nous bunkerons aux bunkers.*”

And it seemed good to them so to do.

Down in the basement, where the gas flickers and the boots stand in racks, Richards, amid his blacking-brushes, held forth to Oke of the common-room, Gumbly of the dining-halls, and fair Lena of the laundry.

“Yiss. Her were in a shockin’ staate an’ condition. Her nigh made me sick, I tal ’ee. But I rowted un out, and I rowted un out, an’ I made all shipshape, though her smelt like to bilges.”

“Her died mousin’, I rackon, poor thing,” said Lena.

“Then her moused different from any made cat o’ God’s world, Lena. I up with the top-board, an’ she were lying on her back, an’ I turned un ovver with the brume-handle, an’ ’twas her back was all covered with the plaster from ’twixt the lathin’. Yiss, I tal ’ee. An’ under her head there lay, like, so’s to say, a little pillow o’ plaster druv up in front of her by raison of her slidin’ along on her back. No cat niver went mousin’ on her back, Lena. Some one had shoved her along right underneath, so far as they could shove un. Cats don’t make theyselves pillows for to die on. Shoved along, she were, when she was settin’ for to be cold, laike.”

“Oh, yeou’m too clever to live, Fatty. Yeou go get wed an’ taught some sense,” said Lena, the affianced of Gumbly.

“Larned a little ’fore iver some maidens was born. Sarved in the Queen’s Navy, I have, where yeou’m taught to use your eyes. Yeou go ’tend your own business, Lena.”

“Do ’ee mean what you’m been tellin’ us?” said Oke.

“Ask me no questions, I’ll give ’ee no lies. Bullet-hole clane thru from side to side, an’ tu heart-ribs broke like withies. I seed un when I turned un ovver. They’m clever, oh, they’m clever, but they’m not too clever for old Richards! ’Twas on the born tip o’ my tongue to tell, tu, but . . . he said us niver washed, he did. Let his dom boys call us ‘stinkers,’ he did. Sarve un dom well raight, I say!”

Richards spat on a fresh boot and fell to his work, chuckling.

THE DAY OF BATTLE.

STORIES GATHERED IN THE FIELD.

BY STEPHEN BONSAI.

I RODE into Lawton’s camp about midnight, and there “pitched my poncho”—all that was left of the equipment I had been accumulating during the last few days. I had thought to sleep and rest against the coming of the day, when we were to ride out

and see the flag given to the battle breeze upon a foreign soil for the first time for more than half a century. But very little rest came to Lawton or to those who camped with him this night. If any further illustration were needed of the awkward running of

EDITOR’S NOTE.—The scenes and incidents of the battle at Caney and San Juan contained in this article are taken from Mr. Bonsai’s forthcoming book (“The Fight for Santiago”), in the press of the Doubleday and McClure Company. They are not published consecutively, or chosen with any idea of shedding light upon debatable points in the campaign. They are incidents of great human interest which fell under the writer’s personal observation, and they give, we believe, a clearer idea of how and under what circumstances the battle was fought, and who won it, than any number of carefully studied military disquisitions.

the military machine and of the state of unpreparedness in which the army approached the dangerous work that was cut out for it, it could be found in the busy vigil the commander of this division was compelled to keep the night before the battle, upon which he should have entered with mind and body refreshed by sleep. All night long General Lawton lay dressed, stretched out upon his cot, while aides and orderlies and messengers of every kind came pouring in from every fraction of his command, following each other in quick succession, and announcing that this regiment was without ammunition and that for the other the promised rations had not arrived. A man with less patience and endurance would have been aware of his battle well before it was begun. It was not so with Lawton. He spent the night working like a quartermaster and an ordnance officer in one, and yet the morning found him clear-headed, and apparently fresh, and certainly capable of commanding in a very brilliant way the division he had spent the night before in arming and feeding. . . .

We rode out along the trail to the right before the sun rose, while the forest was still as death and the great dewdrops clustered upon the plantain leaves like pearls. The mists of the morning still hung over the valley of Caney as we rode out upon the little plateau overlooking it. Slowly, stealthily a column of volunteers was disappearing down into the valley below, where it was still night. For a long time after we could see them no more, their canny voices came back to us. It was a strange and surprising thing to hear the "hurr" of the Connecticut Valley men in tropical surroundings such as these. They were the Second Massachusetts Volunteers going to the front. As we waited, the sun sprang up from behind the eastern hills, and the cold, damp mist of the morning melted before its welcome light and heat, and out of it all the village of Caney floated upon our view—at first vaguely, like the mirage upon a summer sea, and then so clearly, as the searching light of the tropical sunshine began to fail upon it. We watch the peaceful scene for what seems a long time, though no doubt it is only a few minutes, until the village comes to take before our eyes the shape and color of a Spanish flag. The tiles of the roofs are all red, and the walls of the houses all yellow. And so you try to hate it, but cannot. The smoke of hearth-fires rises gently from the chimneys. You wonder if they know what a conflagration is about to

break over the place, and what a bloody drama is to be enacted in this peaceful vale. . . . You start. You hear the rattle of the iron harness, and know, without looking around, that the guns are now unlimbered and the moment near. Lawton is sweeping the valley with his glasses, and a succession of aides come galloping back to him with information as to the advance of the infantry. At last he turns to a large, heavily-built man standing by his side, and says quietly, "Now, Captain Capron, I'm ready when you are." Perhaps it is only because I was so hungry, but I remember I thought they were going to breakfast, and the loss of my tomato can, in which I cooked my coffee, again made itself keenly felt. But Captain Capron rushes back to his guns; his whole being quivers with excitement. He, more than any man, has a heavy reckoning to exact from the Spaniards to-day. "Number one!" he shouts. "Load! Make ready! Fire!" And the first shot of the battle goes crashing through the trees and down into the sleeping valley.

. . . I will tell you a little incident of the attack upon Caney, one of a score of similar incidents which doubtless occurred in every battalion, only this one came under my observation—one of those pathetic little asides which do not escape you, from which you cannot hope to escape even amid the turmoil of battle; one of the little things, those miniatures of war, which you can grasp and remember and perhaps portray, while the magnificent or the terrible picture of the whole (it all depends upon your mood) utterly eludes you. Some troops with whom you have exchanged war jokes and opinions as to the battle early in the morning are lying below you, hidden in the thicket, awaiting the order for a further advance. As you step down to speak to them you see that, even thus early in the day, they have not escaped unscathed, and that the litters they bring with them are already filled with desperately wounded men, for most of whom the war is over. "How is M——?" inquires the young lieutenant who is in command of the company to-day, the old, gray-haired captain having, to his mortification and despair, at the last moment been compelled to fall out. "I saw him fall as he led the men over that bare place in the ridge."

"We have him with us," answers the sergeant. "The boys have brought him along, but the doctor says he can do nothing for him."

There is another short delay, a breathing

spell, in the stubbornly contested advance, and the young lieutenant springs across the glade to the tree where the poor fellow is lying, with the tell-tale blue fleck in his forehead, and now and again a sluggish, choking stream of blood oozing from his mouth. The young fellow kneels down, and lifts the soldier in his arms as gently as any woman could, and says: "M——, I've come to take it all back. I didn't know what a soldier was until you taught me. You didn't get out of step to-day. It was the other fellows who couldn't keep up with you, and your rifle was in tiptop shape. I guess the Spaniards can tell something about your shooting."

The poor fellow smiles. It almost seems as though a blush mounts his cheeks, though they wear a bloodless pallor. "Any chance?"

"Of course there is." Then slowly, "But the doctor says you are hard hit, and so I've come to tell you what I thought of you. You've done your whole duty to-day, and no more than that can be said of any man in this whole army."

The wounded soldier, of whom neither the captain nor the company had been very proud in times of peace, pressed his lieutenant's hand and closed his eyes. When the doctor came, he was unconscious, and so he appeared to remain for the next two days, during all the dragging about and hauling backwards and forwards that the wounded men from Caney underwent. I wish I could say with any certainty that he got well. It would be my excuse for telling the story, only I'm not sure. But to my surprise, a week later I discovered him alive in the divisional hospital. The doctors said that they were surprised, too, and that as he had lived so long without any right to, they would not be very much more surprised if he recovered. M—— remembered me and the fact that I had stood by at his parting with his lieutenant. He talked about indifferent matters, and then he said, with a little weak laugh, "What do you think I saw, and what do you think I heard those three days the doctor said I was delirious? Why, the lieutenant was leaning over me and saying, 'M——, I'm that proud of you. You did get into step this morning.' Of course he didn't mean it—that is, he only meant to hearten me up a bit because I was hit hard; but, you know, it seems to me that while I was delirious I was pretty near heaven; as near to it as I ever expect to be." . . .

To nine-tenths, and perhaps to a larger proportion still, of the five brigades which

made the gallant advance through the jungle and up the heights of San Juan, under such untoward circumstances and under such a withering and unrelenting fire, the trying experience was also a novel one. Only a few of the gray-haired colonels surviving from the Civil War could remember from their subaltern days to have confronted such a fire as this. Some men, not counting those who are born fools, come into the world and pass through it without ever having had an experience of physical fear; but these men, even when you include the fools, are not a majority, or even a considerable minority, of mankind. And few men there were who, as they advanced into the unknown that now opened before them, into the jungle where the shrapnel grumbled and sang, and the shells burst overhead, and the unseen bullets struck down men at their sides, did not give evidence of the strain that the performance of their duty under such grim circumstances as these imposed upon them. Indeed, there were not a few who came up the road livid with fear, looking wildly about them upon every side with starting eyes to see from where their death might come.

One of these, a young officer whom I knew, I could hardly recognize as he passed, so changed were his features, so distracted was the expression of his face. The mask of discipline had fallen, and for a moment I thought to see into the man's very soul. His company had been halted for a minute by the little hillock behind which I lay in almost perfect security, and where there was security for others, too. But he had to go on, leading the hundred men who would obey him implicitly, who would follow him either right up to the enemy's lines or in cowardly flight off the field, just as he said, just as he led. Seeing my anxiety at the suffering I had surprised in his face, he said, "I'm sweating blood with fear; but I will go ahead all right, and keep my men in line, too, never fear."

He went on, and, by force of character and unwavering devotion to duty, carried his weak and protesting body into the zone of fire. That evening I listened to those who told how gallantly he had died at the head of his company in the charge up the heights, and I thought then, and have thought many times since, that though many died there, and there was much glory, no one showed such heroism or was deserving of such praise as this man, who was born a coward and who died at the head of the charge with the bravest of the brave. . . .

These moments of delay and of evident indecision which prevailed before the charge was made were discouraging indeed, and could not fail to exert a disconcerting effect upon any but the most thoroughly trained soldier, who knew that, whatever might happen, it was not the soldier's duty to reason why. News came down from the more advanced columns, brought by the wounded and the dashing orderlies of the Second Cavalry, and let drop by the staff officers as they galloped hither and thither up and down the road, and these scraps of information were anything but encouraging as to the situation. The wounded seemed amazed and confused as they puzzled and racked their brains to answer the questions that were put to them by the men who were crouching in the brush awaiting their turn to advance. I remember one poor fellow limping by in great pain, who looked absolutely disconcerted when the men shouted out to him, "Come and have a drink of water, boy, and tell us how things are going on up front."

"I don't know anything that's worth a drink," he said frankly; but the canteen was given him all the same, and he gulped down several draughts of the water greedily. Then: "You want to know how things are going on up front? Well, if you boys will only tell me where the front is, I'll tell you if I know anything about it. It's mighty confusing, I can tell you, in this jungle. I've tried to keep my wits about me, but I ain't sure I have, and I ain't certain about anything. We was a-sliding through the jungle on our bellies as fast as we could go, and getting pretty nigh on to the Spaniards, we thought, when all of a sudden I get this puncture square in the back, and two boys who were sliding forward with me, they get done up for good, and they were shot in the back, too. Then the lieutenant told me to go back to the dressing-station, and before I had gone twenty yards, there comes another volley right from the rear, and I get this bullet in the calf. Then I crawled back to the company, and told the lieutenant that if he had no objection I would rather keep on right to the front, it being more in my line, anyhow, than going to the rear; but he ordered me back. It's mighty darned lonesome packing yourself along through this jungle, and I guess I'll sit here with you boys a spell. Somehow it don't seem to have no head or tail to it, this old battle."

Everybody laughed; but those who laughed had not been wounded and had not been lost in the jungle, and the man who had didn't

mind their laughter at all. And though, during the battle and since, I have sat at the feet of great captains and of wise men who have written books about strategy and the art of war, I have heard nothing so illuminating, nothing that depicted so well the confusion of the jungle scene, as the words of this wounded soldier, as with a confused smile he drank his fill from my canteen.

McKibbin, my colonel by the kindest of adoption—that of picking up a worn-out and hungry camp follower on the road, and giving him supper and a place to sleep where there was never more than six inches of water or a dozen land crabs at a time—is leading his men across the ford, upon which now a heavy and well-directed fire is falling. He guides them across, showing where the footing is good and where it is treacherous, with a natural unconcern and the courtesy of a gentleman who is conducting ladies across the flaggings of a muddy street. The regiment only crosses the creek once, but the colonel crosses ten times—that is, he pioneers and escorts each company in its turn; and when the men are safely under cover, he steps out to have a chat with a staff officer who is riding by, and they are talking when a litter comes by, a most uncomfortable and unsatisfactory litter, made out of a tattered army blanket. The colonel peeps in as the bearers brush by him, and then shouts out, "Stop, men! Why, Harry Egbert, how are you? Wounded, of course!"

A small, gray-haired man, Colonel Egbert of the gallant Sixth, peeps out of the blanket as cheerful as a chipmunk and with the quick, sharp eyes of a squirrel, and shouts back, "Well, Mac, this is worth being wounded for."

"Why, Harry, I haven't seen you since—well, bless my soul, since that day at Bethesda churchyard. You remember. Thirty, thirty-two, thirty-four—well, no matter, a good many years ago."

"Yes, I remember. I was standing on a stone fence in a hollow, and you were above me and taller, and you shouted, 'Look out, Harry, the Rebs are loading with grape! Jump!' and I jumped, but not quick enough. I was on my back for two months."

"And now you are wounded again," said McKibbin, with good-natured banter. "You ought to be mustered out." Examining the wound, he added, "That would settle most men, but it won't keep you off the firing-line long." Then the two colonels who had not met for so long, but who had kept the memory of their young friendship

warm through all the years that had elapsed from Bethesda in Virginia to Santiago in Cuba, parted with a warm pressure of the hand, the one going to the hospital, and the other to the charge up San Juan hill on our left flank, where he won by his gallantry the single star of the brigadier which he now so deservedly wears.

A striking-looking man, with his head and face covered with masses of iron-gray hair, came walking slowly up to the ford. He was stripped to the waist, and a first-aid bandage soaked in blood was wrapped about his bare chest. His wound was evidently very serious; but as he could still walk, he had insisted upon giving up the litter which was placed at his disposal to a man who, he thought, was more severely wounded; who, at least, could not walk. Two colored soldiers came with him, and upon their stout shoulders he leaned heavily as his weakness increased and the fatigue of the journey told more and more upon his ebbing strength. He staggered, and fell into the water at the ford. The soldiers dragged him out bodily, and placed him on the bank to rest for a moment before continuing the long march down to the divisional hospital, three miles away. Suddenly one of the negro soldiers clapped his hand to his side, and with joy beaming out of every lineament of his good-natured face said, or rather shouted, for he could not contain his satisfaction, "Don't you hear 'em, Colonel? Don't you hear our boys singing 'Hallelujah, Happy Land'?"

The Colonel had other thoughts, and he answered wearily, "Hear what, my man?"

"Why, don't you hear our boys singing on the hill? Colonel, you give 'em the right steer suah, and now they's up there and singing to let you know it, suah, suah. I take my oath, Colonel. They ain't no regiment in the army that can sing like that but the old Twenty-fourth." And both the darkies chuckled, and laughed to scorn any suggestion that they might be mistaken and that perhaps, after all, the Twenty-fourth men were not upon the hill. "They's up there, Colonel, suah. Fac', I can most see 'em now. You gave them the right steer, suah, and they wouldn't have gone up if you hadn't told 'em to."

Some of the confidence which the "buffalo" soldiers had to overflowing came to the wounded Colonel, who was in the sad plight of having directed a charge which was almost a forlorn hope, and of then being wounded and compelled to leave the men when they most needed his steady hand and voice to guide

and cheer them. He was Colonel Liscum of the Twenty-fourth Infantry, who had succeeded to the command of the Third Brigade after the death of the gallant Wikoff, and after Colonel Worth, Wikoff's immediate successor, had been carried desperately wounded off the field. Liscum had brought the little brigade to the foot of the hill and planned the charge, when he received his wound, a shot through the body and very near the heart.

In the Homeric days, when heroes so towered over their lesser fellows, there may have been indispensable men, but there were none such in the Fifth Corps, and of no man can it be said that had he not been there the victory might not have been won; for it was a soldiers' fight from first to last, and it was won by stout hearts that did not know defeat, and there were many of them. But if there are men who more than their fellows contributed to the astonishing results of the campaign, these men—I say it without fear of contradiction from any one who was there—were the teamsters and packers of the mule trains, who carried the much-needed cartridges right up to the firing-line. These heroes—and they were heroes if there still be left any grace in the much-abused and over-worked word—were not bound to the service they rendered by an oath, and they wore no uniform and followed no flag which encouraged and compelled them to daring deeds. They were simply the hired men of the army, at so much a month, to be discharged at will; and indeed of the few that survived the hardships which the campaign entailed upon them, and from which they suffered more in proportion than the soldiers, because they were less well taken care of and had more fatiguing work to do, quite a number were discharged in Santiago because mule trains were no longer needed, and they had to shift for themselves to get back to the country they had served so well and so recently. The scene of all those beheld upon the edge of the battle which is most indelibly engraven upon my memory, the one which I most often delight to recall, is the picture I had of a mule train which crossed the creek and pulled up in the road, awaiting the result of the charge up the hill upon which the fortune of the day, as things had now developed, undoubtedly depended.

"Get back, man! What are you doing here?" shouted an excited aide as he galloped by and saw the long file of restless mules and the tall, raw-boned, imperturbable packers. "You think we all want mule meat for breakfast?"

"We are here 'cording to orders," replied the chief packer, "and I guess we'll remain here until them orders is changed, though two of the boys has been knocked out and a whole mess of the mules."

The officer dashed on as though not caring longer to bandy words with a madman; but the packer continued, half to me and half for his personal satisfaction, "I got my orders from Lieutenant Cabaniss, the boss of all the mule trains, and from Lieutenant Brooks, son of General Brooks, you know, and the ordnance officer of the whole blamed outfit, to bring these cartridge boxes right here, and here I'll stick until he tells me to go away. He said, 'Before this mix-up is straightened out, the boys on the firing-line will be wanting ball cartridges, and will be wanting 'em bad;' and he's gone up there to tell 'em where they can get more when their belts is empty, and I'm going to stay here if all hell breaks loose."

And this surmise was only too true. Shortly before five o'clock, details of men came rushing down from nearly every regiment on the hill, in the wildest excitement, announcing that the ammunition was nearly spent. They fell upon the mule train, pried open the boxes with their bayonets, filled their pockets, their hats, their haversacks, and their blankets with the precious cartridges to replace the 200 rounds already fired. And then they rushed back to the firing-line, where, thanks to this mule train and the 200,000 rounds it had brought up and kept at the front, they were now in a position to meet any emergency. So I believe, if there were any men or set of men who did more than their fellows to turn the tide of battle and to win the day, they were the men of this mule train, who, for all I know, may be among those teamsters and packers who have since been turned adrift in the streets of Santiago to shift for themselves.

The Second Infantry, with the First Battalion under Major S——, was pushed well forward, and deploying in the wild sugar cane to the left of the trail, at last found some slight shelter from the fire behind a little knoll not five hundred yards away from the heights which the First and the Third Brigades of the Division were now preparing to storm. Here the men lay flat on their faces and were partially sheltered, and here they enjoyed a magnificent view of the preparations for that epic charge which were now in progress. But our little major was far from pleased at the prospect. As he put it to the regimental adjutant, in a confiden-

tial way, "I do not see where the Second Foot comes in. There is evidently something big going on, and yet I don't see exactly how the Second Foot is going to get mixed up in it."

The Major had recovered spirits a little since that awful day at Tampa when a hundred lubberly, unlicked recruits had been unloaded on his regiment of veterans. And now he was as keen as ever for an opportunity to get his regiment mixed up in whatever was going on. A commanding officer's duty being first and above all to his regiment, there were moments almost when I thought the little Major would have borne with Christian fortitude and resignation the defeat of the two brigades, so that he might gallop forward with his men to change the fortunes of the day and to give the two brigades a chance to reform their shattered lines behind the Second Foot.

In the midst of this mental struggle which, as I have taken the liberty to indicate, was in progress, the Major looked around and saw, or perhaps only thought he saw, several of his men peeping askant with the tails of their eyes over their ears, and with a pretty decided inclination to go to the rear depicted upon their faces. The little Major flew into a great passion. The thought that even the recruits, the "rookies" of his regiment, the famous Second Foot, even though they were but men who had been picked out of the slums of our great cities and the country lanes through many a distant State not six weeks before, should show the slightest nervousness or concern at the leaden hail that was passing over their heads filled him with mortification and disgust. "I'll teach you not to squint over your ears like balking horses!" he shouted, and soon the order was passed down for the men to stand up and the regiment to fall into company formation and go through the manual of arms. Not a man held back, though many left their cover and the close embrace of the black earth with reluctance and dire threats against the recruits whom the Major had thought to discover looking with a not unnatural longing towards the rear. For five minutes, under the heavy fire and under the stony glare of the Major, who had been deeply outraged in his most sacred feelings, the devoted regiment was made to go through the manual of arms; and they did it, apparently, at least, as calmly and as precisely as though they were showing off before Mr. Plant's excursionists at Tampa. Then the Major inquired slowly, with no signs of haste in his voice,

of the company commanders, one after another, whether they thought the men had gotten their nerve back under the stimulating and steadying effect of the manual of arms under fire. The company commanders thought and said quite quickly that they had. The Major, who seemed only half pleased, let his searching eyes wander slowly over the regiment for more than five minutes, and then said, in a slow and somewhat disappointed drawl, "Well, I guess you had better let them all lie down and get under cover again."

Before the order was well out of his lips, the regiment had hit the ground as one man. It sounded like the collapse of a wall. A moment later one of the irrepressible recruits, who was an eyesore to the whole regiment because of a reddish derby hat and a black coat in which he had joined and which, in the hurry and bustle and the complete disorganization that prevailed, had never been replaced, and who never seemed to be depressed at the thought that the Spaniards would surely hang him if they caught him for not being properly uniformed, shouted out, "What's the matter with our little Major? Hooray, hooray!" "None of that — volunteer business around here," shrieked the little Major, now fairly beside himself with rage, for one of those impudent recruits had presumed to express his approval of the commanding officer's conduct upon the field of battle. There was an awful pause for a moment, and then the Major began quietly and very distinctly, so that the whole regiment could hear: "Private —, you have plenty of spunk. I like your spirit, I do. You just climb over that hill and have a look to see whether the Spaniards are still firing at us and whether our men are going up to the fort, and you may also report upon anything else interesting that may come your way."

The recruit saluted with a woebegone expression upon his face, and then started to stalk up the hill upon the tips of his toes, while the men of the regiment rolled convulsively upon the ground and crammed bunches of guinea grass in their mouths to keep from exploding with laughter; for while you may see nothing amusing in it any more than did the luckless recruit, the regimental sense of humor is a very peculiar thing, and the Major's little joke was considered by far the best of the campaign. In about five minutes the recruit returned hot and breathless and without the red hat, but strangely dignified and composed. "Our boys is going up the Spanish hill hand over fist, Major, and on

the top of our little hill the bullets is whistling and the dust is flying down the ridge as though a lot of folks were out there a-beatin' carpets."

Then the little Major waited a few minutes longer, until we saw the blue banner of the infantry brigade rising over the royal palms which crowned the heights, and the little swallow-tailed guidons of the cavalry troops lighting up with glimpses of bright color of red and white and yellow the delicate tracery of the great ferns which spread over the crest of the hill like a great lace kerchief of evergreen; and until the stout hurrahs of the men who had survived the murderous fire and who had won the heights came back to us borne upon the sluggish, lazy airs of the noontide. And then, according to the order under which the little Major had been chafing like a greyhound in the leash, the Second Foot swung out from its position and prepared to go up the heights, about a quarter of a mile to the left of the fort, which was now ours. His eyes glistened like coals when, as the intervening open space was only half traversed, he found that the Spaniards, who had not retreated all along the line, were pouring a heavy fire upon his men from an intrenched position and that the regiment, an unlooked-for boon, was to have a little fight all to itself.

The regiment—a regiment in name only, in numbers really a small battalion—was now ordered into platoon formation. While the preparations for the change were in progress, the officers carefully examined the strange little earthworks before them from which the Spaniards were firing. Two-thirds of the way up the hillside, and upon the military crest,* rather than upon the top of the steep ascent, the Spaniards had dug three ditches, bulging out toward the front and center like bay windows. The ditches had been dug to a depth of three feet on the outside, and the excavated earth thrown upon logs placed along the inside of the trench, and in each trench about fifty Spaniards were sheltered. This examination of the Spanish position had taken less time than it has to describe it. Through the Spanish fire, which was heavy, but, fortunately, badly directed, the little regiment advanced by regular methodical rushes until the advance platoon was barely 150 yards away from the trenches. The Major gave the command to fix bayonets and

* Had the fort and the main defenses of the heights been situated upon the military crest, the successful charge of our men would have seemed a still more impossible feat of arms. But, fortunately, they had been placed upon the actual, and not upon the military, crest of the heights.

charge with the cold steel, and, like a rush of the whole line in a school football game, the regiment now broke and went forward, the men swarming pell-mell and helter-skelter up the hillside.

The Spaniards evidently did not relish the prospect of an encounter at close quarters, and disappeared from the trenches without even firing a parting volley. Our men, too, kept their fire as they toiled up the hillside behind the retreating Spaniards, expecting to pick them off one and all once the crest of the hill, which, as they knew, commanded the whole country beyond, was reached. After a hard, a toilsome pull, they staggered out upon the level, but not a Spaniard, with the exception of a few wounded men who had been left behind, was to be seen; they had vanished as completely as though transformed into thin air. Now and again as our men, not a little awed by their mysterious disappearance, peered forward through the brush, the tassels of the long grass, which covered the little valley that lay between the heights we had won and the second line of the trenches around Santiago, could be seen to vibrate, and a volley would invariably follow, directed in the hope of bringing down one of the skulking refugees, as he made his way into the Spanish lines on all fours. But the Spaniards, while they remained obstinately invisible, were very soon heard from, and in a way which cost the regiment dear. Seeing that further pursuit was impossible, our men set to work upon intrenchments of an emergency description, digging with their bayonets and scooping out the loosened earth with their meat-ration cans, while the Spaniards, concealed in the trees and behind trenches, poured a heavy fire upon them.

Though the Major was known to be a perfect salamander, though all the Indian chiefs with whom he had come in warlike contact in recent years had announced, without reservation of any kind, that the Major's life lines were of that enduring description which could not be severed either by bullet, fire, or sword, the officers and men all alike hated to see him marching up and down the shallow line with a chip of challenge on his shoulder, like the little game-cock that he was, greedy for another battle. They begged and implored him to keep back and under what little cover there was. These well-meant discussions, however, seemed only to exert a most irritating influence upon the Major's nerve.

"You'll get hit if you do not come down

from your perch," shouted one with the familiarity of the senior captain.

"No, I won't," replied the Major with a snort.

"Why, you are hit now."

"No, I'm not."

"Well," apologetically and in explanation of the positive statement that had been made, "your blouse flew out in the back, and there are several bullet-holes through it, anyhow."

"Well, perhaps there are; but I'm not hit, all the same," replied the Major in tones of triumph.

After another little pause, the regimental adjutant shouted, with a certain undeniable accent of triumph in his voice: "Well, you're hit now!"

"I'm not; and when I am, I will report to the surgeon without any of your assistance. Thank you kindly all the same."

"Well," grumbled the adjutant, "I don't care whether you're hit or not; but I'll swear your hat jumped half-way round your head, and a whole lot of dust came from where I thought your brain was."

But the Major only snorted, and began to show his men by personal example how meat-ration cans can be made to do a shovel's work. Suddenly, as he bent over his work, he collapsed all in a heap, and a general rush was made for him there where he lay. He was worshipped by every man in the regiment, particularly by the recruits, whom he only labored for their own good. When they got up to him, they found him sitting upon his haunches and looking pretty spry.

"Are there any of those Missouri mules around here?" he inquired suspiciously. "I guess I've been kicked by one of those shave-tail mules."

"I'm afraid you're shot," said the Sergeant-Major, with a quizzical expression upon his face. "There's more bullets than mules about here, and they kick just as hard."

Then the men tore off the Major's tunic, and disclosed to view the tell-tale blood and the little blue holes where the bullet had entered and where it had gone out; for the little Major, there was no mistake about it, had been shot clean through the body.

"It's only a graze, and I don't think it worth while reporting—not just now," said the little Major, "though, perhaps, I may go to sick report in the morning."

And so for seven long days and nights he lay out in the trenches, in all the mud and rain and in one of the most exposed points on the line, until the General of the Division

heard of the Major's idea that he had only been grazed, and that the bullet had gone around, which was in direct contradiction to the opinion of the five army surgeons who had seen the wound. So he got on his horse one Sunday afternoon and rode out to the trench where the Major was lying—in a raised corner where he could command a view of every man in the regiment, and from where, especially, he could keep an eye on the recruits. After the usual commonplaces, the General asked the Major pleasantly enough whether he preferred to go to the hospital in an ambulance or, bound and gagged, upon a mule, "packed" by some Arizona packer. The Major said he didn't want to go back to the hospital in any way, that all he wanted was fresh air and to be let alone. Here the

air was fresh and wholesome, and he had 400 nurses to look after him, he remonstrated.

"You've got to go back, Major. You've got to go before I leave," said General Kent. "We've got some pretty fine men in this line, but we can't afford to take any chances with a man like you."

And so the little Major was carried by force back to the hospital, where, as he had truly prophesied, the air was not good and the nurses were few, and where he had a close squeak for his life.* And the regiment mourned him as one man, especially the recruits, to whom nobody now paid any more attention, and who felt that their chances of ever becoming real soldiers, worth their rations and perhaps a little salt besides, were gone forever.

* The fortune of war brought the convalescent Major and myself together upon the same transport on our journey home after the surrender. When the pilot of *Illetas* threw a bundle of papers on board, the first item my eye fell upon in the paper which I had secured from the scramble was the announcement that the little Major had been made a lieutenant-colonel in recognition of his services in the action of July 1st. The thought of this well-deserved reward only filled the Major with rage for the ways of politicians in general and those of the War Department in particular. "There are a

score of men at least," he shouted, "who should have been promoted before me, and I won't change my shoulder-straps, regulations or no regulations, until Tom, Dick, and Harry have been promoted too." That night the Major sat up late, drawing up a list of the men who should have been promoted before him, and the next day I saw him assisted by several soldiers of the hospital corps on board the train bound for Washington. "I shall not leave Washington," he said, "until I have persuaded the President and the Secretary that a great injustice has been done, and that I cannot profit by it."

THE WAR ON THE SEA AND ITS LESSONS.

BY CAPTAIN ALFRED T. MAHAN,

Author of "The Influence of Sea Power upon History," "Life of Nelson," etc.

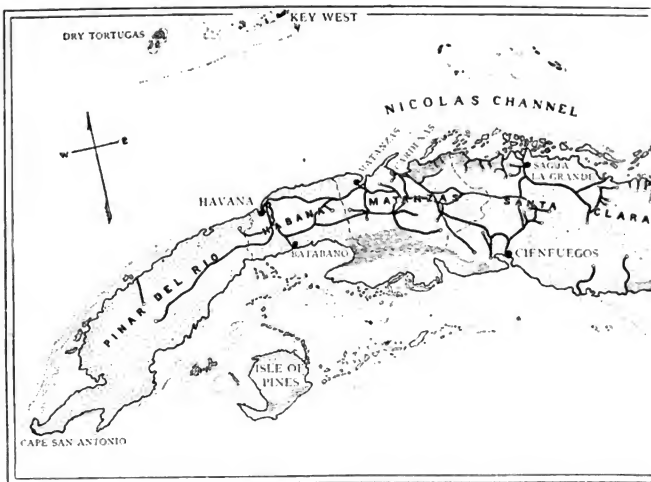
II.

THE EFFECT OF DEFICIENT COAST DEFENSE ON THE MOVEMENTS OF THE NAVY.—THE MILITARY AND NAVAL CONDITIONS OF THE ENEMY AT THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR.



HE unsatisfactory condition of the coast defenses, mentioned in our last paper, deprived the navy of the support of its complementary factor in the scheme of national sea power, and imposed a vicious, though inevitable, change in the initial plan of campaign, which should have been directed in full force against the coast of Cuba. The four newer monitors on the Atlantic coast, if distributed among our principal ports, were not adequate, singly, to resist the attack which was suggested by the possibilities of the case—though remote—and still more by the panic among certain of our citizens. On the other

hand, if the four were massed and centrally placed, which is the correct disposition of any mobile force, military or naval, intended to counteract the attack of an enemy, whose particular line of approach is as yet uncertain, their sluggishness and defective nautical qualities would make them comparatively inefficient. New York, for instance, is a singularly central and suitable point, relatively to our northern Atlantic seaboard, in which to station a division intended to meet and thwart the plans of a squadron like Cervera's, if directed against our coast ports, in accordance with the fertile imaginations of evil which were the fashion in that hour. Did the enemy appear off either Boston, the Delaware, or the Chesapeake, he could not effect material injury before a division of ships of the "Ore-



MAP OF CUBA.

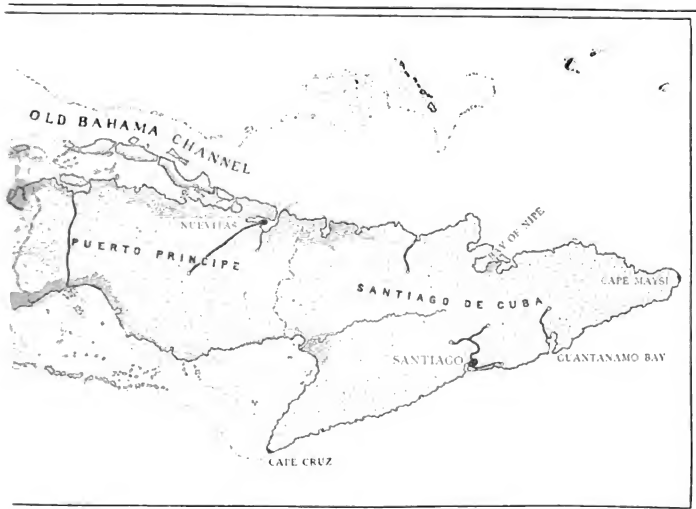
Made under the direction of Captain Mahan to illustrate his articles. Railroads shown in heavy black lines.

gon" class would be upon him; and within the limits named are found the major external commercial interests of the country, as well as the ocean approaches along which they travel. But had the monitors been substituted for battle-ships, not to speak of their greater slowness, their inferiority as steady gun-platforms would have placed them at a serious disadvantage, if the enemy were met outside, as he perfectly well might be.

It was probably such considerations as these, though the writer was not privy to them, that determined the division of the battle-fleet, and the confiding to the section styled the Flying Squadron the defense of the Atlantic coast for the time being. The monitors were all sent to Key West, where they would be at hand to act against Havana; the narrowness of the field in which that city, Key West, and Matanzas are comprised making their slowness less of a drawback, while the moderate weather which might be expected to prevail would permit their shooting to be less inaccurate. The station of the Flying Squadron in Hampton Roads, though not so central as New York relatively to the more important commercial interests, upon

which, if upon any, the Spanish attack might fall, was more central as regards the whole coast; and, above all, was nearer than New York to Havana and to Porto Rico. The time element also entered the calculations in another way, for a fleet of heavy ships is more certainly able to put to sea, at a moment's notice, in all conditions of tide and weather, from the Chesapeake than from New York Bay. In short, the position chosen may be taken to indicate that, in the opinion of the Navy Department and its advisers, Cervera was not likely to attempt a dash at an Atlantic port, and that it was more important to be able to reach the West Indies speedily than to protect New York or Boston: a conclusion which the writer entirely shared.

The country, however, should not fail to note that the division of the armored fleet into two sections, nearly a thousand miles apart, though probably the best that could be done under all the circumstances of the moment, was contrary to sound practice; and that the conditions which made it necessary should not have existed. Thus deficient coast protection reacts unfavorably upon the war fleet, which in all its movements should



be free from any responsibility for the mere safety of the ports it quits. Under such conditions as then obtained, it might have been possible for Spain to force our entire battle-fleet from its offensive undertaking against Cuba and to relegate it to mere coast defense. Had Cervera's squadron, instead of being despatched alone to the Antilles, been recalled to Spain, as it should have been, and there reinforced by the two armored ships which afterward went to Suez with Cámara, the approach of this compact body would have compelled our fleet to concentrate; for each of our divisions of three ships—prior to the arrival of the "Oregon"—would have been too weak to hazard an engagement with the enemy's six. When thus concentrated, where should it be placed? Off Havana or at Hampton Roads? It could not be at both. The answer undoubtedly should be, "Off Havana;" for there it would be guarding the most important part of the enemy's coast, blocking the access to it of the Spanish fleet, and at the same time covering Key West, our naval base of operations. But, if the condition of our coast defenses at all corresponded to the tremors of our

seaport citizens, the government manifestly would be unable to hold the fleet thus at the front. Had it, on the contrary, been impossible for an enemy's fleet to approach nearer than three miles to our seacoast, without great and evident danger of having ships damaged which could not be replaced, and of wasting ammunition at ranges too long even for bombardments, the Spanish battle-fleet would have kept away, and would have pursued its proper object of supporting their campaign in Cuba by driving off our fleet—if it could. It is true that no amount of fortification will secure the coasting trade beyond easy gun-shot of the works; but as the enemy's battle-fleet could not have devoted itself for long to molesting the coasters—because our fleet would thereby be drawn to the spot—that duty must have devolved upon vessels of another class, against which we also would have provided, and did provide, by the squadron of cruisers under Commodore Howell. In short, proper coast defense, the true and necessary complement of an efficient navy, releases the latter for its proper work—offensive, upon the open seas, or off the enemy's shores.

The subject receives farther illumination when we consider, in addition to the hypothetical case just discussed—the approach of six Spanish ships—the actual conditions at the opening of the campaign. We had chosen Cuba for our objective, had begun our operations, Cervera was on his way across the ocean, and our battle-fleet was divided and posted as stated. It was reasonable for us to estimate each division of our ships—one comprising the “New York,” “Iowa,” and “Indiana;” the other, the “Brooklyn,” “Massachusetts,” and “Texas”—as able to meet Cervera’s four, these being of a class slightly inferior to the best of ours. We might at least flatter ourselves that, to use a frequent phrase of Nelson’s, by the time they had soundly beaten one of these groups, they would give us no more trouble for the rest of the year. We could, therefore, with perfect military propriety, have applied the two divisions to separate tasks on the Cuban coast, if our own coast had been adequately fortified.

The advantage—nay, the necessity—of thus distributing our battle-ships, having only four enemies to fear, will appear from a glance at the map of Cuba. It will there be seen that the island is particularly narrow abreast of Havana, and that from there, for a couple of hundred miles to the eastward, extends the only tolerably developed railroad system, by which the capital is kept in communication with the seaports on the north coast, as far as Sagua la Grande, and on the south with Cienfuegos and Batabano. This narrowness, and the comparative facility of communication indicated by the railroads, enabled Spain, during her occupation, effectually to prevent combined movements between the insurgents in the east and those in the west; a power which Weyler endeavored to increase by the *trocha* system—a ditch or ditches, with closely supporting works, extending across the island. Individuals, or small parties, might slip by unperceived; but it should have been impossible for any serious coöperation to take place. The coastwise railroads, again, kept Havana and the country adjacent to them in open, if limited, communication with the sea, so long as any one port upon their lines remained unblocked. For reasons such as these, in this belt of land, from Havana to Sagua and Cienfuegos, lay the chief strength of the Spanish tenure, which centered upon Havana; and in it the greatest part of the Spanish army was massed. Until, therefore, we were ready to invade, which should not have

been before the close of the rainy season, the one obvious course open to us was to isolate the capital and the army from the sea, through which supplies of all kinds—daily bread, almost, of food and ammunition—were introduced; for Cuba, in these respects, produces little.

To perfect such isolation, however, it was necessary not only to place before each port armed cruisers able to stop merchant steamers, but also to give to the vessels so stationed, as well on the south as on the north side, a backbone of support by the presence of an armored fleet, which should both close the great ports—Havana and Cienfuegos—and afford a rallying-point to the smaller ships, if driven in by the appearance of Cervera’s division. The main fleet—three armored ships—on the north was thus used, although the blockade, from the fewness of available cruisers, was not at first extended beyond Cardenas. On the south, a similar body—the Flying Squadron—should, from the first, have been stationed before Cienfuegos; for each division, as has been said, could with military propriety have been risked singly against Cervera’s four ships. This was not done, because it was possible—though most improbable—that the Spanish squadron might attempt one of our own ports; because we had not perfect confidence in the harbor defenses; and because, also, of the popular outcry. Consequently, the extremely important port of Cienfuegos, a back door to Havana, was blockaded only by a few light cruisers; and when the Spanish squadron was reported at Curaçao, these had to be withdrawn. One only was left to maintain in form the blockade which had been declared; and she had instructions to clear out quickly if the enemy appeared. Neither one, nor a dozen, of such ships would have been the slightest impediment to Cervera’s entering Cienfuegos, raising our blockade by force; and this, it is needless to add, would have been hailed in Spain and throughout the continent of Europe as a distinct defeat for us—which, in truth, it would have been, carrying with it consequences political as well as military.

This naval mishap, had it occurred, would have been due simply to inadequate armament of our coasts; for to retain the Flying Squadron in the Chesapeake, merely as a guard to the coasting trade, would have been a serious military error, subordinating an offensive operation—off Cienfuegos—to one merely defensive, and not absolutely vital. “The best protection against an enemy’s fire,” said Farragut, “is a well-directed fire

from our own guns." Analogically, the best defense for one's own shores is to harass and threaten seriously those of the opponent; but this best defense cannot be employed to the utmost, if the inferior, passive, defense of fortification has been neglected. The fencer who wears also a breastplate may be looser in his guard. Seaports cannot strike beyond the range of their guns; but if the great commercial ports and naval stations can strike effectively so far, the fleet can launch into the deep rejoicing, knowing that its home interests, behind the buckler of the fixed defenses, are safe till it returns.

The broader determining conditions, and the consequent dispositions made by the Government of the United States and its naval authorities, in the recent campaign, have now been stated and discussed. In them is particularly to be noted the crippling effect upon naval operations produced by the consciousness of inadequate coast defenses of the permanent type. The same conclusion to be drawn is, that, while sea-coast fortification can never take the place of fleets; that while, as a defense even, it, being passive, is far inferior to the active measure of offensive defense, which protects its own interests by carrying offensive war out on to the sea, and, if may be, to the enemy's shores; nevertheless, by the fearless freedom of movement it permits to the navy, it is to the latter complementary—completes it; the two words being etymologically equivalent.

The other comments hitherto made upon our initial plan of operations—for example, the impropriety of attempting simultaneous movements against Porto Rico and Cuba, and the advisability or necessity, under the same conditions, of moving against both Cienfuegos and Havana by the measure of a blockade—were simply special applications of general principles of warfare, universally true, to particular instances in this campaign. They address themselves, it may be said, chiefly to the soldier or seaman, as illustrating his especial business of directing war; and while their value to the civilian cannot be denied—for whatever really enlightens public opinion in a country like ours facilitates military operations—nevertheless the function of coast defense, as contributory to sea power, is a lesson most necessary to be absorbed by laymen; for it, as well as the maintenance of the fleet, is in this age the work of peace times, when the need of preparation for war is too little heeded to be understood. The illustrations of the embarrassment actually

incurred from this deficiency in the late hostilities are of the nature of an object lesson, and as such should be pondered.

At the same time, however, that attention is thus called to the inevitable and far-reaching effect of such antecedent neglects, shown in directions where men would not ordinarily have expected them, it is necessary to check exaggeration of coast defense, in extent or in degree, by remarking that in any true conception of war, fortification, defense, inland and seacoast alike, is of value merely in so far as it conduces to offensive operations. This is conspicuously illustrated by our recent experience. The great evil of our deficiencies in coast armament was that they neutralized temporarily a large part of our navy; prevented our sending it to Cuba; made possible that Cervera's squadron, during quite an interval, might do this or that thing of several things thus left open to him, the result of which would have been to encourage the enemy, and possibly to produce political action by our ill-wishers abroad. Directly upon this consideration—of the use that the Flying Squadron might have been, if not held up for coast defense—follows the further reflection how much more useful still would have been a third squadron; that is, a navy half as large again as we then had. Expecting Cervera's force alone, a navy of such size, free from anxiety about coast defense, could have barred to him San Juan de Puerto Rico as well as Cienfuegos and Havana; or had Cámara been joined to Cervera, as he should have been, such a force would have closed both Cienfuegos and Havana with divisions that need not have feared the combined enemy. If, further, there had been a fourth squadron—our coast defense in each case remaining the same—our evident naval supremacy would probably have kept the Spanish fleet in Europe. Not unlikely there would have been no war; in which event, the anti-imperialist may observe, there would, thanks to a great and prepared navy, have been no question of the Philippines, and possibly none of Hawaii.

In short, it is with coast defense and the navy as it is with numbers *VERITAS* size in battle-ships. Both being necessary, the question of proportion demands close attention; but in both cases the same single principle dominates—offensive power, not defensive, determines the issues of war. Coast defense in the problem is a nearly constant quantity, not difficult of determination; the variable factor is the navy, upon whose greater or less strength depends the aggressive effi-

ciency which shortens war, and so mitigates its evils. The important centers and internal waterways of commerce must receive local protection, when they are exposed to attack from the sea; the rest must trust, and can in such case safely trust, to the fleet, upon which, as the offensive arm, all other expenditure for military maritime efficiency should be made. The preposterous and humiliating terrors of the past months, that a hostile fleet would waste coal and ammunition shelling villages and bathers on a beach, we may hope will not recur.

Before proceeding to study the operations of the war, the military and naval conditions of the enemy at its outbreak must be briefly considered.

Spain, being a state that maintains at all times a regular army, respectable in numbers as well as in personal valor, had at the beginning, and, from the shortness of the war, continued to the end to have a decided land superiority over ourselves. Whatever we might hope eventually to produce in the way of an effective army, large enough for the work in Cuba, time was needed for the result, and time was not allowed. In one respect only the condition of the Peninsula seems to have resembled our own; that was in the inadequacy of the coast defenses. The matter there was even more serious than with us, because not only were the preparations less, but several large sea-coast cities—for instance, Barcelona, Malaga, Cadiz—lie immediately upon the seashore: whereas most of ours are at the head of considerable estuaries, remote from the entrance. The exposure of important commercial centers to bombardment, therefore, was for them much greater. This consideration was indeed so evident, that there was in the United States Navy a perceptible current of feeling in favor of carrying maritime war to the coast of Spain and to its commercial approaches.

The objection to this, on the part of the Navy Department, was, with slight modifications, the same as to the undertaking of operations against Porto Rico. There was not at our disposition, either in armored ships or in cruisers, any superfluity of force over and beyond the requirements of the projected blockade of Cuba. To divert ships from this object, therefore, would be false to the golden rule of concentration of effort to the single eye that gives light in warfare. Moreover, in such a movement, the reliance, as represented in the writer's hearing, would have been upon moral effect, upon the dismay of the enemy; for we should soon have

come to the end of our physical coercion. As Nelson said of bombarding Copenhagen, "We should have done our worst, and no nearer friends." The influence of moral effect in war is indisputable, and often tremendous; but, like some drugs in the pharmacopœia, it is very uncertain in its action. The other party may not, as the boys say, "scare worth a cent;" whereas material forces can be closely measured beforehand and their results reasonably predicted. This statement, generally true, is historically especially true of the Spaniard, attacked in his own land. The tenacity of the race has never come out so strongly as under such conditions, as was witnessed in the old War of the Spanish Succession and during the usurpation of Napoleon.

On the other hand, such an enterprise on our part, if directed against Spanish commerce on the seas, as was suggested by several excellent officers, would have had but a trivial objective. The commerce of Spain was cut up, root and branch, by our expeditions against her colonies, Cuba and Manila; for her most important trade depended upon monopoly of the colonial markets. The slight stream of traffic maintained in Spanish bottoms between the English Channel and the Peninsula was so small that it could readily have been transferred to neutral ships, whose flag we had for this war engaged should protect enemy's goods. Under these circumstances, the coasts of the Philippines and of Cuba were to us the coast of Spain, and far more conveniently so than that of the home country would have been. A Spanish merchant captain, writing from Barcelona as early as the 7th of May, had said: "At this moment we have shut up in this port the [steam] fleets of five transatlantic companies," which he names. "The sailing-vessels are tied up permanently. Several [named] ships have fallen into the hands of the enemy. Meantime the blockade of Cuba, Puerto Rico, and Manila continues, at least for our flag, and maritime commerce is at a standstill. In Barcelona some foreign firms, exporters to the Philippines, have failed, as well as several custom-house brokers, owing to the total cessation of mercantile movement. The losses already suffered by our trade are incalculable, amounting to much more than the millions needed to maintain a half-dozen armored ships, which would have prevented the Yankees from daring so much." These vessels continued to lie idle in Barcelona until the dread of Commodore Watson's threatened approach caused them to be sent

to Marseilles, seeking the protection of the neutral port. A few weeks later the same Spanish writer comments: "The result of our mistakes," in the management of the navy, "is the loss of the markets of Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines, and, in consequence, the death of our merchant marine." Inquiries were addressed by the State to the Chambers of Commerce, for suggestions as to the opening of new markets, to compensate for the existing suspension of communications with "the over-sea provinces."

With such results from our operations in the Antilles and the Philippines, there was no inducement, and indeed no justification, for sending cruisers across the ocean, until we had enough and to spare for the blockade of Cuba and Porto Rico. This was at no time the case, up to the close of the war, owing to a combination of causes. The work of paralyzing Spanish trade was being effectually done by the same measures that tended to strangle the Spanish armies in Cuba and the Philippines, and which, when fully developed, would entirely sever their necessary communications with the outside world. Besides all this, the concentration of our efforts upon Cuba, with a subsequent slight extension to the single port of San Juan in Porto Rico, imposed upon Spain the burden of sustaining the war between three and four thousand miles from home, and spared us the like additional strain. Every consideration so far entertained, therefore, of energy as well as of prudence, dictated the application of all the pressure at our disposal at the beginning of hostilities, and until the destruction of Cervera's squadron, upon Cuba, and in a very minor degree upon Porto Rico. Indeed, the ships placed before San Juan were not for blockade, properly so called, but to check any mischievous display of energy by the torpedo cruiser within.

After thus noting briefly the conditions of the enemy's coast defenses and commerce, there remains to consider the one other element of his sea power—the combatant navy—with regard to its force, and to its disposition when war began.

As was before said, the disparity between the armored fleets of the two nations was nominally inconsiderable; and the Spaniards possessed one extremely valuable—and by us unrivalled—advantage in a nearly homogeneous group of five* armored cruisers,

very fast, and very similar both in nautical qualities and in armament. It is difficult to estimate too highly the possibilities open to such a body of ships, regarded as "a fleet in being," to use an expression that many of our readers may have seen, but perhaps scarcely fully understood.

The phrase "fleet in being," having within recent years gained much currency in naval writing, demands—like the word "Jingo"—preciseness of definition; and this, in general acceptance, it has not yet attained. It remains, therefore, somewhat vague, and so occasions misunderstandings between men whose opinions perhaps do not materially differ. The writer will not attempt to define, but a brief explanation of the term and its origin may not be amiss. It was first used, in 1690, by the British admiral Lord Torrington, when defending his course in declining to engage decisively, with an inferior force, a French fleet, then dominating in the Channel, and under cover of which it was expected that a descent upon the English coast would be made by a great French army. "Had I fought otherwise," he said, "our fleet had been totally lost, and the kingdom had lain open to invasion. As it was, most men were in fear that the French would invade; but I was always of another opinion, for I always said that whilst we had a fleet in being, they would not dare to make an attempt."

A "fleet in being," therefore, is one the existence and maintenance of which, although inferior, on or near the scene of operations, is a perpetual menace to the various more or less exposed interests of the enemy, who cannot tell when a blow may fall, and who is therefore compelled to restrict his operations, otherwise possible, until that fleet can be destroyed or neutralized. It corresponds very closely to "a position on the flank and rear" of an enemy, where the presence of a smaller force, as every military student knows, harasses, and may even paralyze offensive movements. When such a force is extremely mobile, as a fleet of armored cruisers may be, its power of mischief is very great; potentially, it is for ever on the flank and rear, threatening the lines of communications. It is indeed as a threat to communications that the "fleet in being" is chiefly formidable.

The theory received concrete and convincing illustration during the recent hostilities, from the effect exerted—and justly exerted—upon our plans and movements by Cervera's squadron, until there had been assembled be-

* In this number is included the "Emperador Carlos V.," which, however, did not accompany the other four under Cervera.

fore Santiago a force at once so strong and so numerous as to make his escape very improbable. Even so, when a telegram was received from a capable officer that he had identified by night, off the north coast of Cuba, an armored cruiser—which, if of that class, was most probably an enemy—the sailing of Shafter's expedition was stopped until the report could be verified; whereby five or six valuable days were lost. So much for the positive, material influence—in the judgment of the writer, the reasonable influence—of a "fleet in being." As regards the moral effect, the effect upon the imagination, it is scarcely necessary more than to allude to the extraordinary play of the fancy, the kaleidoscopic effects elicited from our own people, and from some foreign critics, in propounding dangers for ourselves and ubiquity for Cervera. Against the infection of such tremors it is one of the tasks of those in responsibility to guard themselves, and, if possible, their people. "Don't make pictures for yourself," was Napoleon's warning to his generals. "Every naval operation since I became head of the government has failed, because my admirals see double, and have learned—where I don't know—that war can be made without running risks."

The probable value of a "fleet in being" has, in the opinion of the writer, been much over-stated; for, even at the best, the game of evasion, which this is, if persisted in, can have but one issue. The superior force will in the end run the inferior to earth. In the meanwhile, however, vital time may have been lost. It is conceivable, for instance, that Cervera's squadron, if thoroughly effective, might, by swift and well-concealed movements, have detained our fleet in the West Indies until the hurricane of the past September swept over the Caribbean. We had then no reserve to replace armored ships lost or damaged. But, for such persistence of action, there is needed in each unit of the "fleet in being" an efficiency rarely attainable, and liable to be lost by unforeseen accident at a critical moment. Where effect, nay safety, depends upon mere celerity of movement, as in retreat, a crippled ship means a lost ship; or a lost fleet, if the body sticks to its disabled member. Such efficiency it is probable Cervera's division never possessed. The length of its passage across the Atlantic, however increased by the embarrassment of frequently recoaling the torpedo destroyers, so far overpassed the extreme calculations of our naval authorities, that ready credence was given to an apparently

authentic report that it had returned to Spain; the more so that such concentration was strategically correct, and it was incorrect to adventure an important detachment so far from home, without the reinforcement it might have received in Cadiz. This delay, in ships whose individual speed had originally been very high, has been commonly attributed in our service to the inefficiency of the engine-room force; and this opinion is confirmed by a Spanish officer writing in their "Revista de Marina." "The Americans," he says, "keep their ships cruising constantly, in every sea, and therefore have a large and qualified engine-room force. We have but few machinists, and are almost destitute of firemen." An amusing story was told the writer some years ago by one of our consuls in Cuba. Making a rather rough passage between two ports, he saw an elderly Cuban or Spanish gentleman peering frequently into the engine-room with evident uneasiness. When asked the cause of his concern, the reply was, "I don't feel comfortable unless the man in charge of the engines talks English to them."

When to the need of constant and sustained ability to move at high speed is added the necessity of frequent recoaling, allowing the hostile navy time to come up, it is evident that the active use of a "fleet in being," however perplexing to the enemy, must be both anxious and precarious to its own commander. The contest is one of strategic wits, and it is quite possible that the stronger, though slower, force, centrally placed, may, in these days of cables, be able to receive word and to corner its antagonist before the latter can fill his bunkers. Of this fact we should probably have received a very convincing illustration, had a satisfactory condition of our coast defenses permitted the Flying Squadron to be off Cienfuegos, or even off Havana, instead of in Hampton Roads. Cervera's entrance to Santiago was known to us within twenty-four hours. In twenty-four more it could have been communicated off Cienfuegos by a fast despatch boat, after which less than forty-eight would have placed our division before Santiago. The uncertainty felt by Commodore Schley, when he arrived off Cienfuegos, as to whether the Spanish division was inside or no, would not have existed had his squadron been previously blockading; and his consequent delay of over forty-eight hours—with the rare chance thus offered to Cervera—would not have occurred. To coal four great ships within that time was probably beyond the resources of Santiago:

whereas the speed predicated for our own movements is rather below than above the dispositions contemplated to insure it.

The great end of a war fleet, however, is not to chase, nor to fly, but to control the seas. Had Cervera escaped our pursuit at Santiago, it would have been only to be again paralyzed at Cienfuegos or at Havana. When speed, not force, is the reliance, destruction may be postponed, but can be escaped only by remaining in port. Let it not, therefore, be inferred, from the possible, though temporary, effect of a "fleet in being," that speed is the chief of all factors in the battle-ship. This plausible, superficial notion, too easily accepted in these days of hurry and of unreflecting dependence upon machinery as the all in all, threatens much harm to the future efficiency of the navy. Not speed, but power of offensive action, is the dominant factor in war. The decisive preponderant element of great land forces has ever been the infantry, which it is needless to say is also the slowest. The homely summary of the art of war, "To get there first with the most men," has with strange perverseness been so distorted in naval—and still more in popular—conception, that the second and more important consideration has been subordinated to the former and less essential. It is of no use to get there first, unless, when the enemy in turn arrives, you have also the most men—the greater force. This is especially true of the sea, because there inferiority of force—of gun power—cannot be compensated, as on land it at times may be, by judiciously using accidents of the ground. I do not propose to fall into an absurdity of my own by questioning the usefulness of higher speed, *provided* the increase is not purchased at the expense of strictly offensive power; but the time has come to say plainly that its value is being exaggerated; that it is in the battle-ship secondary to gun power; that a battle-fleet can never attain, nor maintain, the highest rate of any ship in it, except of that one which at the moment is the slowest—for it is a commonplace of naval action that fleet speed is that of the slowest ship; that not exaggerated speed, but uniform speed—sustained speed—is the requisite of the battle-fleet; that it is not machinery, as is often affirmed, but brains and guns that win battles and control the sea. The true speed of war is not headlong precipitancy, but the unremitting energy which wastes no time.

For the reasons that have been given, the safest, though not the most effective, dis-

position of an inferior "fleet in being" is to lock it up in an impregnable port or ports, imposing upon the enemy the intense and continuous strain of watchfulness against escape. This it was that Torrington, the author of the phrase, proposed for the time to do. Thus it was that Napoleon, to some extent before Trafalgar, but afterward with set and exclusive purpose, used the French navy, which he was continually augmenting, and yet never, to the end of his reign, permitted again to undertake any serious expedition. The mere maintenance of several formidable detachments, in apparent readiness, from the Scheldt round to Toulon, presented to the British so many possibilities of mischief, that they were compelled to keep constantly before each of the French ports a force superior to that within, entailing an expense and an anxiety by which the Emperor hoped to exhaust their endurance. To some extent this was Cervera's position and function in Santiago, whence followed logically the advisability of a land attack upon the port, to force to a decisive issue a situation which was endurable only if incurable. "The destruction of Cervera's squadron," justly commented an Italian writer, before the result was known, "is the only really decisive fact that can result from the expedition to Santiago, because it will reduce to impotence the naval power of Spain. The determination of the conflict will depend throughout upon the destruction of the Spanish sea power, and not upon territorial descents, although the latter may aggravate the situation." The American admiral from before Santiago, when urging the expedition of a land force to make the bay untenable, telegraphed, "The destruction of this squadron will end the war;" and it did.

In other respects it is probable that the Spanish admiral had little confidence in a squadron which, whatever the courage or other qualities of the officers and seamen, had never maneuvered together until it left the Cape de Verde Islands. Since its destruction, a writer in a Spanish naval magazine has told the following incident: "A little more than a year ago we visited General Cervera in la Carraca [the Cadiz arsenal], and we said to him: 'You appear to be indicated, by professional opinion, for the command of the squadron in case war is declared.' 'In that case,' he replied, 'I shall accept; knowing, however, that I am going to a Trafalgar.' 'And how could that disaster be avoided?' 'By allowing me to expend beforehand 50,000 tons of coal in evolutions,

and ten thousand projectiles in target practice. Otherwise we shall go to a Trafalgar. Remember what I say."

It is curious to contrast with this well-founded fear of an experienced and gallant officer, expressed in private conversation, the opinion of another Spanish officer, lately Minister of Marine, given to the Madrid public through a newspaper—the "*Heraldo*," of April 6th last. It illustrates, further, the curious illusions entertained in high quarters in Spain:

"We had an opportunity to-day of talking for a long time with General Beranger, the last Secretary of the Navy under the Conservative Cabinet. To the questions which we directed to him concerning the conflict pending with the United States, he was kind enough to inform us that he confided absolutely in the triumph of our naval forces. . . . 'We shall conquer on the sea, and I am now going to give you my reasons. The first of these is the remarkable discipline that prevails on our war ships; and the second, as soon as fire is opened, the crews of the American ships will commence to desert, since we all know that among them are people of all nationalities. Ship against ship, therefore, a failure is not to be feared. I believe that the squadron detained at Cape de Verde, and particularly the destroyers, should have, and could have, continued the voyage to Cuba, since they have nothing to fear from the American fleet.'"

The review from which Cervera's opinion is quoted has, since the disasters to the Spanish navy, been full of complaints and of detailed statements concerning the neglect of the navy, both in its material and in drills, during the antecedent months of peace, owing to the practice of a misplaced, if necessary, economy. But that economy, it is justly argued, would not have been required to a disabling degree, if so disproportionate an amount of money had not been expended upon the army, by a state whose great colonial system could in war be sustained only by a fleet. "In more than a year," writes a cap-

tain in the Spanish navy, "we have had only one target practice, and that limited in extent, in order to expend the least possible amount of ammunition." Had even the nominal force been kept in efficient condition for immediate action, the task of the United States would have been greatly prolonged, and far from so easy as it has been since declared by those among our people who delight to belittle the great work our country has just achieved, and to undervalue the magnanimity of its resolution to put a stop to outrages at our doors, which were well said to have become intolerable. Neither by land nor by sea was the state of the case so judged by professional men, either at home or abroad. It was indeed evident that, if we persevered, there could be but one issue; but this might have been postponed, by an active opponent, long enough to have disheartened our nation, if it was as easily to be discouraged by the difficulties and dangers, now past, as it is in some quarters represented again to be by the problems arising out of the war and its conquests. Such discouragement, perplexity, and consequent frustration of the adversary's purposes are indeed the prime function of a "fleet in being;" to create and to maintain moral effect, in short, rather than physical, unless indeed the enemy, yielding to moral effect, divides his forces in such wise as to give a chance for a blow at one portion of them. The tendency to this also received illustration in our war. "Our sea coast," said a well-informed person to the present writer, "was in a condition of unreasoning panic, and fought to have little squadrons scattered along it everywhere, according to the theory of defense always favored by stupid terror." The "stupidity," by all military experience, was absolute—unqualified; but the Navy Department succeeded in withstanding the "terror"—the moral effect—so far as to compromise on the Flying Squadron; a rational solution, though not unimpeachable. We thus, instead of a half-dozen naval groups, had only two, the combination of which might perhaps be effected in time enough.

RISING WOLF—GHOST DANCER.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND,

Author of "Main-traveled Roads," "Prairie Folks," etc.



He sat in the shade of the lodge, smoking his pipe.

His face was thin, keen, and very expressive. The clear brown of his skin was pleasant to see, and his hair,

wavy from long confinement in braids, was glossy as a blackbird's wing. Around his neck he wore a yellow kerchief—yellow was his "medicine" color—and he held a soiled white robe about his loins. He was about fifty years of age, but seemed less than forty.

He studied me quizzically as I communicated to him my wish to hear the story of his life, and laughingly muttered some jocose remark to his pretty young wife, who sat near him on a blanket, busy at some needlework. But the humorous look passed out of his face as he mused, the shadows lengthened on the hot, dry grass, and on the smooth slopes of the buttes the sun grew yellow.

After a long pause, he lifted his head and began to speak in a low and pleasant voice. He used no gestures, and his glance was like that of one who sees a small thing on a distant hill.

"I am well brought up," were his first words. "My father was chief medicine-man* of his tribe, and one who knew all the stories of his people. I was his best-loved son, and he put me into the dances of the warriors when I was three years old. I carried one of his war-bonnet feathers in my

hand, and was painted like the big warriors.

"When my father wished to give a horse to the Cut-throat or Burnt-thigh people who visited us and danced with us, he put into my hands the little stick which counted for a horse, and I walked across the circle by his side and handed the stick to our friend. Then my mother was proud of me, and I was glad to see her smile.

"My father made me the best bows, and my mother made pretty moccasins for me, covered with bright beads and the stained quills of the porcupine. I had ponies to ride, and a little tepee of my own in which to play I was chief.

"When I was a little older, I loved well to sit near my father and the old men and hear them tell stories of the days that were gone. My father's stories were to me the best of all, and the motions of his hands the most beautiful. I could sit all day to listen. Best of all I liked the stories of magic deeds.

"One day my father saw me holding my ear to the talk, and at night he said to me, 'My son, I see you are to be a medicine-man. You are not to be a warrior. When you are



*In Indian use the word "medicine" should be understood to mean magic power. A medicine-man may heal the sick, but a healer is not necessarily a medicine-man. A medicine-man is a seer, a yogi.

"But the humorous look passed out of his face as he mused."

older, I will teach you the secrets of my walk, and you shall follow in my path.'

"Thereafter I watched everything the medicine-men did. I crept near, and listened to their words. I followed them with my eyes when they went aside to pray. Where magic was being done—there was I. At the dance I saw my father fling live squirrels from his empty hand. I saw him breathe smoke upon the body of a dead bird, and it awoke and ran to a wounded man and tore out the rotting flesh and cured him. I saw a mouse come to life in the same way. I saw the magic bladder move when no one touched it; and I saw a man buried and covered with a big stone too great for four men to lift, and I saw him come forth as if the stone were a blanket.

"I saw there were many ways to become a medicine-man. One man went away on a high mountain, and there he stood and cried all the day and all the night, saying:

'O Great Spirit!
I am a poor man.
I want to be wise.
I want to be big medicine-man.
Help me, Great Spirit!
I want to be honored among my people.
Help me get blankets, horses.
Help me raise my children.
Help me live long.
Honored of my people.'

"So he chanted many hours, without food or water, and it was cold also. At last he

fell down in a sleep and dreamed. When he came home, he had medicine. A big bird had told him many secrets.

"Another went into a sweat-house to purify himself. He stayed all night inside, crying to the Great Spirit. He, too, dreamed, but he did not tell his dreams.

"A third man went into his tepee on a hill near the camp, and there, with nothing to eat or drink, he sat crying like the other two, and at last he slept, and in the night voices that were not of his mouth came in the tepee, and I, who listened unobserved, was afraid, and his women were afraid also. He soon became a great medicine-man; and I went to my father, and I said:

"'Make me a medicine-man like Spotted Elk.'

"He looked upon me, and said:

"'My son, you are too young.'

"Nevertheless I insisted, and he promised that, when I became sixteen years of

age, he would help me to become like Spotted Elk. This pleased me.

"As I grew older I put away in my memory all the stories my father knew of our people. I listened always when the old men talked. I watched the medicine-men as they smoked to the Great Spirits of the world. I crept near, and heard them cry to the Great Spirit overhead and to the Dark One who lives below the earth. I listened all the time, and by listening I grew wise as an old man.

"I knew all the wonderful stories of the coyote and of the rattlesnake. I knew what



A Ghost Dancer.

the eagle said to his mate, and I knew the power of the great bear who sits erect like a man. I was a hunter, but I followed the game to learn its ways. In those days we were buffalo-eaters. We did not eat fish, nor fowl, nor rabbits, nor the meat of bear. Our women pounded wild cherries and made cakes of them, and of that we ate sometimes, but always we lived upon buffalo meat, and we were well and strong, not as we are now.

"I learned to make my own bows and also to make moccasins, though that was women's work, and I did not sew beads or paint porcupine quills. I wanted to know all things—to tan hides, to draw pictures—all things.

"By and by time came when I was to become a medicine-man. My father took me to Spotted Elk, the greatest of all medicine-men, he that could make birds from lumps of meat and mice from acorns.

"To him my father said: 'My son wishes to be great medicine-man. Because you are old and wise I bring him to you. Help me to give him wisdom.'

"Then they took me to a tepee on a hill far from the camp, and there they sat down with me and sang the old, old songs of our tribe. They took food, and offered it to the Great Spirits who live in the six directions, beginning at the southeast. Then they smoked, always beginning at the southeast. This they taught me to do, and to chant a prayer to each. Then they closed the tepee, and left me alone.

"All night I cried to the Great Spirits:

Hear me—O hear me!
You are close beside me.
You are here in the tepee.
Hear me, for I am poor and weak.
I wish to be great medicine-man.

I need horses, blankets.
I am a boy.
I wish to be great and rich.
Hear me—O hear me!



A Ghost Dancer.

"All night, all next day I cried. I grew hungry and cold by and by. I fell asleep; then came to me in my sleep a fox, and he opened his mouth, and talked to me. He told me to put weasel-skin full of medicine, and wear fox-skin on my head, and that would make me big medicine. Then he went away, and I woke up.

"I was very hungry, and I opened the tepee and came out, and it was sunrise. My father was sleeping on the ground, and when I touched him, he woke quickly and said:

"My son, I am glad to see you. I heard voices that were not

yours calling in the tepee, and I was afraid.'

"All is well,' I said. 'Give me food.'

"When I was fed, I took my bow and arrow and went forth to kill a weasel. When I was alone, I sat down and prayed to the Great Spirits of the six world directions, and smoked, beginning at the southeast, and a voice came in my ear which said, 'I will lead you.' Soon I came upon a large, sleeping weasel; he was white all over as snow, though it was yet fall. Him I killed and skinned, and stretched the pelt on a flat stick to make a pouch. Then I sought the medicine to go

in it. What that was I will not tell, but at last it was filled, and then I slew a big red fox, and out of his fur I made my cap.

"Each night I went into my tepee alone to smoke and chant, and each night strange birds and animals came to me and talked and taught me much wisdom. Then came voices of my ancestors, and taught me how to cure the sick and how to charm the buffalo and the elk. Then I began to help my father to heal the sick people, and I became honored among my companions; and when I caught a maid on her way to the spring, she did not struggle; she was glad to talk with me, for I had a fine tepee and six horses and many blankets.

"I grew skilful. I could do many things white people never see. I could be buried deep in the ground, while a mighty stone which six men alone could lift was rolled upon me. Then in the darkness, when I cried to the Great Spirits, they came swiftly and put their hands to the stone and threw it far away, and I rose and walked forth, and the people wondered. I cured many people by the healing of my hands, and by great magic like this. I had a dried mouse, and once when a man came to me stiff and cold with a hole in his side, I said, 'Put him before me.'

"When they did as I bid, I took the mouse and put it before the man who was dead, and I blew smoke upon the mouse and said: 'Great Spirits, help me to do this great magic.' Then the mouse came to life, and ran to the dead man and put his beak in the hole, and pulled out the bad flesh, and the wound closed up and the man rose.

"These wonderful things I did, and I became rich. I had a fine, large tepee and many horses and skins and blankets. People said, 'See, there goes Rising Wolf. He is young, but he has many horses.' Therefore, I came to be called 'Many Horses;' but I had only one wife, Sailing Hawk. I cared only for her."

The chief's handsome face had long since become grave and rapt. Now it suddenly grew grim. His little wife moved uneasily in her seat by his side, and he looked at her with a strange glance. Between them had crept the shadow of Sailing Hawk's death.

"One day while I sat with Sailing Hawk in my tepee, a big, black cloud came flying out of the west like an eagle, and out of it the red fire stabbed and killed my wife and set my tepee on fire. My heart was like ice when I rose and saw my Sailing Hawk dead. I seized my gun. I fired many times into

the cloud. I screamed at it in rage. My eyes were hot. I was crazy. At last I went away, but my wife was dead, and my heart empty and like ashes. I did not eat for many days, and I cared no more for the Great Spirits. I prayed no more. I could not smoke, but I sat all night by the place where my Sailing Hawk lay, and no man dared come to me. My heart was very angry toward everybody and all things. I could not see the end of my trail. All was black before me.

"My people at this time were living on their own lands. The big fight with 'Long Hair' had passed away, and we were living at peace once more; but the buffalo were passing away, and we feared and wondered.

"Then the white man came with his soldiers, and made a corral here in the hot, dry country, and drove us therein, and said, 'If you go outside we will shoot you.' Then we became poor. We had then no buffalo at all. We were fed poor beef, and had to wear white men's clothes which did not fit. We could not go to hunt in the mountains, and the land was waterless and very hot in summer, and we froze in winter. Then there were many sick, but the white men sent a doctor, and he laughed at me, and ordered me not to go near the sick ones. This made my heart black and sorrowful, for the white man gave strange white powders that were very bitter in the mouth, and the people died thereafter.

"But many times when he had gone I went in and made strong magic and cured the sick, and he thought it was his white powders. Nevertheless, more and more of my people came to believe in the white man, and so I grew very poor, and was forced to get rations like the rest. It was a black time for me.

"One night there came into our midst a Snake messenger with a big tale. 'Away in the west,' he said to us in sign talk, 'a wonderful man has come. He speaks all languages, and he is the friend of all red men. He is white, but not like other white men. He has been nailed to a tree by the whites. I saw the holes in his hands. He teaches a new dance, and that is to gather all the Indians together in council. He wants a few head men of all tribes to meet him where the big mountains are, in the place where the lake is surrounded by pictured rocks. There he will teach us how to make mighty magic and drive away the white man and bring back the buffalo.'

"All that he told us we pondered long.

and I said: 'It is well, I will go to see this man. I will learn his dance.'

"All this was unknown to the agent, and at last, when the time came, four of us set forth at night on our long journey. On the third day two Snake chiefs and four Burnt-thighs joined us, then four Cut-throat people, and we all journeyed in peace. At last

A day passed, and he did not come; but one night when we sat in council over his teachings, he suddenly stepped inside the circle. He was a dark man, but not so dark as we were. He had long hair on his chin, and long, brown head-hair, parted in the middle. I looked for the wounds on his wrists; I could not see any. He moved like a big chief, tall and swift. He could speak all tongues. He spoke Dakota, and many understood. I could understand the language of the Cut-throat people, and this is what he said:

"My people, before the white man came you were happy. You had many buffalo to eat and tall grass for your ponies. You could come and go like the wind. When it was cold, you could go into the valleys to the south, where the healing springs are; and when it grew warm, you could return to the mountains in the north. The white man came. He dug the bones of our mother, the earth. He tore her bosom with steel. He built big trails and put iron horses on them. He fought you and beat you,



"I loved well to sit near . . . the old men and hear them tell stories of the days that were gone."

we came to the lake by the pictured rocks where the three snow mountains are.

"There were many Indians there. The Big Bellies were there from the north; and the Blackfeet, and the Magpies, and the Weavers, and the People-of-the-south-who-run-round-the-rocks, and the Black-people-of-the-mountains all were there. We had council, and we talked in signs, and we all began to ask, 'Where is the Great Helper?'

and put you in barren places where a horned toad would die. He said you must stay there; you must not hunt in the mountains.

"Then he breathed his poison upon the buffalo, and they disappeared. They vanished into the earth. One day they covered the hills, the next nothing but their bones remained. Would you remove the white man? Would you have the buffalo come back? Listen, and I will tell you how to make

great magic. I will teach you a mystic dance, and then let everybody go home and dance. When the grass is green, the change will come. Let everybody dance four days in succession, and on the fourth day the white man will disappear and the buffalo come back; our dead will return with the buffalo.

"The earth is old. It will be renewed. The new and happy world will slide above the old as the right hand covers the left.

"You have forgotten the ways of the fathers; therefore great distress is upon you. You must throw away all that the white man has brought you. Return to the dress of the fathers. You must use the sacred colors, red and white, and the sacred grass, and in the spring, when the willows are green, the change will come.

"Do no harm to any one. Do not fight each other. Live in peace. Do not tell lies. When your loved ones die, do not weep, nor burn their tepees, nor cut your arms, nor kill horses, for you will see the dead again."

"His words made my heart glad and warm in my breast. I thought of the bright days when I was a boy and the white man was far away, when the buffalo were like sagebrush on the plains—there were so many. I rose up. I went toward him. I bowed my head, and I said:

"Oh, father, teach us the dance!" and all the people sitting round said, "Good! teach us the dance!"

"Then he taught us the song and the dance which white people call the ghost dance, and we danced all together, and while we danced near him he sat with bowed head. No one dared to speak to him. The firelight shone on him. Suddenly he disappeared. No one saw him go. Then we were sorrowful, for we wished him to remain with us. It came into my heart to make a talk; so I rose, and said:

"Friends, let us now go home. Our father has given us the mighty magic dance. Let us go home and teach all our people, and dance the four days, so that the white man may go and the buffalo come back. All our fathers will come back. The old men will be made young. The blind will see again. We will all be happy once more."

"This seemed good to them, and we all smoked the pipe and shook hands and took our separate trails. The Blackfeet went north, the People-that-click-with-their-tongues went west, and the Magpies, the Cut-wrists, and the Snakes started together to the east. The Burnt-thighs kept on, while

the Magpies and the Cut-wrists turned to the northeast.

"At last we reached home, and I called a big dance, and at the dance I told the people what I had seen, and they were very glad. 'Teach us the dance,' they cried to me.

"Be patient," I said. "Wait till all the other people get home. When the grass is green and the moon is round, then we will dance, and all the red people will dance at the same time; then will the white man surely fade away, and the buffalo come up out of the earth where he is hid and roam the sod once more."

"Then they did as I bid, and when the moon was round as a shield, we beat the drum and called the people to dance.

"Then the white man became much excited. He called for more soldiers everywhere to stop the dance, so I heard afterward. But the people paid no attention, for was not the white man poor and weak by the magic of the dance?"

"Then we built five fires, one to each world direction and one in the center. We put on our best dress. We painted our faces and bodies in memory of our forefathers, who were mighty warriors and hunters. We carried bows and arrows and tomahawks and war-clubs in memory of the days before the white man's weapons. Our best singers knelt around the drum, and the women sat near to help them sing. When the drum began to beat, our hearts were very glad. There were Magpies and Cut-throats among us, but we were all friends. We danced between the fires, and as we danced the drummers sang the mystic song:

Father, have pity on us.
We are crying for thirst—
All is gone!
We have nothing to eat.
Our Father, we are poor—
We are very poor.
The buffalo are gone,
They are all gone.
Take pity on us, O Father!
We are dancing as you wish,
Because you commanded us.
We dance hard—
We dance long.
Have pity!

"The agent came to see us dance, but we did not care. He was a good man, and we felt sorry for him, for he must also vanish with the other white people. He listened to our crying, and looked long, and his interpreter told him we prayed to the Great Spirits to destroy the white man and bring back the buffalo. Then he called me with his hand,



"We danced between the fires."

and because he was a good man I went to him. He asked me what the dance meant, and I told him, and he said, 'It must stop.' 'I cannot stop it,' I said. 'The Great Spirits have said it. It must go on.'

"He smiled, and went away, and we danced. He came again on the third day, and always he laughed. He said, 'Go on. You are big fools. You will see the buffalo will never come back, and the white man is too strong to be swept away. Dance till the fourth day, dance hard, but I shall watch you.'

"On the fourth night, while we danced, soldiers came riding down the hills, and their chiefs, in shining white hats, came to watch us. All night we prayed and danced. We prayed in our songs.

Great Spirit, help us.
You are close by in the dark.
Hear us and help us.
Take away the white man.
Send back the buffalo.
We are poor and weak.
We can do nothing alone.
Help us to be as we once were,
Happy hunters of buffalo.

"But the agent smiled, and the soldiers of the white chiefs sat not far off, their guns in their hands, and the moon passed by, and the east grew light, and we were very weary, and my heart was heavy. I looked to see the red come in the east. 'When the sun looks over the hills, then it will be,' I said to my friends. 'The white man will become as smoke. The wind will sweep him away.'

"As the sun came near we all danced hard. My voice was almost gone. My feet were numb, my legs were weak, but my heart was big.

"'Oh, help us, Great Spirits,' we cried in despair.

Father, the morning star,
 Father, the morning star,
 Look on us!
 Look on us, for we have danced till dawn;
 Look on us, for we have danced until daylight.

Take pity on us,
 O Father, the morning star!
 Show us the road—
 Our eyes are dark.

Show us our dead ones,
 We cry and hold fast to you,
 O morning star.
 We hold out our hands to you and cry.
 Help us, O Father!
 We have sung till morning
 The resounding song.

"But the sun came up, the soldiers fired a big gun, and the soldier chiefs laughed. Then the agent called to me,

"'Your Great Spirit can do nothing. Your Messiah lied.'

"Then I covered my head with my blanket and ran far away, and I fell down on the top of the high hill. I lay there a long time, thinking of the white man's laugh. The wind whistled a sad song in the grass. My heart burned, and my breath came hard.

"'Maybe he was right. Maybe the messenger was two-tongued and deceived us that the white man might laugh at us.'

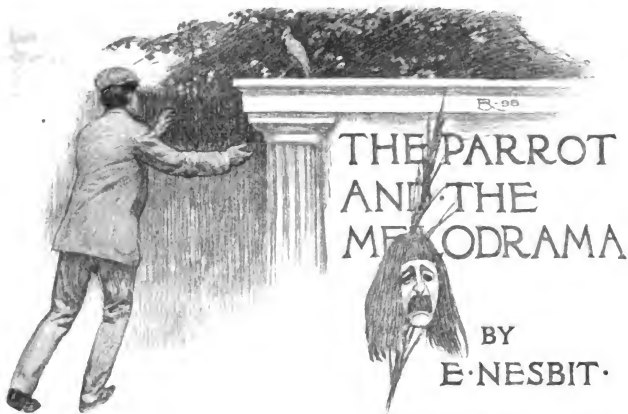
"All day I lay there with my head covered. I did not want to see the light of the sun. I heard the drum stop and the singing die away. Night came, and then on the hills I heard the wailing of my people. Their hearts were gone. Their bones were weary.

"When I rose, it was morning. I flung off my blanket, and looked down on the valley where the tepees of the white soldiers stood. I heard their drums and their music. I had made up my mind. The white man's trail was wide and dusty by reason of many feet passing thereon, but it was long. The trail of my people was ended.

"I said, 'I will follow the white man's trail. I will make him my friend, but I will not bend my neck to his burdens. I will be cunning as the coyote. I will ask him to help me to understand his ways, and then I will prepare the way for my children. Maybe they will outrun the white man in his own shoes. Anyhow, there are but two ways. One leads to hunger and death, the other leads where the poor white man lives. Beyond is the happy hunting-ground, where the white man cannot go.'

"There came to me in my sleep a fox"





Author of "Songs of Love and Empire,"
"The Marden Mystery," etc.

FOR all as respectable as you see me now, prosperous and portly, with my practice in London and my villa at Hazlemere, I once, when I was a barrister, and briefless, played a leading part in as thorough a melodrama as ever brought down the house in a Surrey-side theater.

My aunt was my one surviving relative; it was she who had paid for my schooling, given me my rare tips, and made it possible for me to take up my scholarship at Exeter. It was she whose checks supported me, more or less adequately, in my dusty rooms in the Temple. It was she who appointed me to the office of caretaker at Willow Cottage, near Grindhurst, while she went for her summer holiday to Scotland.

Willow Cottage is a very comfortable place to stay at. It is much too big for its name, a long, low, white building, crowded with furniture—legacies from different branches of our family, who, passing from the need of chairs and tables, left these to Aunt Eliza for the crowding of her cottage. Uncle Algernon left her the Chinese jars and curios, Aunt Jane full half the heavy Victorian furniture, Uncle Robert the cases of stuffed fish and foxes, and Aunt Mary the gray parrot. To the gray parrot, and thus indirectly to Aunt Mary, I owe my melodrama.

After the dusty scramble of London life in July, the quiet of the ordered household,

the dewy peace of the big green garden, the long leisure of complete solitude charmed and refreshed me. I read philosophy, walked and smoked, and went so far as to make a few notes for my great projected work on the "Essential Identity of Ethic and Esthetic."

But though the gray parrot was destined to direct my fate, this was as yet unrevealed to me, and I confess that I hated the bird. She croaked, she whistled, she screamed, she sang lines of hymns in her evil, raucous voice, tremulous with suppressed chuckles. And when I implored the housemaid to remove her from her stand in the hall and take her into the kitchen, she told me it was as much as her place was worth. When I threw a coat over the cage, Polly swore till my hair stood on end, and I hastily tore off the coat, for the sake of the maid-servants. So in the long evenings before I started reading, after the servants had gone for the night to their own quarters, I used to lift Polly's cage and carry it out on to the lawn at the other side of the house: then I could work in peace.

One night the inevitable happened, and I awoke in the gray of the morning with a shock of remembrance, the remembrance that I had forgotten something. What, I wondered sleepily. Another shock, more violent and sleep-dispelling, warned me that I had forgotten to bring in the parrot. The natural man said, "Do her good," and I turned on my pillow to compose myself for sleep; but Prudence discoursed at some length

on tramps, and on chills, and on the necessity of keeping the parrot's nightly airings a secret from the servants. "Suppose," said Prudence, "the confounded beast has taken cold and dies, the servants will say it was your fault." So I got into flannels and stumbled down the dim staircase and through the dark hall. All the shutters were up, and the alarm-bell on the door. I crept out through the French window in the parlor, and round through the toneless, dewy morning to the lawn. The cage was lying on its side. The parrot was gone. Never mind what I said. Directly the words were out of my mouth, my heart gave a leap, for they were answered by a flood of such swear-words as I had never heard from any but one mouth—or rather one beak. The anathema ended in a well-known hoarse chuckle.

On the laburnum-tree sat the parrot, cocking a wary eye at me.

"Come, Polly! Come, pretty Polly!" I said, advancing.

"Polly put the ket!" said the bird irrelevantly.

"Come then, Polly!" I resumed, holding out my hand. The parrot fluttered and squawked, and I stood still, shivering in the July dawn.

"Sugar, Polly, sugar," said I, advancing again. "Stand still, can't you?"

"Could I but stand where Moses stood!" sang the parrot, and flew off over the lawn. I followed.

Polly then rested, she took short flights from one tree to another, she sang lines of hymns at me, she chuckled and she screamed, but she swore no more. I am sure nothing but being covered up, or a sudden shock, such as my first remarks must have given her, would have betrayed her into such an indiscretion. She seemed to take a perverse joy in leading me slowly on; and lead me on she did, over woods and fields, and on to a by-road, where she took off from a chestnut-tree and disappeared over a high brick wall.

"I'll have you yet!" I said.

My blood was up. I had quite forgotten how the loss of the bird might affect my relations with my aunt. It had become a personal matter between me and the parrot. I looked about for some foothold in the wall. It had been newly pointed. One of the boughs of the big chestnut-

tree almost rested on the wall, but the bough was far above my reach. The trunk was too smooth for climbing, too big for swarming. But I was always a good climber. And, as I say, my blood was up. I measured with my eye the distance between tree and wall. Then I got my back against the wall and one foot against the tree, gave a heave with my back, and got one hand against the wall, and pressing outward with hands and feet, began to go up by jerks. It was hard work and very slow, but I did it, and when I got on to the top, I crouched on the wall breathless. Had the parrot disappeared? No, there she was, to all appearance waiting for me. I dropped from the wall, and the old game began again. I had given up calling to the brute; my only chance was to get close to her and take her by surprise. This I did at last effect, but not till we were close to the house, which



"I pressed the soft hand . . . against my lips."

stood in the middle of the park in which I was trespassing. It was a large, ugly, red Georgian building with many windows, all shuttered fast. It had a large, walled garden at the back, and it was on the high, red wall of this garden, where a yellow rose climbed over it, that, approaching quietly over the soft turf, I grasped the parrot by the tail. Fatigued by her long flight, she hardly fluttered. She gave a surprised squawk, bit my fingers as I tied her up in my handkerchief and put her in my pocket, where she swore once, and then was silent.

"And now to get out," I said; but as I said it I heard a window go up softly. It was a window in the first floor of a sort of wing that projected into the garden. My first thought, I confess it, was flight. But I thought of dogs, and of householders timid to the point of firearms, so I halted and looked up. A woman, with something blue on, put her head out of the window—the window, I saw, was barred—and looked cautiously to right and left. She saw me, and signed that I was to come near and to be silent. I don't know how she conveyed this in a single gesture, but she did. The old garden wall presented no difficulties. I got over it, landed on a soft flower-bed, and the next moment I was below the window. She pointed at something among the shrubs. It was a short ladder used for fruit-gathering. I got the ladder and set it under her window. I hesitated a moment, for the natural thought had occurred to me, that this house was probably a lunatic asylum, and the lady might be dangerous. The next moment I was climbing the ladder, moved by four considerations: I am not altogether a coward, the adventure was piquant, the window was barred, and, most potent of all, the woman was beautiful as the day.

As I brought myself on a level with her, I felt acutely conscious that my hair was rumpled from the pillow and my chin rough with a two days' beard; but when I raised my eyes to her face, she was still looking at the wall where I had found the parrot.

"Where is the other man?" she whispered, turning bright, anxious eyes on me.

"There is no one else," I answered in the same low tone.

"I heard two voices."

"I was after my parrot. Here it is in my pocket. When I caught it, it swore. I am sorry I trespassed. Is there any way of getting out except over the wall?"

Even as I spoke she thrust her arm through the bars, and her warm hand closed on mine.

"Don't go," she whispered; "for God's sake, don't leave me!"

I began to feel decidedly uncomfortable. To be suddenly clutched by a lunatic, however beautiful, must always be somewhat of a shock. And I have a horror of insanity.

"I must go," I said firmly; "it's absurd!" and I tried gently to draw my hand away.

She loosed it at once.

"Very well, go!" she said. "I thought you would help me. I was wrong. Go!"

And with that her face took on a look of such despair as I have never seen on any face in all my days.

"I would help you if I could," I said lamely; "but surely your friends——"

"I have no friends," she said. "I thought you would have been my friend. You look good."

She gazed wistfully at me, and for a moment there was silence. As I looked at her I remembered my Charles Reade, and wondered whether, perhaps, after all, she was not mad, but only a sane woman imprisoned in a madhouse to serve the greed of others. So I asked what seemed to me a very tactful question.

"Why do they say you are mad?"

Her answer took me by surprise.

"Do they?" she said mournfully. "I didn't know."

"Perhaps they don't," I said soothingly. "How many mad people are there in this asylum?"

Her face changed, lightened, and a ripple of silent laughter passed over it. She spoke rapidly.

"Now I understand! You thought I was mad, and well you might! And I thought you were a burglar, but I was going to ask you to help me all the same."

I smiled too. A great weight seemed lifted from me, but almost on the instant a greater weight took its place. If she were not mad, this beautiful vision with the bright hair and the sad eyes, she must be in some deadly trouble or peril to stoop to ask help even from a burglar.

The east was brightening. The world was growing every moment more alive and alight. I could now see into the interior of her room. This was no lunatic's cell, but a lady's chamber, furnished with comfort, even with luxury.

"I must not stay long," I said, "if you don't want every one to know I've been here. What is it that you want me to do for you?"

"I never thought of your thinking me mad," she answered slowly. "I am so used

to it all, but of course to you it seems—You will go back to thinking *that*, if I tell you what I want. And I have thought over it so much, and I thought any man would do it for me, if I could only get to speak with one. You are the first person except two that I have spoken to for eighteen months." She shivered, and looked away from me across the grass, where the long shadows now began to gather strength in the waxing light. She twisted her fingers together in an agony of indecision.

"What is it?" I asked. "I will do it if I can."

Then she spoke suddenly, in a voice curiously hard and dead.

"I want you to ask me to marry you."

I own that I found no words.

"It is horrible!" she said, turning scarlet. "Of course I don't mean that I want you to marry me, but I want to be engaged to you till—till after a certain day. Then I shall release you. It won't cost you anything—only a few words, and to stand by them till I tell you it is all right. Will you?"

"But why?" I stammered. I can't pretend that I showed to advantage in this interview. I felt by turns a man of sense and a despicable dastard, according to her silence or her speaking. And the fact that our talk was in whispers somehow added to my embarrassment.

"It is getting lighter and lighter," she said. "The gardeners get up so early. You must go. I promised once to marry some one, if no one I liked better offered to marry me before I was twenty-one. That was eighteen months ago. I've seen no one since but that man and his sister. So how could I see any one I liked better? Will you ask me? Oh, say yes, quickly. It doesn't mean anything to you, but it's everything to me."

"What's your name?" I said.

"Emma Chisholm."

"Mine is Richard Dorrington. Miss Chisholm, will you marry me?"

"I accept your kind offer with pleasure and gratitude," she answered glibly. It was evident that she had rehearsed many a time the scene we were now playing. Only in her rehearsals some one more chivalrous than I had, perhaps, been cast for my part.

"Now go," she said. "There is nothing for you to do. Only remember you are engaged to me."

"Shall I announce the engagement?"

"No, no; do nothing, only go."

"When am I to see you again?"

Our positions were suddenly reversed. As

she grew eager to be rid of me, I longed increasingly to stay, to talk to her, to touch her hand again.

"Oh, never, I hope!"

"But I must," I said. "You must explain what all this means."

"Come to-morrow morning, then," she said, "but earlier, and don't bring the parrot."

She flashed a sudden smile at me, and drew back into the room.

"Good-by," I said, reaching a hand up awkwardly from my ladder.

She stretched her hand through the bars, and, at the touch of it, I felt suddenly how utterly I had failed to rise to the opportunities of my adventure. I pressed the soft hand against my cheek, against my lips.

"Oh!" she cried, a soft, inarticulate cry, like that of a wild creature caught and hurt in the catching.

Then she closed the window quickly. I replaced the ladder and took my way across the dewy park, now fully dressed in its daylight green, and touched to gold by the level beams of the rising sun.

I went home to think things over, and indeed food for thought had been supplied to me in no niggard measure.

"This is your doing!" I said angrily to the parrot as I replaced her and her cage in the still darkened hall.

"This is your doing," I repeated as the memory came back to me of that hand against my face. And I fetched the parrot three lumps of sugar and some hempseed.

That day seemed long to me. I lounged about the garden, and tried to read, but philosophy had lost its charm. The interest of my extraordinary adventure was enough, in itself, to distract my thoughts. And then there was the recollection of her hand, of her eyes—her sad eyes and her weary mouth. The time passed slowly, slowly. I strolled down to the village in the afternoon, bought some tobacco—it was a loathsome shag, I remember—and asked questions. I learned a good deal that I did not want to know, and at last came to the thing I did want to know—who lived in the big red house in the high-walled park? Queer folks, it seemed—a middle-aged lady and gentleman and a young lady, not their daughter, my informant thought. Lodge gates always kept locked; no servants allowed out. Lady always present when tradesmen came. Most of the things from the stores in London—big cases. That was how the rich robbed the poor nowadays in-

stead of being neighborly. Family never even went to church, so, of course, nobody called on them except the vicar, and he was not let in. One or other of the old people drove out every day with the young lady. Poor thing!

Then suddenly my informant came round the counter and looked out at the open door. "That's them a-coming now," she said.

There was a sound of hoofs and wheels, and a big barouche, drawn by two fat horses, rolled by. In it sat my lady of the dew and the dawn, and beside her an amiable-looking, fresh-faced man of about forty-five. He was talking to her, pointing out some pigeons on a house-roof. She listened in white silence.

Her eyes lightened as she saw me, and mechanically my hand went to my cap. I dropped it again, but not quickly enough. Her companion turned, and said something to her. I saw her shake her head, and knew she had been forced to deny acquaintance with me. I had spoiled her plan. I went home cursing myself for the

fool I was.

In the early

morning I climbed the big wall again, but this time I took a rope to help my climb, and left it hidden among the chestnut branches.

Then I crossed the park. Her window was close shuttered. I found the ladder, and was about to raise it, when I saw the gleam of something white—a paper tied to the ladder. I cut the thread and unfolded the paper. I could see written words, but there was not yet light to read them. The shuttered window promised nothing. With the paper in my hand, I crouched among the shrubs close to the house, struck a match softly under my coat, and read:

"Farewell forever. I no longer love you. I have buried your letters and presents at the spot where you caught what you were chasing. Be sure no one sees you dig. All is over between us. Emma."

I own that my adventure was taking a turn I had never anticipated. Or was it now justifying my first anticipation? Was she really, after all, mad? No other explanation seemed possible.

I stepped back, looked up at the house.



"... a big barouche ... rolled by. In it sat my lady of the dew and dawn."

All was shuttered darkness, and in the garden it was very dark. No one would see me dig. I found the spot where I had caught the parrot; a yellow rose lay on the mold. I dug in the soft earth with my fingers, and under the rose I found something hard—a little sandal-wood box. Another look at the house. Still silent and eyeless. Then I put the box in my pocket and made off home, extremely irritated at the whole affair, yet not without a certain curiosity as to the nature of the "presents and letters."

When I got back to the cottage, I hastened to light a candle, for daylight was not yet full. I opened the box. It contained only one thing—an envelope, from which I drew a long letter.

"You have spoiled everything. He saw that you knew me, and asked if I knew you. I said no, and now how can I ever say that we were engaged? If I had said yes, I believe he would have killed me. I don't feel safe. You don't know what it is—this terror by day and night. He has never been unkind, but I am afraid. If he thinks there is anything between us, perhaps he will not let me live to see my birthday. It is on Monday. I shall write a line and tie it to the ladder, and pray to God that you may find it, and not some one else. And I shall write it so that if he finds it he won't understand. You won't understand either, but you will when you get this. They let me walk in the garden. I don't think they think any one could get in. They think I knew you before. But I don't know, they are so clever—perhaps they know all about it. I couldn't tell you this morning all about it, but I will now. If you can think of any way to make them think you don't know me; but of course you can't. I am going mad now, I think. You thought I was mad. Perhaps I soon shall be. If he goes on thinking you are staying in the village because of me—you don't know what it is, this terror. Now I will tell you my story. I know you did not like me, and you half think I am mad, but if you can help me you will. For the love of God, help me! But I know you can't.

"We used to live at Clapham Common. We hadn't many friends. My father liked to live quietly. Then he died two years ago, and Dr. James—you saw him in the carriage with me—he and Mr. Anderson were my guardians, and Mr. Anderson went to America, and he is to be back in time for my birthday. And Dr. James and his sister came and lived at Elm Bank—that was our house at Clapham.

They were very kind, indeed, and tried to comfort me. When my father died, his last words were: 'Emma, be true and just in all your dealings,' and I want to be, but it is very hard. And I had to say I did not know you, and it was a lie. Then after six months he said: 'Will you marry me?' and I said no, but he begged and begged, and then I said I was too young, and he said so I was, perhaps, but would I promise to marry him if—but I told you that before. So I said yes, and the very next day we came to this dreadful place, and I have seen no one, no one at all. And when I saw you this morning, I thought God had sent you, though I don't know how I could have thought that when I thought you were a burglar. My other guardian is to come down on Monday. If you could see him—but perhaps it will be all right, and he will take me away with him.

"Please pardon this hurried letter. I daren't reread it, hardly stop to think as I write. I dare say really there's nothing to be frightened of, but you don't know what it is.

"EMMA CHISHOLM.

"You may think I could just tell my other guardian and go away with him, but I don't like really to break my promise, and, besides, I am afraid. I don't know what to do. I wish he hadn't seen that you knew me."

The very incoherence of this letter stamped it as trustworthy, and the repetition of one phrase in it went to my heart: "You don't know what it is—this terror by night and day—you don't know what it is."

Somehow I must soothe that terror. I must undo my folly of that afternoon. I must convey to her the knowledge that I had done so. I sat with my head in my hands, and thought and thought. Then I dressed me in my best, and went to call at the Grange. The lodge gate was locked. The woman eyed me doubtfully.

"Orders are to let no one in," she said; "but there, I see Dr. James a-walking in the drive now, sir. I'll go and ask him, if you will bide a bit outside of the gate."

I saw her meet him. I saw his eyes follow hers to the gate; then he came hurrying towards me.

"Excuse me, my dear sir," he said; "we have to be very careful."

So saying, he unlocked the door.

"Come in," he said; "here is a pleasant seat, where we can watch the deer sporting among the trees. And now tell me what I can have the pleasure of doing for you."

"I am come to this neighborhood," said I,



"I tore off the wig and whiskers, and was swept into the full merit of the melodrama."

"in the hope of meeting Miss Chisholm, and cultivating her acquaintance with a view to a proposal of marriage." He looked at me with masked anxiety. "But as I find she does not go into society, I venture to lay my proposal before her guardian."

His face cleared. "Yes, yes," he said pleasantly. "You knew Miss Chisholm in bygone days, no doubt."

I affected an exaggeration of the embarrassment I certainly felt.

"I will be frank with you," I said, feeling meaner than I ever remember to have done in my life. "I inherit my property from an uncle. It seems that in his youth he was attached to Miss Chisholm's mother. I was his favorite nephew, and the dearest wish of his heart was to find the daughter of his early love and manage a marriage between her and me. Of course the late Mr. Chisholm would have opposed it; but he died just before my uncle, and my uncle then added a codicil to his will, by which I was to lose half my legacy if within three years I

did not marry Miss Chisholm. I have seen the young lady in her drives with you, and I now look on as a privilege that which——"

"I see, I see," he said, interrupting my smooth lying; "and the lady your uncle loved, what was her name?"

Here was a facer. I hesitated, stammered, and he gloated over my discomfiture, but I was not cornered yet.

"I don't like to show his letter to a stranger," I said bashfully, "still you, sir, are so kind and sympathetic that—that——"

I drew out the letter I had prepared, signed my Uncle Algernon's name, and written on paper stamped with Willow Cottage, where, indeed, that lamented uncle had breathed his last.

Dr. James read the forgery and folded it up. He was silent. I could see that I had convinced him. I had undone the effects of that folly about the cap. What would be his next move? He sighed, and returned the letter to me.

"I quite understand," he said, "quite.

In happier circumstances I should have been proud and delighted. As it is, Mr. Dorrington, it would be cruel to trifle with you. I

Emma to myself, and to perceive that Emma is, after all, rather a pretty name.

I went up to London that day, and I called on my friend Tenterden. Tenterden is a man whom people call on when they are in a fix. He is an archaeologist and a good fellow. He has been in more than one adventure. He came down with me to Willow Cottage, and we brought with us a black-covered wicker basket. I walked the lanes. I met Emma driving with Mrs. James. I turned my eyes away, and walked moodily on. Next day I met her driving with the man, and I raised my hat respectfully—to him. He returned my salutation with a sad smile. This was all I could do to show her that I had tried to undo my folly.

On Monday morning, Tenterden and I went into the woods very early. We took the basket with us. When we came out again, Tenterden had changed clothes, complexion, and manner. I should never have known him. He looked the part for which he was dressed, gentleman's gentleman. As for me, Tenterden had wrought upon me with cosmetics and a wig and crape hair and loud checks, till I had changed from the Dorrington I knew to a business-like boulder with red whiskers and a rather shiny black suit. Tenterden of his wisdom had devised our disguises and got



"I spring to my feet."

owe you the truth. My ward is hopelessly insane."

My plot had succeeded, and his had failed. This sang in my ears as I walked home. I got away from him with a bearing of dumb sadness and submission, but as I went along the lanes I rejoiced. For at the moment when he told me that she was mad, my doubts of her sanity vanished away at once and forever, and I knew him for the villain he was. But I knew, too, that he was an actor, and a good one; good enough, no doubt, to convince the other trustee, the returning Anderson, and to destroy at once Emma's chances of freedom. Yes, I had begun to call her

them from Hugo's.

Then we went to the station and waited, scanning the passengers dropped by the rare trains—the parson on his way back from an exchange Sunday, a girl coming home from service, a gardener with plants in shallow boxes.

It was nearly noon before our man arrived, a tall, thin, gray man with a black bag. Tenterden stepped up to him, "For the Grange, sir?" he said.

"Yes. Is there anything to meet me?"

"No, sir," said Tenterden. "The horse is gone lame, sir, and nothing else was to be got. But it's not far, sir, if you will step this way."

I followed at a little distance. As soon as we were out of sight of the station Tenterden stopped short.

"Mr. Anderson, I believe," he said, with a complete change of manner.

The other looked his surprise. Tenterden spoke rapidly.

"You are now going to the Grange to settle up the affairs of the Chisholm estate. Let me tell you, sir, that you are not safe in going to that house."

"Lord bless my soul!" said Mr. Anderson.

"Don't be alarmed," said Tenterden, in his lordliest manner. "I am a private detective," and as he said it I seemed to smell, through the scent of the hay, the gas and orange-peel of the Surrey Theater. "So is my friend here," he went on, indicating me with a theatrical wave of the hand. "We propose to accompany you. We have pistols." He showed them. "We have some knowledge of this matter." I wondered how he could show that. "And we will see you through."

Mr. Anderson shuffling irresolutely on the white dust, muttered something about "communicating with Dr. James through his solicitor."

"There is no time," said Tenterden firmly. I could see how he was enjoying himself. "It is a matter of life and death. I shall go with you, Mr. Anderson, as your valet, and this gentleman as your clerk or your solicitor, whichever you prefer."

"He looks more like a clerk," said Mr. Anderson, eying me with disfavor.

"Come," Tenterden went on, "let us be moving. We can talk as we go."

On the way to the house we did talk. His first alarm over, Mr. Anderson did not appear incurably stupid, but he now pooh-poohed our tale.

We found the lodge gates hospitably thrown open. We entered, and as soon as we had passed out of sight, a clang behind us told us that they had been closed.

"Hear that!" said Tenterden significantly. Mr. Anderson looked uncomfortable.

The house-door was opened by a sour-looking man-servant, who glanced doubtfully at us. "Excuse me, sir," he said, "but which is Mr. Anderson?"

Mr. Anderson admitted his identity. "Step this way, sir," he said, and slammed the door in our faces as Mr. Anderson crossed the door-mat; but Tenterden's foot was in the door.

Mr. Anderson was equal to the occasion.

"What the devil d'you mean?" he said. "Let my man in at once. Come in, Rigby."

Tenterden pushed, and we got the door back. Mr. Anderson's face showed very white in the gloom.

"Pon my word, I think you were right!" he cried. "Servants get more insolent every day. I shall report you to your master."

The surly man said nothing, and I wondered whether Mr. Anderson had saved the situation with his quotation. It seemed hardly a likely thing for a man-servant to say to his master. We followed Mr. Anderson into a library, and there awaited Dr. James and his ward.

During our waiting we exchanged glances, but no words. I felt more than ever the melodramatic atmosphere. The room exactly reproduced a stage carpenter's idea of a library. I also felt, however, a sense of real danger. Tenterden, I noticed, looked really delighted. He always enjoys playing a part.

Dr. James came in, softly, like a sandy cat. He and Mr. Anderson exchanged greetings. He took no notice of us, except to suggest that we should wait outside.

"I shall want my clerk," said Mr. Anderson. "Rigby, you can wait outside." So Tenterden waited outside.

"And where is our ward?"

"She will be here in a moment." He almost seemed to purr the words. "I have an announcement to make to you," he said, "which may surprise you. Since Miss Chisholm has been in the care of my sister an attachment has, ahem, sprung up between us. She has promised to become my bride. We shall hope to see you at the ceremony, which will be performed very shortly."

"Do you know," said Mr. Anderson abruptly, "that people about here say Miss Chisholm is mad? That comes of your shutting her up here. What did you do it for?"

"Her own wish, my dear sir. Her nerves were shattered by her father's death. But care and kindness, my dear Mr. Anderson, care and kindness have done wonders. She is a picture of health."

"Will you have her sent for?"

Dr. James rang the bell.

"Johnson, request Miss Chisholm to step this way."

Johnson retired, and in an exceedingly short time returned.

"Miss Chisholm has a headache, sir, and begs to be excused. She hopes to see Mr. Anderson on some future occasion."

This was very pat, but unconvincing. I fumbled with the black bag.

"Come, come," said Mr. Anderson, "this is mere trifling. I insist on seeing my ward. This is most disrespectful conduct, most disrespectful."

"I regret extremely," Dr. James was beginning, when the door opened and She came in.

"I hope I have not kept you waiting," she said. "I have only this moment heard that you were here."

She looked round anxiously as she shook hands with Mr. Anderson. Then he handed her to a chair.

"I hear I am to congratulate Dr. James on his wedding to you," he said, with knitted brows.

Emma glanced at Dr. James, who no longer seemed as if purring were possible to him. Then she said, very distinctly:

"I promised to marry Dr. James if no one I liked better made me an offer of marriage before my twenty-first birthday. But I have seen some one I like better, and——"

Dr. James started from his chair.

"You're dreaming, child," he said, and his voice was dangerously calm. "You can't have seen anybody!"

"I have seen some one," she went on steadily, "and I have accepted the proposal he made to me. I am engaged to Mr. Richard Dorrington. Oh, Mr. Anderson, I may be engaged to him, mayn't I?"

"This is idle talk, my dear child," said Dr. James. "Of course you are absolutely free, but why drag in the name of a gentleman who is a perfect stranger to you?"

"He is not," she said; "he is engaged to me. Oh, Mr. Anderson, it is really true. Don't leave me here. I am frightened. I wish Mr. Dorrington were here!"

I could bear it no longer. I tore off the wig and whiskers, and was swept into the full swirl of the melodrama.

"He is here!" I cried. With a sudden shriek she put out her hands and ran to me, and I caught her in my arms. Never was a more effective curtain devised. By all the rules of dramatic art Dr. James should have put a vial of poison to his lips, and died in agony at the feet of the reunited. Instead, a slow smile came to his lips, and he nodded once or twice. "Well, well!" he said, "love laughs at locksmiths. You were one too many for me, Mr. Dorrington. The fact is, I took you for a fortune-hunter, and I had my duty to do and my"—he sighed, with quite a decent show of emotion—"my

treasure to guard. Well, well, we may cry quits, and be friends again. Your friend, too, who went and fetched the lady; he's in it, eh? Well, well. But come," he added briskly, "luncheon is ready. Let me order two more covers to be laid, and let us talk it all over, over a glass of good sherry."

And before we could protest, he was gone.

I heard his voice and Tenterden's outside.

Emma had withdrawn herself from my arms, and stood talking to Mr. Anderson in the window, explaining matters, I supposed. I wondered what was to happen next. The time passed, five minutes, ten minutes.

"Our host delays," I said. As I spoke we heard the click of a latch. Emma and I both sprang at the door. It was locked, and the windows were barred.

"Trapped!" cried Mr. Anderson.

"Yes," I said in a low voice, "and what would it have been if you had come alone?" For though we were yet far from understanding the mystery, we felt that Dr. James was desperate.

How long was it before we got out? About eleven hours, my dear reader, during which we ran the whole gamut of emotions, and I got Mr. Anderson almost to forgive me that deception about the detective, which I do really believe saved his life. Eleven hours during which we three kept up each other's spirits, and I got to know Emma better than I could have done in ten years' polite acquaintance over tennis and dinner-parties. Eleven hours! The unanswered bells soon told us that no servants were left in the house, or none that would help us. We knew the lonely situation of the place. It had, in fact, once been an asylum. We might die there of starvation long before any one came near us. Eleven hours, and it seemed like a year. It was quite dark. Emma was sitting on the floor, leaning against Mr. Anderson's knee, holding my hand. We had exhausted ourselves in vain efforts to break down the barriers of that strong old room. Suddenly she moved, sat up, and then we heard it, too—a slow, heavy footstep on the flagged passage. The key turned in the lock. I pulled out my pistol. The door opened. A man stood in it with a candle in one hand and a pistol in the other. His mouth was torn and bleeding; there was blood on his cuffs and on his hands. I sprang to my feet, but I need not have stood on the defensive. The melodrama was working itself out: the man was Tenterden.

"He got me away easily enough," he said, in answer to our questions. "Of course I'd

listened at the keyhole, and I really did think it was all right. He got me into the dining-room, and he and that man of his tied my hands and feet with rope, and then tied me into a chair with a nice, tight rope round my neck. Then I suppose he went back and locked you all in, and off he went. He came back to have a last look at me, and said he thought I might come to wish I'd kept out of this. Oh, he told me plainly that we should all starve here."

"And how did you get loose?"

"I bit the ropes," he said, "when I had got my neck out of the rope collar. That took six hours. I had a handsome black marble dining-room clock to go by. Then I bit the ropes through, but there were a great many knots. I'm afraid I don't look very nice. The clock stopped at eight. I don't know how long it took me. What time is it? I feel as if it were the week after next."

"Come," I said, "we must find some food for her." So we ate and drank in that grim house, and it was nearly one o'clock before we left it.

"I'll tell you one thing," said Tenterden cheerfully, "I don't fancy you'll find very much of Miss Chisholm's property left. The rascal played a bold game, and I fancy he has won most of the stakes."

He had. Every security that could be realized had been realized. A certain estate in which Emma has a life interest only was

all that escaped him. Dr. James had been in very low water at the time of Mr. Chisholm's death, and the trusteeship had been his financial salvation. Whether his scheme of marriage with Emma was merely conceived as an easy way of avoiding awkward investigations, or whether he desired her for herself, we shall never know. He and his sister disappeared utterly, and we have never seen or heard of them again. I asked Emma once whether he had been cruel to her while he had her at his mercy at the Grange, but she shuddered, and said: "Don't let's talk of it. I want to forget it all. He wasn't cruel, but he frightened me. Oh, don't make me remember it!"

But some of these days, when we have been married a great many years, some very bright spring day, out in the daisied fields, she will find courage to tell me of her life there. Till then the reader and I must possess our souls in patience.

I did marry her, then? Of course. From the moment when her hand lay against my face I knew that if she would marry me I should have won from Fate life's greatest good and grace. The loss of her fortune made it easier for me to woo her. Had she still been an heiress, though, I don't know that it would have made much difference. For, after all, we were all playing in a melodrama, and do not melodramas always end in marriage?

THE LATER LIFE OF LINCOLN.

EMBRACING UNPUBLISHED LETTERS AND REMINISCENCES, AND OTHER NEW DOCUMENTS AND MATERIAL, RELATING TO LINCOLN'S PERSONAL LIFE DURING THE WAR.

BY IDA M. TARBELL,

Author of "The Early Life of Lincoln."

II.

LINCOLN'S FIRST INAUGURATION.

DAYBREAK of March 4, 1861, found the city of Washington astir. The Senate, which had met at seven o'clock the night before, was still in session; scores of persons who had come to see the inauguration of the first Republican President, and who had been unable to find other bed than the

floor, were walking the streets; the morning trains were bringing new crowds. Added to the stir of those who had not slept through the night were sounds unusual in Washington—the clatter of cavalry, the tramp of soldiers.

All this morning bustle of the city must

have reached the ears of the President-elect, Abraham Lincoln, at his rooms in Willard's Hotel, where from an early hour he had been at work. An amendment to the Constitution of the United States had passed the Senate in the all-night session, and as it concerned the subject of his inaugural, he must incorporate a reference to it in the address. Then there was a serious break in the list of cabinet officers he had chosen. Two days before, Mr. Seward had asked to be released from his promise to accept the portfolio of state. As yet the President-elect had made no reply. Now, however, he reached his decision. "I can't afford," he said to Mr. Nicolay, his secretary, "to let Seward take the first trick." And he despatched the following letter:

My dear Sir: Your note of the 2d instant, asking to withdraw your acceptance of my invitation to take charge of the State Department, was duly received. It is the subject of the most painful solicitude with me; and I feel constrained to beg that you will countermand the withdrawal. The public interest, I think, demands that you should; and my personal feelings are deeply enlisted in the same direction. Please consider and answer by 9 A.M. to-morrow. Your obedient servant,

A. LINCOLN.

At noon, Mr. Lincoln's work was interrupted. The President of the United States was announced. Mr. Buchanan had come to escort his successor to the Capitol. The route of the procession was the historic one over which almost every President since Jefferson has traveled to take his oath of office; but the scene Mr. Lincoln looked upon as his carriage rolled up the avenue was very different from that upon which one looks to-day. No great blocks lined the streets; instead, the buildings were low, and there were numerous vacant spaces. Instead of asphalt, the carriage passed over cobble-stones. Nor did the present stately and beautiful approach to the Capitol exist. The west front rose abrupt and stiff from an unkept lawn. The great building itself was still uncompleted, and high above his head Mr. Lincoln could see the swinging arm of an enormous crane rising from the unfinished dome.

But Mr. Lincoln saw, as he drove that morning from Willard's to the Capitol, far more significant sights than these. Closed about his carriage, "so thickly," complained the newspapers, "as to hide it from view," was a protecting guard. Stationed at intervals along the avenue were platoons of soldiers. At every corner were mounted orderlies. On the very roof-tops were groups of riflemen. When Lincoln reached the

north side of the Capitol, where he descended to enter the building, he found a board tunnel, strongly guarded at its mouth, through which he passed into the building. If he had taken pains to inquire what means had been provided for protecting his life while in the building, he would have been told that squads of riflemen were in each wing; that under the platform from which he was to speak were fifty or sixty armed soldiers; that General Scott and two batteries of flying artillery were in adjacent streets; and that a ring of volunteers encircled the waiting crowd. The thoroughness with which these guards did their work may be judged by the experience which Colonel Clark E. Carr of Illinois tells:

"I was only a young man then," says Colonel Carr, "and this was the first inauguration I had ever attended. I came because it was Lincoln's. For three years Lincoln had been my political idol, as he had been that of many young men in the West. The first debate I heard between him and Douglas had converted me from popular sovereignty, and after that I had followed him all over the State, so fascinated was I by his logic, his manner, and his character.

"Well, I went to Washington, but somehow, in the interest of the procession, I failed to get to the Capitol in time to find a place within hearing distance; thousands of people were packed between me and the stand. I did get, however, close to the high double fence which had been built from the driveway to the north door. It suddenly occurred to me that, if I could scale that wall, I might walk right in after the President, perhaps on to the very platform. It wasn't a minute before I 'shinned' up and jumped into the tunnel; but before I lit on my feet, a half dozen soldiers had me by the legs and arms. I suppose they thought I was the agent of the long-talked-of plot to capture Washington and kill Mr. Lincoln. They searched me, and then started me to the mouth of the tunnel, to take me to the guard-house, but the crowd was so thick we couldn't get out. This gave me time, and I finally convinced them that it was really my eagerness to hear Mr. Lincoln, and no evil intent, that had brought me in. When they finally came to that conclusion, they took me around to one of the basement doors on the east side and let me out. I got a place in front of Mr. Lincoln, and heard every word."

Arm in arm with Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Lincoln passed through the long tunnel erected for his protection, entered the Capitol, and passed into the Senate chamber, filled to overflowing with Senators, members of the Diplomatic Corps, and visitors. The contrast between the two men as they entered struck every observer. "Mr. Buchanan was so withered and bowed with age," wrote George W. Julian of Indiana, who was among the spectators, "that in contrast with the towering form of Mr. Lincoln he seemed little more than half a man."

A few moments' delay, and the movement from the Senate towards the east front

began, the justices of the Supreme Court, in cap and gown, heading the procession. As soon as the large company was seated on the platform erected on the east portico of the Capitol, Mr. Lincoln arose and advanced to the front, where he was introduced by his friend, Senator Baker of Oregon. He carried a cane and a little roll—the manuscript of his inaugural address. There was a moment's pause after the introduction, as he vainly looked for a spot where he might place his high silk hat. Stephen A. Douglas, the political antagonist of his whole public life, the man who had pressed him hardest in the campaign of 1860, was seated just behind him. Douglas stepped forward quickly, and took the hat which Mr. Lincoln held helplessly in his hand. "If I can't be President," he whispered smilingly to Mrs. Brown, a cousin of Mrs. Lincoln and a member of the Presidential party, "I at least can hold his hat."

Adjusting his spectacles and unrolling his manuscript, the President-elect turned his eyes upon the faces of the throng before him. It was the largest gathering that had been seen at any inauguration up to that date, variously estimated at from 50,000 to 100,000. Who of the men that composed it were his friends, who his enemies, he could not tell; but he did know that almost every one of them was waiting with painful eagerness to hear what answer he would make there to the questions they had been hurling at his head since his election.

EDITING THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

Six weeks before, when he wrote the document, he had determined to answer some of their questions. The first of these was, "Will Mr. Lincoln stand by the platform of the Republican party?" He meant to open his address with this reply:

The [more] modern custom of electing a Chief Magistrate upon a previously declared platform of principles supersedes, in a great measure, the necessity of restating those principles in an address of this sort. Upon the plainest grounds of good faith, one so elected is not at liberty to shift his position. . . .

Having been so elected upon the Chicago platform, and while I would repeat nothing in it of aspersion or epithet or question of motive against any man or party, I hold myself bound by duty, as well as impelled by inclination, to follow, within the executive sphere, the principles therein declared. By no other course could I meet the reasonable expectations of the country.

But these paragraphs were not read. On reaching Washington in February, Mr. Lincoln's first act had been to give to Mr. Seward a copy of the paper he had prepared, and to

ask for his criticisms. Of the paragraphs quoted above, Mr. Seward wrote:

I declare to you my conviction that the second and third paragraphs, even if modified as I propose in my amendments, will give such advantages to the Disunionists that Virginia and Maryland will secede, and we shall, within ninety, perhaps within sixty, days, be obliged to fight the South for this Capital, with a divided North for our reliance.

Mr. Lincoln dropped the paragraphs, and began by answering another question: "Does Mr. Lincoln intend to interfere with the property of the South?"

"Apprehensions seem to exist," he said, "among the people of the Southern States that by the accession of a Republican administration their property and their peace and personal security are to be endangered. There has never been any reasonable cause for such apprehension. Indeed, the most ample evidence to the contrary has all the while existed and been open to their inspection. It is found in nearly all the published speeches of him who now addresses you. I do but quote from one of those speeches when I declare that 'I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so.'"

He followed this conciliatory statement by a full answer to the question, "Will Mr. Lincoln repeal the fugitive slave laws?" and then took up the question of Secession, "Has a State the right to go out of the Union if it wants to?"

I hold that, in contemplation of universal law and of the Constitution, the Union of these States is perpetual. Perpetuity is implied, if not expressed, in the fundamental law of all national governments. It is safe to assert that no government proper ever had a provision in its organic law for its own termination. . . . Again, if the United States be not a government proper, but an association of States in the nature of contract merely, can it, as a contract, be peaceably unmade by less than all the parties who made it? One party to a contract may violate it—break it, so to speak; but does it not require all to lawfully rescind it? . . . It follows from these views that no State, upon its own mere motion, can lawfully get out of the Union; that *resolves and ordinances* to that effect are legally void; and that acts of violence, within any State or States, against the authority of the United States, are insurrectionary or revolutionary, according to circumstances.

The answer to this question led him directly to the point on which the public was most deeply stirred at that moment. What did he intend to do about the property seized by the Southern States?

"The power confided to me," he answered, "will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the government, and to collect the duties and imposts; but beyond what may be necessary for these objects, there will be no invasion, no using of force against or among the people anywhere."

In his original copy of the inaugural address Mr. Lincoln wrote, "All the power at my disposal will be used to *reclaim the public property and places which have fallen*; to hold, occupy, and possess these, and all other property and places belonging to the government." At the suggestion of his friend, the Hon. O. H. Browning of Illinois, he dropped the words "to reclaim the public property and places which have fallen."

The foregoing quotations are a fairly complete expression of what may be called Mr. Lincoln's policy at the beginning of his administration. He followed them by an appeal and a warning which concluded:

My countrymen, one and all, take time and think well upon this whole subject. Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time. Nothing worth preserving is either breaking or burning. If there be an object to hurry any of you in hot haste to a step which you would never take *deliberately*, that object will be frustrated by taking time; but no good object can be frustrated by it. Such of you as are now dissatisfied, still have the old Constitution unimpaired, and, on the sensitive point, the laws of your own framing under it; while the new administration will have no immediate power, if it would, to change either. If it were admitted that you who are dissatisfied hold the right side in the dispute, there still is no single good reason for precipitate action. Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land, are still competent to adjust in the best way all our present difficulty.

In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you unless you first assail it. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government, while I shall have the most solemn one to "preserve, protect, and defend it." You can forbear the assault upon it; I can not shrink from the defense of it. With you and not with me is the solemn question, "Shall it be peace or a sword?"

With this last paragraph Mr. Lincoln had meant to close this his first address to the nation. Mr. Seward objected, and submitted two suggestions for a closing; one of his paragraphs read as follows:

I close. We are not, we must not be, aliens or enemies, but fellow-countrymen and brethren. Although passion has strained our bonds of affection too hardly, they must not, I am sure they will not, be broken. The mystic chords which, proceeding from so many battlefields and so many patriotic graves, pass through all the hearts and all hearths in this broad continent of ours, will yet again harmonize in their ancient music when breathed upon by the guardian angel of the nation.

Mr. Lincoln made a few changes in the paragraphs quoted, and rewrote the above suggestion of Mr. Seward, making of it the now famous closing words:

I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion

may have strained, it must not break, our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

"Mr. Lincoln read his inaugural," says Senator Harlan in his unpublished "Recollections of Abraham Lincoln," "in a clear, distinct, and musical voice, which seemed to be heard and distinctly understood to the very outskirts of this vast concourse of his fellow-citizens. At its conclusion, he turned partially around on his left, facing the justices of the Supreme Court, and said, 'I am now ready to take the oath prescribed by the Constitution,' which was then administered by Chief Justice Taney, the President saluting the Bible with his lips.

"At that moment, in response to a signal, batteries of field guns, stationed a mile or so away, commenced firing a national salute, in honor of the nation's new chief. And Mr. Buchanan, now a private citizen, escorted President Lincoln to the Executive Mansion, followed by a multitude of people."

"What do you think of it?" was the question this crowd was asking as it left the scene of the inauguration. Throughout the day, on every corner of Washington, and by night on every corner of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Buffalo, and every other city and town of the country reached by the telegraph, men were asking the same question. The answers showed that the address was not the equivocal document Mr. Seward had tried to make it.

"It is marked," said the New York "Tribune" of March 5th, "by no feeble expression. 'He who runs may read' it; and to twenty millions of people it will carry the tidings, glad or not, as the case may be, that the Federal Government of the United States is still in existence, with a Man at the head of it."

"The inaugural is not a crude performance," said the New York "Herald"; "it abounds in traits of craft and cunning; it is neither candid nor statesmanlike, nor does it possess any essential of dignity or patriotism. It would have caused a Washington to mourn, and would have inspired Jefferson, Madison, or Jackson with contempt."

"Our community has not been disappointed, and exhibited very little feeling on the subject," telegraphed Charleston, South Carolina. "They are content to leave Mr. Lincoln and the inaugural in the hands of Jefferson Davis and the Congress of the Confederate States."

The literary form of the document aroused general comment.

"The style of the address is as characteristic as its temper," said the Boston "Transcript." "It has not one fawning expression in the whole course of its firm and explicit statements. The language is level to the

popular mind—the plain, homespun language of a man accustomed to talk with ‘the folks’ and the ‘neighbors;’ the language of a man of vital common-sense, whose words exactly fit his facts and thoughts.”

This “homespun language” was a shock to many. The Toronto “Globe” found the address of “a tawdry, corrupt, school-boy style.”

THE QUESTION OF FORT SUMTER.

The question which most deeply stirred the country, however, was “Does Lincoln mean what he says? Will he really use the power confided to him to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the government?” The President was called upon for an answer sooner than he had expected. Almost the first thing brought to his attention on the morning of his first full day in office (March 5th) was a letter from Major Robert Anderson, the officer in command of Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor, saying that he had but a week’s provisions, and that if the place was to be reinforced so that it could be held, it would take 20,000 “good and well-disciplined men” to do it.

A graver matter the new President could not have been called upon to decide, for all the issues between North and South were at that moment focused in the fate of Fort Sumter.

What was to be done? The garrison must not be allowed to starve; but evidently 20,000 disciplined men could not be had to relieve it—the whole United States army numbered but 16,000. But if Mr. Lincoln could not relieve it, how could he surrender it? The effect of any weakening or compromise in his own position was perfectly clear to him. “When Anderson goes out of Fort Sumter,” he said, ruefully, “I shall have to go out of the White House.” The exact way in which he looked at the matter he stated later to Congress, in substantially the following words:

To abandon that position, under the circumstances, would have been utterly ruinous; the necessity under which it was done would not have been fully understood; by many it would have been construed as a part of a voluntary policy; at home it would have discouraged the friends of the Union, emboldened its adversaries, and gone far to insure to the latter a recognition abroad; in fact, it would have been our national destruction consummated. This could not be allowed.

In his dilemma he sought the advice of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, General Scott, who told him sadly that “evacuation seemed almost inevitable.”

Unwilling to decide at once, Lincoln de-

vised a manœuvre by which he hoped to shift public attention from Fort Sumter to Fort Pickens, in Pensacola Harbor. The situation of the two forts was similar, although that at Sumter was more critical and interested the public far more intensely. It seemed to Mr. Lincoln that if Fort Pickens could be reinforced, this would be a clear enough indication to both sections that he meant what he had said in his inaugural address, and on March 11th he sent an order that troops which had been sent to Pensacola in January by Mr. Buchanan, but never landed, should be placed in Fort Pickens.

As this order went by sea, it was necessarily some time before it arrived. Night and day during this interval Lincoln was busy in a series of original investigations of all sides of the Sumter question. While doing his utmost to obtain such information as would enable him to come to an intelligent conclusion, he was beset by both North and South. A report went out early in the month that Sumter was to be evacuated. It could not be verified; but it spread generally until there was, particularly in Washington, around Mr. Lincoln, a fever of excitement. Finally, on March 25th, the Senate asked for the correspondence of Anderson. The President did not believe the time had come, however, to take the public into his confidence, and he replied:

On examination of the correspondence thus called for, I have, with the highest respect for the Senate, come to the conclusion that at the present moment the publication of it would be inexpedient.

Three days later, March 28th, while he still was uncertain whether his order had reached Fort Pickens or not, General Scott, who was ill, sent a letter over to the White House, advising Mr. Lincoln to abandon both Sumter and Pickens. Coming from such a source, the letter was a heavy blow to the President. One of the men most trusted had failed to recognize that the policy he had laid down in his inaugural address was serious and intended to be acted upon. It was time to do something. Summoning an officer from the Navy Department, he asked him to prepare at once a plan for a relief expedition to Fort Sumter. That night Mr. Lincoln gave his first state dinner. It was a large affair, many friends besides the members of the cabinet being present. The conversation was animated, and Lincoln was seemingly in excellent spirits. W. H. Russell, the correspondent of the London “Times,” was present, and he notes in his

Diary how Lincoln used anecdotes in his conversation that evening :

"Mr. Bates was remonstrating, apparently, against the appointment of some indifferent lawyer to a place of judicial importance," says Mr. Russell. "The President interposed with, 'Come now, Bates, he's not half as bad as you think. Besides that, I must tell you he did me a good turn long ago. When I took to the law, I was going to court one morning, with some ten or twelve miles of bad road before me, and I had no horse. The judge overtook me in his wagon. 'Hallo, Lincoln! Are you not going to the court-house? Come in, and I'll give you a seat.' Well, I got in, and the judge went on reading his papers. Presently the wagon struck a stump on one side of the road; then it hopped off to the other. I looked out, and I saw the driver was jerking from side to side in his seat; so says I, 'Judge, I think your coachman has been taking a little drop too much this morning.' 'Well, I declare, Lincoln,' said he, 'I should not wonder if you are right; for he has nearly upset me half a dozen times since starting.' So putting his head out of the window, he shouted, 'Why, you infernal scoundrel, you are drunk!' Upon which, pulling up his horses, and turning round with great gravity, the coachman said, 'By gorra! that's the first rightful decision you have given for the last twelvemonth.' While the company were laughing, the President beat a quiet retreat from the neighborhood of the Attorney-General."

Lincoln's story-telling this evening was used, as often happened, to cover a serious mental struggle. After many of his guests had retired, he called his cabinet aside, and agitatedly told them of General Scott's letter. He then asked them to meet him the next day. That night the President did not close his eyes in sleep. The moment had come, as it must have come, at one time or another, to every President of the United States, when his vote was the only vote in the cabinet—the only vote in the country. The decision and orders he should give the next day might plunge the country into civil war. Could he escape it? All night he went over the problem, but his watch only strengthened his purpose. When the cabinet met, the President put the case before them in such a light that, on his asking the members to give him their views, only two, Seward and Smith, opposed the relief of Fort Sumter.

That day Lincoln gave his order that the expedition be prepared and ready to sail on April 6th. Two days later, he ordered that an expedition for the relief of Fort Pickens be prepared. With the latter order he sent a verbal message to General Scott :

Tell him that I wish this thing done, and not to let it fail unless he can show that I have refused him something he asked for.

By April 6th, news reached Mr. Lincoln from Fort Pickens. The commander of the vessel on which the troops were quartered,

acting upon the armistice of Mr. Buchanan, had refused to land the reinforcements. To relieve Sumter was the only alternative, and Lincoln immediately ordered forward the expeditions he had been preparing.

At last it was evident to the members of the cabinet and to others in the secret that Mr. Lincoln did mean what he had said in his inaugural address: "The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the government."

EFFORTS TO PREVENT ACCESSIONS TO THE CONFEDERACY.

Mr. Lincoln had another matter on hand at the moment as vital as the relief of Sumter—how to prevent further accessions to the Southern Confederacy. When he was inaugurated, seven of the slave-holding States had left the Union. In two others, Virginia and Missouri, conventions were in session considering secession; but in both, Union sentiment predominated. Three others, North Carolina, Kentucky, and Tennessee, had by popular vote decided to hold no convention. Maryland had already held an irregular State assembly, but nothing had been accomplished by the separatists. Mr. Lincoln's problem was how to strengthen this surviving Union sentiment sufficiently to prevent secession in case the administration was forced to relieve Sumter. Evidently he could do nothing at the moment but inform himself as accurately as possible, by correspondence and conferences, of the temper of the people and put himself into relations with men in each State on whom he could rely in case of emergency. He did this with care and persistency, and so effectively that later, when matters became more serious, visitors from the doubtful States often expressed their amazement at the President's knowledge of the sentiments and conditions of their parts of the country.

The first State in which Lincoln attempted any active interference in favor of the Union was one which had already voted itself out, Texas. A conflict had arisen there between the Southern party and the Governor, Sam Houston, and on March 18th the latter had been deposed. When Mr. Lincoln heard of this, he decided to try to get a message to the Governor, offering United States support if he would put himself at the head of the Union party of the State. The messenger who carried this word to Houston was Mr. G. H. Giddings, at that time the holder

of the contract for carrying the mails by the El Paso route to California. He was taken to the White House by his friend Postmaster-General Blair, and gives the following account of what occurred at the interview. It is one of the very few descriptions of Mr. Lincoln in a cabinet meeting which we have, and never has been published :

I was taken into the cabinet room, and introduced by the Postmaster-General to President Lincoln and all the members of the cabinet, who were there apparently waiting for us. The President asked me to take a seat at the big table next to him. He then said to me, "You have been highly recommended to me as a reliable man by the Postmaster-General, the Hon. G. A. Grow, and others. They tell me that you are an old citizen of Texas and about to return to your home. My object in wishing to see you is that I desire to intrust to you a secret message to Governor Houston."

I said, "Yes, Mr. President, I should have left to-night but for this invitation to call on you, which was a great pleasure to me."

He then asked me a great many questions, where I was born, when I went to Texas, what I had been doing there, how I liked the State, and what was the public sentiment in Texas in regard to the prospects of a war—all of which I answered to the best of my ability.

He then said to me that the message was of such importance that, before handing it to me, he would read it to me. Before beginning to read he said, "This is a confidential and secret message. No one besides my cabinet and myself knows anything about it, and we are all sworn to secrecy. I am going to swear you in as one of my cabinet." And then he said to me in a jocular way, "Hold up your right hand," which I did. "Now," said he, "consider yourself a member of my cabinet."

He then read the message, explaining his meaning at times as he was reading it. The message was written in big bold hand, on large sheets of paper, and consisted of several pages. It was signed "A. Lincoln." I cannot give the exact words of the message, but the substance was as follows :

It referred first to the surrender, by General Twiggs, of the United States troops, forts, and property in Texas to the rebels, and offered to appoint Governor Houston a major-general in the United States army in case he would accept. It authorized him to take full command in Texas, taking charge of all Government property and such of the old army as he could get together, and to recruit 100,000 men, if possible, and to hold Texas in the Union. In case he did accept, the President promised to support him with the whole power of the Government, both of the army and navy. After hearing the message read, I suggested to the President that it was of such importance that perhaps he had better send it by some government official.

"No," he said. "Those Texans would hang any official caught with that paper."

I replied that they would hang me too, if they caught me with that message.

"I do not wish to have you hung," he replied ; "and if you think there is so much danger, I will not ask you to take it, although I am anxious to get it to Governor Houston as soon as possible. As you live in Texas and are about to return, I was in hopes you would take it."

"I will take the message with much pleasure," I replied, "as you personally request it, and will deliver it safely to Governor Houston, only stipulating that it

shall remain as one of your cabinet secrets." This he assured me should be done.

I remained there until about midnight. The question of war or no war was discussed by different members of the cabinet. Mr. Seward said there would be no war. The President said he hoped and prayed that there would not be a war. I said to Mr. Seward that, as he knew, Congress had extended my overland mail contract one contract term and doubled the service ; that to put the increased service in operation would cost me over \$50,000, which would be lost in case of war ; and I asked him what I had better do.

"There will be no war," Mr. Seward said ; "go ahead and put on the increased service. You will run no risk in doing so." He said that Humphrey Marshall and some others, whose names I have forgotten, had left Washington a few days before that, to go into the border and hold public meetings and ask the South to meet the North and have a National Convention for the purpose of amending the Constitution. He had no doubt, he said, that this would be done, and that, so far as he was individually concerned, he would prefer giving the Southern brothers the parchment and let them enter the amendment to the Constitution to suit themselves rather than have a civil war. He said, in all probability, some arrangements would be made to pay for the slaves and the gradual abolishment of slavery.

OFFICE-SEEKING IN 1861.

With these momentous affairs on hand, Lincoln needed freedom from trivial and personal matters, if ever a President needed it ; yet one who reads the documents of the period would infer that his entire time was spent in appointing postmasters. There was no escape for him. The office-seekers had seized Washington, and were making the White House their headquarters.

"There were days," says William O. Stoddard, "when the throng of eager applicants for office filled the broad staircase to its lower steps ; the corridors of the first floor ; the famous East room ; the private parlors ; while anxious groups and individuals paraded up and down the outer porch, the walks, and the avenue."

They even attacked Lincoln on the street. One day as his carriage rolled up the avenue, a man stopped it and attempted to present his application and credentials. "No, no," said Mr. Lincoln, indignantly, "I won't open shop in the street."

This raid had begun in Springfield with the election. As Mr. Lincoln had been elected without bargains on his part, he did not propose to consider minor appointments until actually inaugurated.

"I have made up my mind," he said to a visitor a few days after his election, "not to be badgered about these places. I have promised nothing high or low, and will not. By-and-by, when I call somebody to me in the character of an adviser, we will examine the claims to the most responsible posts and decide what shall be done. As for the rest, I shall have enough to do without reading recommendations for country postmasters."

All of the hundreds who had been put off in the winter, now reappeared in Washington. Now, Lincoln had clear notions of the use of the appointing power. "One side should not gobble up everything," he declared; but in the pressure of applications, it gave him the greatest difficulty to prevent this "gobbling up." Another rule he had adopted was not to appoint over the heads of his advisers. He preferred to win their consent to an appointment by tact rather than to make it by his own power. Here is a case in point :

(Private.) *

EXECUTIVE MANSION, June 5, 1861.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SCOTT.

My dear Sir: Doubtless you begin to understand how disagreeable it is for me to do a thing arbitrarily when it is unsatisfactory to others associated with me.

I very much wish to appoint Colonel Meigs Quartermaster-General, and yet General Cameron does not quite consent. I have come to know Colonel Meigs quite well for a short acquaintance, and, so far as I am capable of judging, I do not know one who combines the qualities of masculine intellect, learning, and experience of the right sort, and physical power of labor and endurance, so well as he.

I know he has great confidence in you, always sustaining, so far as I have observed, your opinions against any differing ones.

You will lay me under one more obligation if you can and will use your influence to remove General Cameron's objection. I scarcely need tell you I have nothing personal in this, having never seen or heard of Colonel Meigs until about the end of last March.

Your obedient servant,

A. LINCOLN.

But that he could appoint arbitrarily is certain. The following letter, which has never been published, and which I owe to the courtesy of Mr. Charles Roberts of Philadelphia, is an illustration :

... You must make a job of it, and provide a place for the bearer of this, Elias Wampole. Make a job of it with the collector and have it done. You can do it for me, and you *must*.

In spite of the terrible pressure brought to bear upon him by the place-hunters; in spite of the frequent dissatisfaction his appointments gave, and the abuse the disappointed heaped upon him, he rarely lost his patience, rarely was anything but kind. His sense of humor aided him wonderfully in this particular. The incongruity of a man in his position, and with the very life of the country at stake, pausing to appoint postmasters, struck him forcibly. "What is the matter, Mr. Lincoln," said a friend one day, when he saw him looking particularly grave and dispirited. "Has anything gone wrong at the front?"

"No," said the President, with a tired smile. "It isn't the war; it's the post-office at Brownsville, Missouri."

The "strange bed-fellows" politics was constantly making always amused him. One day a man turned up who had letters of recommendation from the most prominent pair of enemies in the Republican party, Horace Greeley and Thurlow Weed. The President immediately did what he could for him, as the following letter shows :

EXECUTIVE MANSION, May 8, 1861.

HON. SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

My dear Sir: I am told there is an office in your department called "The Superintending Architect of the Treasury Department, connected with the Bureau of Construction," which is now held by a man of the name of Young, and wanted by a gentleman of the name of Christopher Adams.

Ought Mr. Young to be removed, and if yea, ought Mr. Adams to be appointed? Mr. Adams is magnificently recommended; but the great point in his favor is that Thurlow Weed and Horace Greeley join in recommending him. I suppose the like never happened before, and never will again: so that it is now or never. What say you?

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

Most of Lincoln's co-laborers took the appointing so seriously that they could not appreciate the amusement he got from it. Among a quantity of telegrams recently collected in the War Department and not published in Lincoln's "Complete Works," I have found the following, which explain themselves :

September 13, 1863.

HON. J. K. DUBOIS.

HON. O. M. HATCH.

What nation do you desire General Allen to be made Quartermaster-General of? This nation already has a Quartermaster-General.

A. LINCOLN.

September 22, 1863.

HON. O. M. HATCH.

HON. J. K. DUBOIS.

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

Your letter is just received. The particular form of my despatch was jocular, which I supposed you gentlemen knew me well enough to understand. General Allen is considered here as a very faithful and capable officer, and one who would be at least thought of for Quartermaster-General if that office were vacant.

A. LINCOLN.

LINCOLN AND SEWARD.

A less obvious perplexity than the office-seekers for Mr. Lincoln at this period, though no less real one, was the attitude of his Secretary of State—his cheerful assumption that he, not Mr. Lincoln, was the final authority of the administration.

Mr. Seward had been for years the leader

of the Republican party. His defeat in the Chicago Convention of 1860 had been a terrible blow to a large number of people, though Seward himself had taken it nobly. "The Republican party was not made for Mr. Seward," he told his friends, "but Mr. Seward for the Republican party," and he went heartily into the campaign. But he believed, as many Republicans did, that Lincoln was unfit for the presidency, and that some one of his associates would be obliged to assume leadership. When Mr. Seward accepted the Secretaryship of State, he evidently did it with the idea that he was to be the Providence of the administration. "It is inevitable," he wrote to his wife on December 28th, the very day he wrote to Mr. Lincoln of his acceptance. "I will try to save freedom and my country." A week later he wrote home, "I have assumed a sort of dictatorship for defense, and am laboring night and day with the cities and States. My hope, rather my confidence, is unabated." And again, on January 18th: "It seems to me if I am absent only eight days, this administration, the Congress, and the District would fall into consternation and despair. I am the only *hopeful, calm, conciliatory* person here."

When Lincoln arrived in Washington and asked Seward to read the inaugural address, the latter gave it the closest attention, modifying it to fit his own policy, and in defense of the changes he made, he wrote to the President-elect: "Only the soothing words which I have spoken have saved us and carried us along thus far. Every loyal man, and indeed every disloyal man, in the South will tell you this."

He began his duties as Secretary of State with the same confidence in his call to be the real, if not the apparent, head of affairs. When the question of relieving Sumter came up, he believed that it was he who was managing the matter. "I wish I could tell you something of the political troubles of the country," he wrote home, "but I cannot find the time. They are enough to tax the wisdom of the wisest. Fort Sumter is in danger. Relief of it practically impossible. The commissioners from the Southern Confederacy are here. These cares fall chiefly on me."

According to Mr. Welles, Secretary of the Navy, "Confidence and mutual frankness on public affairs and matters pertaining to the government, particularly on what related to present and threatened disturbances, existed among all the members [of the cabinet], with the exception of Mr. Seward, who had, or affected, a certain mysterious knowledge

which he was not prepared to impart." Mr. Welles asserts that Mr. Seward carried so far his assumption of the "cares" of Sumter and other questions as to meddle in the duties of his associates in the cabinet. He opposed regular cabinet meetings, and at first had his way. After Tuesdays and Fridays were set as cabinet days, he contended that it was not necessary that a member should come to the meetings unless especially summoned by Mr. Lincoln or himself.

If Mr. Seward had been less self-confident, he would have seen before the end of March that Mr. Lincoln had a mind of his own, and with it a quiet way of following its decisions. Others had seen this. For instance, he had had his own way about who should go into the cabinet. "There can be no doubt of it any longer," wrote the "Public Man" in his "Diary" on March 2d, "this man from Illinois is not in the hands of Mr. Seward." Then there was the inaugural address—it was *his*, not Mr. Seward's; and more than one prominent newspaper commented with astonishment on that fact.

Nobody knew these facts better than the Secretary of State. He had discovered also that Mr. Lincoln attended to his business. "This President proposes to do all his work," he wrote to Mrs. Seward on March 16th. He had received, too, at least one severe lesson, which ought to have shown him that it was Mr. Lincoln, not he, who was casting the decisive vote in the cabinet. This was in reference to Sumter. During the period when the President was waiting to hear from Fort Pickens, commissioners from the Southern Confederacy had been in Washington. Mr. Seward had not received them, but through a trusted agent he had assured them that Sumter would be evacuated. There is no proof, so far as I know, that Mr. Lincoln knew of this quasi-promise of his Secretary of State. As we have seen, he did not decide to order an expedition prepared to relieve the fort until March 29th. From what we know of the character of the man, it is inconceivable that he should have authorized Mr. Seward to promise to do a thing which he had not yet decided to do. The Secretary assumed that, because he believed in evacuation, it would follow, and he assured the Southern commissioners to that effect. Suddenly he realized that the President was not going to evacuate Sumter, that his representations to the Southerners were worthless, that he had been following a course which was bound to bring on the administration the charge of deception and fraud. Yet all

these things taught him nothing of the man he had to deal with, and on April 1st he sent Mr. Lincoln a letter in which he laid down an astounding policy—to make war on half Europe—and offered to take the reins of administration into his own hands.

SOME THOUGHTS FOR THE PRESIDENT'S CONSIDERATION, APRIL 1, 1861.

First. We are at the end of a month's administration, and yet without a policy, either domestic or foreign.

Second. This, however, is not culpable, and it has even been unavoidable. The presence of the Senate, with the need to meet applications for patronage, have prevented attention to other and more grave matters.

Third. But further delay to adopt and prosecute our policies for both domestic and foreign affairs would not only bring scandal on the administration, but danger upon the country.

Fourth. To do this we must dismiss the applicants for office. But how? I suggest that we make the local appointments forthwith, leaving foreign or general ones for ulterior and occasional action.

Fifth. The policy at home. I am aware that my views are singular, and perhaps not sufficiently explained. My system is built upon this idea as a ruling one, namely, that we must

CHANGE THE QUESTION BEFORE THE PUBLIC FROM ONE UPON SLAVERY, OR ABOUT SLAVERY, for a question upon UNION OR DISUNION:

In other words, from what would be regarded as a party question, to one of patriotism or union.

The occupation or evacuation of Fort Sumter, although not in fact a slavery or a party question, is so regarded. Witness the temper manifested by the Republicans in the free States, and even by the Union men in the South.

I would, therefore, terminate it as a safe means for changing the issue. I deem it fortunate that the last administration created the necessity.

For the rest, I would simultaneously defend and reinforce all the ports in the Gulf, and have the navy recalled from foreign stations to be prepared for a blockade. Put the island of Key West under martial law.

This will raise distinctly the question of union or disunion. I would maintain every fort and possession in the South.

FOR FOREIGN NATIONS.

I would demand explanations from Spain and France, categorically, at once.

I would seek explanations from Great Britain and Russia, and send agents into Canada, Mexico, and Central America to rouse a vigorous continental spirit of independence on this continent against European intervention.

And, if satisfactory explanations are not received from Spain and France,

Would convene Congress and declare war against them.

But whatever policy we adopt, there must be an energetic prosecution of it.

For this purpose it must be somebody's business to pursue and direct it incessantly.

Either the President must do it himself, and be all the while active in it, or

Devolve it on some member of his cabinet. Once

adopted, debates on it must end, and all agree and abide.

It is not in my especial province;

But I neither seek to evade nor assume responsibility.

Mr. Lincoln replied:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, April 1, 1861.

HON. W. H. SEWARD.

My dear Sir: Since parting with you, I have been considering your paper dated this day, and entitled "Some Thoughts for the President's Consideration." The first proposition in it is, "First, We are at the end of a month's administration, and yet without a policy, either domestic or foreign."

At the beginning of that month, in the inaugural, I said: "The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the government, and to collect the duties and imposts." This had your distinct approval at the time; and taken in connection with the order I immediately gave General Scott, directing him to employ every means in his power to strengthen and hold the forts, comprises the exact domestic policy you now urge, with the single exception that it does not propose to abandon Fort Sumter.

Again, I do not perceive how the reinforcement of Fort Sumter would be done on a slavery or a party issue, while that of Fort Pickens would be on a more national and patriotic one.

The news received yesterday in regard to St. Domingo certainly brings a new item within the range of our foreign policy; but up to that time we have been preparing circulars and instructions to ministers and the like, all in perfect harmony, without even a suggestion that we had no foreign policy.

Upon your closing propositions—that "whatever policy we adopt, there must be an energetic prosecution of it."

"For this purpose it must be somebody's business to pursue and direct it incessantly."

"Either the President must do it himself, and be all the while active in it, or

"Devolve it on some member of his cabinet. Once adopted, debates on it must end, and all agree and abide"—I remark that if this must be done, I must do it. When a general line of policy is adopted, I apprehend there is no danger of its being changed without good reason, or continuing to be a subject of unnecessary debate; still, upon points arising in its progress I wish, and suppose I am entitled to have, the advice of all the cabinet.

Your obedient servant,

A. LINCOLN.

The magnanimity of this letter was only excelled by the President's treatment of the matter. He never revealed Mr. Seward's amazing proposition to any one but Mr. Nicolay, his private secretary, and it never reached the public until Nicolay and Hay published it. Mr. Lincoln's action in this matter, and his handling of the events which followed, gradually dispelled Mr. Seward's illusion. By June, the Secretary had begun to understand Mr. Lincoln. He was quick and generous to acknowledge his power. "Executive force and vigor are rare qualities," he wrote to Mrs. Seward on June 5th. "The President is the best of us."



FROM WAR TO WAR.

THE SWEEPING OUT OF SPAIN.

BY F. W. HEWES.

A CENTURY and a half before the Revolutionary War (that is, in 1625), there were but three colonial settlements in what is now the United States. That in Virginia was eighteen years old; the one at the mouth of the Hudson River but eleven years old; and that of Plymouth, Massachusetts, but five.

WAR OF THE REVOLUTION—1775-1783.

One hundred and fifty years later (1775), at the beginning of the Revolutionary War, there were ten more colonies. They had peopled a strip of Atlantic coast from fifty to one hundred and fifty miles wide, reaching from Georgia to Maine (then a part of Massachusetts). They had also started a few isolated "settlements" in the great western wilderness. The shaded part of map No. 1 shows the extent of settlement, and the heavy boundary line marks the total area claimed by the colonists.

The vast region west of the Mississippi River was then in Spanish possession, and St. Louis was a Spanish village. The English, under the title of "Quebec," held the territory north of the western claims of Massachusetts; and also the southern portion of the country, under the title of "Florida." Colonial life represented one century and a

half of pioneer struggle, and comprehended something over 2,000,000 persons. For these to make war against the 8,000,000 of England, backed by twelve centuries of national experience, meant much. Seven years and a half the war lasted. Nine months later, the definitive treaty of peace (September 3, 1783) ceded to the colonies a portion of "Quebec" on the north, and a portion of "Florida" on the south.

WAR WITH TRIPOLI—1801-1805.

Having secured political independence and definite boundary lines of land area, and having, six years later, become "The United States of America," the colonies, now a nation, turned their attention earnestly to maritime extension. Large success crowned their efforts, so that the United States, from carrying only about one-fourth of its foreign ocean commerce in 1789, carried fully nine-tenths of it seven years later, and at the same time carried much for other nations.

At that time the piratical Barbary states on the south shore of the Mediterranean Sea preyed upon all ocean commerce, and not even England was permitted to trade in the Mediterranean without paying a heavy tribute to these world-renowned pirates. Refusing

longer to pay tribute, the United States, in 1801, sent a few naval ships into the Mediterranean to protect our merchant ships there. This brought on the war with Tripoli, which freed us from the savage piracy; completed the second step of national development, and placed the United States in advance of all other nations on the high

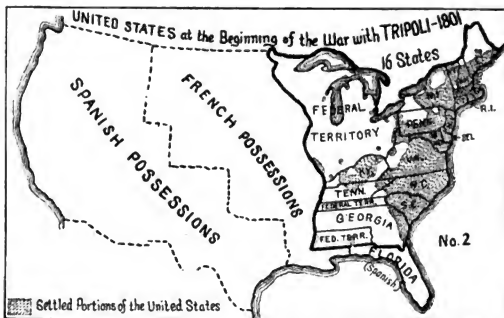
seas. Settlement had advanced rapidly, as shown by the shaded part of map No. 2. Western territorial claims had been surrendered to the national government by the several States, except Georgia; three new States (Vermont, Kentucky, and Tennessee) had been added, and the population was two and a half times as great as at the beginning of the Revolution. Spain had divided the great western area with France, and Great Britain had surrendered "Florida" to Spain, but retained its control on the north.

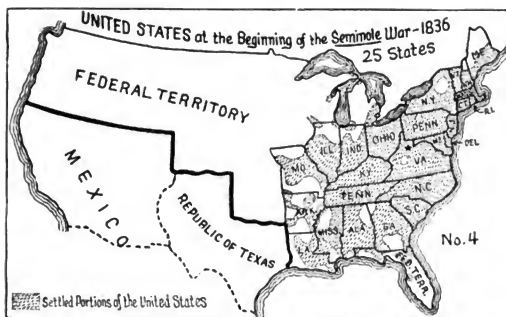
SECOND WAR WITH GREAT BRITAIN—1812-15.

England, jealous of the growing maritime importance of her former colonies, passed laws to wrest the carrying trade from America, and unlawfully impressed American seamen. This action enforced a third step in national development. The War of 1812-1815 served notice to the whole world that a powerful nation had come into existence west of the Atlantic Ocean.

Map No. 3 shows that the eleven years from 1801 to 1812 had wrought a startling change in our western boundary and decidedly in-

creased settlement. Wars and jealousies among European nations had put it in our power, by purchase, to more than double our former area. In our first war with England, we claimed title only as far west as the Mississippi River. In our second war, we held title to an area twice as great, reaching to the Rocky Mountains, and finally extended by possession to the Pacific coast. In our first war, we had but 2,000,000 people, occupying a narrow strip along the Atlantic, and organized as thirteen separate colonies. In our second war, we had 7,500,000 people, occupying lands reaching half-way to the Mississippi River, bordering two of the five great lakes, and organized as a strong national government composed of eighteen important statehoods. Spain still lingered, however, on our southern borders.





SEMINOLE WAR—1835-1842.

While by war and diplomacy we had established a powerful position among the civilized peoples of the world, we still had serious opposition from the natives of the soil we were so rapidly occupying. The Seminoles of Florida made a most stubborn resistance to being removed west of the Mississippi. For six years the struggle continued. Finally the fourth step in national development—the peaceable possession of the soil east of the Mississippi River—was accomplished.

Map No. 4, compared with No. 3, shows that internal advancement had been rapid. Northwest and southwest settlement had demanded statehood, and seven new States had been admitted, three of them west of the Mississippi. The total settled area (about 800,000 square miles) was three-fourths

and Florida had become United States area. In the southwest, the Mexicans had by war driven Spain out of her last possession on the continent, and the Republic of Texas had made successful revolution against Mexico.

MEXICAN WAR—1846-1848.

Step number five in national development resulted in extending our area broadly from the Atlantic to the Pacific, including the "Republic of Texas" and a large portion of northern Mexico. This was acquired by annexing Texas; by fighting a successful war with Mexico, growing out of that annexation; and by purchase from Mexico of the area ceded to us.

Map No. 5 shows that settlement had again come in conflict with Indian occupancy. To the west of Iowa, Missouri, and Arkansas

were the great reservations to which the Indian tribes had been removed from the east. Settlers had, in consequence, pushed the more vigorously north and south and into the unsettled portions shown in map No. 4. The twelve years had therefore increased the settled area only about one-fifth, while the popula-



tion had grown about one-third. Density of population had advanced from nearly twenty-one to a little over twenty-three persons to each square mile of settled area. Five States had been admitted, and the center of population (indicated by a star) had moved fully as rapidly west, and was just ready to cross the boundary line between the slave State Virginia and the free State Ohio.



CIVIL WAR—1861-1865.

While the center of population was crossing the geographical boundary from slavery to freedom, the awakened conscience of the nation was undergoing the transformation which resulted in the abolition of slavery. This was the sixth step in national development, and of culminating importance so far as our continental history has thus far passed.

Map No. 6 shows that, although the Indian reservations were thrown open to settlement opposite Iowa and Missouri in 1853, yet the "Border Ruffian" contest over slavery checked the westward overflow of settlement, so that the advance was greater northwesterly in Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota. Considerable increase also appears on the Pacific border, where two of the four new States appear. Settled area had increased a little over one-fourth (27 per cent.), while population had increased nearly one-half (46 per cent.) within the thirteen years. This carries the density of settlement from a little over twenty-three (23.2) in 1848 to

a little above twenty-six and a half (26.7) persons per square mile in 1861—a rate of increase of almost three persons per square mile for each ten years.

SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR—1898.

Spain at the period of the Revolution occupied two-thirds of the present area of the United States. Swept from the continent, she still clung to the West Indies until her baleful influence could be tolerated no longer. Again the national conscience of the people of the United States was aroused, and there followed a seventh step in national development. Thirty-three years since the close of the Civil War—a third of a century of industrial and financial progress! Map No. 7 gives marked indications of a wonderful advance. Our continental area seems to be almost occupied. There is, however, ample room for



many millions yet in our great Western States. While the average density of population of the settled region is (census of 1890) thirty-two persons per square mile, that for the whole country is but a trifle over twenty-one, and that for the States west of the Dakotas and Texas is less than three. The New England section, including New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, averages over 100 to the square mile, and "Little Rhody" averages

over 300. Half of the entire population is east of the star in Indiana, and half is north of it.

Now compare map No. 1 with No. 7. Remember that the shading on No. 1 represents a century and a half of growth and barely 2,000,000 persons, while the shading on No. 7 represents the addition of scarcely a century and a quarter and a population of nearly 70,000,000 persons. Then hunt for the proper word to express it.



BY STEPHEN CRANE,

Author of "The Red Badge of Courage," "The Open Boat," etc.

The illustrations are from drawings by the late W. L. Sonntag, Jr., who made the journey in company with Mr. Crane, expressly for McClure's Magazine. It was only a short time after these drawings were completed that Mr. Sonntag died—in the very prime of his fine powers and to the deep regret of all who knew him or his work.

THE entrance to Euston Station is of itself sufficiently imposing. It is a high portico of brown stone, old and grim, in form a casual imitation, no doubt, of the front of the temple of Nike Apteros, with a recollection of the Egyptians proclaimed at the flanks.

The frieze, where of old would prance an exuberant processional of gods, is, in this case, bare of decoration, but upon the epistyle is written in simple, stern letters the word, "EUSTON." The legend reared high by the gloomy Pelagic columns stares down a wide

avenue. In short, this entrance to a railway station does not in any way resemble the entrance to a railway station. It is more the front of some venerable bank. But it has another dignity, which is not born of form. To a great degree, it is to the English and to those who are in England the gate to Scotland.

The little hansoms are continually speeding through the gate, dashing between the legs of the solemn temple; the four-wheelers, their tops crowded with luggage, roll in and out constantly, and the footways beat under the trampling of the people. Of course, there are the suburbs and a hundred towns along the line, and Liverpool, the beginning of an important sea-path to America, and the great manufacturing cities of the North; but if one stands at this gate in August particularly, one must note the number of men with gun-cases, the number of women who surely

center of the terminal hotel, an institution dear to most railways in Europe. The traveler lands amid a swarm of porters, and then proceeds cheerfully to take the customary trouble for his luggage. America provides a contrivance in a thousand situations where Europe provides a man or perhaps a number of men, and the work of our brass check is here done by porters, directed by the traveler himself. The men lack the memory of the check; the check never forgets its identity. Moreover, the European railways generously furnish the porters at the expense of the traveler. Nevertheless, if these men have not the invincible business precision of the check, and if they have to be tipped, it can be asserted for those who care that in Europe one-half of the populace waits on the other half most diligently and well.

Against the masonry of a platform, under



. . . "A railway 'flier' . . . slid moderately down and took its place at the head."

have Tam-o'-Shanters and plaids concealed within their luggage, ready for the moors. There is, during the latter part of that month, a wholesale flight from London to Scotland which recalls the July throngs leaving New York for the shore or the mountains.

The hansoms, after passing through this impressive portal of the station, bowl smoothly across a courtyard which is in the

the vaulted arch of the train-house, lay a long string of coaches. They were painted white on the bulging part, which led half-way down from the top, and the bodies were a deep bottle-green. There was a group of porters placing luggage in the van, and a great many others were busy with the affairs of passengers, tossing smaller bits of luggage into the racks over the seats, and bustling

here and there on short quests. The guard of the train, a tall man who resembled one of the first Napoleon's veterans, was caring for the distribution of passengers into the various bins. There were no second-class compartments; they were all third and first-class.

The train was at this time engineless, but presently a railway "flier," painted a glowing vermilion, slid modestly down and took

its place at the head. The guard walked along the platform, and decisively closed each door. He wore a dark blue uniform thoroughly decorated with silver braid in the guise of leaves. The way of him gave to this business the importance of a ceremony. Meanwhile the fireman had climbed down from the cab and raised his hand, ready to transfer a signal to the driver, who stood looking at his watch. In the interval there had something progressed in the large signal-box that stands



... "A number of porters in uniform, who requested the retreat of any one who had not the wit to give us plenty of room."

guard at Euston. This high house contains many levers, standing in thick, shining ranks. It perfectly resembles an organ in some great church, if it were not that these rows of numbered and indexed handles typify something more acutely human than does a keyboard. It requires four men to play this organ-like thing, and the strains never cease. Night and day, day and night, these four men are walking to and fro, from this lever to that lever, and under their hands the great machine raises its endless hymn of a world at work, the fall and rise of signals and the clicking swing of switches.

And so as the vermilion engine stood waiting and looking from the shadow of the curve-roofed station, a man in the signal-house had played the notes which informed the engine of its freedom. The driver saw the fall of those proper semaphores which gave him liberty to speak to his steel friend. A certain combination in the economy of the

London and Northwestern Railway, a combination which had spread from the men who sweep out the carriages through innumerable minds to the general manager himself, had resulted in the law that the vermilion engine, with its long string of white and bottle-green coaches, was to start forthwith toward Scotland.

Presently the fireman, standing with his face toward the rear, let fall his hand. "All right," he said. The driver turned a wheel, and as the fireman slipped back, the train moved along

the platform at the pace of a mouse. To those in the tranquil carriages this starting was probably as easy as the sliding of one's hand over a greased surface, but in the engine there was more to it. The monster roared suddenly and loudly, and sprang forward impetuously. A wrong-headed or mad-dened draft-horse will plunge in its collar sometimes when going up a hill. But this load of burdened carriages followed imperturbably at the gait of turtles. They were not to be stirred from their way of dignified exit by the impatient engine. The crowd of porters and transient people stood

respectful. They looked with the indefinite wonder of the railway-station sight-seer upon the faces at the windows of the passing coaches. This train was off for Scotland. It had started from the home of one accent to the home of another accent. It was going from manner to manner, from habit to habit, and in the minds of these London spectators there surely floated dim images of the traditional kilts, the burring speech, the grouse, the canniness, the oat-meal, all the elements of a romantic Scotland.

The train swung impressively around the signal-house, and headed up a brick-walled cut. In starting this heavy string of coaches, the engine breathed explosively. It gasped, and heaved, and bellowed; once, for a moment, the wheels spun on the rails, and a convulsive tremor shook the great steel frame.

The train itself, however, moved through this deep cut in the body of London with coolness and precision, and the employees of the railway, knowing the train's mission, tacitly presented arms at its passing. To the travelers in the carriages, the suburbs of London must have been one long monotony of carefully made walls of stone or brick. But after the hill was climbed, the train fled through pictures of red habitations of men on a green earth.

But the noise in the cab did not greatly change its measure. Even though the speed was now high, the tremendous thumping to be heard in the cab was as alive with strained effort and as slow in beat as the breathing of a half-drowned man. At the side of the track, for instance, the sound doubtless would strike the ear in the familiar succession of incredibly rapid puffs; but in the cab itself, this land-racer breathes

very like its friend, the marine engine. Everybody who has spent time on shipboard has forever in his head a reminiscence of the steady and methodical pounding of the

engines, and perhaps it is curious that this relative, which can whirl over the land at such a pace, breathes in the leisurely tones that a man heeds when he lies awake at night in his berth.

There had been no fog in London, but here on the edge of the city a heavy wind was blowing, and the driver leaned aside and yelled that it was a very bad day for traveling on an engine. The engine-cabs of England, as of all Europe, are seldom made for the comfort of the men. One finds very often this apparent disregard for the man who does the work—this indifference to the man who occupies a position which for the exercise of temperance, of courage, of honesty, has no equal at the altitude of prime ministers. The American engineer is the gilded occupant of a salon in comparison with his brother in Europe. The man who was guiding this five-hundred-ton bolt, aimed by the officials of the railway at Scotland, could not have been as comfortable as a shrill gibbering boatman of the Orient. The narrow and bare bench at his side of the cab was not directly intended for his use, because it was so low that he would be prevented by it from looking out of the ship's port-hole which served him as a window. The fireman, on his side, had other difficulties. His legs would have had to straggle over some pipes at the only spot

where there was a prospect, and the builders had also strategically placed a large steel bolt. Of course it is plain that the companies consistently believe that the men will do their work better if they are kept standing. The roof of the cab was not altogether



The through Conductor, the Driver, and the Fireman.

a roof. It was merely a projection of two feet of metal from the bulkhead which formed the front of the cab. There were practically no sides to it, and the large cinders from the soft coal whirled around in sheets. From time to time the driver took a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his blinking eyes.

London was now well to the rear. The vermillion engine had been for some time flying like the wind. This train averages, between London and Carlisle, forty-nine and nine-tenth miles an hour. It is a distance of 299 miles. There is one stop. It occurs at Crewe, and endures five minutes. In consequence, the block-signals flashed by seemingly at the end of the moment in which they were sighted.

There can be no question of the statement that the road-beds of English railways are at present immeasurably superior to the American road-beds. Of course there is a clear reason. It is known to every traveler that peoples of the Continent of Europe have no right at all to own railways. Those lines of travel are too childish and trivial for expression. A correct fate would deprive the Continent of its railways, and give them to somebody who knew about them. The continental idea of a railway is to surround a mass of machinery with forty rings of ultra-military

law, and then they believe they have one complete. The Americans and the English are the railway peoples. That our road-beds are poorer than the English road-beds is because of the fact that we were suddenly obliged to build thousands upon thousands of miles of railway, and the English were obliged to slowly build tens upon tens of miles. A road-bed from New York to San Francisco, with stations, bridges, and crossings of the kind that the London and Northwestern owns from London to Glasgow, would cost a sum large enough to support the German army for a term of years. The whole way is constructed with the care that inspired the creators of some of our now obsolete forts along the Atlantic coast. An American engineer, with his knowledge of the difficulties he had to encounter—the wide rivers with variable banks, the mountain chains, perhaps the long spaces of absolute desert; in fact, all the perplexities of a vast and somewhat new country—would not dare spend a respectable portion of his allowance on seventy feet of granite wall over a gully, when he knew he could make an embankment with little cost by heaving up the dirt and stones from here and there. But the English road is all made in the pattern



"A moment later came the crash of the passing."

*The guard.*

by which the Romans built their highways. After England is dead, savants will find narrow streaks of masonry leading from ruin to ruin. Of course this does not always seem convincingly admirable. It sometimes resembles energy poured into a rat-hole. There is a vale between expediency and the convenience of posterity, a mid-ground which enables men to surely benefit the hereafter people by valiantly advancing the present; and the point is that, if some laborers live in unhealthy tenements in Cornwall, one is likely to view with incomplete satisfaction the record of long and patient labor and thought displayed by an eight-foot drain for a non-existent, impossible rivulet in the North. This sentence does not sound strictly fair, but the meaning one wishes to convey is that, if an English company spies in its dream the ghost of an ancient valley that later becomes a hill, it would construct for it a magnificent steel trestle, and consider that a duty had been performed in proper accordance with the company's conscience. But after all is said of it, the accidents and the miles of railway operated in England is not in proportion to the accidents and the miles of railway operated in the United States. The reason can be divided into three parts—older conditions, superior caution, and road-bed. And of these, the greatest is older conditions.

In this flight toward Scotland one seldom encountered a grade crossing. In nine cases out of ten there was either a bridge or a tunnel. The platforms of even the remote country stations were all of ponderous masonry in contrast to our constructions of planking. There was always to be seen, as we thundered toward a station of this kind, a number of porters in uniform, who requested the retreat of any one who had not the wit to give us plenty of room. And then, as the shrill warning of the whistle pierced even the uproar that was about us,

came the wild joy of the rush past a station. It was something in the nature of a triumphal procession conducted at thrilling speed. Perhaps there was a curve of infinite grace, a sudden hollow explosive effect made by the passing of a signal-box that was close to the track, and then the deadly lunge to shave the edge of a long platform. There were always a number of people standing afar, with their eyes riveted upon this projectile, and to be on the engine was to feel their interest and admiration in the terror and grandeur of this sweep. A boy allowed to ride with the driver of the band-wagon as a circus parade winds through one of our village streets could not exceed for egotism the temper of a new man in the cab of a train like this one. This valkyrie journey on the back of the vermilion engine, with the shouting of the wind, the deep, mighty panting of the steed, the gray blur at the track-side, the flowing quicksilver ribbon of the other rails, the sudden clash as a switch intersects, all the din and fury of this ride, was of a splendor that caused one to look abroad at the quiet, green landscape and believe that it was of a phlegm quite beyond patience. It should have been dark, rain-shot, and windy; thunder should have rolled across its sky.

It seemed, somehow, that if the driver should for a moment take his hands from his engine, it might swerve from the track as a horse from the road. Once, indeed, as he stood wiping his fingers on a bit of waste, there must have been something ludicrous in the way the solitary passenger regarded him. Without those finely firm hands on the bridle, the engine might rear and bolt for the pleasant farms lying in the sunshine at either side.

This driver was worth contemplation. He was simply a quiet, middle-aged man, bearded, and with the little wrinkles of habitual geniality and kindness spreading from the eyes toward the temple, who stood at his post always gazing out, through his round window, while, from time to time, his hands went from here to there over his levers. He seldom changed either attitude or expression. There surely is no engine-driver who does not feel the beauty of the business, but the emotion lies deep, and mainly inarticulate, as it does in the mind of a man who has experienced a good and beautiful wife for many years. This driver's face displayed nothing but the cool sanity of a man whose thought was buried intelligently in his business. If there was any fierce drama in it, there was no sign upon him. He was so lost

in dreams of speed and signals and steam, that one speculated if the wonder of his tempestuous charge and its career over England touched him, this impassive rider of a fiery thing.

It should be a well-known fact that, all over the world, the engine-driver is the finest type of man that is grown. He is the pick of the earth. He is altogether more worthy than the soldier, and better than the men who move on the sea in ships. He is not paid too much; nor do his glories weight his brow; but for outright performance, carried on constantly, coolly, and without elation, by a temperate, honest, clear-minded man, he is the further point. And so the lone human at his station in a cab, guarding money, lives, and the honor of the road, is a beautiful sight. The whole thing is æsthetic. The fireman presents the same charm, but in

a less degree, in that he is bound to appear as an apprentice to the finished manhood of the driver. In his eyes, turned always in question and confidence toward his superior, one finds this quality; but his aspirations are so direct that one sees the same type in evolution.

There may be a popular idea that the fireman's principal function is to hang his head out of the cab and sight interesting objects in the landscape. As a matter of fact, he is always at work. The dragon is insatiate. The fireman is continually swinging open the furnace-door, whereat a red shine flows out upon the floor of the cab, and shoveling in immense mouthfuls of coal to a fire that is almost diabolic in its madness. The feeding, feeding, feeding goes on until it appears as if it is the muscles of the fireman's arms that are speeding the long train. An engine



Taking water from between the rails, while going at full speed.



On the way to Crewe—overtaking the goods train.

running over sixty-five miles an hour, with 500 tons to drag, has an appetite in proportion to this task.

View of the clear-shining English scenery is often interrupted between London and Crewe by long and short tunnels. The first one was disconcerting. Suddenly one knew that the train was shooting toward a black mouth in the hills. It swiftly yawned wider, and then in a moment the engine dove into a place inhabited by every demon of wind and noise. The speed had not been checked, and the uproar was so great that in effect one was simply standing at the center of a vast, black-walled sphere. The tubular construction which one's reason proclaimed had no meaning at all. It was a black sphere, alive with shrieks. But then on the surface of it there was to be seen a little needle-point of light, and this widened to a detail of unreal landscape. It was the world; the train was going to escape from this cauldron, this abyss of howling darkness. If a man looks through the brilliant water of a tropical pool, he can sometimes see coloring the marvels at the bottom the blue that was on the sky and the green that was on the foliage of this

detail. And the picture shimmered in the heat-rays of a new and remarkable sun. It was when the train bolted out into the open air that one knew that it was his own earth.

Once train met train in a tunnel. Upon the painting in the perfectly circular frame formed by the mouth there appeared a black square with sparks bursting from it. This square expanded until it hid everything, and a moment later came the crash of the passing. It was enough to make a man lose his sense of balance. It was a momentary inferno when the fireman opened the furnace-door and was bathed in blood-red light as he fed the fires.

The effect of a tunnel varied when there was a curve in it. One was merely whirling then heels over head, apparently, in the dark, echoing bowels of the earth. There was no needle-point of light to which one's eyes clung as to a star.

From London to Crewe, the stern arm of the semaphore never made the train pause even for an instant. There was always a clear track. It was great to see, far in the distance, a goods train whooping smokily for the north of England on one of the four

tracks. The overtaking of such a train was a thing of magnificent nothing for the long-strided engine, and as the flying express passed its weaker brother, one heard one or two feeble and immature puffs from the other engine, saw the fireman wave his hand to his luckier fellow, saw a string of foolish, clanking flat-cars, their freights covered with tarpaulins, and then the train was lost to the rear.

The driver twisted his wheel and worked some levers, and the rhythmical chunking of the engine gradually ceased. Gliding at a speed that was still high, the train curved to the left, and swung down a sharp incline, to move with an imperial dignity through the railway yard at Rugby. There was a maze of switches, innumerable engines noisily pushing cars here and there, crowds of workmen who turned to look, a sinuous curve around the long train-shed, whose high wall resounded with the rumble of the passing express; and then, almost immediately, it seemed, came the open country again. Rugby had been a dream which one could properly doubt.

At last the relaxed engine, with the same majesty of ease, swung into the high-roofed station at Crewe, and stopped on a platform lined with porters and citizens. There was instant bustle, and in the interest of the moment no one seemed particularly to notice the tired vermilion engine being led away.

There is a five-minute stop at Crewe. A tandem of engines slid up, and buckled fast to the train for the journey to Carlisle.

In the meantime, all the regulation items of peace and comfort had happened on the train itself. The dining-car was in the center of the train. It was divided into two parts, the one being a dining-room for first-class passengers, and the other a dining-room for the third-class passengers. They were separated by the kitchens and the larder. The engine, with all its rioting and roaring, had dragged to Crewe a car in which numbers of passengers were lunching in a tranquillity that was almost domestic, on an average menu of a chop and potatoes, a salad, cheese, and a bottle of beer. Betimes they watched through the windows the great chimney-marked towns of northern England.



Through the iron district.

They were waited upon by a young man of London, who was supported by a lad who resembled an American bell-boy. The rather elaborate menu and service of the Pullman dining-car is not known in England or on the Continent. Warmed roast beef is the exact symbol of a European dinner, when one is traveling on a railway.

This express is named, both by the public and the company, the "Corridor Train," because a coach with a corridor is an unusual thing in England, and so the title has a distinctive meaning. Of course, in America, where there is no car which has not what we call an aisle, it would define nothing. The corridors are all at one side of the car. Doors open from thence to little compartments made to seat four, or perhaps six, persons. The first-class carriages are very comfortable indeed, being heavily upholstered in dark, hard-wearing stuffs, with a bulging rest for the head. The third-class accommodations on this train are almost as comfortable as the first-class, and attract a kind of people that are not usually seen traveling third-class in Europe. Many people sacrifice their habit, in the matter of this train, to the fine conditions of the lower fare.

One of the feats of the train is an electric button in each compartment. Commonly an

electric button is placed high on the side of the carriage as an alarm signal, and it is unlawful to push it unless one is in serious need of assistance from the guard. But these bells also rang in the dining-car, and were supposed to open negotiations for tea or whatever. A new function has been projected on an ancient custom. No genius has yet appeared to separate these two meanings. Each bell rings an alarm and a bid for tea or whatever. It is perfect in theory then that, if one rings for tea, the guard comes to interrupt the murder, and that if one is being murdered, the attendant appears with tea. At any rate, the guard was forever being called from his reports and his comfortable seat in the forward end of the luggage-van by thrilling alarms. He often prowled the length of the train with hardihood and determination, merely to meet a request for a sandwich.

The train entered Carlisle at the beginning of twilight. This is the border town, and an engine of the Caledonian Railway, manned by two men of broad speech, came to take the place of the tandem. The engine of these men of the North was much smaller than the others, but her cab was much larger, and would be a fair shelter on a stormy night. They had also built seats with hooks by which



Over the bridge at Glasgow.

they hang them to the rail, and thus are still enabled to see through the round windows without dislocating their necks. All the human parts of the cab were covered with oilcloth. The wind that swirled from the dim twilight horizon made the warm glow from the furnace to be a grateful thing.

As the train shot out of Carlisle, a glance backward could learn of the faint yellow blocks of light from the carriages marked on the dimmed ground. The signals were now lamps, and shone palely against the sky. The express was entering night as if night were Scotland.

There was a long toil to the summit of the hills, and then began the booming ride down the slope. There were many curves. Sometimes could be seen two or three signal lights at one time, twisting off in some new direction. Minus the lights and some yards of glistening rails, Scotland was only a blend of black and weird shapes. Forests which one could hardly imagine as weltering in the dewy placidity of evening sank to the rear as if the gods had bade them. The dark loom of a house quickly dissolved before the eyes. A station with its lamps became a broad yellow band that, to a deficient sense, was only a few yards in length. Below, in a deep valley, a silver glare on the waters of a river made equal time with the train. Signals appeared, grew, and vanished. In the wind and the mystery of the night, it was like sailing in an enchanted gloom. The vague profiles of hills ran like snakes across the somber sky. A strange shape boldly and formidably confronted the train, and then

melted to a long dash of track as clean as sword-blades.

The vicinity of Glasgow is unmistakable. The flames of pauseless industries are here and there marked on the distance. Vast factories stand close to the track, and reach-

ing chimneys emit roseate flames. At last one may see upon a wall the strong reflection from furnaces, and against it the impish and inky figures of workingmen. A long, prison-like row of tenements, not at all resembling London, but in one way resembling New York, appeared to the left, and then sank out of sight like a phantom.

At last the driver stopped the brave effort of his engine. The 400 miles were come to the edge. The average speed of forty-nine and one-third miles each hour

had been made, and it remained only to glide with the hauteur of a great express through the yard and into the station at Glasgow.

A wide and splendid collection of signal-lamps flowed toward the engine. With delicacy and care the train clanked over some switches, passed the signals, and then there shone a great blaze of arc-lamps, defining the wide sweep of the station roof. Smoothly, proudly, with all that vast dignity which had surrounded its exit from London, the express moved along its platform. It was the entrance into a gorgeous drawing-room of a man that was sure of everything.

The porters and the people crowded forward. In their minds there may have floated dim images of the traditional music-halls, the hobbies, the 'buses, the 'Arrys and 'Arriets, the swells of London.



The end of the journey—in the station at Glasgow.

HIS PASSPORT.

BY W. A. FRASER,

Author of "King for a Day," "God and the Pagan," and other stories.



I saw was Pathanine.

When I had known Pathanine years before, in Burma, he was a Buddhist. Even at that time I had suspicions that he was a Christian according to my ill-defined lights—a Buddhist Christian. I had always understood from the Rev. Hoskins that the Buddhists had absolutely no chance whatever of acquiring anything but unmitigated torture. Hoskins was the regular station padre at Yenan. He was a small, thin man, with a small, thin mind, and sometimes I used to think that perhaps, after all, he might be mistaken. But bearing in mind Padre Hoskins's version, you may understand I was very much surprised to see Pathanine where he was. Later I met

T was so cold that winter in Canada. They said that I would be all right when the warm weather came in spring. But the cold lasted so long that I thought spring would never come. At last I fell asleep. When I awoke, the first person

others there who were as unorthodox as any Buddhist, but my wonder at first was concerned with Pathanine alone.

Pathanine's face had always been one of the most amiable that I had ever seen, and when his eyes fell upon me advancing toward him, it took on a delightfully sweet look of pleased recognition. "I am so glad that you have come here, sir," he said, just as he used to when I returned to Yenan after being absent for some time. "I was a little lonesome, sir," he continued, in his delightfully simple, straightforward way. "So few of those I knew before are here. Perhaps some will come by and by."

Everything was so confusing. I had always been so mistrustful of myself that, when I woke up there, I was almost afraid there was some mistake. And then to meet an out-and-out devotee of Buddha in a place that

I'd always been taught was reserved for Christians alone was certainly perplexing. I asked Pathanine about it.

"I don't know, sir," he answered; "I felt like a little rest, and when I awoke I was here. I hope Ma Thee won't be long coming—Ma Thee and Mindah."

Ma Thee was his wife, Mindah his daughter. But it was about his faith that I questioned him most. He had not changed any; he had sung the same guttural Buddhist prayer up to the very last. "Hoskins Thakine did not make a Christian of you then—did not prove to you that Gaudama was wrong?" I queried him.

"No, sir," answered Pathanine: "but my brother, Koh Pyu, who was a wicked fellow, tried to do



—The artist. (The artist is my brother, and his fingers were speaking with much more.)

a great wrong to the padre. You remember Boh Pyu, who was a captain with King Thebaw before the British destroyed his army? Boh Pyu was a great soldier, but a bad Buddhist, for when the war was all over he

of me; and wrote to the commissioner that I was always putting his work to the



"Mindah rode Sobah away at a gallop into the dark night."

continued fighting on his own account and became what the English call a dacoit. Sometimes he came to me, because he was my brother, you know, sir, and I begged him to be less wicked and stop dacoiting, or never come to see me at all. But the wrong he tried to do the Padre Thakine was this way, sir, and because of me, and for that I had much guilty fear.

"You remember I was the woon of Yen-an, and Hoskins Thakine was always writing to the commissioner that I was not making my official work proper. Also my people were telling me that the Padre Thakine was speaking ill of me and saying that, if they believed in me and my false gods, even the sacred Gaudama, they would all be burned with a greater heat than was in Yen-an the hot days before the rains. When they spoke of Nirvana, he told them there was no Nibban—no Nirvana; nothing but torture and unrest for all who died in my faith—the faith of my fathers. But when they did not believe what the padre spoke, he said that it was because

wrong side. I was not angry, for I knew he thought he was right and was serving his Master even as I was serving Gaudama. That was his way. My way was not to take life—not to eat meat, nor eggs, nor anything that had life, and to give alms. To his church I gave, too, for they were trying to do good to my people. He did not know, because if I spoke of it, he might tell the commissioner that it was bribery.

"One time a Burman, Nat Glay, who had joined the faith of the padre, spent money on foolishness, that belonged to the padre's church. Nat Glay came to me because of this, and he was afraid of going to jail. I paid the rupees for Nat Glay, because if the case were called in court—my court, you know, sir—there would be much disgrace to the padre's church and Nat Glay and my people. But Padre Hoskins did not know all these things, and still wrote to the commissioner that



"I got letters from the commissioner."

I was a bad man and what he called a 'pagan.'

"When Boh Pyu came in the night to Yen-an to see me, for he was my brother, Pho Yet, whose tongue is like a *tucktoo's*, always croaking of evil things, told Boh Pyu that Hoskins Thakine had made trouble for me. Then my brother, who was also a dacoit, went back to the jungle; and I did not know. Many times after I got letters from the commissioner to not make trouble for l'adre Hoskins, and all the time I was telling my people to do good things for him.

"One night when I was sleeping, Pho Yet came to my bungalow, and his tongue was speaking with much fear. Boh Pyu, my brother, was hiding with his dacoits down where the tamarind and mango trees are thick, just where the paddy-fields come up close to Yen-an. You remember, sir, it was where the three little white pagodas rested on the hill.

"Well, Boh Pyu was hiding there till my people would all be sleeping, then he would steal down to the church bungalow and kill the padre. That was what Pho Yet said, and his voice was so low I could scarcely hear him, for he was afraid. I, too, was much troubled, sir, for there were none of the Sircar's police at Yen-an; they were at Minbu, twenty miles from Yen-an. Then I

spoke to Pho Yet. 'Sabah will gallop to Minbu in two hours, for he is strong. Will you go, Pho Yet, and bring the Police Thakine?'

"But Pho Yet was like a bazaar pariah, a skulking dog; he would yelp, but was afraid. He would not go because of the dacoits, and because of the evil spirits, the *Nats* of the jungle.

"Then, sir, Pathanine's little daughter, Mindah, rode Sabah away at a gallop into the dark night. I took the gun which the government allowed me to keep because I was a woon, and went and spoke to some of my people. They, too, were afraid. If the dacoits came to their houses they would run away, because the government had taken their guns. Anyway, if they had guns they would not stop to be killed, for the dacoits could shoot straight—it was their business to shoot straight. Also they had not much to lose; and if the

dacoits came they would give what they had—that was their way; it was easier. If Boh Pyu killed the padre, that was not of their doing; and if they were there Boh Pyu would kill them too. Also Boh Pyu was their friend and my brother. He did not steal from the poor; but if any man were hungry, Boh Pyu would give him rice. That was Boh Pyu's way.

"I went down by the mango tope, where it is so dark, near the paddy-fields, and called for Boh Pyu, but no one answered. The sound of my voice raised only the crows which sleep in the big tamarinds there in thousands, as you know, sir. They screeched back at me like a thousand evil spirits till my voice was drowned. Then all the pariah dogs in the village took up the cry, and howled as they do when a great *phoongye* dies and goes to Nirvana. I called many times, and looked, but I found no one. The dacoits are like the cobra; they hide, and you cannot see them till they sting. Then I went to the church bungalow, for I knew the dacoits would go there too. I will talk to Boh Pyu, who is my brother, I thought as I walked along, and keep him from doing this evil thing. I was thinking, too, of the Padre Thakine's wife and little girl who was almost of the age of Mindah. The dacoits would also kill these two, even the little girl with the hair like gold from Shwebo.



"All the pariah dogs in the village took up the cry."

"When I told the padre of the dacoits, he was angry. That was his way. He said it was my treachery, that I had brought them there to drive him from Yen-an, so that my pagan gods—even Buddha Gaudama—might destroy the souls of the people. I was not angry, for I could see that he thought this was so. It will be four or five hours before the police can come, I told him. We must shut the doors, and drive the dacoits back until we hear the beat of their ponies' hoofs.

"We hung a light out on the veranda, just at the top of the steps. Inside the bungalow was dark. By and by, while I was watching, I saw dark figures moving in and out among the crotons in the compound.

"They were coming closer to the bungalow. One man crept up the steps to the veranda. It was Boh Pyu.

"I called to him, 'Ho, brother! It is I, Pathanine. Go away if you have come for evil!'

"But he only laughed, and spoke as the Burmans do, using bad words.

"I said I would shoot him, and then he crept down the steps again, and it was still for a time. They were talking.

"It was so odd, sahib; my brother Boh Pyu, who had come to kill the padre because of me, was there in the dark, and soon we would be fighting like enemies, trying to kill each other. And in the bungalow, beside me, was Padre Hoskins, watching lest I do him treachery. Only the little girl that was like Mindah came and said that Pathanine would drive the dacoits away. My heart grew much stronger because of that.

"Mindah had started at ten o'clock, and while Boh Pyu was talking in the compound with the other dacoits, the padre's clock, which was on a table, struck twelve. Mindah is at Minbu now, I told the padre. In two hours, or perhaps three, the police will come.



"If the dacoits break in before that," asked the padre, "what will they do?"

"They will crucify you with your head down," I said.

"And the women?" he asked.

"I don't know," I answered. That was a sin, sahib, to tell that lie, for I did know, but I thought it would be much wrong to tell them what I knew—the mother and the girl that was like Mindah.

"And you?" he again questioned.

"I shall be dead."

"Just then I saw the figures creeping close to the steps again—three of them. When I called to them, they shouted, 'Strike, strike!' in our tongue, and rushed up on the veranda, firing the old muskets they had. I fired too, and one of them dropped just across the top of the steps. The others went back into the darkness again. When they fired, I felt my arm as though some one had drawn a sharp nail down along the skin—a

hot nail. When the dacoits went back, I looked, and there was much blood. Something from one of the muskets had torn my arm. The girl who was like Mindah cried

when she saw it, and helped her mother bind it up while I watched at the door—the wooden door with lattice in it.

"Three times the dacoits came back just the same way, sir; only fiercer and more



"I was dizzy, but I rose to my knees and shot."



"Mindah's arm was under my head."

wicked each time. The last time another piece of lead from a musket went through my body; and my heart grew heavy, for I was getting weak, and I could not yet hear the gallop of Sabah, though it was close to the time for the police. And the padre, he, too, fought the dacoits even as he fought against Buddha, with wicked determination. He had no gun, but once, when two dacoits had forced the door open a little, he rushed at them with a *dah* I had given him, and smote one of them so strongly that he lay on the veranda dead. That time, too, they were beaten back, and we waited for the sound of the gallop of Sabah.

"Even while we waited, I saw a light at the posts on which the veranda rested. While the others fought, Boh Pyu had set fire to the bungalow. 'I will put it out,' I said.

"'You will be shot—it is my place to go,' said Hoskins Sahib, and with a blanket in his hand he dashed through the door.

"I, too, went, because if they attacked him I could shoot. But Boh Pyu, who had fought much in the jungle, had planned it that way. You can't shoot a tiger in his lair, he knew, but if he comes to the bait it is easy. So they waited till we got close to the light of the fire, and then they shot with many guns, and rushed upon us. The Padre

Sahib fell because of the gun-shots; and I, too, fell because of another bullet. I was dizzy, but I rose to my knees and shot; once, twice, just as they were reaching Hoskins Thakine. I thought of the little girl who was like Mindah, and called aloud to Gaudama to help me. I heard Sabah galloping for the road is hard where it sweeps up past the church bungalow, and then there were many shots. I heard an English voice crying. 'Thank God, we're just in time!'

"Then the fighting and the noise pushed farther off into the dark, and the superintendent, Gordon Thakine, came running up the steps to where we were both lying. And Mindah came too. I grew more dizzy, and I could only see Mindah and the girl who was like Mindah kneeling beside me. And Mindah's arm was under my head, and just as I fell asleep Mindah and the other girl kissed me. When I woke up I was here.

"And Padre Hoskins," I asked of Pathanine, "was he killed?"

"He is not here. If he, too, had fallen asleep he would be here. He did not mean to do wrong, and thought to do good for the people."

Then I knew why Pathanine was there. Padre Hoskins meant well, but did not know.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE have, from time to time, given information in these pages about the growth of *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE*. We propose now to say a few words about our other enterprises and plans for the future.

When we decided to engage in the book publishing business, we were so fortunate as to form an alliance with Mr. F. N. Doubleday, whose experience and ability enabled us to establish at once a successful business. Although we began publishing books only a little more than a year ago, we have issued nearly one hundred separate publications, and, with hardly an exception, all of these have been profitable. In fact, the business has been unusually successful, for we have published ten books with an average sale of over twenty thousand copies each. For years we had published the greater part of Mr. Kipling's writings serially, and it was fitting that we should publish his new book, "The Day's Work." This is proving to be his greatest popular success, being already in its fortieth thousand, with a fair promise of selling to one hundred thousand in the next twelve months.

A NEW NOVELIST.

We are proud to be the publishers of "The Day's Work," for we account it the most important book of the past year. We are also proud to be the publishers of "Bob, Son of Battle," which we account the most important book of the past year by a new writer. The editors of this magazine published in the United States the first serials by Stevenson, Kipling, Doyle, "Q," Weyman, Hope, Richard Harding Davis, and many other authors who are now famous; and in the case of most of these, when their writings were first secured by us their names were quite unknown. For a first book, "Bob, Son of Battle," has such rare and engaging qualities that we do not see why it should not, sooner or later, add the name of its author, Alfred Ollivant, to this great list.

It is impossible, here, to enlarge upon the great and splendid success of our young ally, the Doubleday and McClure Company, which, we should explain to our readers, consists of the same stockholders as the S. S. McClure Company; but while Mr. S. S. McClure is the head of the latter company, Mr. Doubleday is the moving spirit and controlling power of the book company. The remarkable and, we may say, unexpected success of the Doubleday and McClure Company and the continued growth of the *MAGAZINE* have most opportunely enabled us to secure the publication of the most expensive and the most important book that has appeared for many years.

A GREAT ART WORK.

This is "The Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ," illustrated with over five hundred pictures painted or drawn by the eminent French artist, J. James Tissot. The original pictures are now on exhibition in this country, and we can not better indicate their extraordinary character and quality than by reproducing a recent review of the exhibition by the *New York "Sun"*:

"The first thought of the visitor to the American Art Galleries . . . must be one of amazement at the fertility of invention and the unparalleled production of the artist. M. Tissot, in his introduction to the catalogue, speaks of his work as a labor of ten years. It is marvelous, indeed, that in a space of time comparatively so short he could have composed and executed in the finished manner that marks his work this remark-

able series of pictures. Taken with the years that must have been given to research and study, it appears more like the work of a lifetime.

FINISH AND TRUTH IN EVERY DETAIL.

"It is to be noted, in the first place, that the execution of the pictures, most of them painted in water color, is as finished as that of Detaille or Meissonier. The types and costumes of the figures, the landscapes, and the architectural settings are as carefully studied and painted as those to be found in isolated works by various artists who are noted for their veracity as Orientalists, or others who have derived fame from artistic and painstaking painting of human figures. . . . They follow one another in the galleries in bewildering succession, compositions in which great numbers of figures are skillfully grouped and dramatically, though naturally, disposed amid varying environments of street, garden, plain, seashore, house, market place, or temple. In each every head is expressive, every figure has its individual character, and every costume bears its mark of authenticity. The drawing is at all times competent, personal, and correct. The color, in most cases adequate, and conveying an impression of truth to nature, is in many instances also striking in arrangement or so comprehensive and convincing as to give special value to certain pictures for their color quality alone.

A LABOR OF LOVE.

"In passing from one picture to another in a tour of the galleries, in following the catalogue as one does for the text or scene illustrated, which indeed a student of the New Testament hardly need do, for the pictures tell their story at a glance and the incidents are easily identified, one feels that the artist has expended his talent to the utmost in a labor of love. One is impressed . . . with the absolute sincerity of the artist's conceptions, and is compelled to recognize that in whatever setting and with whatever character one's fancy may have hitherto depicted these sacred scenes, the probable, the most natural representation is here. Let any one look at the beautiful drawing, 'Feed My Lambs,' No. 347, and say whether this uncouth figure of Peter before his Master is not dignified and holy in its unaffected rusticity, whether it does not more properly represent the true conception of St. Peter than the hundred noble figures which great masters have painted to personify him.

"Or look at 'The Procession in the Streets of Jerusalem,' No. 194, with the Master on a donkey making his way down the breakneck steps in the narrow alley of the eastern town, the crowds hanging from the walls and pushing backward in the narrow space to open a way. . . . How quickly and how forcibly do we receive the impression that the scene as depicted by M. Tissot must have been like this, and that all that went before, whether beautiful in itself as picture making or mediocre as illustration for children's Sunday books, must be cast aside as mere imagery. The artist, by his devoted labor, through his clear, wide-reaching intelligence and his wonderful talent for plainly expressing pictorially the conception of his mind, scarcely leaves us room to doubt as we marvel, and at the end we feel that we have been told the story by one who had listened to it and been shown the events by some magic invention that reproduced for us, in great part, the actual visions as they passed."

THE REGULAR FIGHTING MAN.

BY JAMES BARNES,

Author of "Yankee Ships and Yankee Sailors," "Songs of the Ships of Steel," etc.

THERE'S always a cheer for the volunteer,
There's ever a welcoming host,
The wide land stretches a greeting hand—
Glad hail from the hill to the coast!
There's none but will vaunt the deeds he's done—
Let us praise them and pledge him high!
But the fighting man who serves for pay,
The public passes by.

Who rushed the lines on the San Juan hill?
Who at Caney fought alone?
The enlisted regular fighting man—
The soldier—*bred to the bone!*
Who bore the big brunt of the battle front?
Should we speak it below a breath?
The enlisted regular fighting man,
Who cheered as he charged to death!

Who he was, the public seldom knows—
Who is he, it does not care—
Just Private Blank of the ———ty-third,
Recruited from God knows where!
Just "a man—" (*Built up on a soldierly plan
For a place that he's shaped to fit.*)
Just a name put down on a muster roll;
Yes, numbered and stencilled from shirt to soul—
And he doesn't object a bit!

No; he takes it all as it all may come,
And it's more of work than play—
From the goose-step into the awkward squad—
Then into a trench some day.
He answers "sir" to his officer,
He watches his sergeant well,
And if things happen to rub him wrong,
He cannot run home and tell!

For "The Army" spells his name for Home,
And "The Post" proves his abode;
And he's taught his company manners there,
Up to: "Numbers! Ready! Load!"
Oh, he gets his fill of the family drill,
And they train his hand and eye!
Till he stands or moves and questions not—
Let his captain know the "why."

For the service adopts the enlisted man,
And he's treated as a child!
And he's cautioned how to mind his health
In tones not over mild.
Oh, he's bound to go and do just so;
But when things are at the worst,
He learns that the men with the shoulder-straps
Are thinking of him first!

From the colonel down to the officer lad,
They share his fare and lot,
And they train his trigger finger right
And his feet to falter not;
For war's a trade for which tools are made
Out of names on a muster-roll;
And the soldier's a bound-to-obey machine,
With a human heart and soul!

He asks for no praise as a patriot,
He lays claim to no laurel wreath,
Tho' he's proud of his nation and regiment
And the flag that he fights beneath!
He "serves for pay," they were wont to say.
But before an advance began:
"A trench or a height to be taken?
Where's the regular fighting man!"

God keep in the breasts of the Nation's sons
The soul of the volunteer;
Let there always be men when the country calls
To join in the great "We're here!"
*And to God be thanks that we're men in the ranks,
Let the lines be black or white—
The men at arms who stand on guard
To keep the flag in sight!*

**"Well Bred
Soon Wed"**

Girls
who use
Sapolio
are
**Quickly
Married**



I ASKED A MAID IF SHE WOULD WED,
AND IN MY HOME HER BRIGHTNESS SHED;
SHE FAINTLY SMILED AND MURMURED LOW,
"IF I CAN HAVE SAPOLIO."

ESTABLISHED 1780.

Walter Baker & Co's

PURE,
DELICIOUS



Breakfast Cocoa

COSTS LESS
THAN ONE CENT
A CUP.

TRADE-MARK.

Trade-Mark on Every Package.

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.
DORCHESTER, MASS.

For Thirty-nine Years the
STANDARD AMERICAN BRAND
...OF...
STEEL PENS
SPENCERIAN



SILVER PLATED BUSINESS PENS

Incorrodible. Uniform. Perfectly Smooth

Sample of each number sent on receipt of return
postage. *Ask for Silverine Pens*

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.

450 BROOME STREET, NEW YORK CITY

When Beauty Reigns



health is the power
behind the throne.
The greatest charm of
woman is the evidence
of physical health. The
woman who
lives a life
of freedom
in a Ferris
Waist en-
joys the dis-
tinction of
looking well,
the joy of
feeling well,
the blessing
of being well.

FERRIS'

GOOD SENSE
Corset Waists

are fashioned to fit every form perfectly, naturally. There
is a lesson in the art of healthful dressing in the new
Ferris Book. Sent free

Ferris' Good Sense Corset Waists are sold by all leading dealers.
Do not take substitutes. Ladies' \$1.00 to \$3.75; Misses', 50c. to \$1.00;
Children's, etc. to 50c. Made only by

THE FERRIS BROS. CO., 341 Broadway, New York.



HALL'S

**Vegetable
Sicilian**

Hair Renewer

Brings the old color back; no more faded or gray hair.
Makes growth more rapid; short hair becomes long hair.
Holds the hair firmly in place; the hair stops falling out.
Completely removes dandruff; baldness is prevented.
Feeds the hair bulbs; new hair grows on bald heads.

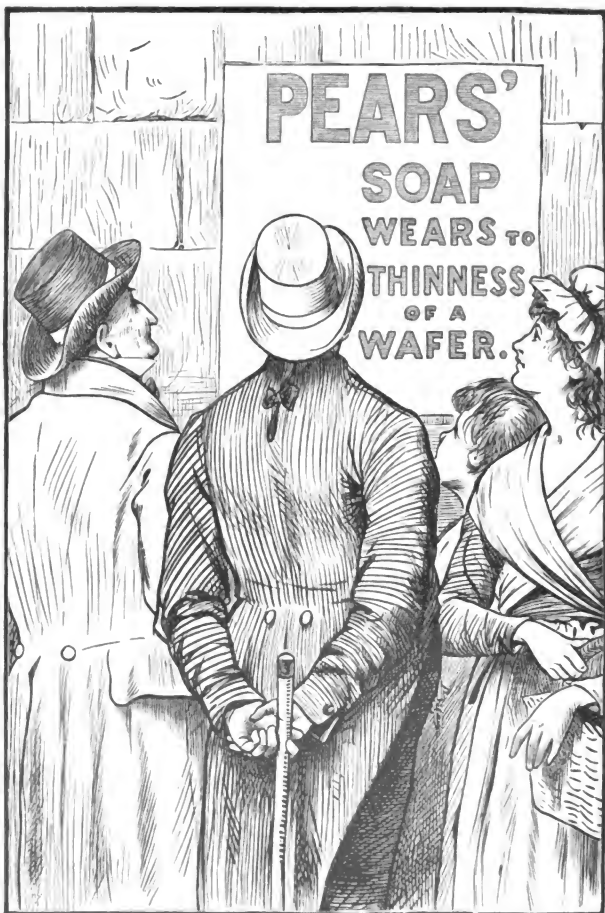
If your druggist cannot supply you, send one dollar to
R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

LING'S NEW POEM—The White Man's Burden.
Character Sketch of DEWEY AT MANILA.

MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE

FOR FEBRUARY





An advertisement drawn for MESSRS. PEARS by the late

H. STACY MARKS, R. A.

Pears'—Established over 100 years—20 International Awards—**Pears'**

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1899.

MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XII.

FEBRUARY, 1899.

No. 4.

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

Take up the White Man's burden—
Send forth the best ye breed—
Go, bind your sons to exile
To serve your captives' need;
To wait, in heavy harness,
On fluttered folk and wild—
Your new-caught sullen peoples,
Half devil and half child.

Take up the White Man's burden—
In patience to abide,
To veil the threat of terror
And check the show of pride;
By open speech and simple,
An hundred times made plain,
To seek another's profit
And work another's gain.

Take up the White Man's burden—
The savage wars of peace—
Fill full the mouth of Famine,
And bid the sickness cease;
And when your goal is nearest
(The end for others sought)
Watch sloth and heathen folly
Bring all your hope to nought.

Take up the White Man's burden—
No iron rule of kings,
But toil of serf and sweeper—
The tale of common things.
The ports ye shall not enter,
The roads ye shall not tread,
Go, make them with your living
And mark them with your dead.

Take up the White Man's burden,
And reap his old reward—
The blame of those ye better
The hate of those ye guard—
The cry of hosts ye humour
(Ah, slowly!) toward the light:—
"Why brought ye us from bondage,
Our loved Egyptian night?"

Take up the White Man's burden—
Ye dare not stoop to less—
Nor call too loud on Freedom
To cloke your weariness.
By all ye will or whisper,
By all ye leave or do,
The silent sullen peoples
Shall weigh your God and you.

Take up the White Man's burden!
Have done with childish days—
The lightly-proffered laurel,
The easy ungrudged praise:
Comes now, to search your manhood
Through all the thankless years,
Cold, edged with dear-bought wisdom,
The judgment of your peers.

Copyright, 1899, by Rudyard Kipling.
All rights reserved.

UNDER WATER IN THE "HOLLAND."

A VOYAGE IN THE DIVING TORPEDO BOAT.

BY FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

WHEN one goes under water in the "Holland," there is a certain tremulous feeling as one climbs down the barrel-like turret and finds himself in a brightly-lighted steel cave that tapers off at one end in a constantly narrowing circle to the place where a slender shaft thrusts itself outside to a propeller, and, at the other end, stops short in a blunt compartment into which one cannot look without stooping. The man who operates the boat stands in the turret, and only his legs, as he stands on a bench, can be seen by those who are down in the body of the boat. You hear the top of the turret clamped down, and then you look about somewhat nervously to see what is to be done next. The pilot or commander in the turret rings a little bell, and one of the five men in the crew turns a wheel, and you see that the boat is under way, running along the surface. One of the crew is far in the stern, where the gasoline engine and the electrical appliances are. Another is near the center, where there are two long levers, by which he fills or empties the big water-tanks in the bottom of the boat. Another lies stretched on the bottom of the main

Copyright, 1899, by the S. S. McClure Co. All rights reserved.

compartment, or sits on a camp-stool, with his hand reaching up into the turret, where he turns a wheel that controls the diving-engine. Another tucks himself into the small compartment at the bow, where he controls the apparatus for filling or emptying more tanks.

You look up at the tiny deadlight over your head, as you sit on your camp-stool, and you see the water dash over the glass in little waves. You hear the man in the turret give some order to the man at his feet; the floor tips slightly, and you know the descent has begun. You are so interested that nervousness disappears. Some one calls attention to a gage over your shoulder, a glass tube containing a column of mercury, which shows the exact depth to which the boat has dived.

You are intent on watching that when suddenly you look at the deadlight again. You see it covered with water of a most vivid green color, and then your eyes go back to the gage. In a moment you begin to watch the crew and to listen attentively to the orders that are given. The man under the turret turns a wheel; the bow of the boat lifts a little, and the gage shows that you are coming to the surface again. The green covering slips away from the deadlight, and finally disappears, and you know that you are running along the surface again. A bell sounds with some order from the turret. You look up, and find the deadlight covered again. The boat is going down without dipping. The gage shows that, but there is no sinking sensation. The reserve buoyancy is being overcome by filling the tanks. Another bell is rung, and you know you are under way once more. The gage tells you that the flags on the standards are fluttering along the surface, and the steady rumble and chuggedy-chug throb of the electric motor tells you that you are moving steadily.

There is nothing to see but a little compartment filled with machinery, in which a

few men half creep about and turn this or that wheel or push this or that lever, with entire complacency and no evidence of hurry or alarm. Conversation in low tones is going on whenever there is anything of special moment to be talked about. Every move that the boat makes shows that it is under perfect control, and a feeling of entire safety takes possession of you. In a few minutes the sensation of being under water becomes commonplace, and you begin to pity the people on the tugboat following you and who are perhaps worrying lest some dire thing will happen to you. Except for the cramped

quarters, the sensation is practically the same as being in the engine-room of a liner at sea, fifteen or twenty feet below the surface of the water.

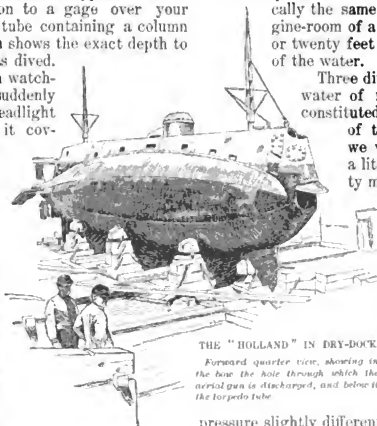
Three dives and a run under water of nearly three miles constituted the performance of the boat on the day we went down. After a little more than twenty minutes, we were on the surface again.

The turret was unclamped, the air rushed down into the compartment, and the heavy feeling on the ear-drums for an instant showed that we had been breathing an atmosphere with a

pressure slightly different from that on the surface of the water.

The "Holland," often called the "Monster War Fish," "Uncle Sam's Devil of the Deep," and the like, is, strictly speaking, a torpedo; but a torpedo controlled in all its workings by human agency inside the craft, instead of being automatic in its operations. The ordinary torpedo, by an arrangement of springs to counteract the water pressure, is made to go through the water at any depth set for it. It has to go in a path fixed for it beforehand. When it has run its course, it comes to the surface or sinks, in accordance with a predetermined plan. The "Holland" has men inside it to control it at will, from moment to moment, and with the additional power to discharge automatic water torpedoes, and to hurl aerial torpedoes as well.

The "Holland" is, in round numbers, fifty-



THE "HOLLAND" IN DRY-DOCK.

Forward quarter view, showing in the bow the hole through which the aerial gun is discharged, and below it the torpedo tube.

three feet long, and in its widest part it is ten and one-quarter feet in diameter. It has a displacement of seventy-four tons, and what is called a reserve buoyancy of two-tenths of a ton. The frames of the boat are exact circles of steel. They are set a little more than a foot apart. They diminish gradually in diameter from the center of the boat to the bow and stern. On the top of the boat a flat superstructure is built, to afford a walking-platform, and under this are spaces for exhaust pipes and for the external outfit for the boat, such as ropes and a small anchor. The steel plates which cover the frames are from one-half to three-eighths of an inch in thickness. From what

may be called the center of the boat a turret extends upward through the superstructure about eighteen inches. It is about two feet in diameter, and is the only means of entrance to the boat. It is the place from which the boat is operated. At the stern is an ordinary three-bladed propeller and an ordinary rudder, and in addition there are two horizontal rudders—"diving-rudders," they are called—which look like the feet of a duck spread out behind as it swims along the water.

The boat is propelled on the surface of the water by a gasoline engine, and beneath the surface by electricity from storage batteries. From the bow two-thirds of the way to the stern there is a flooring, beneath which are the storage batteries, the tank for the gasoline, and the tanks which are filled with



THE "HOLLAND" AT HER MOORINGS—(STERN VIEW).

water to submerge the boat. In the last third of the boat the flooring drops away, and the space is occupied by the propelling machinery. Another Holland boat, called the "Plunger," is, at this writing, near completion under Government contract at Baltimore, which will be propelled by steam on the surface and by electricity beneath the water. It has twin-screw propellers, and what are known as down-haul screws, to hold the boat at rest under water. It must carry a large steam boiler and three sets of engines, and must have a smoke-pipe; and it is further complicated by special requirements insisted upon by the Navy Department. It can discharge Whitehead torpedoes only. The "Holland" needs no boiler, has no smoke-stack or down-haul screws, and can discharge aerial as well



The series of photographs reproduced above, and kindly loaned by Mr. C. A. Morris, of the Holland Torpedo Boat Company, represent the "Holland" during her trip of July 5, 1900. Taken in order, they show her in cruising position; in diving position; diving; three minutes later; and rising, six minutes after the dive.

as water torpedoes. The only raw material required for its operation is gasoline. With that it may run its engine to charge its storage batteries or compress the air in its tanks.

There are about a dozen openings in the boat, the chief being three Kingston valves, by means of which the submerging-tanks are filled or emptied. Others admit water to pressure-gages which regulate or show the depth of the vessel under water. There are twelve deadlights in the top and sides of the craft. To remain under water, the boat must be kept in motion, unless an anchor is used. There is always a reserve buoyancy which tends to make it come to the surface. It can be steered to the surface by the diving-rudders, or sent flying to the top through emptying the storage tanks. If it strikes bottom, or gets stuck in the mud, it can blow itself loose by means of its compressed air. It cannot be sunk unless pierced above the flooring. It has a speed capacity of from eight to ten knots, either on the surface or under water. It can go 1,500 miles on the surface without renewing its supply of gasoline. It can go fully forty knots under water without coming to the surface, and there is enough compressed air in the tanks to supply a crew with fresh air for thirty hours, if the air is not used for any other purpose, such as emptying the submerging-tanks. It can dive to a depth of twenty feet in eight seconds.

The interior is simply packed with machinery. As one climbs down the turret, he is confronted with it at once. There is a diminutive compass, which must be avoided carefully by the feet. A pressure-gage is directly in front of the operator's eye as he stands in position. There are speaking-tubes to various parts of the boat, and a signal bell to the engine-room. As the operator's hands hang by his sides, he touches a wheel on the port side, by turning which he steers the little vessel, and one on the starboard side, by turning which he controls the diving machinery. After the turret is clamped down, the operator can look out through little plate-glass windows, about an inch wide and three inches long, which encircle the turret. So long as the boat is running on the surface, these are valuable, giving a complete view of the surroundings, if the water is smooth. After the boat goes beneath the surface, these windows are useless: it is impossible to see through the water. Steering must be done by compass, until recently considered an impossible task in a submarine boat. A tiny electric light in the turret shows the

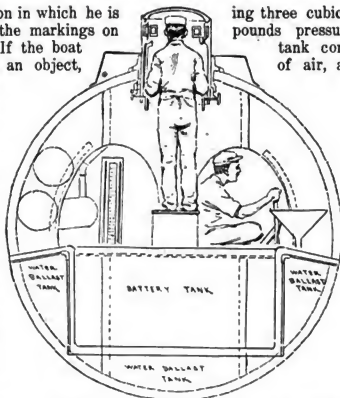
operator the direction in which he is going, and reveals the markings on the depth-gages. If the boat should pass under an object, such as a ship, a perceptible shadow would be noticed through the dead-lights, but that is all. The ability to see fishes swimming about in the water is a pleasant fiction.

The only clear space in the body of the boat is directly in front of the bench on which the man in the turret is standing. It is where the eighteen-inch torpedo tube and the eight and five-eighths inch aerial gun are loaded. There must be space here in which to load the guns. One torpedo may be carried in the tube, and there is room for two more in the open space at the breech. The breech of the aerial gun is directly above that of the torpedo tube. There is room in the bow cubby-holes for half a dozen projectiles for this gun. Each of these projectiles weighs 222 pounds, and carries 100 pounds of guncotton. The gun can shoot these projectiles one mile. The White-head torpedoes used are of the largest size, and have a running capacity of more than half a mile, at a speed of thirty knots, after they are discharged.

Along the sides of this open space are six compressed-air tanks, containing thirty cubic feet of air, at a pressure of 2,000 pounds to the square inch. Near by is a smaller tank, contain-

ing three cubic feet of air at a fifty-pounds pressure. A still smaller tank contains two cubic feet of air, at a ten-pounds pressure. These smaller tanks supply the compressed air which, with the smokeless powder, is used in discharging the projectiles from the boat.

Directly back of the turret is where one finds the machinery packed away closely. Up against the roof on the port side is the little engine by which the vessel is steered: it is operated by compressed air. Fastened to



Amidships cross-section of the "Holland."



SCENE IN THE CENTER OF THE "HOLLAND" WHEN SHE IS UNDER WATER.

The man sitting on the floor, at the feet of the lookout (whose head and body are in the turret), is turning the wheel which controls the diving-engine.



Loading the aerial dynamite gun.

the roof on the starboard side is the diving-engine, with disks that look as large as dinner plates stood on edge at each end. These disks are diaphragms on which the water pressure exerts an influence, counteracting certain springs which are set to keep

the tunnel shaft of an ocean liner. At one side there are the switchboards for the three dynamotors on board: one of forty-five horse-power to drive the boat; another of ten horse-power to compress air; and a third of one and one-half horse-power to supply the lights and assist in the ventilation. Near the switchboards are the spiral resistance

coils, which curve along the roof. Over to one side is the trolley controller, which is used in speeding the vessel when under water. The engineer turns a switch around just as a motorman does when he starts a street car. Near by is the gasoline engine, in the center of the compartment; and back from this apparently tangled mass stretches the shaft, which passes out into the water through a stuffing-box.

There are also pumps in the boat, a ventilating apparatus, and a sounding contrivance, by means of which the channel is picked out when running under water. This sounding contrivance consists of a heavy weight attached to a piano wire passing from a reel out through a stuffing-box in the bottom of the boat. There are also valves which release fresh air to the crew, although in ordinary runs of from one-half to one hour this is not necessary; the fresh air received



Filling the forward trimming tank.

the diving-rudders at a given pitch, and thus insuring an immersion of an exact depth during a run. At one side is a cubic steel box—the air-compressor; and directly in the center of this part of the boat is a long pendulum, just as there is in the ordinary torpedo, which, by swinging back and forth as the boat dives or rises, checks a tendency to go too far down or to come up at too sharp an angle. On the floor are the levers which, when raised and moved in certain directions, fill or empty the submerging-tanks. On every hand there are valves and wheels and pipes in such apparent confusion as to turn a layman's head.

Further back in the boat, where the flooring above the tanks ends, is the engine-room.

It resembles in its perspective

from the various exhausts in the boat being sufficient to supply all necessities in that length of time. The storage batteries in the bottom of the boat consist of sixty cells, with a power of 160 volts, and with a capacity for what is known to electricians as 1,600 ampere hours.

It is easy to build up stories, products of the imagination, as to what such a boat as the "Holland" would do in action; but nothing definite and sure can be said until an actual test comes. There is, however, one undoubted service that a boat like the "Holland" could be made to render in war, and that is, preventing an effective blockade of a harbor. The mere presence of such a boat defending a port would keep blockading ships moving at almost full speed, in order to be safe against its stealing near them while it was submerged and blowing them to pieces; and this movement would carry them probably so far off shore as to permit blockade runners to get in and out easily.

Again, such a boat, if in proper working order, could enter a harbor despite floating mines, and could ruin a fleet penned in as Cervera's fleet was. It could travel below contact mines, and there would be no use in attempting to destroy it by exploding mines planted in the mud, because the operators of the mines, in their lookouts on shore, could not see the craft and would not know when to set off such mines. In other words, the chief value of the "Holland," as a development in warfare, will be to prevent blockades, and to increase that tension among officers and crews on an enemy's warship, or fleet of warships, that leads in time to complete demoralization.

In an actual fight between a battleship and a Holland boat, the operation of the latter would be comparatively simple. The "Holland" would have a Whitehead torpedo in its bow tube ready for service, and also a projectile in its aerial gun ready to be fired. The boat would sink so that only its turret would remain above water, and so get within

about a mile of its antagonist. So small an object as the turret could not be made out at that distance; and even if it were

made out, the result would probably be a panic on the

larger boat. Dipping beneath the water, the "Holland" would probably approach within a quarter of a mile, and then come up for another look of a second or two. If it was in the night, it might approach nearer, and when within 200 yards, could discharge its Whitehead torpedo with a fair certainty of hitting the target, especially if the boat

had not yet been seen. If the "Holland's" presence had been detected, the big battleship would simply run away at full speed. No other course would be open to it.

With one torpedo fired from the "Holland," the crew would simply place another in the discharging-tube. The operator would slowly raise the boat to the surface, get a line on his target, quickly turn the boat so as to be in a straight line of action, give a sharp command, and then, as the boat was submerged by filling its tanks, another torpedo would be on its deadly errand. If the boat should be seen, and an attempt should be made to run it down, a dive would put it out of harm's way in ten seconds. The chance of destroying it by a torpedo would be very small, because it presents hardly any target; and the



The engineer at work.

same is true of the chance of hitting it with shots from a warship's guns. If the submarine boat's presence was suspected, the battleship would have to be kept running at nearly full speed, and at a long distance from port all of the time; if its presence was not suspected, the work of destroying the battleship would not be difficult. In either case, the safety of the port would be assured.

Curiously enough, it is probable that the "Holland" would do its most effective work on the surface, hurling its aerial projectiles filled with guncotton the distance of a mile. One of them falling within 100 feet of a warship would probably wreck it. The probability of exact range through the use of pneumatic power has been practically settled. The explosion of a large guncotton projectile near a ship, with no means of telling from what exact spot the next one would be hurled, would terrify the ship's crew. The experience of the "earthquake thrower," the "Vesuvius," at Santiago shows that. Little actual damage was done by the "Vesuvius," and the same is true of the bombardments by our battleships and cruisers; but it was agreed that the shots from the "Vesuvius" worked complete demoralization among the garrisons near which they landed.

Ever since the "Holland" began to attract public attention there has been much talk

about "revolutionizing warfare." Such a possibility is always fascinating to the popular mind. Of course, strictly speaking, warfare is never revolutionized. Methods of waging it grow more complicated as science makes new achievements. The successful submarine boat adds new problems to these complications. This means a development, not a revolution.

The assertion that men will not be found willing to engage in the work of operating a boat of this kind has no force when one considers the bravery of the men of the South in the Civil War as crew after crew went to certain death in the crude "Davids" in the effort—successful at last—to destroy a Federal warship; when one remembers the eager daring and magnificent courage of Cushing and his companions of those days; when one recalls that recently every man, practically, in Sampson's fleet volunteered to go with Hobson to sink the "Merrimac" in the mouth of Santiago harbor. There never will be a lack of men in the United States navy to undertake hazardous work; but with the improvements that have come in navigation and in warfare, it would seem to be inaccurate to class service in a boat like the "Holland" as more dangerous than any other kind of work in action. Certainly the boat in battle would be safer than the ordinary torpedo boat exposed to fire on the surface of the water.

HITTING THE TRAIL



By **HAMLIN GARLAND**

Illustrated from Life by **E. L. BLUMENSCHNEIN**

THE trail has a language of its own because it has a life of its own. As distinct as the sailor's lingo, it is more picturesque and less technical in its metaphors. It is less bound by tradition and more humorous. To "hit the trail" is a phrase worth considering, for it suggests a

long train of related pictures, signs, and symbols. A man is said to "hit the trail" when he pulls out of town or the highway or the camp with pack-train and saddle-horse, and entering the narrow path leading to the wild country where no wheel has ever rolled, leaves the world of business, art, and politics behind him.



"It . . . plunges into gulches."

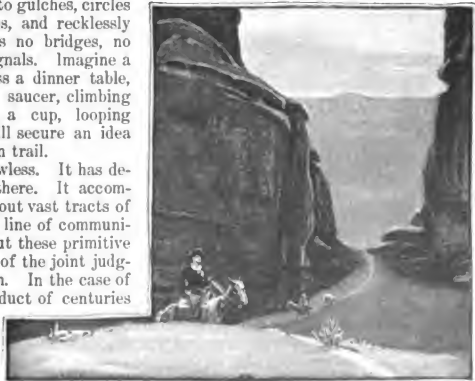
It becomes each year increasingly necessary to define the trail itself. In its true meaning, it is a narrow path like a cow-path, capable only of receiving horses moving in single file. It is only twelve or fourteen inches wide on dry ground, and may be merely a smoothing of the ground, or it may be worn ankle deep by man and beast. It may be one mile or a thousand in length. It may be a "carry" around a river fall, or a hunting-path leading to the upper waters of a stream, or it may cross a mighty mountain range or a desert. Insignificant as a gossamer, it may be the thread on which a man's life hangs. It has immense value in the desert—longitudinally, it is impressive.

It is apparently aimless. It seems to go nowhere except in most difficult places. It climbs side hills, plunges into gulches, circles above the heads of cañons, and recklessly edges awful cliffs. It has no bridges, no tunnels, and few danger signals. Imagine a black thread thrown across a dinner table, crossing a plate, edging a saucer, climbing the sugar-bowl, circling a cup, looping around a knife, and you will secure an idea of the course of a mountain trail.

Yet it is by no means lawless. It has design. It ultimately gets there. It accomplishes wonders. Throughout vast tracts of the West it is still the only line of communication. No one man laid out these primitive paths. They are the result of the joint judgment of generations of men. In the case of old trails, they are the product of centuries of travel by the red men, who camped in the trackless waste many days in order that the trail should go right. They felt their

way over divides and through wooded valleys. Almost every river and cañon of the Northwest has its Indian trail, forgotten, it may be, by both white men and red of this generation, trod only by the berry-seeking bear or the migrating elk. These trails cross the range at just the proper point. The white hunter sees this; the engineers follow the hunters, and the palace car rolls after.

The Indian's trail is of more interest than the white man's, because it is constructed on natural lines. The red man saved labor (time was no consideration). The white man commands it, and is, therefore, lavish of toil. Time he saves, and his trails are run by the compass. The Indian laid his trail by the conjunction of stars and mountain peaks. Therefore, it loops its way across a valley by most gentle and beautiful curves; it approaches a hill with caution, and follows a lake side with leisure. There is no mark of the axe on such a trail. A bent twig here and there—a sapling laid flat—nothing more. It respects the dead body of every tree, and turns gently aside for every swaying sapling. It allows nature to proceed undisturbed in her seedings and harvestings. Thus the Indian trail is never direct, but always indirect, accommodating, patient of obstruction—an adjustment, not a ravage. It alarms nothing. It woos every wild thing. It never disfigures. It sacrifices itself. It



"Above the heads of cañons."

loses itself in nature. It does not rive and uproot, or gash or destroy, like a road. It is a purple-brown ribbon in the grass; a silken strand on the hillside. It is dappled as a watersnake beneath the pines, brown with fleckings of sun and shade; in the meadow grass it disappears.

The trail is poetry; a wagon road is prose; the railroad, arithmetic. My blood always leaps under a spur of dimly remembered joys as I turn from the dusty, rectilinear turnpike into the trail. We are done with the foul dust, the noise, the crowds of the highway, when we "hit the trail." We enter into nature's heart.

It is, for the most part, gentle to the touch. Your feet make no sound in its bed. In the olden time, when men had no horses and wore only moccasins, it was patted silken smooth, like a rabbit's run-way. It is wonderful to see with what ease it crosses a range of peaks. It seems itself to move. It swings around rocks and trees, and goes at a hill with gentle circumspection. It avoids mud as carefully as a cat steps around a pool of water, but when the mud is inevitable, it makes a sudden, quick plunge, and goes up the opposite bank with a leap.

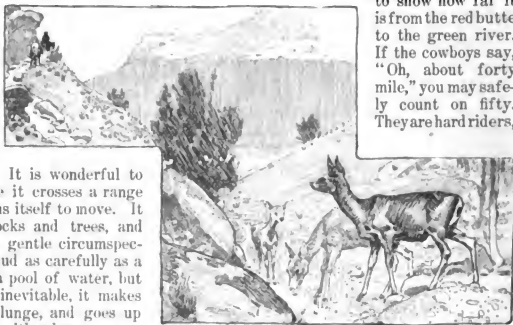
It seems to love grass and water. It lingers by the side of sunlit streams, and keeps close to the ripple of waves on the beach of woodland lakes. It plunges into the radiance of plum and cherry thickets, or into the bloom of wild oats, as a poet might desire it to do. All that nature has she shows to him who rides the trail. She hides her choice things from the railway, the turnpike, the lane. On the trail the flowers are at your feet. Fruits offer to your hand. Berries may be snatched by the handful from the shrubs. All her shyest, most delicate plants, scents, blooms, beasts the trail is permitted to approach.

In return, the trail is respectful. It takes no more sward than it needs. It is not a land-grabber. When it can no longer use a piece of sod, it returns it to the grass. Blue bells, shooting stars, or the most delicate ferns may grow to the very edge of the trail in safety. The passing feet of the ponies hardly stir their leaves.

On the plain, the trail is a gossamer thread floating on a sea of shimmering heat. It wavers, curves, is lost in a valley only to reappear on a distant swell. It leaps across a bare brown hill like a carelessly flung rope, or lies in the bottom of a vast concave dip of sod like a strand of silk in a Japanese bowl. Even here on the vast level surface it does not move in straight lines, but in easy, swinging, compound curves. It still follows where least resistance offers.

Travel on the trail is slow. Miles are not very definite. Distances are measured by hours or days. The Indian says, "It is two sleeps distant," or he traces the course of the sun from one point of the sky to another

to show how far it is from the red butte to the green river. If the cowboys say, "Oh, about forty mile," you may safely count on fifty. They are hard riders,



"Near the timid deer."

and know how to take advantage of a trail in a way impossible to a stranger. Trails are always a third longer than they look on the map, and that is not counting the streams which bar the way.

They are almost necessarily old things, and the older the better, generally speaking. As you ride through a forest you can trace the different ages of the trail back to its original course. I have ridden round a towering pine which had grown up in the midst of the oldest path of an old trail. The fall of a parent tree gave a turn to the path and permitted the giant son to fill the very footsteps of the Indian hunter of a hundred years ago.

"See that chain of peaks?" says the settler. "No one has ever crossed there."

He is mistaken. Some Indian hunter long ago laid out a trail there, and it was used in common by the bear, the deer, and the red man. Then it was disused and forgotten, it may be; but it is still there, and

can be reopened. It has great trees blocking it, the grass has reclaimed it, and the stream has washed it away in places; but its general course can be followed, and would be found to have been excellently planned.

Wild animals cross a trail confidently, but they hurry across a road, or stop at its ominous edge and turn back. They fear its hot blaze of light. The trail insinuates itself between their lairs and their watering places; creeps above their feeding places; flings around them a gentle, silent arm. It destroys little feed, plows no land, blasts no rocks. It wears its way into secret places like a brook in a meadow. It reveals the secrets of the woodland. To tread it is to be made reverent of nature.

For all this, a trail can be terrible. A rain transforms it. It no longer woos, it threatens. It becomes uncertain, treacherous, gloomy, and engulfing. Creeks become rivers, rivers impassable torrents, and marshes bottomless abysses. Pits of quicksand de-

velop in most unexpected places. Forced from smooth lake margins, the trailers' ponies are forced to climb ledges of rock and to rattle over long slides of shale. In places the thread-like way itself becomes an aqueduct for a rushing overflow of water. At such times the man on the trail feels the grim power of nature. She has no pity, no consideration. She sets mud, torrents, rocks, cold, mist to check and chill him, to devour him. Over him he has no roof, under him

no pavement. Never for an instant is he free from the pressure of the elements. On the plains, he is threatened by heat and tortured by thirst, or blown upon by winds laden with dust or snow. In the wood, flies and mosquitoes at times feed upon him and his loyal horses. Tempests of rain or snow confront him like savage birds of prey. Sullen streams lie athwart his road like dragons.

A man on the trail must carry his house, bed, and board with him. He must be prepared for any weather and be self-sufficing at all hours. This leads to the pack-horse, the pack-saddle, and the "diamond hitch," which is the pride and distinguishing glory of the old campaigner. Wheeled vehicles and even the *travois* being impossible in the woods, the goods of the trailer must go on the back of a horse, commodiously put together so that they shall not rub against trees or slide from the animal's back. Thus the "saw-buck" saddle comes into use. Sitting firmly astride the horse's back, it receives the bundle or bag or

parfleche (each some sort of box or sack), one on either side. Above these "side packs" go tent and bed and "mantle"; and then the "diamond hitch"—a peculiar and rather difficult knot in a long rope—which firmly lashes all the goods in place. With his rifle, axe, tin-cup, and extra coat behind his own saddle, the hunter moves out into the wild, leading his pack-horse, prepared to camp anywhere and at any time. All he requires is grass and water for his horses, and he



"It lingers by the side of sunlit streams."

is at home. Rain, darkness, wild animals, serpents, noxious insects, do not disturb him. He is master of the situation. A few minutes' warning, and he will have his tent set, a fire blazing, his coffee steaming, and be quite prepared for a week of wet. He is prepared to "stay with it" for all summer or all winter, provided his horses can get at the sod beneath the snow.

The trail develops character. It makes a man silent, patient of nature's laws, self-



"It still follows where least resistance offers."

reliant. It teaches him to endure hunger and cold and thirst as well as mud, insects, bad water, and monotonous food. All these troubles he considers "part of the outfit." He comes to consider all privations, accidents, delays, surprises, and disappointments as necessary and natural, like the movements of clouds. At the same time the trail coarsens a man. It makes him keen-eyed, strong, active, resourceful; but it develops careless habits of speech and toilet. A mild-spoken man is likely to become amazingly profane of speech. He neglects to comb his hair. His hands resemble toads, or the feet of mud hens. He snaps a worm from his meat, or scoops a fly out of his tea, and proceeds unconcernedly.

The trail does not conduce to well-trimmed beards, smooth clean chins, or neckties. The tendency of a man on the trail is to revert to a state of primitive savagery. He grows shaggy, grimy, calloused, and brown. He picturesquely melts into the background of rocks and the trees. His coat gets scallopy and rusty-brown of color. His hat, used as drinking-cup, quirt, fire-fan, mosquito bludgeon, and pillow, comes soon to resemble a piece of leather or pine bark, and to flap up and down in the wind like a mule's ear. In this extremity the trailer merely threads a shoestring around the brim, to pucker it up out of his eyes, and "pounds 'em on the back." His boots become mud-colored, and his socks grow into his feet. Mosquitoes labor hard to reach the blood in his cheek. He has become

bullet-proof—he is nature's own child.

In this life the man's horse is as necessary as a boat to a sailor, and is chosen with quite the same care. A good pack-horse must not only submit to any sort of pack, but he must be cunning and brave in crossing streams, and able and willing to eat any green thing.

He must know enough to weave between trees without jolting his pack against their boles, and to edge round a corner of rock or a narrow mountain ledge without falling into the abyss. He must be easy to catch, and not inclined to stray from camp. A good pack-horse regards the tail of his master as the center of his world. He should be a good walker, and capable of leaping a fallen log or sliding down a bank with two hundred pounds of provisions on his back.

The saddle-horse must have his virtues too. He must be strong, gentle, a good walker, able to "rustle" his own forage anywhere, and he must be wise in trouble. He must be willing to lead the way into the rush of icy torrents, and strong enough to "lead" the feeble pack-horses through. He must be patient of mud-holes, and willing to receive the bridle-bit of a morning. He should allow his master to mount from the off as well as the near side, and be wise enough to stand patiently when tangled in a rope till his master comes. These are a few of the traits of a saddle-horse for the trail. I possess such a horse now.

The trailer knows the value of his horse, and though he will "cuss his cayuse plumb



"He must know by the look of a ford whether it is capable of being crossed by a pack-horse or not."

lively" and rowl him deep, he will dress his back and limbs with zealous care. He cannot afford to be "set afoot." To be set afoot is equivalent to a sailor's being upset in mid-sea. No one who has not crossed the deserts of Arizona, or been without food in

of streams and forests, appeals to the city dweller as trails epic and primeval.

The trailer thinks, but he does not dream. His senses are aware of all that goes on. Every whisking squirrel, the rustle of a grouse in the copse, the crackling march of a far-off bear, the snort of a startled elk, the fresh slot of a deer—every sign and signal and movement he takes note of and decides upon. He has few dangers from wild beasts these days, but constant danger from flood and pit-hole.

He must know many things—this man of the trail. He must know where to find the best feed for his horses; he must be able to lead them to the sunny slopes where the grass springs earliest, and to the high ridges where the bunch-grass grows. He must know by the look of a ford whether it is capable of being crossed by a pack-horse or not. He must decide upon the best way to enter and the easiest way out. He must know by the color of a mud-hole whether it is merely belly-deep or bottomless. He must be able to tell quicksand from ordinary "wash," and he must be able to know when it is best to keep the center of a pool and when to skirt it. He must have some veterinarian skill also, and be able to keep his horses in condition and to treat them promptly in case of accident or poisoning.

The trail has many annoyances. Perhaps the pack-horses follow badly, or they "buck" their packs off, or rub against trees. Perhaps one is slow, and delays the whole train by loitering. Their backs are likely to become sore and to require great care. The work of packing and unpacking fills so much of the day in case of a train of six or eight horses that one comes to think he has spent the whole day "dragging up cinches." If the trailer is "making time," he must rise at dawn, cook his breakfast while his partner "rustles the horses"—which is not a desirable task on a wet morning; for it means wading in rain-soaked grass, and dragging the reluctant broncos back to the trail when they are inclined to go on all sides of every quaking asp in the open. It is not pleasant to roll out in a cold, misty dawn, all your clothing damp, your boots sloppy and sticky, and your joints stiff and sore. The water in the bucket is frozen over, perhaps, and must be broken in order to wash. The horses are somewhere in the drenching brush. The fuel is soggy, and the wind is raw. At such times the trail seems a desolate place. But the horses are soon rustled, the coffee comes to a boil, the sun breaks out, and you swing into the saddle, forget-



"Before you are unknown mountain peaks and rivers and forests and plains."

the cold, green mountains of British Columbia, can know the value of a horse to the full.

There is something admirable in this man who calmly unpacks in a rain and, unhurriedly setting his tent, makes himself a lair and is housed in half an hour. Men are getting so thin-skinned, so dependent on rubber boots and tin roofs, that the hunter riding forth alone on a journey whose circuit is a thousand miles seems like a man of another world—as he is. His cheerful indifference to darkness, cold, wet, heat, or drouth, and his resourceful fronting

ting the rain in the glorious freshness of the day.

Danger is constant in life, and there are dangers on the trail, but they are not much greater than in a village. Certainly, not so great as in a city. And its beauties, its pleasures are many. You have good horses and a trusted companion, with a suitable outfit; you hit the trail on a fine day in May; the grass is green, the aspen leaves are rustling, cranes are bugling, geese are honking, loons are calling; before you are unknown mountain peaks and rivers and forests and plains; you are young and strong, and your heart beats quick at the thought of again swinging clear of all that pertains to the road. Robins, thrushes, butterflies, bumble-bees, humming-birds, grouse, larks make the land seem gentle, while a bear track in the dust suggests wildness. At such times the trail is the finest highway in the world.

Actual dangers of the trail in the plains country lie in the lack of water, and in the bite of the rattlesnake, the sting of the centipede or of the tarantula. In the mountain country the streams offer most danger. They are always swifter than they look and deeper, and sometimes an experienced man on a strong horse is swept away and drowned. But for the most part, in these days, the trail is as quiet as a country church on Monday.

After being on the trail a day or two, the trailer ceases to regard time, distance, or the things of civilized land. Home is where grass and water are abundant. Time is marked by three events; sunrise, meridian, and sunset—all else is needless division. Newspapers, bridges, lace curtains, and stoves are forgotten, or remembered with a smile. Fire on the plains or in the forest is likely during certain dry months. Falling trees, on certain slopes where the forest is old and dying, are a source of danger. But the trailer has no thought of danger, and pays little heed to discomforts.

The trail has its signs. A twig designedly cut and bent is like a finger pointing, "Go there." A "blaze"—that is, a cut on a tree showing the inner bark—is like a beckoning hand. It says, "Come this way." A new blaze renders an old one valueless. A sap-

ling cut and thrown across a trail locks it: "Don't go any further." A new blaze supplements, and seems to say, "But this way is open." A stick set upright in the mud means, "Keep out—no bottom." A blaze on a fallen log means, "Cross here." A tree cut and bent on a river bank at a ford says, "Go in here." A blazed twin on the opposite bank, "Come out here." By use of these signs and similar ones the man on the trail profits by the experiences of those who have gone before, and aids those who are to follow. There is always some news on the trail to him who can see it. It is a duty to enlighten those behind.

The trail is the sign of things vanishing; the evidence of nature untouched and unsubdued. It stands for a world of free men and wild animals. It has no towns; seldom even to-day does it permit post-offices or newspapers. It begins where the thoroughfare leaves off; it ends in the clouds of the mountain peaks, where the unscared ptarmigan sits beneath the fan-like branches of the wind-warped pines. It is never populous, and it is silent. Respect its silence, and it will lead you where flowers bloom at the edge of snow, where a hundred streams leaping a semi-circular cliff of granite hum like a hive of bees. It will take you near the mountain sheep and the spectral antelope.

The young eagle will greet you, and the marmot signal your approach.

The trail has taught me much. I know now the varied voices of the coyote—the wizard of the mesas. I know the solemn call of herons and the mocking cry of the loon. I remember a hundred lovely lakes, and recall the fragrant breaths of pine and fir and cedar and poplar trees. The trail has strung upon it, as upon a thread of silk, opalescent dawns and saffron sunsets. It has given me blessed release from care and worry and the troubled thinking of our modern day. It has been a return to the primitive and the peaceful. Whenever the pressure of our complex city life thins my blood and benumbs my brain, I seek relief in the trail; and when I hear the coyote wailing to the yellow dawn, my cares fall from me—I am happy.



"In the mountain country the streams offer most danger."

ADVENTURES OF A TRAIN-DESPATCHER.

By CAPTAIN JASPER EWING BRADY, JR., U.S.A.

A GENERAL STRIKE.—A LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER FOR A DAY.—AN EXACTING SUBORDINATE.
—THE BIG RIVER WRECK.



DURING the ensuing spring, one of those spasmodic waves of strikes passed over the country. The employees on some of the northern roads went out, and then gradually it came down our way, and the first thing we knew we were in it hard. The conductors and brakemen went first,

and a few days later they were followed by the engineers and firemen. That completed the business, and we were tied up tighter than a brick. Our men were not in full sympathy with the strike, but their obligation to the union was too strong for them to resist.

Just at this time, we had a yard full of freight, some of it perishable, and it was imperative that it should be moved very soon. The roundhouse men and a few hostlers were still working, so it was an easy thing to get a yard engine out. Bennett, myself, Burns, the second-trick man, and the division superintendent, Mr. Hebron, went down into the yard to do the switching. There were twenty-three cars of California fruit and Texas live-stock waiting a train out, and the drovers were getting impatient, because they wanted to get up to Chicago to take advantage of a "bulge" in the market.

I soon found that standing up in an office watching the switchmen do the yard work, and going down to do it yourself, were two different propositions. When I first went between two cars to make a coupling, I thought my time had come. I fixed the link and pin in one car, and then ran down to the next, and fixed the pin there. The engine was backing slowly, but when I turned around, it looked as if it had the speed of an overland "flyer." I watched carefully, raised and guided the link in the opposite draw-head, and then dropped the pin. Those two cars came together like the crack of doom, and I shut my eyes and jumped back, imagining I had been crushed to death—in

fact, I could feel that my right hand was mashed to pulp. But it wasn't. I had made the coupling without a scratch to myself, and it wasn't long before I became bolder, and jumped on and off brake-beams and foot-boards like any other lunatic. That all four of us were not killed is a miracle.

By dint of hard work we succeeded in getting a train made up for Chaminade, and all we needed now was an engine and crew. There was a very interested crowd of men standing around, and many a merry ha-ha we received for our crude efforts. Engine 341 was hitched on, and we were all ready to start. Burns was going to be the conductor, Bennett was to be the hind man, while I was to ride ahead. But where were the engineer and fireman? Mr. Hebron had counted on a non-union engineer to pull the train, and a wiper to do the firing, but just as we expected them to appear, we found that some of the strikers had talked them over. To make matters worse, the roundhouse men and hostlers caught the fever, and out they went.

Now it occurred to me that I could run that engine. When I was young in the railroad business, I had spent much of my spare time on switch engines, and once in a while I had taken a run out on the road with some engineer who was friendly to me. One man, old Tom Robinson, who pulled a fast freight, had been particularly kind to me, and on one occasion I had taken a few days' lay-off and gone out and back one run with him. Being of an inquisitive turn of mind, I asked him a great many questions about gauges, valves, oil-cups, eccentrics, injectors, etc., and whenever he would get down under the engine, I always paid the closest attention. I used to ride on the right-hand side of the cab with him, and occasionally he would allow me to feel the throttle for a few minutes. Thus, when I was a little older, I could run an engine quite well. I knew the oil-cups, could work the injector, knew enough to open and close the cylinder cocks, and had a pretty fair general idea of the

machine. So now I went up to the division superintendent and said: "Mr. Hebron, I will run this train to Chaminade if you will get a man to keep her hot."

"You," said Hebron, "you are a despatcher; what do you know about a locomotive?"

I told him I might not know much, but if he would say the word, I would get those twenty-three cars into Chaminade. He looked at me for a minute, asked me a few questions about what I knew of an engine, and then said: "I'll risk it. Get on that engine, my boy; take this one wiper left for a fireman, and pull out. But first go over

to the office for your orders. You won't need many, because everything is tied up between here and Johnsonville, and you will have a clear track. Now fly."

Strangely enough, after he had consented I was not half so eager to undertake it; but I had said I would, and now I must stick to it. I went up to the office, and Bennett gave me the orders. But as he did so, he said: "Bates, that's a foolhardy thing for you to do, and I guess the old man must be crazy to allow you to do it; but I'll see you through with it. Now, don't you forget that you have twenty-three cars behind you, and that I am on the hind end and have a wife and family to support."

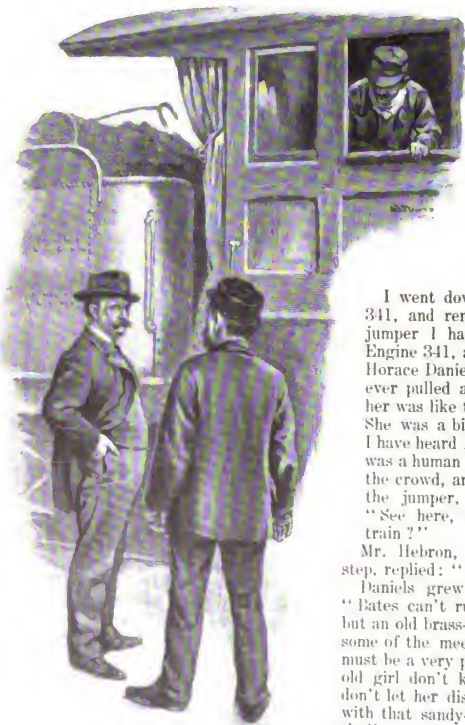
We went out, and Bennett told the cattle men to get aboard, as we were about to start. All this had been done unbeknown to any of the strikers; but when they saw me coming down the yard with a piece of yellow tissue paper in my hand, they knew it was an order, and they began to smell a mouse. But where was the engineer?

I went down, and climbed up on old 341, and removing my coat, put on a jumper I had brought from the office. Engine 341, as I have said, was run by Horace Daniels, one of the best men that ever pulled a throttle, and his pride in her was like that of a mother in a child. She was a big ten-wheeled Baldwin, and I have heard Daniels talk to her as if she was a human being. He was standing in the crowd, and when he saw me put on the jumper, he came over and said: "See here, who is going to pull this train?"

Mr. Hebron, who was standing by the step, replied: "Bates is."

Daniels grew red with rage, and said: "Bates can't run an engine; he's nothing but an old brass-pounder, and, judging from some of the meets he has made for me, he must be a very poor one at that. This here old girl don't know no one but me nohow; don't let her disgrace herself by going out with that sandy-haired chump at the throttle."

Mr. Hebron smiled, and said, "Well, then, you pull her out, Daniels."



"See here, who is going to pull this train?"

Daniels shook his head, and replied: "You know I can't do that, Mr. Hebron. It's true, I am not in sympathy with this strike, but the boys are out, and I got to stand by them. But when this strike is over, I want old 341 back. Why, Mr. Hebron, I'd rather see a scab run her than that lightning-jerker."

But Mr. Hebron was firm, and Daniels walked slowly away. By this time we had a good head of steam on, and Bennett gave me the signal to pull out. I shoved the reverse lever from the center clear over forward, and grasping the throttle, gave it a pull.

Longfellow says, in "The Building of the Ship": "She starts, she moves, she seems to feel the thrill of life along her keel." I can fancy exactly how that ship felt, because just as the first hiss of steam greeted my ears and I felt that engine move, I had a peculiar thrill run along my keel, and my heart was in my mouth. She did not start quite fast enough for me, so I gave the throttle another jerk, and whew! how those drivers did fly around! I shut her off quickly, gave her a little sand, and this time she took the rail beautifully, walking away like a thoroughbred.

There is a little divide just outside of the El Monte yard, and then for a stretch of about five miles it is down grade. After this the road winds around the river banks, with level tracks to Johnsonville, where the double track commences. All I had to do was to get the train to the double track, and from there a belt-line engine was to take it in. Thus my run was only thirty-five miles.

Our start was very auspicious, and when we were going along pretty well, I pulled the reverse back to within one point of the center, and opened her up a little more. I wish I was able to describe my sensations as the engine swayed to and fro in her flight. The fireman was a rather intelligent chap, and he had no trouble keeping her hot, and twenty-three cars wasn't much of a train for 341. We went up the grade a-flying. When we got over the divide, I let her get a good start before I shut her off for the down-grade. And how she did go! I thought at times she would jump the track, but she held on all right. At the foot of this grade is a very abrupt curve, and when we struck this, it seemed as if she jumped ten feet in the air. My hat was gone, my hair was flying in the wind, and I was scared to death, but it was wildly exciting. My fireman came over and yelled in my ear that

I had better call for brakes or there would be a smash-up. Brakes! Not on your life. I didn't want any brakes, because if she ever stopped I wasn't sure I would ever get her started again. We made the run of thirty-five miles in about an hour, and when we reached Johnsonville, I received a message from Mr. Hebron congratulating me. But Bennett—well, the rating he gave me was worth going miles to hear. He said that never in his life had he taken such a ride, nor would he ever volunteer again to ride behind such a crazy engineer. But I didn't care; I had pulled the train as I said I would, and the engine was in good shape, barring a hot driving-box. I may add, however, that I don't care to make any such trip again.

We went back on a mail train that night, run by a non-union engineer, and in a day or two the strike was declared off, the men returned to work, and peace once more reigned supreme. Daniels got back his "old girl" in as good shape as ever, and once, while he was waiting for orders, he told me that he had hoped that old 341 would get on a rampage that day I took her out and "kick the stuffin' out of that train and every one on it." Poor old Daniels, he stuck to his "old girl" to the last, but one day he struck a washout, and as a result he received a right-of-track order on the road to a far, far country.

CHIEF DESPATCHER—AN INSPECTION TOUR.

I had always supposed that the higher you ascended in any business, the easier would be your position and the happier your lot. What a fallacy, especially in the railroad service, where your responsibilities, work, care, and worries increase in direct proportion as you rise! The operator's responsibility is limited to the correct reception, transmission, delivery, and repetition of his orders and messages; the despatcher's to the correct conception of the orders and their transmission at the right time to the proper train; but the chief despatcher's responsibilities combine not only these, but many more. A despatcher's work is cut out for him, just as a tailor would cut his cloth, and when his eight-hour trick is done, his work for the day is finished and his time is his own. Not so the chief. His work is never done; he works early and late, and even at night he is liable to be called to go out on a wrecking train or to perform some special duty. Almost everybody on the



"Well, what's wanted?"

division is under his jurisdiction, except the division superintendent.

After I had been a telegraph operator for about ten years, I awoke one fine morning to find myself offered the position of chief despatcher of the central division of the C. N. & Q. Railway, with headquarters at Selbyville. The district of which I was to take charge was about three hundred miles long, and consisted of three freight divisions of one hundred miles each. That meant much work, but who wouldn't welcome a promotion? I gratefully accepted, and was duly installed in my new position. As I had been on the road only about three months when this happened, and as I did not know all the operators on the division, one of my first acts was to take a trip over the road to meet them. I rode on freight trains or anything that happened to come along, and dropped off as I wanted to, in order that I might become thoroughly acquainted with the men and the road.

One of the time-card rules was that no person was to be allowed to enter any of the

telegraph offices except those on duty there; even the train men were supposed to receive their orders and transact their business at the window or counter. Generally, however, the rule was not enforced very rigidly. I dropped off of No. 6, one night at 11.30, at Bakersville. A night office was kept here because it was a good order point and had a water-tank. I had never met the night man, and knew nothing of him, except that he was a fiery-tempered Irishman named Barry and an excellent operator. Despatchers had on more than one occasion complained of his impudence, but his ability was so marked and he was so prompt that he was allowed to remain. As No. 6 pulled out he went into the office, closed the door, and then shut the ticket-window. He had apparently not seen me, or if he had he paid no attention to me, so I went into the waiting-room and rapped on the window. He shoved it up, and gruffly said: "Well, what's wanted?"

I answered, pretty sharply, that I desired to come into his office.

"Well, then, you can take it out in waiting, because you don't get in here!"

I started to reason with him, when he slammed the window in my face. That made me mad, and I told him if he didn't let me in very quick, I'd smash the window and come in anyhow.

"Smash the window, will you? You just try it, and I'll smash your head with this poker. Get out of that waiting-room!"

It now occurred to me that he did not know me; so I said: "Hold on there, young man; I am Mr. Bates, chief despatcher of this division, and I am on a tour of inspection. Now open up."

"Bates, thunder! Bates never would come sneaking out over the road in this manner. You pack up and get; it will take more than your word to make me believe you are Bates."

I saw that remonstrance with him was useless, and, besides, I had an idea he might carry out his threat to strike me with the poker, so I went over to a mean little hotel and stayed all night, vowing to have vengeance on him in the morning. When daylight came, I went back to the station, and Dayton, the day man, knew me at once, having worked with me on the K. M. & O. Barry had told him of the trouble, and he was having a great laugh at my expense. Barry came around in a little while, but he didn't seem the least disturbed when he found out who I really was. He said there was a time-card rule that forbade him

allowing any unauthorized person in his office; he thought I was some semi-respectable-looking "hobo," who wanted a place to stay all night; how was he to know? This was good reasoning, and I saw he was right. Men on railroads who so implicitly obey orders are too valuable to lose; and before I left the road he was in my office, working the second trick.

BIG RIVER WRECK.

One Friday evening, after four or five days of steady rain, I received a message from the section foreman at Truxton, saying that Big River was beginning to come up and that constant rains were making the track pretty soft. I sent him an order to put out a track-walker immediately and to make a "slow order" for five miles this side of Big River; the track on the other, or south, side was all right.

Our fast mail came in just then, and after the engines were changed, the engineer and conductor came in for their orders. I told them about the soft track, and in fun I remarked to Ben Roberts, the engineer, that he had better look out or he would be taking a bath in Big River that night. He facetiously replied: "Well, I don't much mind, because I am generally so dirty when I get that far out, that a bath would do me good."

They received their orders, and as Roberts went out of the door, he laughingly said: "I guess, Bates, you had better send the wrecker out after us to fish us out of Big River to-night."

I stepped over to the window, saw him climb on engine 232, a beautiful McQueen,

and pull out, and just as he started, he turned and waved his hand, as if in token of farewell.

Truxton, five miles from the river, was not a stop for the mail; but I had them flagged there, to give them another special warning about approaching Big River with caution. Just then the track-walker came into Trux-

ton, and reported that he had come from the river on a velocipede, and that while the track was a little soft, the bridge appeared to be all right. Presently I heard, "OS, OS, XN, No. 21, a 7.45, d 7.51," and I knew the train had gone on.

The next station south was Burton, three miles beyond the bridge, and I thought I would wait until I had the OS from there before going home for the night. Thirty minutes passed, and no sign of her. This did not worry me very much, because Roberts would be extremely careful and run slow. In a minute Truxton opened up, and

said, "Raining like blazes just now." I asked him where the track-walker was, and he said he had gone out towards the bridge just after the mail left.

Fifty minutes passed, and all of a sudden every instrument in the office ceased clicking. As soon as a wire opens, the operators are instructed to try their ground wires, and in that way the break is soon located. Bentonville, Bakersville, Muncy, Ashton, all in quick succession tried their grounds, and reported: "All wires open south." Presently the despatcher's wire closed again, and "DS, DS, XN." There! that was Truxton calling us. I answered, and he said: "Wires all open south. Heavy rain now falling; violent wind storm has just passed



"Mr. Bates, for God's sake, let me speak to you a minute."

over us; lots of lightning; looks like the storm would last all night."

I told him to get the section foreman, and give him an order to take his gang and car and go to the bridge and back at once and make a full report.

But where was No. 21 all this time? Stuck in the mud, I hoped; but all the same I had many misgivings. Mr. Antwerp, the division superintendent, came in just then, and I reported all the facts to him. He was much worried, but said he hoped it would turn out all right. Getting nothing from Burton on the south, I had told Truxton to keep on his ground until the section gang or the track-walker came in with a report. Twenty minutes later he began to call "DS" with all his might. I answered, and this is what the despatcher's operator copied:

M. N. B.

DS.

No. 21 went through Big River bridge to-night; track was soft all the way over from Truxton; engine, mail, baggage, and one coach on bridge when it gave way; three Pullmans stayed on the track. Think we were hit by cloudburst. Roberts, engineer, and Sampson, conductor, both missing. Need doctors.

O'HARA, *Brakeman*.

I sent a caller to get the wrecking crew out, and another for doctors. I then instructed Burke to prepare orders for the wrecker, giving it a clean sweep and pulling everything off; told Truxton to keep his ground on and stay close; and pulling on my rain-coat, I bounded down the steps to the round-house to hurry up an engine. Engine 122, with Ed Stokes at the throttle, was just backing down as I came out, so I went back, signed the orders, and as soon as the doctors arrived, Mr. Antwerp told me to pull out and take charge.

Forty miles in forty minutes, with one slow down, was our time. The old derrick and wreck outfit swayed to and fro like reeds in the wind, but fortunately they held the track. When we reached Truxton, we found the track-walker there, and after hearing his story in brief, we pulled out again. Our ride from there over to the wreck was frightful. It was still raining a torrent, the wind was coming up again, lightning flashed, thunder roared, and the track was so soft in some places that it seemed as if we should topple over; but we finally reached there—and then what a scene to behold!

The bridge, a long wooden trestle, was completely gone, nothing being left but twisted iron and a few broken stringers

hanging in the air. Four mail clerks, the express messenger, and the baggageman were drowned like rats in a trap. Poor Ben Roberts, the engineer, had hung to his post like a hero, and was lost. Sampson, the conductor, was missing, and in the forward coach, which was not entirely submerged, having fallen on one end of the baggage-car, were many passengers, a number of whom were killed, and the rest all more or less wounded.

The river was not very wide, and I had the headlight of our engine taken off and placed on the bank; and presently a wrecker came up from the south, and her headlight was similarly placed, casting a ghastly, weird, white light over the scene. I cut in a wrecking office, Truxton took off his ground wire, I put on mine, and Mr. Antwerp was soon in possession of the facts. A little later, as I was standing up to my knees in mud, I heard a weak voice say: "Mr. Bates, for God's sake, let me speak to you a minute."

I turned, and beheld the most woebegone specimen of humanity I had ever seen in my life. "Well, who are you?" I asked.

"I'm Carter, the fireman of No. 21. When I felt the bridge going, I jumped. I was half stunned, but managed to keep afloat, being carried rapidly down stream. I struck the bank about a mile and half below here, and I've had one almighty big struggle getting back. For the love of heaven, give me a drink; I'm half dead;" and with that he fell over senseless.

I called one of the doctors, had him taken to the caboose of the wrecker, and when I had time, I went in and heard his story. The poor fellow was badly hurt, having one ankle broken, besides being bruised up generally. He said that when 21 left Truxton, Roberts proceeded at a snail-like pace, keeping a sharp lookout for a wash. He slowed up almost to a stand-still before going on the bridge, but everything appearing all sound, he started again, remarking: "Here's where I get the bath that Bates spoke about."

The engine was half way over when there came a deafening roar; the train quivered, and—then Carter jumped. That was all he knew. It was enough, and we sent him back with the rest of the wounded the next morning. He is pulling a passenger train there to-day. The engine was never recovered; she disappeared in the quicksands, and Ben Roberts stayed with her to the last. He had more than his bath in Big River; it turned out to be his grave, and his engine was his shroud.

STALKY AND CO.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING,

Author of "In Ambush," "Captains Courageous," "The Day's Work," etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY L. RAVEN-HILL.

III.

THE IMPRESSIONISTS.



HEY had dropped into the Chaplain's study for a Saturday night smoke—all four house-masters—and the three briars and the one cigar reeking in amity proved the Rev. John Gillett's good generalship. Since the discovery of the cat, King had been too ready to see affront where none was meant, and the Reverend John, buffer-state and general confidant, had worked for a week to bring about a good understanding. He was fat, clean-shaven, except for a big mustache, of an imperturbable good temper, and, those who loved him least said, a guileful Jesuit. He smiled benignantly upon his handiwork—four sorely-tried men talking without very much malice.

"Now remember," he said, when the conversation turned that way, "I impute nothing. But every time any one has taken direct steps against Number Five study, the issue has been more or less humiliating to the taker."

"I can't admit that. I pulverize the egregious Beetle daily for his soul's good; and the others with him," said King.

"Well, take your own case, King, and go back a couple of years. Do you remember when Prout and you were on their track for hutting and trespass, wasn't it? Have you forgotten Colonel Dabney?"

The others laughed. King did not care to be reminded of his career as a poacher.

"That was one instance. Again, when you had rooms below them—I always said that that was entering the lion's den—you turned them out."

"For making disgusting noises. Surely, Gillett, you don't excuse——"

"All I say is that you turned them out. That same evening your study was wrecked."

"By Rabbits-Eggs—most beastly drunk—from the road," said King. "What has that——"

The Reverend John went on.

"Lastly, they conceive that aspersions are cast upon their personal cleanliness—a most delicate matter with all boys. Very good. Observe how, in each case, the punishment fits the crime. A week after your house calls them stinkers, King, your house is, not to put too fine a point on it, stunk out by a dead cat who chooses to die in the one spot where she can annoy you most. Again the long arm of coincidence! *Summa*. You accuse them of trespass. Through some absurd chain of circumstances—they may or may not be at the other end of it—you and Prout are made to appear as trespassers. You evict them. For a time your study is made untenable. I have drawn the parallel in the last case. Well?"

"She was under the center of White's dormitory," said King. "There are double floor-boards there to deaden noise. No boy, even in my own house, could possibly have pried up the boards without leaving some trace—and Rabbits-Eggs was phenomenally drunk that other night."

"They are singularly favored by fortune. That is all I ever said. Personally, I like them immensely, and I believe I have a little of their confidence. I confess I like being called 'Padre.' They are at peace with me; consequently I am not treated to bogus confessions of theft."

"You mean Mason's case?" said Prout heavily. "That always struck me as peculiarly scandalous. I thought the Head should have taken up the matter more

thoroughly. Mason may be misguided, but at least he is thoroughly sincere and means well."

"I confess I cannot agree with you, Prout," said the Reverend John. "He jumped at some silly tale of theft on their part; accepted another boy's evidence without, so far as I can see, any inquiry; and—frankly, I think he deserved all he got."

"They deliberately outraged Mason's best feelings," said Prout. "A word to me on their part would have saved the whole thing. But they preferred to lure him on; to play on his ignorance of their characters——"

"That may be," said King, "but I don't like Mason. I may say I dislike him for the

very reason that Prout advances to his credit. He means well."

"Our criminal tradition is not theft—among ourselves, at least," said little Hartopp.

"For the head of a house that raided seven head of cattle from the innocent pot-wallopers of Northam, isn't that rather a sweeping statement?" said Macrae.

"Precisely so," said Hartopp, unabashed. "That, with gate-lifting, and a little poaching and egg-hunting on the cliffs, is our salvation."

"It does us far more harm as a school——" Prout began.

"Than any hushed-up scandal could? Quite so. Our reputation among the farmers

is most unsavory. But I would much sooner deal with any amount of ingenious crime of that nature than—some other offenses."

"They may be all right, but they are unboylike, abnormal, and, in my opinion, unsound," Prout insisted. "The moral effect of their performances must pave the way for greater harm. It makes me doubtful how to deal with them. I might separate them."

"You might, of course; but they have gone up the school together for six years. I shouldn't care to do it," said Macrae.

"They use the editorial 'we,'" said King, irrelevantly. "It annoys me. 'Where's your prose, Stalky?' 'Well, sir, we haven't quite done it yet.' 'We'll bring it in a minute,' and so on. And the same with the others."

"There's great virtue in that 'we,'" said little Hartopp. "You know I take them for trig. Mc-Turk may have some



"They had dropped into the Chaplain's study for a Saturday night smoke."

conception of the meaning of things; but Beetle is as the brutes that perish about sines and cosines. He copies serenely from Stalky, who positively rejoices in mathematics."

"Why don't you stop it?" said Prout.

"It rights itself at the exams. Then Beetle shows up blank sheets, and trusts to his 'English' to save him from a fall. I fancy he spends most of his time with me in writing verse."

"I wish to Heaven he would transfer a little of his energy in that direction to Elegiacs." King jerked himself upright. "He is, with the single exception of Stalky, the very vilest manufacturer of 'barbarous hexameters' that I have ever dealt with."

"The work is pooled in that study," said the Chaplain. "Stalky does the mathematics, McTurk the Latin, and Beetle attends to their English and French. At least, when he was in the sick-house last month—"

"Malingering," Prout interjected.

"Quite possibly. I found a very distinct falling off in their 'Roman d'un jeune Homme Pauvre' translations."

"I think it is profoundly immoral," said Prout. "I've always been opposed to the study system."

"It would be hard to find any study where they don't help each other; but in Number Five the thing has probably been reduced to a system," said little Hartopp. "They have a system in most things."

"They confess as much," said the Reverend John. "I've seen McTurk being hounded up the stairs to elegise the 'Elegy in a Churchyard,' while Beetle and Stalky went to punt-about."

"It comes to systematic cribbing," said Prout, his voice growing deeper and deeper.

"No such thing," little Hartopp re-

turned. "You can't teach a cow the violin."

"In intention it is cribbing."

"But we spoke under the seal of the confessional, didn't we?" said the Reverend John.

"You say you've heard them arranging their work in this way, Gillett," Prout persisted.

"Good Heavens! Don't make *me* Queen's evidence, my dear fellow. Hartopp is equally incriminated. If they ever found out that I had sneaked, our relations would suffer—and I value them."

"I think your attitude in this matter is weak," said Prout, looking round for support. "It would be really better to break up the study—for a while—wouldn't it?"

"Oh, break it up by all means," said Macrae. "We shall see then if Gillett's theory holds water."

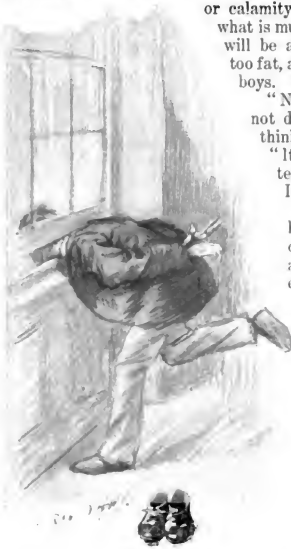
"Be wise, Prout. Leave them alone or calamity will overtake you; and what is much more important, they will be annoyed with me. I am too fat, alas! to be worried by bad boys. Where are you going?"

"Nonsense! They would not dare—but I am going to think this out," said Prout.

"It needs thought. In intention they cribbed, and I must think out my duty."

"He's perfectly capable of putting the boys on their honor. It's I that am a fool." The Reverend John looked round remorsefully. "Never again will I forget that a master is not a man. Mark my words," said the Reverend John. "There will be trouble."

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright.



"Gullotinea."

Out of the blue sky (they were still rejoicing over the cat war) Mr. Prout had dropped into Number Five; read them a

stiff lecture on the enormity of cribbing, and bade them return to the form-rooms on Monday. They had raged, solo and chorus, all through the peaceful Sabbath, for their sin

was more or less the daily practice of all the studies.

"What's the good of cursing?" said Stalky at last. "We're all in the same boat. We've got to go back and consort with the house. A locker in the form-room, and a seat at prep. in Number Twelve." (He looked regretfully round the cozy study which McTurk, sole arbiter on taste, had decorated with a dado, a stencil, and cretonne hangings.)

"Yes! Heffy lurchin' into the form-rooms like a frouzy old retriever, to see if we aren't up to something. You know he never leaves his house alone, these days," said McTurk. "Oh, it will be giddy!"

"Why aren't you down watchin' cricket? I like a robust, healthy boy. You mustn't frowst in a form-room. Why don't you take an interest in your house? Yah!" quoted Beetle.

"Yes, why don't we? Lets! We'll take an interest in the house. We'll take no end of interest in the house! He hasn't had us in the form-rooms for a year. We've learned a lot since then. Oh, we'll make it a beautiful house before we've done! 'Member that chap in 'Eric' or 'St. Winifred's'—Belial somebody? I'm goin' to be Belial," said Stalky, with an ensnaring grin.

"Right O," said Beetle, "and I'll be Mamon. I'll lend money at usury—that's what they do in the B. O. P. Penny a week on a shillin'. That'll startle Heffy's weak intellect. You can be Lucifer, Turkey."

"What have I got to do?" McTurk also smiled.

"Head conspiracies—and cabals—and boycotts. Go in for that 'stealthy intrigue' that Heffy is always talkin' about. Come on!"

The house received them on their fall with the mixture of jest and sympathy always extended to boys turned out of their study. The known aloofness of the three made them more interesting.

"Quite like old times, ain't it?" Stalky selected a locker and flung in his books. "We've come to sport with you, my young friends, for a while, because our beloved house-master has hove us out of our diggin's."

"Serve you jolly well right," said Orrin, "you cribbers!"

"This will never do," said Stalky. "We can't maintain our giddy prestige, Orrin, dear, if you make these remarks."

They wrapped themselves lovingly about the boy, thrust him to the opened window, and drew down the sash to the nape of his

neck. With an equal swiftness they tied his thumbs together behind his back with a piece of twine, and then, because he kicked furiously, removed his shoes.

There Mr. Prout happened to find him a few minutes later, guillotined and helpless, surrounded by a convulsed crowd who would not assist.

Stalky, in an upper form-room, had gathered himself allies against vengeance. Orrin presently tore up at the head of a boarding party, and the form-room grew one fog of dust through which boys wrestled, stamped, shouted, and yelled. A desk was carried away in the tumult, a knot of warriors reeled into and split a door-panel, a window was broken, and a gas-jet fell. Under cover of the confusion the three escaped to the corridor, whence they called in and sent up passers-by to the fray.

"Rescue Kings! Kings! Kings! Number Twelve form-room! Rescue Prouts—Prouts! Rescue Ma-creas! Rescue Hartopps!"

The juniors hurried out like bees a-swarm, asking no questions, clattered up the staircase, and added themselves to the embroilment.

"Not bad for the first evening's work," said Stalky, rearranging his collar. "I fancy Prout'll be somewhat annoyed. We'd better establish an *alibi*." So they sat on Mr. King's railings till prep.

"You see," quoth Stalky, as they strolled up to prep. with the ignoble herd, "if you get the houses well mixed up an' scufflin', it's even bettin' that some ass will start a real row. Hullo, Orrin, you look rather metaphorolized."

"It was all your fault, you beast! You started it. We've got two hundred lines apiece, and Heffy's lookin' for you. Just see what that swine Malpas did to my eye!"

"I like your sayin' we started it. Who called us cribbers? Can't your infant mind connect cause and effect yet? Some day you'll find out that it don't pay to jest with Number Five."

"Where's that shillin' you owe me?" said Beetle suddenly.

Stalky could not see Prout behind him, but returned the lead without a quaver.

"I only owed you ninepence, you old usurer."

"You've forgotten the interest," said McTurk. "A halfpenny a week per bob is Beetle's charge. You must be beastly rich, Beetle."

"Well, Beetle lent me sixpence," Stalky came to a full stop and made as to work it

out on his fingers. "Sixpence on the nineteenth, didn't he?"

"Yes; but you've forgotten you paid no

"Hush!" said McTurk very loudly indeed, and started as Prout came upon them.

"I didn't see you in that disgraceful affair in the form-room just now," said he.

"What, sir? We're just come up from Mr. King's," said Stalky. "Please, sir, what am I to do about prep.? They've broken the desk you told me to sit at, and the form's just swimming with ink."

"Find another seat—find another seat. D'you expect me to dry-nurse you? I wish to know whether you are in the habit of advancing money to your associates, Beetle?"

"No, sir; not as a general rule, sir."

"It is a most reprehensible habit. I thought that my house, at least, would be free from it. Even with my opinion of you, I hardly thought it was one of your vices."

"There's no harm in lending money, sir, is there?"

"Rescue Kings! Kings! Kings!"

interest on the other bob—the one I lent you before."

"But you took my watch as security." The game was developing itself almost automatically.

"Never mind. Pay me my interest, or I'll charge you interest on interest. Remember I've got your note-of-hand!" shouted Beetle.

"You are a cold-blooded Jew," Stalky groaned.

ing to bandy words with you on your notions of morality. How much have you lent Corkran?"

"I—I don't quite know," said Beetle; for it is difficult to improvise a going concern on the spur of the minute.

"You seemed certain enough just now."

"I think it's two and fourpence," said McTurk, with a glance of cold scorn at Beetle.



In the hopelessly involved finances of the study there was just that sum to which both McTurk and Beetle laid claim, as their share in the pledging of Stalky's second-best Sunday trousers. But Stalky had maintained for two terms that the money was his "commission" for effecting the pawn; and had, of course, spent it on a study "brew."

"Understand this, then. You are not to continue your operations as a money-lender. Two and fourpence, you said, Corkran?"

Stalky had said nothing, and continued so to do.

"Your influence for evil is quite strong enough without buying a hold over your companions." He felt in his pockets, and (oh joy!) produced a florin and fourpence. "Bring me what you call Corkran's note-of-hand, and be thankful that I do not carry the matter any further. The money is stopped from your pocket-money, Corkran. The receipt to my study, at once."

Little they cared! Two and fourpence in a lump is worth six weekly sixpences any hungry day of the week.

"But what the dooce is a note-of-hand?" said Beetle. "I only read about it in a book."

"Now you've jolly well got to make one," said Stalky.

"Yes—but our ink don't turn black till next day. S'pose he'll spot that?"

"Not him. He's too worried," said McTurk. "Sign your name on a bit of impot-paper, Stalky, and write, 'I O U two and fourpence.' Aren't you grateful to me for getting that out of Prout? Stalky'd never have paid. . . . Why, you ass!"

Mechanically Beetle had handed over the money to Stalky as treasurer of the study. The custom of years is not lightly broken.

In return for the document, Prout expounded to Beetle the enormity of money-lending, which, like everything except compulsory cricket, corrupted houses and destroyed good feeling among boys, made youth cold and calculating, and opened the door to all evil. Finally, did Beetle know of any other cases? If so, it was his duty as proof of repentance to let his house-master know. No names need be mentioned.

Beetle did not know—at least, he was not quite sure, sir. How could he give evidence against his friends? The house might, of course—here he feigned an anguished delicacy—be full of it. He was not in a position to say. He had not met with any open competition in his trade; but if Mr. Prout considered it was a matter that affected the

honor of the house (Mr. Prout did consider it precisely that), perhaps the house-prefects would be better. . . .

He spun it out till half-way through prep. "And," said the amateur Shylock, returning to the form-room and dropping at Stalky's side, "if he don't think the house is putrid with it, I'm several Dutchmen—that's all. . . . I've been to Mr. Prout's study, sir." This to the prep-master. "He said I could sit where I liked, sir. . . . Oh, he is just tricklin' with emotion. . . . Yes, sir, I am only askin' Corkran to let me have a dip in his inkpot. . . ."

After prayers, on the road to the dormitory, Harrison and Craye, senior house-prefects, zealous in their office, waylaid them in great anger.

"What have you been doing to Heffy this time, Beetle? He's been jawing us all the evening."

"What has His Serene Transparency been vexin' you for?" said McTurk.

"About Beetle lendin' money to Stalky," began Harrison; "and then Beetle went and told him that there was any amount of money-lendin' in the house."

"No, you don't," said Beetle, sitting on a boot-basket. "That's just what I didn't tell him. I spoke the giddy truth. He asked me if there was much of it in the house, and I said I didn't know."

"He thinks you're a set of filthy Shylocks," said McTurk. "It's just as well for you he don't think you're burglars. You know he never gets a notion out of his conscientious old head."

"Well-meanin' man. Did it all for the best." Stalky curled gracefully round the stair-rail. "Head in a drain-pipe. Full confession in the left boot. Bad for the honor of the house—very."

"Shut up," said Harrison. "You chaps always behave as if you were jawin' us when we come to jaw you."

"You're a heap too cheeky," said Craye.

"I don't quite see where the cheek comes in, except on your part, in interferin' with a private matter between me an' Beetle after it has been settled by Prout." Stalky winked cheerfully at the others.

"That's the worst of clever little swots," said McTurk, addressing the gas. "They get made prefects before they have any tact, and then they annoy chaps who could really help 'em to look after the honor of the house."

"We won't trouble you to do that!" said Craye hotly.

"Then what are you badgerin' us for?" said Beetle. "On your own showing, you've been so beastly slack, looking after the house, that Prout believes it's a nest of money-lenders. I've told him that I've lent money to Stalky, and no one else. I don't know whether he believes me, but that finishes *my* case. The rest is *your* business."

"Now we find out," Stalky's voice rose, "that there is apparently an organized conspiracy throughout the house. For aught we know, the fags may be lendin' and borrowin' far beyond their means. We aren't responsible for it. We're just the rank and file."

"Are you surprised we don't wish to associate with the house?" said McTurk, with dignity. "We've kept ourselves to ourselves in our study till we were turned out, and now we find ourselves let in for— for this sort of thing. It's simply disgraceful."

"Then you hector and bullyrag us on the stairs," said Stalky, "about matters that are your business entirely. You know we aren't prefects."

"You threatened us with a prefect's lick-in' just now," said Beetle, boldly inventing as he saw the bewilderment in the faces of the enemy.

"And if you expect you'll gain anything from us by your way of approachin' us, you're jolly well mistaken. That's all. Good-night."

They clattered up-stairs, injured virtue on every inch of their backs.

"But — but what the dickens have we done?" said Harrison, amazedly, to Craye.

"I don't know. Only — it always happens that way when one has anything to do with them. They're so beastly plausible."

And Mr. Prout called the good boys into his study anew, and succeeded in sinking both his and their innocent minds ten fathoms deeper in blindfolded bedazement. He spoke of steps and measures, of tone and loyalty in the house and to the house, and urged them to take up the matter tactfully.

So they demanded of Beetle whether he had any connection with any other establishment. Beetle promptly went to his house-master, and wished to know by what right Harrison and Craye had reopened a matter already settled between him and his house-master. In injured innocence no boy excelled Beetle.

Then it occurred to Prout that he might have been unfair to the culprit, who had not striven to deny or palliate his offense. He sent for Harrison and Craye, reprehending them very gently for the tone they had adopted to a repentant sinner, and when they returned to their study, they used the language of despair. They then made head-long inquisition through the house, driving the fags to the edge of hysterics, and unearthing, with tremendous pomp and parade, the natural and inevitable system



As the unusual stories are told in the form room.



"Oh, Prout he is a nobleman!"

of small loans that prevails among small boys.

"You see, Harrison, Thornton minor lent me a penny last Saturday, because I was fined for breaking the window; and I spent it at Keyte's. I didn't know there was any harm in it. And Wray major borrowed twopence from me when my uncle sent me a post-office order—I cashed it at Keyte's—for five bob; but he'll pay me back before the holidays. We didn't know there was anything wrong in it."

They waded through hours of this kind of thing, but found no usury, or anything approaching to Beetle's gorgeous scale of interest. The seniors—for the school had no tradition of deference to prefects outside compulsory games—told them succinctly to go about their business. They would not give evidence on any terms. Harrison was one idiot, and Craye was another; but the greatest of all, they said, was their house-master.

When a house is thoroughly upset, how-

ever good its conscience, it breaks into knots and coteries—small gatherings in the twilight; box-room committees, and groups in the corridor. And when from group to group, with an immense affectation of secrecy, three wicked boys steal, crying "Cavé" when there is no need of caution, and whispering "Don't tell!" on the heels of trumpet confidences that instant invented, a very fine air of plot and intrigue can be woven round such a house.

At the end of a few days, it dawned on Prout that he moved in an atmosphere of perpetual ambush. Mysteries

hedged him on all sides, warnings ran before his heavy feet, and countersigns were muttered behind his attentive back. McTurk and Stalky invented many absurd and idle phrases—catch-words that swept through the house as fire through stubble. It was a rare jest, and the only practical outcome of the Usury Commission, that one boy should say to a friend, with awful gravity, "*Do you think there's much of it going on in the house?*" The other would reply, "Well, one can't be too careful, you know." The effect on a house-master of humane conscience and good intent may be imagined. Again, a man who has sincerely devoted himself to gaining the esteem of his charges does not like to hear himself described, even at a distance, as "Popularity Prout" by a dark and scowling Celt with a fluent tongue. A rumor that stories—unusual stories—are told in the form-rooms, between the lights, by a boy who does not command his confidence, agitates such a man; and even elaborate and tender politeness—for the courtesy that wise

grown men offer to a bewildered child was the courtesy Stalky wrapped round Prout—restores not his peace of mind.

"The tone of the house seems changed—changed for the worse," said Prout to Harrison and Craye. "Have you noticed it? I don't for an instant impute——"

He never imputed anything; but, on the other hand, he never did anything else, and, with the best intentions in the world, he had reduced the house-prefects to a state as nearly bordering on nervous irritation as healthy boys can know. Worst of all, they began at times to wonder whether Stalky and Co. had not some truth in their often repeated assertions that Prout was a gloomy ass.

"As you know, I am not the kind of man who puts himself out for every little thing he hears. I believe in letting the house work out their own salvation—with a light guiding hand on the reins, of course. But there is a perceptible lack of reverence—a lower tone in matters that touch the honor of the house, a sort of hardness."

Oh, Prout he is a nobleman, a nobleman, a nobleman!

Our Heffy is a nobleman—

He does an awful lot,

Because his popularity—

Oh, pop-u-popularity—

His giddy popularity

Would suffer did he not!

The study door stood ajar; and the song, borne by twenty clear voices, came faintly from a form-room. The fags rather liked the tune; the words were Beetle's.

"That's a thing no sensible man objects to," said Prout with a lop-sided smile; "but you know straws show which way the wind blows. Can you trace it to any direct influence? I am speaking to you now as heads of the house."

"There isn't the least doubt of it," said Harrison angrily. "I know what you mean, sir. It all began when Number Five study came to the form-rooms. There's no use blinkin' it, Craye. You know that, too."

"They make things rather difficult for us, sometimes," said Craye. "It's more their manner than anything else, that Harrison means."

"Do they hamper you in the discharge of your duties, then?"

"Well, no, sir. They only look on and grin—and turn up their noses generally."

"Ah," said Prout sympathetically.

"I think, sir," said Craye, plunging into the business boldly, "it would be a great

deal better if they were sent back to their studies—better for the house. They are rather old to be knocking about the form-rooms."

"They are younger than Orrin, or Flint, and a dozen others that I can think of."

"Yes, sir; but that's different, somehow. They're rathet influential. They have a knack of upsettin' things in a quiet way that one can't take hold of. At least, if one does——"

"And you think they would be better in their own studies again?"

Emphatically Harrison and Craye were of that opinion. As Harrison said to Craye, afterwards, "They've weakened our authority. They're too big to lick; they've made an exhibition of us over this usury business, and we're a laughing-stock to the rest of the school. I'm going up [for Sandhurst, understood] next term. They've managed to knock me out of half my work already, with their—their lunacy. If they go back in their studies we may have a little peace."

"Hullo, Harrison." McTurk ambled round a corner, with a roving eye on all possible horizons. "Bearin' up, old man? That's right. Live it down! Live it down!"

"What d'you mean?"

"You look a little pensive," said McTurk. "Exhaustin' job superintendin' the honor of the house, ain't it? By the way, how are you off for mares'-nests?"

"Look here," said Harrison, hoping for instant reward. "We've recommended Prout to let you go back to your study."

"The dooce you have! And who under the sun are *you* to interfere between us and our house-master? Upon my sam, you two try us very hard—you do, indeed. Of course we don't know how far you abuse your position to prejudice us with Mr. Prout; but when you deliberately stop me to tell me you've been makin' arrangements behind our back—in secret—with Prout—I—I don't know really what I ought to do."

"That's beastly unfair!" cried Craye.

"It is." McTurk had adopted a ghastly solemnity that sat well on his long, lean face. "Hang it all! A perfect's one thing and an usher's another; but you seem to combine 'em. You recommend this—you recommend that! You say how and when we go back to our studies!"

"But—but—we thought you'd like it, Turkey. We did, indeed. You know you'll be ever so much more comfortable there." Harrison's voice was almost tearful.

McTurk turned away as though to hide his emotions.

"They're broke!" He hunted up Stalky and Beetle in a box-room. "They're sick! They've been beggin' Heffy to let us get back to Number Five. Poor devils! Poor little devils!"

"It's the olive branch," was Stalky's comment. "It's the giddy white flag, by gum! Come to think of it, we have metagrobolized 'em."

Just after tea that day, Mr. Prout sent for them to say that if they chose to ruin their future by neglecting their work, it was entirely their own affair. He wished them, however, to understand that their presence in the form-rooms could not be tolerated one hour longer. He personally did not care to think of the time he must spend in eliminating the traces of their evil influences. How far Beetle had pandered to the baser side of youthful imagination he would ascertain later, and Beetle might be sure that if Mr. Prout came across any soul-corrupting consequences —

"Consequences of what, sir?" said Beetle, genuinely bewildered this time; and McTurk quietly kicked him on the ankle for being "fetched" by Prout.

Beetle, the house-master continued, knew very well what was intended. Evil and brief had been their careers under his eye; and as one standing *in loco parentis* to their yet uncontaminated associates, he was bound to take his precautions. The return of the study key closed the sermon.

"But what was the baser-side-of-imagination business?" said Beetle on the stairs.

"I never knew such an ass as you are for justifyin' yourself," said McTurk. "I hope I jolly well skinned your ankle. Why do you let yourself be drawn by everybody?"

"Draws be blowed! I must have tickled

him up in some way I didn't know about. If I'd had a notion of that before, of course I could have rubbed it in better. It's too late now. What a pity! 'Baser side.' What was he drivin' at?"

"Never mind," said Stalky. "I knew we



"The whites were very red and very level."

could make it a happy little house. I said so, remember—but I swear I didn't think we'd do it so soon."

"No," said Prout most firmly in Common-room. "I maintain that Gillett is wrong. True, I let them go back to their study."

"With your known views on cribbing, too," purred little Hartopp. "What an immoral compromise!"

"One moment," said the Reverend John. "I—we—all of us have exercised an

absolutely heart-breaking discretion for the last ten days. *Now* we want to know. Confess. Have you known a happy minute since——"

"As regards my house, I have not," said Prout. "But you are entirely wrong in your estimate of those boys. In justice to the others—in self-defense——"

"Ha! I said it would come to that," murmured the Reverend John.

"——I was forced to send them back. Their moral influence was unspeakable—— simply unspeakable."

And bit by bit he told his tale, beginning with Beetle's usury, and ending with the house-prefect's appeal.

"Beetle in the rôle of Shylock is new to me," said King, with twitching lips. "I own I heard rumors of it——"

"Before?" said Prout.

"No, after you had dealt with them; but I was careful not to inquire. I never interfere with——"

"I myself," said Hartopp, "would cheerfully give him five shillings if he could work out one simple sum in compound interest without three gross errors."

"Why—why—why," Mason, the mathematical master, stuttered, a fierce joy on his face, "you've been had—precisely the same as me——"

"And so you held an inquiry?" Little Hartopp's voice drowned Mason's ere Prout caught the import of the sentence.

"The boy himself hinted at the existence of a good deal of it in the house," said Prout.

"He is past master in that line," said the Chaplain. "But, as regards the honor of the house——"

"They lowered it in a week. I have striven to build it up for years. My own house-prefects—and boys do not willingly complain of each other—besought me to get them away. You say you have their confidence, Gillett. They may tell you another tale. As far as I am concerned, they may go to the devil in their own style. I'm sick and tired of them," said Prout bitterly.

But it was the Reverend John, with a smiling countenance, who went to the devil just after Number Five had cleared away a very pleasant little brew (it cost them two and fourpence) and was settling down to prep.

"Come in, Padre, come in," said Stalky, thrusting forward the best chair. "We've only met you official-like these last ten days."

"You were under sentence," said the

Reverend John. "I do not consort with malefactors."

"Ah, but we're restored again," said McTurk. "Mr. Prout has relented."

"Without a stain on our characters," said Beetle. "It was a painful episode, Padre, most painful."

"Now, consider for a while, and perpend, *mes enfants*. It is about your characters that I've called to-night. In the language of the schools, what the dooce *have* you been up to in Mr. Prout's house? It isn't anything to laugh over. He says that you so lowered the tone of the house he had to pack you back to your studies. Is that true?"

"Every word of it, Padre."

"Don't be flippant, Turkey. Listen to me. I've told you very often that no boys in the school have a greater influence for good or evil than you have. You know I don't talk about ethics and moral codes, because I don't believe that the young of the human animal realizes what they mean for some years to come. All the same, I don't want to think you've been perverting the juniors in any way. Don't interrupt, Beetle. Listen to me! Mr. Prout has a notion that *you* have been corrupting your associates somehow or other."

"Mr. Prout has so many notions, Padre," said Beetle wearily. "Which is this?"

"Well, he tells me that he heard you telling a story in the twilight in the form-room, in a whisper. And Orrin said, just as he opened the door, 'Shut up, Beetle; it's too beastly.' Now then?"

"You remember Mrs. Oliphant's 'Beleaguered City' you lent me last term?" said Beetle.

The Padre nodded.

"I got the notion out of that. Only, instead of a city, I made it the Coll. in a fog—besieged by ghosts of dead boys, who hauled chaps out of their beds in the dormitory. All the names are *quite* real. You tell it in a whisper, you know—with the names. Orrin didn't like it one little bit. None of 'em have ever let me finish it. It's just awful at the end part."

"But why in the world didn't you explain to Mr. Prout, instead of leaving him under the impression——?"

"Padre sahib," said McTurk, "it isn't the least good explainin' to Mr. Prout. If he hasn't one impression, he's bound to have another."

"He'd do it with the best o' motives. He's *in loco parentis*," purred Stalky.

"You young demons!" the Reverend John replied. "And am I to understand that the usury business was another of your house-master's impressions?"

"Well—we helped a little in that," said Stalky. "I did owe Beetle two and fourpence—at least, Beetle says I did, but I never intended to pay him. Then we started a bit of an argument on the stairs, and—Mr. Prout dropped into it accidental. That was how it was, Padre. He paid me cash down like a dook (stopped it out of my pocket-money just the same), and Beetle gave him my note-of-hand all correct. I don't know what happened after that."

"I was too truthful," said Beetle. "I always am. You see, he was under an impression, Padre, and I suppose I ought to have corrected that impression; but of course I couldn't be quite certain that his house wasn't given over to money-lendin', could I? I thought the house-prefects might know more about it than I did. They ought to. They're giddy palladiums of public schools."

"They did, too—by the time they'd finished," said McTurk. "As nice a pair of conscientious, well-meanin', upright, pure-souled boys as you'd ever want to meet, Padre. They turned the house upside down—Harrison and Craye—with the best motives in the world."

"They said so. They said it very loud and clear. They went and shouted in our ear," said Stalky.

"My own private impression is that all three of you will infallibly be hanged," said the Reverend John.

"Why, we didn't do anything," said McTurk. "It was all Mr. Prout. Did you ever read a book about Japanese wrestlers? My uncle—he's in the Navy—gave me a beauty once."

"Don't try to change the subject, Turkey."

"I'm not, sir. I'm givin' an illustration—same as a sermon. These wrestler-chaps have got some sort of trick that lets the other chap do all the work. Then they give a little wriggle, and he upsets himself. It's called *shibbuwichee* or *tokonoma*, or somethin'. Mr. Prout's a *shibbuwichee*. It isn't our fault."

"Did you suppose we went round corruptin' the minds of the fags?" said Beetle. "They haven't any, to begin with; and if they had, they're corrupted long ago."

"Well, I fancied I knew the normal range of your iniquities; but if you take so much trouble to pile up circumstantial evidence

against yourselves, you can't blame any one if——"

"We don't blame any, one, Padre. We haven't said a word against Mr. Prout, have we?" Stalky looked at the others. "We love him. He hasn't a notion how we love him."

"H'm! You dissemble your love very well. Have you ever thought who got you turned out of your study in the first place?"

"It was Mr. Prout turned us out," said Stalky, with significance.

"Well, I was that man. I didn't mean it; but some words of mine, I'm afraid, gave Mr. Prout the impression——"

Number Five laughed aloud.

"You see it's just the same thing with you, Padre," said McTurk. "He is quick to get an impression, ain't he? But you mustn't think we don't love him, 'cause we do. There isn't an ounce of vice about him."

A double knock fell on the door.

"The Head to see Number Five study in his study at once," said the voice of little Foxy, the school sergeant.

"Whew!" said the Reverend John. "It seems to me that there is a great deal of trouble coming for some people."

"My word! He's gone and told the Head," said Stalky. "He's a moral double-ender. Not fair, luggin' the Head into a house-row."

"I should recommend a copy-book on a—h'm—safe and certain part," said the Reverend John disinterestedly.

"Huh! He licks across the shoulders, an' it would slam like a beastly barn-door," said Beetle. "Good-night, Padre. We're in for it."

Once more they stood in the presence of the Head—Belial, Mammon, and Lucifer. But they had to deal with a man more subtle than them all. Mr. Prout had talked to him, heavily and sadly, for half an hour, and the Head had seen all that was hidden from the house-master.

"You've been bothering Mr. Prout," he said pensively. "House-masters aren't here to be bothered by boys more than is necessary. I don't like being bothered by these things. You are bothering me. That is a very serious offense. You see it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, now, I purpose to bother you, on personal and private grounds, because you have broken into my time. You are much too big to lick, so I suppose I shall have to mark my displeasure in some other way. Say, a thousand lines apiece, a week's gating, and a few things of that kind. Much too big to lick, aren't you?"

"Oh no, sir," said Stalky cheerfully. A week's gating in a summer term is serious.

"Ve-ry good. Then we will do what we can? I *wish* you wouldn't bother me."

It was a fair, sustained, equable stroke, with a little draw to it, but what they felt most was his unfairness in stopping to talk between executions. Thus:

"Among the—lower classes this would lay me open to a charge of—assault. You should be more grateful for your—privileges than you are. There is a limit—one finds it by experience, Beetle—beyond which it is never safe to pursue private vendettas, because—don't move—sooner or later one comes—into collision with the—higher authority, who has studied the animal. *Et ego*—McTurk, please—in *Arcadia vixi*. There's a certain flagrant injustice about this that ought to appeal to—your temperament. And that's all! You will tell your house-master that you have been formally caned by me."

"My word!" said McTurk, wriggling his shoulder-blades all down the corridor. "That was business! The Prooshan Bates has an infernal straight eye."

"Wasn't it wily of me to ask for the lickin'?" said Stalky, "instead of those impots?"

"Rot! We were in for it from the first. I know the cock of his old eye," said Beetle. "I was within an inch of blubbing."

"Well, I didn't exactly smile," Stalky confessed.

"Let's go down to the lavatory and have a look at the damage. One of us can hold the glass and t'others can squint."

They proceeded on these lines for some ten minutes. The wales were very red and very level. There was not a penny to choose between any of them for thoroughness, efficiency, and a certain clarity of outline that stamps the work of the artist.

"What are you doing down there?" Mr. Prout was at the head of the lavatory stairs, attracted by the noise of splashing.

"We've only been caned by the Head, sir, and we're washing off the blood. The Head said we were to tell you. We were coming to report ourselves in a minute, sir. (*Sotto voce*.) That's a score for Heffy!"

"Well, he deserves to score something, poor devil," said McTurk, putting on his shirt. "We've sweated a stone and a half off him since we began."

"But look here, why aren't we wrathful with the Head? He said it was a flagrant injustice. So it is!" said Beetle.

"Dear man," said McTurk, and vouchsafed no further answer.

It was Stalky who laughed till he had to hold on by the edge of a basin.

"You are a funny ass! What's that for?" said Beetle.

"I'm—I'm thinking of the flagrant injustice of it!"

LINCOLN GATHERING AN ARMY.

BY IDA M. TARBELL,

Author of "The Early Life of Lincoln."

LINCOLN'S BEARING AND CONDUCT IN THE PANIC AT THE OUT-BREAK OF THE WAR.—HIS DAILY LIFE AT THIS TIME.—HIS RELATIONS WITH THE SOLDIERS.—THE DEFEAT AT BULL RUN AND HOW LINCOLN SET ABOUT TO REPAIR IT.



IT was on April 9, 1861, that the expedition ordered by President Lincoln for the relief of Fort Sumter sailed from New York. The day before, the Governor of South Carolina received from the President a notification that he might expect an attempt to be made to provision the fort. Without waiting for the arrival of the expedition, the Southerners attacked Sumter, bombarding it until it fell. As soon as Mr. Lincoln received the news he began formulating his plan of action, his one question to excited visitors being, "Will your State support me with military power?" The way in which the matter presented itself to his mind he stated clearly

to Congress, when that body next came together:

... The assault upon and reduction of Fort Sumter was in no sense a matter of self-defense on the part of the assailants. They well knew that the garrison in the fort could by no possibility commit aggression upon them. They knew—they were expressly notified—that the giving of bread to the few brave and hungry men of the garrison was all which would on that occasion be attempted, unless themselves, by resisting so much, should provoke more. They knew that this government desired to keep the garrison in the fort, not to assail them, but merely to maintain visible possession, and thus to preserve the Union from actual and immediate dissolution—trusting, as hereinbefore stated, to time, discussion, and the ballot-box for final adjustment; and they assailed and reduced the fort for precisely the reverse object—to drive out the visible authority of the Federal Union, and thus force it to immediate dissolution.

And this issue embraces more than the fate of these United States. It presents to the whole family of man the question whether a constitutional republic or democracy—a government of the people by the same people—can or can not maintain its territorial integrity against its own domestic foes.

So viewing the issue, no choice was left but to call out the war power of the government; and so to resist force employed for its destruction, by force for its preservation.

This was not Mr. Lincoln's view alone. It was the view of the North. And when, on April 15th, he issued a proclamation calling for 75,000 militia and appealing to all loyal citizens "to favor, facilitate, and aid this effort to maintain the honor, the integrity, and the existence of our National Union, and the perpetuity of popular government, and to redress wrongs already long enough endured," there was an immediate and overwhelming response. The telegraph of the very day of the proclamation announced that in almost every city and town of the North volunteer regiments were forming and that Union mass meetings were in session in halls and churches and public squares. "What portion of the 75,000 militia you call for do you give to Ohio? We will furnish the largest number you will receive," telegraphed the Governor of that State in response to the President's message. Indiana, whose quota was less than 5,000 men, telegraphed back that 10,000 were ready. "We will furnish you the regiments in thirty days if you want them, and 50,000 men if you need them," telegraphed Zachariah Chandler from Michigan. So rapidly did men come in under this call for 75,000, that in spite of the efforts of the War Department to keep the number down, it swelled to 91,816.

It was not troops alone that were offered. Banks and private individuals offered money

and credit. Supplies of every sort were put at the Government's order. Corporations sent their presidents to Washington, offering railroads and factories. The fall of Sumter seemed for the moment to make a unit of the North. But, at the same time, it did no less for the South. Henceforth there was but one voice in the seceding States, and that for the Confederacy. North Carolina, Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, Arkansas—all refused the President's call for troops. In Virginia, at the time, a convention was in session of which a majority of members had been up to that day favorable to the Union; on April 17th, that convention passed an ordinance of secession.

WASHINGTON CUT OFF FROM THE NORTH.

With the news of the secession of Virginia, there reached Washington on Thursday, April 18th, a rumor that a large Confederate force was marching on the city. Now there were not over 2,500 armed men in Washington. Regiments were known to be on their way from Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, but nobody could say when they would arrive. Washington might be razed to the ground before they came. A hurried effort at defense was at once made. Women and children were sent out of the city. At the White House, Mrs. Lincoln was urged to go with her boys, but she refused positively. "I am as safe as Mr. Lincoln, and I shall not leave him," was her stout answer.

Guards were stationed at every approach to the city, cannon were planted in commanding positions, while "government officials, foreign ministers, governors, senators, office-seekers" were pressed into one or the other of two impromptu organizations, the Clay Battalion of Cassius M. Clay, and the Frontier Guards of Senator Lane of Kansas. For a short time the Frontier Guards were quartered in the East Room of the White House, and Clay's Battalion at Willard's Hotel, which had been stripped of its guests in a night.

The confusion and alarm of the city was greatly increased on Friday by news received from Baltimore. The Sixth Massachusetts, *en route* to the Capital, had reached there that day, and had been attacked as it marched through by a mob of Southern sympathizers. Four of its members had been killed and many wounded. "No troops should go through Maryland," the people of Baltimore declared, "whose purpose was to invade Virginia and coerce sister States." That even-

ing about five o'clock the regiment reached Washington. Dusty, torn, and bleeding, they marched two by two through a great crowd of silent people to the Capitol. Behind them there came, in single line, seventeen stretchers, bearing the wounded. The dead had been left behind.

Early the next day, Saturday, the 20th, a delegation of Baltimore men appeared at the White House. They had come to beg Mr. Lincoln to bring no more troops through their city. After a long discussion, he sent them away with a note to the Maryland authorities, suggesting that the troops be marched around Baltimore. But as he gave them the letter, Mr. Nicolay heard him say laughingly: "If I grant you this concession, that no troops shall pass through the city, you will be back here to-morrow, demanding that none shall be marched around it."

The President was right. That afternoon, and again on Sunday and Monday, committees sought him, protesting that Maryland soil should not be "polluted" by the feet of soldiers marching against the South. The President had but one reply: "We must have troops; and as they can neither crawl under Maryland nor fly over it, they must come across it."

While the controversy with the Baltimoreans was going on, the condition of Washington had become hourly more alarming. In 1861 there was but *one* railroad running north from Washington. At Annapolis Junction this line connected with a branch to Chesapeake Bay; at the Relay House, with the Baltimore and Ohio to the west; at Baltimore, with the only two lines then entering that city from the North, one from Harrisburg, the other from Philadelphia. On Friday, April 19th, after the attack on the Sixth Massachusetts, the Maryland authorities ordered that certain of the bridges on the railroads running from Baltimore to Harrisburg and Philadelphia be destroyed. This was done to prevent any more trains bearing troops entering the city. The telegraph lines were also partially destroyed at this time. Inspired by this example, the excited Marylanders, in the course of the next two or three days, tore up much of the track running north from Washington, as well as that of the Annapolis branch, and still further damaged the telegraph. Exit from Washington to the north, east, and west by rail was now impossible. On Sunday night matters were made still worse by the complete interruption of the telegraph to the north. The last wire had been cut.

All the news which reached Washington now came by way of the south, and it was all of the most disturbing nature. From twelve to fifteen thousand Confederates were reported near Alexandria, and an army under Jefferson Davis was said to be ready to march from Richmond. The alarmed citizens, expecting hourly to be attacked, were constantly reporting that they heard cannon booming from this or that direction, or had seen scouts prowling around the outskirts of the town.

The activity of the War Department under these conditions was extraordinary. General Scott had only four or five thousand men under arms, but he proposed, if the town was attacked, to contest possession point by point, and he had every public building, including school-houses, barricaded. At the Capitol, barricades of cement barrels, sandbags, and iron plates such as were being used in the construction of the dome were erected ten feet high, at every entrance. In all his efforts the General was assisted by the loyal citizens. Even the men exempted from service by age formed a company called the "Silver Grays," and the soldiers of the War of 1812 offered themselves.

By Tuesday, April 23d, a new terror was added to the situation—that of famine. The country around had been scoured for provisions, and supplies were getting short. If Washington was to be besieged, as it looked, what was to be done about food? The government at once ordered that the flour at the Georgetown mills, some 25,000 barrels, be seized, and sold according to the discretion of the military authorities.

In its distress, it was to Mr. Lincoln that the city turned. The fiber of the man began to show at once. Bayard Taylor happened to be in Washington at the very beginning of the alarm, and called on the President. "His demeanor was thoroughly calm and collected," Taylor wrote to the New York "Tribune," "and he spoke of the present crisis with that solemn, earnest composure which is the sign of a soul not easily perturbed. I came away from his presence cheered and encouraged." However, the suspense of the days when the Capital was isolated, the expected troops not arriving, an hourly attack feared, wore on Mr. Lincoln greatly. "I begin to believe," Mr. Hay heard him say bitterly, one day, to some Massachusetts soldiers, "that there is no North. The Seventh Regiment is a myth. Rhode Island is another. You are the only real thing." And

again, after pacing the floor of his deserted office for a half hour, he was heard to exclaim to himself, in an anguished tone, "Why don't they come! Why don't they come!"

The delay of the troops to arrive was, perhaps, the most mysterious and terrifying element in the situation for Mr. Lincoln. He knew that several regiments had started, and that the Seventh New York was at Annapolis, having come down Chesapeake Bay. Why they did not make a way through he could not understand. The most disquieting rumors reached him—now that an army had been raised in Maryland to oppose their advance; now that they had attempted to come up the Potomac, and were aground on Virginia soil. At last, however, the long suspense was broken. On Thursday, the 25th, about noon, the whole city was thrown into excitement by the shrill whistle of a locomotive. A great crowd gathered at the station, where the Seventh New York was debarking. The regiment had worked its way from Annapolis to the city, building bridges and laying track as it went. Worn and dirty as the men were, they marched gaily up Pennsylvania Avenue, through the crowds of cheering, weeping people, to the White House, where Mr. Lincoln received them. The next day, 1,200 Rhode Island troops and the Butler Brigade of 1,400 arrived. Before the end of the week, there were said to be 17,000 troops in the city, and it was believed that the number could easily be increased to 40,000. Mr. Lincoln had won his first point. He had soldiers to defend his Capital.

INCREASING THE ARMY.

But it was evident by this time that something more was necessary than to defend Washington. When, on April 15th, Mr. Lincoln called for 75,000 men for three months, he had commanded the persons disturbing the public peace "to disperse and retire peacefully to their respective abodes within twenty days from date." Before ten of the twenty days had passed, it was plain that the order was worthless.

"I have desired as sincerely as any man, and I sometimes think more than any other man," said the President on April 27th to a visiting military company, "that our present difficulties might be settled without the shedding of blood. I will not say that all hope has yet gone; but if the alternative is presented whether the Union is to be broken in fragments and the liberties of the people lost, or blood be shed, you will probably make the choice with which I shall not be dissatisfied."

If not as yet quite convinced that war was coming, Mr. Lincoln saw that it was so probable that he must have an army of something beside "three months' men," for the very next day after this speech, the Secretary of War, Mr. Cameron, wrote to a correspondent that the President had decided to add twenty-five regiments to the regular army.

There was great need that the regular army be reinforced. At the beginning of the year it had numbered 16,367 men, but a large part of this force was in the West, and the efficiency of the whole was greatly weakened by the desertion of officers to the South, 313 of the commissioned officers, nearly one-third of the whole number, having resigned. To Mr. Lincoln's great satisfaction, this disaffection did not extend to the "common soldiers and common sailors." "To the last man, so far as is known," he said proudly, "they have successfully resisted the traitorous efforts of those whose commands, but an hour before, they obeyed as absolute law." It was on May 3d that the President issued a proclamation increasing the regulars by 22,714, and calling for three years' volunteers to the number of 42,034. But the country was not satisfied to send so few. When the War Department refused troops from States beyond the quota assigned, governors literally begged that they be allowed to send more. Under this pressure, regiment after regiment was added to the three years' volunteers. It was Mr. Lincoln's personal interference which brought in many of these regiments. "Why cannot Colonel Small's Philadelphia regiment be received?" he wrote to the Secretary of War on May 21st. "I sincerely wish it could. There is something strange about it. Give these gentlemen an interview, and take their regiment." Again on June 13th he wrote: "There is, it seems, a regiment in Massachusetts commanded by Fletcher Webster, and which Hon. Daniel Webster's old friends very much wish to get into the service. If it can be received with the approval of your department and the consent of the Governor of Massachusetts, I shall indeed be much gratified. Give Mr. Ashmun a chance to explain fully." And again on June 17th: "With your concurrence, and that of the Governor of Indiana, I am in favor of accepting into what we call the three years' service any number not exceeding four additional regiments from that State. Probably they should come from the triangular region between the Ohio and Wabash

ivers, including my own old boyhood
ome." *

So rapid was the increase of the army under this policy, that on July 1st, the Secretary of War reported 310,000 men at his command.

But Mr. Lincoln soon found that enrolling men does not make an army. He must uniform, arm, shelter, feed, nurse, and transport them as needed. It was in providing for the needs of the men that came so willingly to service that the Administration found its chief embarrassment. The most serious difficulty was in getting arms. Men could go ununiformed, and sleep in the open air, but to fight they must have guns. The supplies of the United States arsenals in the North had been greatly depleted in the winter of 1860 and 1861 by transfers to the South, between one-fifth and one-sixth of all the muskets in the country and between one-fourth and one-fifth of all the rifles having been sent to the six seceding States. The Confederates had not only obtained the lion's share of government arms, but through January, February, March, April, and May they bought from private factories in the North, "under the very noses of the United States officers." At the same time the Federal ministers abroad were warning Mr. Lincoln that the South was picking up all the arms Europe had to spare, and the North was buying nothing. The need of arms opened the way for inventors, and Washington was overrun with men having guns to be tested. Mr. Lincoln took the liveliest interest in these new arms, and it sometimes happened that, when an inventor could get nobody else in the government to listen to him, the President would personally test his gun. A former clerk in the Navy Department tells an incident illustrative. He had stayed late one night at his desk, when he heard some one striding up and down the hall muttering: "I do wonder if they have gone already and left the building all alone." Looking out, the clerk was surprised to see the President. "Good evening," said Mr. Lincoln. "I was just looking for that man who goes shooting with me sometimes."

The clerk knew that Mr. Lincoln referred to a certain messenger of the Ordnance Department who had been accustomed to going with him to test weapons, but as this man had gone home, the clerk offered his services. Together they went to the lawn

south of the White House, where Mr. Lincoln fixed up a target cut from a sheet of white Congressional note-paper. "Then pacing off a distance of about eighty or a hundred feet," writes the clerk, "he raised the rifle to a level, took a quick aim, and drove the round of seven shots in quick succession, the bullets shooting all around the target like a Gatling gun and one striking near the center.

" 'I believe I can make this gun shoot better,' said Mr. Lincoln, after we had looked at the result of the first fire. With this he took from his vest pocket a small wooden sight which he had whittled from a pine stick, and adjusted it over the sight of the carbine. He then shot two rounds, and of the fourteen bullets nearly a dozen hit the paper! "

It was in these early days of preparing for war that Mr. Lincoln interested himself, too, in experiments with the balloon. He was one of the first persons in this country to receive a telegraphic message from a balloon sent up to make observations on an enemy's works. This experiment was made in June, and so pleased the President that the balloonist was allowed to continue his observations from the Virginia side. These observations were successful, and on June 21st, Joseph Henry, the distinguished secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, declared in a report to the Administration that, "from experiments made here for the first time, it is conclusively proved that telegrams can be sent with ease and certainty between the balloon and the quarters of the commanding officer."

MR. LINCOLN'S DAILY LIFE AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

The extraordinary conditions under which Mr. Lincoln entered the White House prevented him for some weeks from adopting anything like systematic habits. By the time of his second call for troops, however, he had adjusted himself to his new home as well as he ever was able to. The arrangement of the White House was not materially different then from what it is now. The entrance, halls, the East Room, the Green Room, the Blue Room, the State Dining-room, all were the same, the only difference being in furnishings and decorations. The Lincoln family used the west end of the second floor as a private apartment, as the McKinley family do to-day. The east end of the second floor was devoted to business then, as now.

* These extracts are from letters to Mr. Cameron found in a volume of the War Records as yet unpublished. Others of the same kind are in the volume.

Mr. Lincoln's office was the large room on the south side of the house, between the office of Private Secretary Nicolay, at the southeast corner, and the room now used by Mr. McKinley as a cabinet-room.

"The furniture of this room," says Mr. Isaac Arnold, a friend and frequent visitor of the President, "consisted of a large oak table covered with cloth, extending north and south, and it was around this table that the cabinet sat when it held its meetings. Near the end of the table and between the windows was another table, on the west side of which the President sat, in a large arm-chair, and at this table he wrote. A tall desk, with pigeon-holes for papers, stood against the south wall. The only books usually found in this room were the Bible, the United States Statutes, and a copy of Shakespeare. There were a few chairs and two plain hair-covered sofas. There were two or three map frames, from which hung military maps, on which the positions and movements of the armies were traced. There was an old and discolored engraving of General Jackson on the mantel and a later photograph of John Bright. Doors opened into this room from the room of the secretary and from the outside hall, running east and west across the house. A bell cord within reach of his hand extended to the secretary's office. A messenger sat at the door opening from the hall, and took in the cards and names of visitors."

One serious annoyance in the arrangement of the business part of the White House at that date arose from the fact that to reach his office Mr. Lincoln was obliged, in coming from his private apartment, to pass through the hall. As this hall was always filled with persons anxious to see him, it was especially difficult for a man of his informal habits and genial nature to get through. Late in 1864 this difficulty was remedied. At the suggestion of one of his body-guard, a door was cut from the family library into the present cabinet-room, and a light partition was run across the south end, thus enabling him to pass into his office without interruption.

Most of his time, while President, Mr. Lincoln undoubtedly spent in his office, and in these early days practically all of his time was passed there. He was a very early riser, being often at his desk at six o'clock in the morning, and sometimes even going out on errands at this early hour. A friend tells of passing the White House early one morning in the spring of 1861 and seeing Mr. Lincoln standing at the gate, looking anxiously up and down the street. "Good morning, good morning," he said. "I am looking for a newsboy. When you get to the corner, I wish you would send one up this way."

After the firing on Fort Sumter and the alarm for the safety of Washington, the office-seekers fell off sufficiently for the President to announce that he would see no visi-

tors before nine o'clock in the morning or after two in the afternoon. He never kept the rule himself, but those about him did their best to keep it for him. He was most informal in receiving visitors. Sometimes he even went out into the hall himself to reply to cards. Ben. Perley Poore says he did this frequently for newspaper men. Indeed, it was so much more natural for Mr. Lincoln to do things for himself than to call on others, to go to others than to have them come to him, that he was constantly appearing in unexpected places. The place to which he went oftener was the War Department. In 1861, separate buildings occupied the space now covered by the State, Army, and Navy Building. The War Department stood on the site of the northeast corner of the present structure, facing on Pennsylvania Avenue. The Navy Building was south and in line, and no street separated the White House from these buildings, as now, but the lawn was continuous, and a gravel walk ran from one to another. Mr. Lincoln had no telegraph in the White House, so that all war news was brought to him from the War Department, unless he went after it. He much preferred to go after it, and he began soon after the fall of Fort Sumter to run over to the Department whenever anything important occurred. Mr. William B. Wilson, of Philadelphia, was in the military telegraph office of the War Department from the first of May, 1861, and in some unpublished recollections of Mr. Lincoln he recalls an incident illustrating admirably the President's informal relation to the telegraph office. Mr. Wilson had been sent to the White House hurriedly to repeat an important telegram from an excited governor.

"Mr. Lincoln considered it of sufficient importance," writes Mr. Wilson, "to return with me to the War Department for the purpose of having a 'wire talk' with the perturbed governor. Calling one of his two younger boys to join him, we then started from the White House, between stately trees, along a gravel path which led to the rear of the old War Department building. It was a warm day, and Mr. Lincoln wore as part of his costume a faded gray linen duster which hung loosely around his long gaunt frame; his kindly eye was beaming with good nature, and his ever-thoughtful brow was unruined. We had barely reached the gravel walk before he stooped over, picked up a round smooth pebble, and shooting it off his thumb, challenged us to a game of 'followings,' which we accepted. Each in turn tried to hit the outlying stone, which was being constantly projected onward by the President. The game was short, but exciting; the cheerfulness of childhood, the ambition of young manhood, and the gravity of the statesman were all injected into it. The game was not won until the steps of the War Department were reached. Every inch of progression was toughly contested, and when the President was declared victor,

it was only by a hand span. He appeared to be as much pleased as if he had won a battle, and softened the defeat of the vanquished by attributing his success to his greater height of person and longer reach of arm."

One noticeable feature of Mr. Lincoln's life, at this time, was his relation to the common soldier. Officers he respected, even deferred to, but from the first arrival of troops in Washington it was the man on foot, with a gun on his shoulder, that had Mr. Lincoln's heart. Even at this early period the men found it out, and went to him confidently for favors refused elsewhere. Thus the franking of letters by congressmen was one of the perquisites of the boys, and there are cases of their going to the President with letters to be franked when they failed to find, or were refused by, their congressman. But they also soon learned that trivial pleas or complaints were met by rebukes as caustic as the help they received was genuine when they had a just cause. General Sherman relates the following incident that befell one day when he was riding through camp with Mr. Lincoln:

"I saw," says the general, "an officer with whom I had had a little difficulty that morning. His face was pale and his lips compressed. I foresaw a scene, but sat on the front seat of the carriage as quiet as a lamb. The officer forced his way through the crowd to the carriage, and said: 'Mr. President, I have a cause of grievance. This morning I went to speak to Colonel Sherman, and he threatened to shoot me.' Mr. Lincoln said: 'Threatened to shoot you?' 'Yes, sir, threatened to shoot me.' Mr. Lincoln looked at him, then at me, and stooping his tall form towards the officer, said to him, in a loud stage whisper, easily heard for some yards around, 'Well, if I were you, and he threatened to shoot me, I would not trust him, for I believe he would do it.'"

It is curious to note in the records of the time how soon, not only the soldiers, but the general public of Washington discovered the big heart of the new President. A correspondent of the Philadelphia "Press," in a letter of May 23d, tells how he saw Mr. Lincoln one day sitting in his "new barouche" in front of the Treasury, awaiting Mr. Chase, when there came along a boy on crutches. Lincoln immediately called the boy to him, asked him several questions, and then slipped a gold piece into his hands. "Such acts of liberality and disinterested charity," said the correspondent, "are frequently practiced by our Executive, who can never look upon distress without attempting to relieve it."

As soon as the first rush of soldiers to Washington was over and the capital was comparatively safe, Mr. Lincoln began to take a drive every afternoon. It was among

the soldiers that he went almost invariably. Indeed it was impossible to escape the camps, so fully was the city turned over to the military. The Capitol, Inauguration Ballroom, Patent Office, and other public buildings were used as temporary quarters for incoming troops. The Corcoran Art Gallery had been turned into a store-house for army supplies. A bakery was established in the basement of the Capitol. The Twelfth New York was in Franklin Park. At the Georgetown College was another regiment. On Meridian Hill the Seventh New York was stationed. Everywhere were soldiers. Mr. Lincoln and his cabinet officers drove daily to one or another of these camps. Very often his outing for the day was attending some ceremony incident to camp life: a military funeral, a camp wedding, a review, a flag-raising. He did not often make speeches. "I have made a great many poor speeches," he said one day, in excusing himself, "and I now feel relieved that my dignity does not permit me to be a public speaker."

All through these early days of calling the army to Washington there was little to make one feel how terrible a thing it is to collect and prepare men for battle. There were critics now who said, as they had said before the inauguration and again before the firing on Fort Sumter, that Mr. Lincoln did not understand the meaning of what was going on before his eyes. General Sherman himself confesses his irritation at what seemed to him an unbecoming placidity on the part of Mr. Lincoln. The General had just come from Louisiana. "How are they getting on down there?" asked the President.

"They are getting on swimmingly," Sherman replied. "They are preparing for war."

"Oh, well," Lincoln said, "I guess we'll manage to keep house."

More penetrating observers saw something else in Mr. Lincoln, an inner man, wrestling incessantly with an awful problem. N. P. Willis, who saw the President at one of the many flag-raising of that spring, records an impression common enough among thoughtful observers:

"There was a momentary interval," writes Willis, "while the band played the 'Star Spangled Banner,' and during this 'brief waiting for the word,' all eyes, of course, were on the President's face, in which (at least for those near enough to see it well) there was the same curious problem of expression which has been more than once noticed by the close observer of that singular countenance—the twofold working of the twofold nature of the man. Lincoln the westerner, slightly

humorous but thoroughly practical and sagacious, was measuring the 'chore' that was to be done, and wondering whether that string was going to draw that heap of stuff through the hole in the top of the partition, determining that it should, but seeing clearly that it was mechanically a badly arranged job, and expecting the difficulty that did actually occur. Lincoln the President and statesman was another nature, seen in those abstract and serious eyes, which seemed withdrawn to an inner sanctuary of thought, sitting in judgment on the scene and feeling its far reach into the future. A whole man, and an exceedingly handy and joyous one, was to hoist the flag, but an anxious and reverent and deep-thinking statesman and patriot was to stand apart while it went up and pray God for its long waving and sacred welfare. Completely, and yet separately, the one strange face told both stories, and told them well."

USING THE ARMY.

By the middle of May, 1861, the problem of Mr. Lincoln's life was how to use the army he had called together. This force was distributed along a zig-zag line running from Missouri eastward to Norfolk. The bulk of all the troops, however, were in and around Washington. The North had been urging the President, from the day it answered his first call, to advance the volunteers into Virginia. Finally, about the middle of May, he decided that a movement across the river should be made, the object being to seize the heights from Arlington south to Alexandria. Mr. Lincoln had the success of this movement deeply at heart. The Confederate flag flying from a staff at Alexandria had been a constant eyesore to him. Again and again he was seen standing with a gloomy face before one of the south windows of the White House looking through a glass at this flag.

The time for the advance was set for the night of May 23d. By morning, Arlington, the shores of the Potomac southward, and the town of Alexandria were occupied by Federal troops. The enemy had fled at their approach. The flag which had caused Mr. Lincoln so much pain was gone, but its removal had cost a life very precious to the President. Young Colonel Ellsworth, one of the most brilliant officers in the volunteer service, a man whom the President had brought to Washington and for whom he felt the warmest affection, had been shot.

The Arlington heights seized, the army lay for weeks inactive. The one movement for which the North now clamored was a march from Arlington to Richmond. The delay to move made it irritable and sarcastic. Mr. Lincoln was as anxious for a successful movement southward as any man in

the country; but for some time he resisted the popular outcry, giving his generals the opportunity to make ready for which they begged. At last, towards the end of June, he decided that an advance must be made, and he summoned his cabinet and the leading military men near Washington to meet him on the evening of June 29th and discuss the advisability of and the plans for an immediate attack on the enemy's army, then entrenched at Manassas Junction, some twenty miles southwest of Washington. The Commander-in-Chief of the Army, General Scott, opposed the advance. He had another plan of campaign, the army was not ready. But Mr. Lincoln insisted that the country demanded a movement, and that if the Federal army was "green," so was that of the Confederates. General Scott waived his objections, and the advance was ordered for July 9th. For one and another reason, however, it was July 21st before the army was ready to attack. The day was Sunday, a brilliant, hot Washington day. Anxious as Mr. Lincoln was over the coming battle, he went to church as usual. It was while he was there that a distant roar of cannon, the first sounds of the battle, only twenty miles away, reached him. Returning to the White House after the services, the President's first inquiry was for news. Telegrams had just begun to come in. They continued at intervals all the afternoon—broken reports from now this, now that, part of the field. Although fragmentary, they were as a whole encouraging. The President studied them carefully, and after a time went over to General Scott's headquarters to talk the news over with him. By half-past five he felt so sure that the field was won that he went out for his usual afternoon drive. An hour later he returned, only to be met with the dreadful telegram which announced the end of the battle of Bull Run:

"General McDowell's army in full retreat through Centreville. The day is lost. Save Washington and the remnants of this army. . . . The routed troops will not reform."

From that time on, for at least twenty-four hours, a continuous stream of tales of disaster was poured upon Mr. Lincoln. A number of public men had gone from Washington to see the battle. Ex-Senator Dawes, who was among them, says that General Scott urged him to go, telling him that it was undoubtedly the only battle he would ever have a chance to see. About midnight they began to return. They came in haggard, worn, and horror-stricken, and a number of

them repaired to the White House, where Mr. Lincoln, lying on his office sofa, listened to their tales of the panic that had seized the army about four in the afternoon and of the retreat that had followed. All of those who returned that night to Washington were positive that the Confederates would attack the city before morning.

The events of the next day were no less harrowing to Mr. Lincoln than those of the night. A drizzling rain was falling, and from daybreak there could be seen, crowding and staggering across the Long Bridge, hundreds of soldiers, civilians, negroes, and horses. Hour by hour the streets of the city grew fuller. On the corners white-faced women stood beside boilers of coffee, feeding the exhausted men. Now and then the remnants of a regiment or company which somehow had kept together marched up the street, mud-splashed and dejected. One of the most pathetic sights of the day was the return of Burnside and his men. The regiment and the handsome general had been one of the town's delights. Now they came back broken in numbers and so overcome with fatigue that man after man dropped in the streets as he marched, while slowly in front, his head on his breast, the reins on the neck of his exhausted horse, rode Burnside.

Before Monday night, it was known that the enemy was not following up his advantage. Two days later the Union army was re-intrenched on Arlington heights. A revulsion of feeling had already begun. The effort to make out the rout to be as complete and terrible as it could be was followed by an attempt to show that it was nothing but a panic among teamsters and sight-seers. Mr. Lincoln was asked to listen to a number of these explanations. "Ah, I see," he said to one vindicator of the day, "we whipped the enemy, and then ran away from him."

REPAIRING THE DISASTER.

Explanations of the battle of Bull Run did not interest the President. He was giving his whole mind to repairing the disaster. Congress, prostrated as it was by the unexpected defeat, stood by him bravely. Resources he was not going to lack. The confidence of the country was what he needed. To stimulate this confidence, Mr. Lincoln and his advisers summoned to Wash-

ington, on July 22d, George B. McClellan, the only man who had thus far accomplished anything in the war on which the North looked with pride, and asked him to take the command of the demoralized army. A more effective move could not have been made. McClellan had just finished an offensive campaign against the enemy in West Virginia, completely driving him from the country. He had announced his victories in a series of addresses which thrilled the North. They saw in him a second Napoleon, and were satisfied that if he were in charge of the army, the disgrace of Bull Run would be speedily wiped out.

While occupied in reorganizing and increasing the army, Mr. Lincoln did his best to improve the *morale* of officers and men. One of the first things he did, in fact, after the battle was to "run over and see the boys," as he expressed it. General Sherman, who was with Mr. Lincoln as he drove about the camps on this visit, says that he made one of the "neatest, best, and most feeling addresses" he ever listened to, and that its effect on the troops was "excellent." As often as he could after this, Mr. Lincoln went to the Arlington camps. Frequently in these visits he left his carriage and walked up and down the lines shaking hands with each man, repeating heartily as he did so, "God bless you, God bless you." Before a month had passed, he saw that under McClellan's training the Army of the Potomac, as it had come to be called, had recovered almost completely from the panic of Bull Run, and that it was growing every day in efficiency. But scarcely had his anxiety over the condition of things around Washington been allayed, before a grave problem was raised in the West. The severest criticisms began to come to him on the conduct of a man whom he had made a major-general and whom he had put in command of the important Western division, John C. Frémont. The force of these criticisms was intensified by serious disasters to the Union troops in Missouri. Mr. Lincoln found himself facing one of the most delicate problems of a President of the United States: to decide whether a widespread discontent with a man whom he has put in a position of trust is defensible, and in case it is, what course justice to the man and to the public requires him to follow.

NOTE.—Through an inadvertence which the author regrets, the quotations from Mr. Lincoln's letters to Henry J. Raymond, the Hon. William Kellogg, and the Hon. John T. Hale, as well as the letter to the Hon. John A. Gilmer, cited in the December instalment of the "Later Life of Lincoln;" and Mr. Seward's criticisms of Lincoln's first inaugural address, and the letters to General Scott and Mr. Chase, cited in the January instalment, were not credited, as they should have been, to "Abraham Lincoln: A History," by Nicolay and Hay. Mr. Seward's "Thoughts for the President's Consideration," with Mr. Lincoln's reply, were first published in the same work.



MARINES SIGNALING UNDER FIRE AT GUANTANAMO.

BY STEPHEN CRANE,

Author of "The Red Badge of Courage," "The Open Boat," etc.

THEY were four Guantanamo marines, officially known for the time as signalmen, and it was their duty to lie in the trenches of Camp McCalla, that faced the water, and, by day, signal the "Marblehead" with a flag and, by night, signal the "Marblehead" with lanterns. It was my good fortune—at that time I considered it my bad fortune, indeed—to be with them on two of the nights when a wild storm of fighting was pealing about the hill; and, of all the actions of the war, none were so hard on the nerves, none strained courage so near the panic point, as those swift nights in Camp McCalla. With a thousand rifles rattling; with the field-guns booming in your ears; with the diabolic Colt automatics clacking; with the roar of the "Marblehead" coming from the bay, and, last, with Mauser bullets sneering always in the air a few inches over one's head, and with this enduring from dusk to dawn, it is extremely doubtful if any one who was there will be able to forget it easily. The noise; the impenetrable darkness; the knowledge from the sound of the bullets that the enemy was on three sides of the camp; the infrequent bloody stumbling and death of some man with whom, perhaps, one had messed two hours previous; the weariness of the body, and the more terrible weariness of the mind, at the endlessness of the thing, made it wonderful that at least some of the men did not come out of it with their nerves hopelessly in shreds.

But, as this interesting ceremony pro-

ceeded in the darkness, it was necessary for the signal squad to coolly take and send messages. Captain McCalla always participated in the defense of the camp by raking the woods on two of its sides with the guns of the "Marblehead." Moreover, he was the senior officer present, and he wanted to know what was happening. All night long the crews of the ships in the bay would stare sleeplessly into the blackness toward the roaring hill.

The signal squad had an old cracker-box placed on top of the trench. When not signaling, they hid the lanterns in this box; but as soon as an order to send a message was received, it became necessary for one of the men to stand up and expose the lights. And then—oh, my eye—how the guerrillas hidden in the gulf of night would turn loose at those yellow gleams!

Signaling in this way is done by letting one lantern remain stationary—on top of the cracker-box, in this case—and moving the other over it to the left and right and so on in the regular gestures of the wig-wagging code. It is a very simple system of night communication, but one can see that it presents rare possibilities when used in front of an enemy who, a few hundred yards away, is overjoyed at sighting so definite a mark.

How, in the name of wonders, those four men at Camp McCalla were not riddled from head to foot and sent home more as repositories of Spanish ammunition than as marines

is beyond all comprehension. To make a confession—when one of these men stood up to wave his lantern, I, lying in the trench, invariably rolled a little to the right or left, in order that, when he was shot, he would not fall on me. But the squad came off scathless, despite the best efforts of the most formidable corps in the Spanish army—the *Escuadra de Guantanamo*. That it was the most formidable corps in the Spanish army of occupation has been told me by many Spanish officers and also by General Menocal and other insurgent officers. General Menocal was Garcia's chief-of-staff when the latter was operating busily in Santiago province. The regiment was composed solely of *practicos*, or guides, who knew every shrub and tree on the ground over which they moved.

The answer was always upon the instant: "Yes, sir." Then the bullets began to snap, snap, snap, at his head while all the woods began to crackle like burning straw. I could lie near and watch the face of the signalman, illumed as it was by the yellow shine of lantern light, and the absence of excitement, fright, or any emotion at all, on his countenance, was something to astonish all theories out of one's mind. The face was in every instance merely that of a man intent upon his business, the business of wig-wagging into the gulf of night where a light on the "Marblehead" was seen to move slowly.

These times on the hill resembled, in some days, those terrible scenes on the stage—scenes of intense gloom, blinding lightning, with a cloaked devil or assassin or other ap-

propriate character muttering deeply amid the awful roll of the thunderdrums. It was theatric beyond words; one felt like a leaf in this booming chaos, this prolonged tragedy of the night. Amid it all one could see from time to time the yellow light on the face of a preoccupied signalman.

Possibly no man who was there ever before understood the true eloquence of the breaking of the day. We would lie staring into the east, fairly ravenous for the dawn. Utterly worn to rags, with our nerves standing on end like so many bristles, we lay and watched the east—the unspeakably obdurate and slow east. It was a wonder that the eyes of some of us did not turn to glass balls from the fixity of our gaze.

Then there would come into the sky a patch of faint blue light. It was like a piece of moonshine.

Whenever the adjutant, Lieutenant Draper, came plunging along through the darkness with an order—such as: "Ask the 'Marblehead' to please shell the woods to the left"—my heart would come into my mouth, for I knew then that one of my pals was going to stand up behind the lanterns and have all Spain shoot at him.

Some would say it was the beginning of day-break; others would declare it was nothing of the kind. Men would get very disgusted with each other in these low-toned arguments held in the trenches. For my part, this development in the eastern sky destroyed many of my ideas and theories concerning the dawning of the day; but then I had never



"The enemy shoot at you from an adjacent thicket."

before had occasion to give it such solemn attention.

This patch widened and whitened in about the speed of a man's accomplishment if he should be in the way of painting Madison Square Garden with a camel's hair brush. The guerrillas always set out to whoop it up about this time, because they knew the occasion was approaching when it would be expedient for them to elope. I, at least, always grew furious with this wretched sunrise. I thought I could have walked around the world in the time required for the old thing to get up above the horizon.

One midnight, when an important message was to be sent to the "Marblehead," Colonel Huntington came himself to the signal place with Adjutant Draper and Captain McCauley, the quartermaster. When the man stood up to signal, the colonel stood beside him. At sight of the lights, the Spaniards

performed as usual. They drove enough bullets into that immediate vicinity to kill all the marines in the corps.

Lieutenant Draper was agitated for his chief. "Colonel, won't you step down, sir?"

"Why, I guess not," said the gray old veteran in his slow, sad, always-gentle way. "I'm in no more danger than the man."

"But, sir—" began the adjutant.

"Oh, it's all right, Draper."

So the colonel and the private stood side to side and took the heavy fire without either moving a muscle.

Day was always obliged to come at last, punctuated by a final exchange of scattering shots. And the light shone on the marines, the dumb guns, the flag. Grimy yellow face looked into grimy yellow face, and grinned with weary satisfaction. Coffee!

Usually it was impossible for many of the men to sleep at once. It always took me, for instance, some hours to get my nerves combed down. But then it was great joy to lie in the trench with the four signalmen, and understand thoroughly that that night was fully over at last, and that, although the future might have in store other bad nights, that one could never escape from the prison-house which we call the past.



"When the man stood up to signal, the colonel stood beside him."

At the wild little fight at Cusco there were some splendid exhibitions of wig-wagging under fire. Action began when an advance detachment of marines under Lieutenant Lucas with the Cuban guides had reached the summit of a ridge overlooking a small valley where there was a house, a well, and a thicket of some kind of shrub with great broad, oily leaves. This thicket, which was perhaps an acre in extent, contained the guerrillas. The valley was open to the sea. The distance from the top of the

ridge to the thicket was barely two hundred yards.

The "Dolphin" had sailed up the coast in line with the marine advance, ready with her guns to assist in any action. Captain Elliott, who commanded the two hundred marines in this fight, suddenly called out for a signalman. He wanted a man to tell the "Dolphin" to open fire on the house and the thicket. It was a blazing, bitter hot day on top of the ridge with its shriveled chaparral and its straight, tall cactus plants. The sky was bare and blue, and hurt like brass. In two minutes the prostrate marines were red and sweating like so many hull-buried stokers in the tropics.

Captain Elliott called out :

"Where's a signalman ? Who's a signalman here ?"

A red-headed "mick"—I think his name was Clancy—at any rate, it will do to call him Clancy—twisted his head from where he lay on his stomach pumping his Lee, and, saluting, said that he was a signalman.

There was no regulation flag with the expedition, so Clancy was obliged to tie his blue polka-dot neckerchief on the end of his rifle. It did not make a very good flag. At first Clancy moved a ways down the safe side of the ridge and wigwagged there very busily. But what with the flag being so poor for the purpose, and the background of ridge being so dark, those on the "Dolphin" did not see it. So Clancy had to return to the top of the ridge and outline himself and his flag against the sky.

The usual thing happened. As soon as the Spaniards caught sight of this silhouette, they let go like mad at it. To make things more comfortable for Clancy, the situation demanded that he face the sea and turn his back to the Spanish bullets. This was a hard game, mark you—to stand with the small of your back to volley fir-

ing. Clancy thought so. Everybody thought so. We all cleared out of his neighborhood. If he wanted sole possession of any particular spot on that hill, he could have it for all we would interfere with him.

It cannot be denied that Clancy was in a hurry. I watched him. He was so occupied with the bullets that snarled close to his ears that he was obliged to repeat the letters of his message softly to himself. It seemed an intolerable time before the "Dolphin" answered the little signal. Meanwhile, we gazed at him, marveling every second that he had not yet pitched headlong. He swore at times.

Finally the "Dolphin" replied to his frantic gesticulation, and he delivered his message. As his part of the transaction was



"The situation demanded that he face the sea and turn his back to the Spanish bullets."



Early morning coffee!

quite finished—whoop!—he dropped like a brick into the firing line and began to shoot; began to get “hunky” with all those people who had been plugging at him. The blue polka-dot neckerchief still fluttered from the barrel of his rifle. I am quite certain that he let it remain there until the end of the fight.

The shells of the “Dolphin” began to plow up the thicket, kicking the bushes, stones, and soil into the air as if somebody was blasting there.

Meanwhile, this force of two hundred marines and fifty Cubans and the force of—probably—six companies of Spanish guerrillas were making such an awful din that the distant Camp McCalla was all alive with excitement. Colonel Huntington sent out strong parties to critical points on the road to facilitate, if necessary, a safe retreat, and also sent forty men under Lieutenant Magill to come up on the left flank of the two companies in action under Captain Elliott. Lieutenant Magill and his men had crowned a hill which covered entirely the flank of the fighting companies, but when the “Dolphin” opened fire, it happened that Magill was in the line of the shots. It became necessary to stop the “Dolphin” at once. Captain Elliott was not near Clancy at this time, and he called hurriedly for another signalman.

Sergeant Quick arose, and announced that he was a signalman. He produced from somewhere a blue polka-dot neckerchief as large as a quilt. He tied it on a long,

crooked stick. Then he went to the top of the ridge, and turning his back to the Spanish fire, began to signal to the “Dolphin.” Again we gave a man sole possession of a particular part of the ridge. We didn’t want it. He could have it and welcome. If the young sergeant had had the smallpox, the cholera, and the yellow fever, we could not have slid out with more celerity.

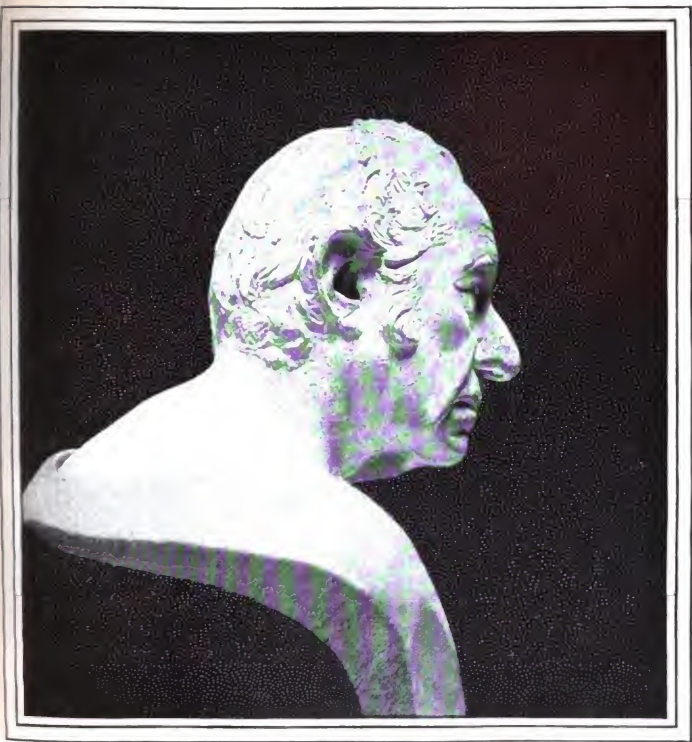
As men have said often, it seemed as if there was in this war a God of Battles who held His mighty hand before the Americans. As I looked at Sergeant Quick wig-wagging there against the sky, I would not have given a tin tobacco-tag for his life. Escape for him

seemed impossible. It seemed absurd to hope that he would not be hit; I only hoped that he would be hit just a little, little, in the arm, the shoulder, or the leg.

I watched his face, and it was as grave and serene as that of a man writing in his own library. He was the very embodiment of tranquillity in occupation. He stood there amid the animal-like babble of the Cubans, the crack of rifles, and the whistling snarl of the bullets, and wig-wagged whatever he had to wig-wag without heeding anything but his business. There was not a single trace of nervousness or haste.

To say the least, a fight at close range is absorbing as a spectacle. No man wants to take his eyes from it until that time comes when he makes up his mind to run away. To deliberately stand up and turn your back to a battle is in itself hard work. To deliberately stand up and turn your back to a battle and hear immediate evidences of the boundless enthusiasm with which a large company of the enemy shoot at you from an adjacent thicket is, to my mind at least, a very great feat. One need not dwell upon the detail of keeping the mind carefully upon a slow spelling of an important code message.

I saw Quick betray only one sign of emotion. As he swung his clumsy flag to and fro, an end of it once caught on a cactus pillar, and he looked sharply over his shoulder to see what had it. He gave the flag an impatient jerk. He looked annoyed.



GILBERT STUART, THE MOST NOTED OF AMERICAN PORTRAIT PAINTERS. AGE 70. BORN, 1755; DIED, 1828.

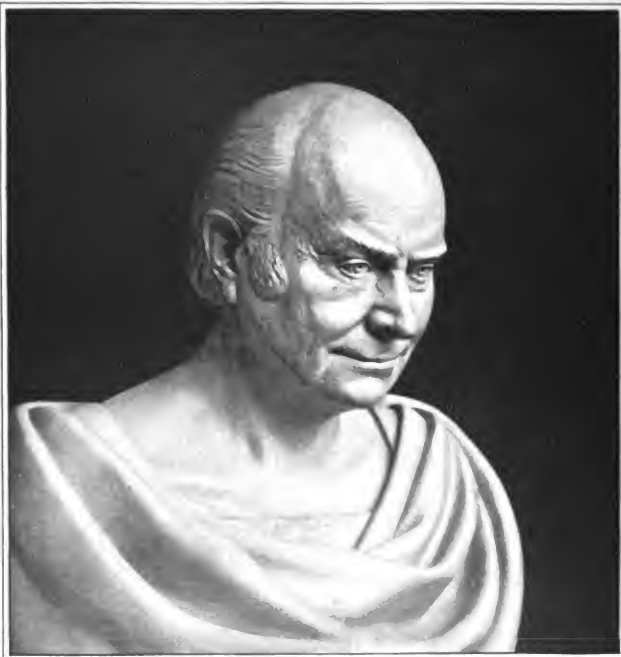
From the original bust from a life mask taken in 1825 by J. H. I. Browere. First photographed and engraved for McClure's MAGAZINE.

LIFE MASKS OF GREAT AMERICANS.

BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

CASTS OF THE LIVING FEATURES OF GILBERT STUART, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, "DOLLY" MADISON, AND OTHERS, MADE BY J. H. I. BROWERE, ABOUT 1825.

THE most gratifying reward that a writer can have is to find that his work receives intelligent appreciation. This reward has been mine to a marked degree in the reception given to my article upon Browere's "Unknown Life Masks of Great Americans," which appeared in McClure's MAGAZINE for October, 1897. The wide public and the nar-



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES FROM MARCH 4, 1825, TO MARCH 4, 1829. AGE 58.
From the original bust from a life mask taken in 1825 by J. H. I. Browere. First photographed and engraved for McClure's
MAGAZINE.

row public, the people and the artistic circle, have each, like *Oliver Twist*, been asking for more. The feeling seems to be universal that until now we had only a faint conception of how appeared in the flesh many of the great characters that have gone before; how they really appeared when they lived and moved and had their being. Through the broad-mindedness of the publishers, I am enabled to present a second installment of these Browere Life Masks, which, I believe, will be accounted almost as important an addition to our historical portrait gallery as the first installment.

One artist, and he easily the first of Ameri-

can painters, did not deny to Browere and his work the merit that was their due. On the contrary, he saw the fidelity and great value of these life masks, and gave encouragement to the maker of them by submitting to his process and by giving a certificate of approval. He did this not so much that his living face might be transmitted to posterity, as to test the truth of the newspaper reports of the suffering and danger experienced by Jefferson, and thus, by example, to encourage others to go and do likewise. The result was the superb head of Gilbert Stuart, herewith reproduced from the original, now in the Redwood Library, at Newport, Rhode Island.



CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, SON OF PRESIDENT J. Q. ADAMS; AND U. S. MINISTER TO ENGLAND, 1861-1868. AGE 18. From the original bust from a life mask taken in 1825 by J. H. I. Browere. First photographed and engraved for McClure's MAGAZINE.

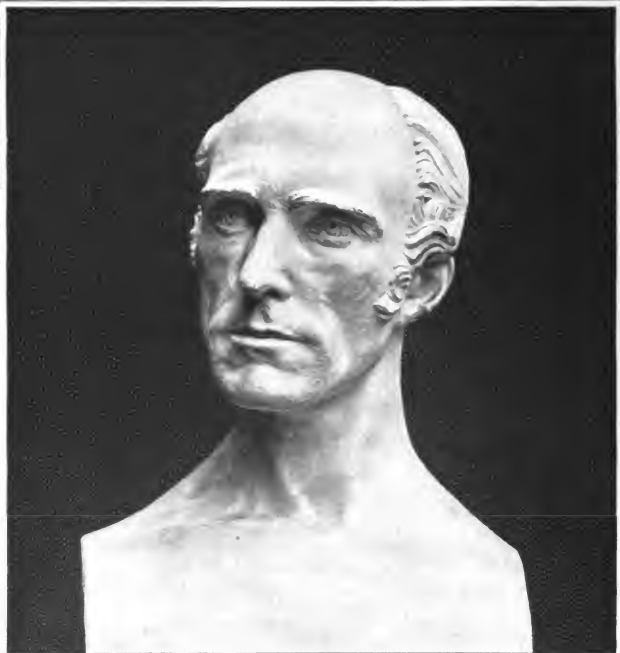
Upon the completion of the mask from which this bust was cast Stuart gave to Browere the following emphatic certificate:

"Boston, November 29, 1825.—Mr. Browere of the city of New York has this day made a Portrait Bust of me from life, with which I am perfectly satisfied and which I hope will remove any illiberal misrepresentations that may deprive the nation from possessing like records of more important men.—G. STUART."

The "misrepresentations" referred to are, of course, the reported inconvenience that Jefferson had suffered, and praise such as this given by Stuart is as approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley, "praise indeed." A few days later the Boston "Daily Advertiser"

announced: "The portrait bust of Gilbert Stuart, Esq., lately executed by Mr. Browere, will be exhibited by him at the Hubbard Gallery this evening. This exhibition is made by him for the purpose of showing that he can present a perfect likeness, and he will prove at the same time by the certificate of Mr. Stuart that the operation is without pain."

Apropos of the exhibition, the local press teemed with laudatory notices of Browere's work. The Boston "American" said: "This bust has been adjudged by all who have examined it and are acquainted with the original to be a striking and perfect resemblance." The "Commercial Gazette" said:

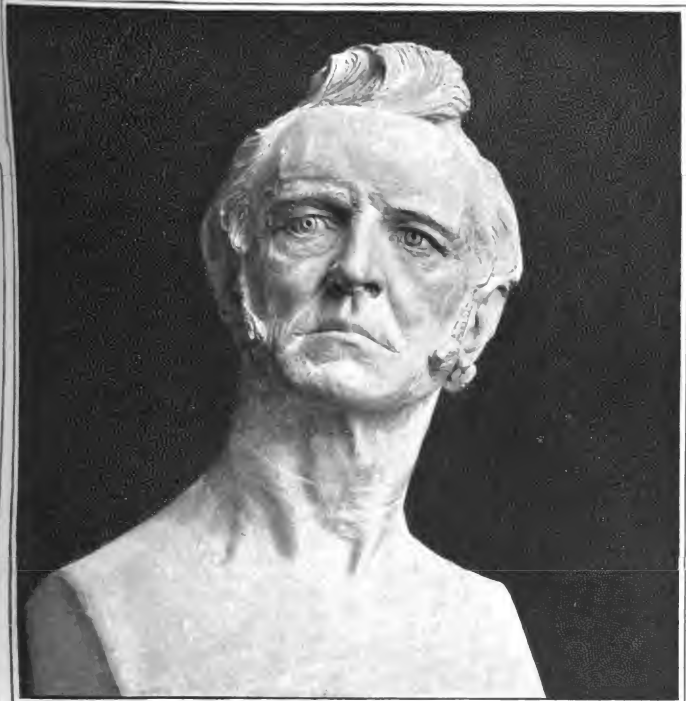


RICHARD RUSH, U. S. ATTORNEY-GENERAL, 1814-1817; U. S. MINISTER TO ENGLAND, 1817-1825. AGE 45.
From the original bust from a life mask taken in 1825 by J. H. I. Browere. First photographed and engraved for *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE*.

"It is a fine likeness, in truth we think the best we ever saw of any one. We particularly inquired of Mr. Stuart's family if he suffered by any difficulty of breathing, or if the process was in any degree painful, and were assured that there was nothing of unpleasant or painful nature in it."

Considering Stuart's eminence in art and his irascible temper and unyielding character, such action as his toward Browere, not only in submitting to have the mask taken, but in certifying to it and permitting it to be publicly exhibited for Browere's benefit, speaks unimpeachable volumes in support of the workman and of his work.

Stuart's daughter Jane, who died at Newport in 1888, at a very advanced age, and who is the subject of Colonel Higginson's charming paper, "One of Thackeray's Women," and was as "impossible," in some respects, as her distinguished father, remembered well the incident of the mask being made, and testified to its marvelous life-speaking qualities. Having lost all knowledge of its whereabouts, she searched for years in the hope of finding it. Finally, in the Centennial year, the bust from the mask was discovered in the possession of Browere's son, and was purchased by Mr. David King, of Newport, as a present for Miss Stuart. But Jane



COMMODORE DAVID PORTER, FATHER OF ADMIRAL PORTER AND FOSTER-FATHER OF ADMIRAL FARRAGUT. AGE 45.

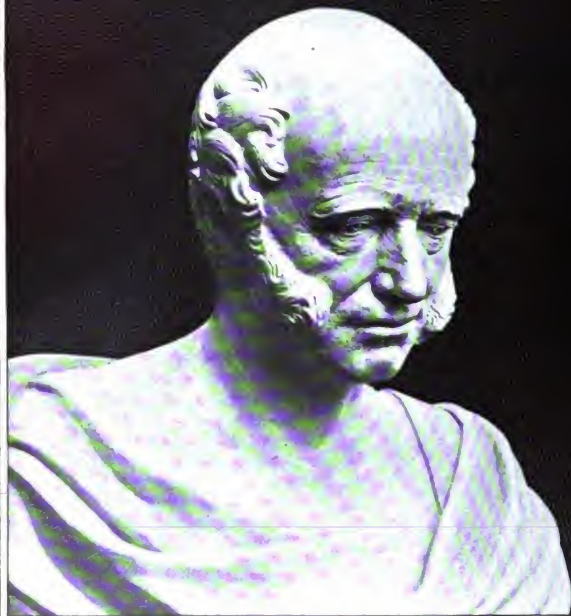
From the original bust from a life mask taken in 1825 by J. H. I. Browere. First photographed and engraved for *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE*.

Stuart felt that her little cottage, so well remembered by many visitors to Newport, was no place for so big a work, and desired that it might be placed in a public gallery, which wish Mr. King complied with by presenting it to the Redwood Library, where it may be seen by all interested in Stuart or in Browere's life masks.

The year in which the Jefferson, John Adams, Madison, Carroll, Lafayette, and Stuart masks were made, 1825, was the year of Browere's greatest activity. In that year he made the busts of John Quincy Adams, Charles Francis Adams (then a boy), Mistress "Dolly" Madison, Commodore David Porter,

De Witt Clinton, and Richard Rush, herewith reproduced, while eight years later, the year before Browere's death, he made the mask of Martin Van Buren.

All of the busts from these masks present living qualities and characteristics wanting in the painted and sculptured portraits of the same persons. There is an unhesitating feeling of real presence conveyed by the Browere busts, such as is given by no other likeness. Commodore David Porter, whose brilliant career early in the century helped materially to give the navy of this country that high prestige which has been so marvelously sustained in the war with Spain, felt



MARTIN VAN BUREN, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES FROM MARCH 4, 1837, TO MARCH 4, 1841. AGE 51.
From the original bust from a life mask taken in 1833 by J. H. I. Browere. First photographed and engraved for *McCLURE'S* MAGAZINE.

this when he wrote to Major Noah, the editor of the "National Advocate": "Mr. Browere has succeeded to admiration. Nothing can be more accurate and expressive. I should recommend every one who wished to possess a perfect likeness of himself or of his friends to resort to Mr. Browere in preference to any other artist."

The mask of the coy North Carolina Quakeress, Dorothy Payne, who as the young widow of John Todd—they were married only a year—became the wife of the fourth President of the United States, and is familiarly known as "Dolly Madison," is of particular interest as being the only woman's face

handed down by Browere. Her great beauty has been heralded by more than one voice and pen; but not one of the many portraits that we have of her, from that painted by Stuart to the one drawn by Eastman Johnson, shortly before Mrs. Madison's death, sustains the verdict of her contemporaries; and now the mask by Browere settles the question in the negative. Dolly Madison was in her fifty-third year when Browere made his mask of her. He made it at Montpelier, on October 19, 1825, at the same time he made the one of Mr. Madison, already reproduced. Mrs. Madison lived on for nearly a quarter of a century after this mask was made, and both



"DOLLY" MADISON, WIFE OF JAMES MADISON, FOURTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. AGE 53.

From the original bust from a life-mask taken in 1825 by J. H. I. Browere. First photographed and engraved for *McClure's Magazine*.

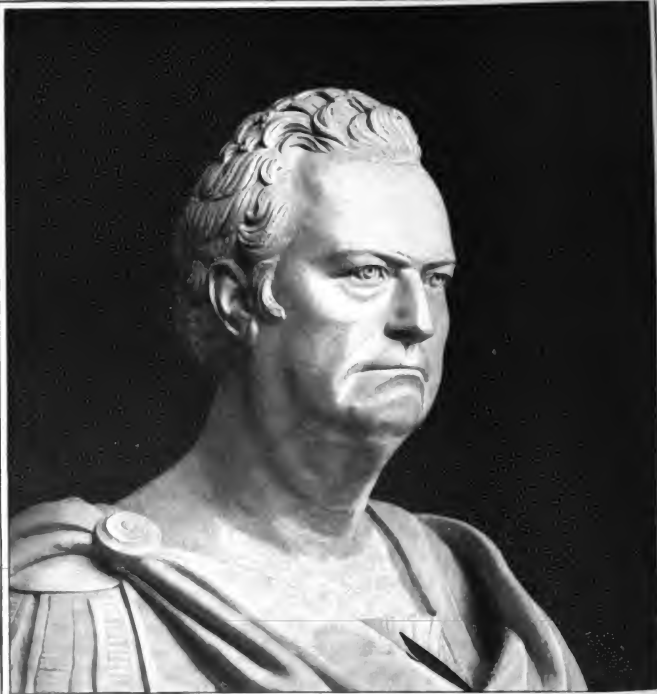
she and her husband seem to have taken more than ordinary interest in the artist and his family. An infant born to Mrs. Browere July 3, 1826, was, by Mrs. Madison's permission, named for her, and some years later the child, with its parents, made an extended visit to Montpelier.

When Samuel Woodworth, the author of the well-known lines to "The Old Oaken Bucket," who was a close friend of Browere, visited the workshop to see the bust of Commodore Porter, he caught a glimpse of that of De Witt Clinton. He made a gesture as of restraint, and pronounced these impromptu lines:

Stay! The bust that graces yonder shelf claims our regard.

It is the front of Jove himself;
The majesty of Virtue and of Power
Before which guilt and meanness only cower.
Who can behold that bust and not exclaim,
Let everlasting honor claim our Clinton's name!

Not the least interesting of Browere's busts is the youthful head of Charles Francis Adams, made when Mr. Adams had just passed his eighteenth birthday. With this we have three generations of one of the most remarkable families in this country—Old John Adams, the nonogenarian, as given in my former article; John Quincy Adams, when President, at the age of fifty-eight, and his



DE WITT CLINTON, GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK, 1817-1823 AND 1825-1828. AGE 56.

From the original bust from a life mask taken in 1825 by J. H. I. Browere. First photographed and engraved for *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE*.

young son, destined to do his country such service and honor, when in the throes of civil war, by his skillful tact and wise diplomacy at the Court of St. James—all from Browere's hand. It was this young man who wrote to Browere from Washington, October, 1825: "The President requests me to state to Mr. Browere that he will be able to give him two hours to-morrow morning at 7 o'clock, at his (Mr. Browere's) rooms, Pennsylvania Avenue. He is so much engaged at present that this is the only time he can conveniently spare for purpose of your executing his portrait bust from the life."

The clean-cut features of Richard Rush re-

call a statesman and a scholar of "ye olden tyme." When only thirty-four, he entered the Cabinet of President Madison as Attorney-General of the United States. Successively Secretary of State, Minister to England, Secretary of the Treasury, and Minister to France during the eventful years of 1847 to 1851, he secured for this government the munificent legacy of James Smithson, which was the foundation of the Smithsonian Institution.

Surely the man who has preserved for us the living lineaments of so many persons of consideration deserves commemoration, and this man is John Henri Isaac Browere.

BETWEEN TWO SHORES.

BY ELLEN GLASGOW,

Author of "Phases of an Inferior Planet," etc.



HE was leaning against the railing of the deck, gazing wistfully down upon the sea of faces on the landing below. She wore a skirt and coat of brown cloth, and her veil was raised in a white film above her small hat.

In the crowd clustering about her eager for the last glimpse of friends she

looked shy and nervous, and her brown eyes were dilated in alarm. Despite her thirty years, there was something girlish in her shrinking figure—a suggestion of the incipient emotions of youth. The fine lines that time had set upon brow and lips were results of the flight of undifferentiated days, and lacked the intensity of experimental records. One might have classified her in superficial survey as a woman in whom temperamental fires had been smothered, rather than extinguished, by the ashes of unfulfilment. To existence, which is a series of rhythmic waves of the commonplace, she offered facial serenity; to life, which is a clash of opposing passions, she turned the wistful eyes of ignorance.

A tall girl, carrying an armful of crimson roses, pressed against her, and waved a heavily scented handkerchief to some one upon the landing. On the other side, a man was shouting directions in regard to a missing piece of baggage. "I marked it myself," he declared frantically. "It was to have been shipped from New Orleans to the Cunard dock. I marked it 'Not wanted' with my own hands, and, by Jove, those dirty creoles have taken me at my word."

She rested her hand upon the railing, and leaned far over. Down below, a pretty girl in a pink shirt waist was kissing her gloved finger tips to a stout gentleman on deck. An excited group were waving congratulations to a bride and groom, who looked fatigued and slightly bored. She yawned and bowed her head to avoid the spoke of a black parasol sheltering the lady on her right. For the first time she recognized in this furtive

shrinking a faint homesickness, and her thoughts recoiled to the dull Southern home, to the sisters-in-law who made her life burdensome, and to the little graveyard where the husband she had never loved lay buried. The girl with the crimson roses jostled her rudely, and from behind, some one was treading upon her gown. The insipid heat of the July sun flashed across her face, and in a vision she recalled the sweeping pastures of the old plantation, with the creek where the willows grew and the thrushes sang. The odor of the heavily scented handkerchief half sickened her. From the crowd some one was calling to the girl in tones of reassurance: "See you in London? Of course. Booked for 'Campania,' sailing twenty-sixth."

Suddenly the steamer gave a tremor of warning, and a volley of farewells ascended from below.

"Pleasant voyage!" called the man to the girl beside her. "Pleasant voyage!" called some one to the lady on her right. Then she realized that she was alone, and for the first time regretted that her father-in-law had not come. When the news of his delay had first reached her and she had volunteered to start alone, she had experienced a vivid elation. There was delight in the idea of freedom—of being accountable to no one, of being absolutely independent of advice. Now she wished that she had an acquaintance who would wish her godspeed, or shout an indistinct pleasantry from the crowded landing.

The steamer moved slowly out into the harbor, and the shore was white with fluttering good-byes. The girl still waved the scented cambric. Then the distance lapsed into gradual waves of blue.

She left the railing, and stumbled over a group of steamer chairs placed midway of the deck. She descended to her state-room, which was in the center of the ship. At the door she found the stewardess, who inquired if she was "Mrs. L. Smith."

"That is my name, and I am going to be ill. I know it."

"Lie down at once. And about this bag? I thought it would give you more space if I put it in the gentleman's room. He hasn't much luggage."

Lucy Smith looked up in mystification. "But it is mine," she explained, "and I want it."

Then the boat gave a lurch, and she undressed and climbed into her berth.

The next day, after a sleepless night, she struggled up and left her state-room, the stewardess following with her wraps. At the foot of the stairs she swayed, and fell upon the lowest step. "It is no use," she said plaintively, "I can't go up. I can't indeed."

The stewardess spoke with professional encouragement. "Oh, you're all right," she remonstrated. "Here's the gentleman now. He'll help you."

"Isn't there but one gentleman on board?" Mrs. Smith began, but her words failed.

Some one lifted her, and in a moment she was on deck and in her chair, while the stewardess wrapped her rugs about her and a strange man arranged the pillows under her head. Then they both left her, and she lay with closed eyes.

"Perhaps you would like yesterday's 'Herald'?" said a voice.

She started from an uncertain doze, and looked around her. Hours had passed, and since closing her eyes the sea had grown bluer and the sun warmer. A pearl-colored foam was glistening on the waves. "I beg your pardon," she replied, turning in the direction whence the words came, "did you speak?"

The man in the next chair leaned towards her, holding a paper in his hand. He was tall and angular, with commonplace features, lighted by the sympathetic gleam in his eyes.

"I asked if you would like a 'Herald'?" he repeated.

She looked at him reproachfully. "I am ill," she answered.

He smiled. "Oh, I beg your pardon," he said. "You didn't look it, and it is so hard to tell. I offered a lemon to that gray-green girl over there, and she flew into a rage. *But are you ill in earnest?*"

"I shouldn't exactly choose it for jest," she returned; "though, somehow, it does make time pass. One forgets that there are such divisions as days and weeks. It all seems a blank."

"But it is very calm."

"So the stewardess says," she answered

aggrievedly, "but the boat rocks dreadfully."

He did not reply, and in a moment his glance wandered to the card upon her chair. "Odd, isn't it?" he questioned.

She followed his gaze, and colored faintly. The card read: "Mrs. L. Smith." Then he pointed to a similar label upon his own chair, bearing in a rough scrawl the name, "L. Smith."

"It is a very common name," she remarked absently.

He laughed. "Very," he admitted. "Perhaps your husband is Lawrence Smith also."

The smile passed from her lips.

"My husband is dead," she answered; "but his name was Lucien."

He folded the newspaper awkwardly. Then he spoke. "Nicer name than Lawrence," he observed.

She nodded. "A name is of very little consequence," she rejoined. "I have always felt that about every name in the world except Lucy. Lucy is mine."

He looked into her eyes. Despite her illness, they shone with a warm, fawn-like brown. "I think it a pretty name," he said. "It is so soft."

"It has no character," she returned. "I have always known that life would have been different for me if I hadn't been called Lucy. People would not treat me like a child if I were Augusta or even Agnes—but *Lucy!*"

"People change their names sometimes," he suggested.

She laughed softly. "I tried to. I tried to become Lucinda, but I couldn't. Lucy stuck to me."

"It wouldn't be so bad without Smith," he remarked, smiling.

"That was a horrible cross," she returned. "I wonder if you mind Smith as much as I do."

At first he did not answer. To her surprise his face grew grave, and she saw the haggard lines about his mouth which his smile had obscured. "It was a deuced good chance that I struck it," he said shortly, and opened his paper.

For a time they sat silent. Then, as the luncheon gong sounded and the passengers flocked past, he rose and bent over her chair. "You will have chicken broth?" he said distinctly. "I will send the steward." And before she recovered from her surprise he left her.

A little later the broth was brought, and

soon after the steward reappeared bearing iced prunes. "The gentleman sent you word that you were to eat these," he said. And she sat up in bewilderment, and ate the prunes silently.

"You are very kind," she remarked timidly, when he came up from the dining-saloon and threw himself into the chair beside her.

For an instant he looked at her blankly, his brow wrinkling. She saw that he was not thinking of her, and reddened.

"You were kind—about the prunes," she explained.

"The prunes?" he repeated vaguely. Then he brought himself together with a jerk. "Oh, you are the little woman who was sick—yes—I remember."

"They were very nice," she said more firmly.

"I am glad you liked them," he rejoined, and was silent. Then he broke into an irrelevant laugh, and the lines upon his forehead deepened. She saw that he carried an habitual sneer upon his lips. With a half-frightened gesture she drew from him.

"I am glad that you find life amusing," she observed stiffly. "I don't."

He surveyed her with a dogged humor. "It is not life, my dear lady, it is—you."

She spoke more stiffly still. "I don't catch your meaning," she said. "Is my hat on one side?"

He laughed again. "It is perfectly balanced, I assure you."

"Is my hair uncurled?"

"Yes, but I shouldn't have noticed it. It is very pretty."

She sat up in offended dignity. "I do not desire compliments," she returned. "I wish merely information."

Half closing his eyes, he leaned back in his chair, looking at her from under the brim of his cap. "Well, without comment, I will state that your hair has fallen upon your forehead and that a loosened lock is lying upon your cheek—no, don't put it back. I beg your pardon——"

A pink spot appeared in the cheek next to him. Her eyes flashed. "How intolerable you are!" she said.

The smile in his eyes deepened. "How delicious you are!" he retorted.

She rose from her chair, drawing herself to her full stature. "I shall change my seat," she began.

Then the steamer lurched, and she swayed and grasped the arm he held out. "I—I am so dizzy," she finished appealingly.

He put her back into her chair, and

wrapped the rugs about her. As she still shivered, he added his own to the pile. When he placed the pillow beneath her head, she noticed that his touch was as tender as a woman's. The sneer was gone from his lips.

"But you will be cold," she remonstrated from beneath his rug.

"Not I," he responded. "I am a tough knot. If the fiery furnace has left me unscathed, a little cold wind won't do more than chap me."

His voice had grown serious, and she looked up inquiringly. "The fiery furnace?" she repeated.

"Oh, predestined damnation, if you prefer. Are you religious?"

"Don't," she pleaded, a tender light coming into her eyes, and she added: "The damned are not kind—and you are very kind."

Her words faltered, but they chased the recklessness from his eyes.

"Kind?" he returned. "I wonder how many men we left in America would uphold that—that verdict—or how many women, for that matter?"

Her honest eyes did not waver. "I will stand by it," she replied simply.

A sudden illumination leaped to his face. "Against twelve good and true men?" he demanded daringly.

"Against a thousand—and the President thrown in."

He laughed a little bitterly. "Because of the prunes?" He was looking down into her face.

She reddened. "Because of the prunes and—other things," she answered.

A ghost of the sneer awoke about his mouth. "I never did a meaner thing than about the prunes," he said hotly. Then he turned from her, and strode with swinging strides along the deck.

That evening he did not speak to her. They lay side by side in their steamer chairs, watching the gray mist that crept over the amber line of the horizon. She looked at his set and sallow face, where the grim line of the jaw was overcast by the constant sneer upon his reckless lips. It was not a good face, this she knew. It was the face of a man of strong will and stronger passions, who had lived hard and fast. She wondered vaguely at the furrowed track he must have made of his past years. The wonder awed her, and she felt half afraid of his grimness, growing grimmer in the gathering dusk. If one were in his power,

how quietly he might bend and break mere flesh and bone. But across the moodiness of his face she caught the sudden warmth of his glance, and she remembered the touch of his hands—tender as it was strong. She moved nearer, laying her fragile fingers on the arm of his chair. "I am afraid you are unhappy," she said.

He started nervously, and faced her almost roughly. "Who is happy?" he demanded sneeringly. "Are you?"

She shrank slightly. "Somehow I think that a woman is never happy," she responded gently; "but you——"

He leaned towards her, a swift change crossing his face, his keen glance softening to compassion. "Then it is dastardly unfair," he said. "What is goodness for, if it does not make one happy? I am a rough brute, and I get my deserts, but the world should be gentle to a thing like you."

"No, no," she protested, "I am not good."

His eyes lightened. "Any misdemeanors punishable by law?"

"I am discontented," she went on. "I rage when things go wrong. I am not a saint."

"I might have known it," he remarked, "or you wouldn't have spoken to me. I have known lots of saints—mostly women—and they always look the other way when a sinner comes along. The reputation of a saint is the most sensitive thing on earth. It should be kept in a glass case."

"Are you so very wicked?" she asked frankly.

He was gazing out to sea, where the water broke into waves of deepening gray. In the sky a single star shone like an emerald set in a fawn-colored dome. The lapping sound of the waves at the vessel's sides came softly through the stillness. Suddenly he spoke, his voice ringing like a jarring discord in a harmonious whole.

"Five days ago a man called me a devil," he said, "and I guess he wasn't far wrong. Only, if I was a single devil, he was a legion steeped in one. What a scoundrel he was!"

The passion in his tones caused her to start quickly. The words were shot out with the force of balls from a cannon, sustained by the impulse of evil. "Don't," she said pleadingly, "please, please don't."

"Don't what?" he demanded roughly. "Don't curse the blackest scoundrel that ever lived—and died?" Over the last word his voice weakened as if in appeal.

"Don't curse anybody," she answered. "It is not like you."

He turned upon her suspiciously. "Pshaw! how do you know?"

"I don't know. I only believe."

"I never had much use for belief," he returned; "it is a poor sort of thing."

She met his bitter gaze with one of level calm. "And yet men have suffered death for it."

Above her head an electric jet was shining, and it cast a white light upon her small figure buried under the mass of rugs. Her eyes were glowing. There was a soft suffusion upon her lashes, whether from the salt spray or from unshed tears, he could not tell.

"Well, believe in me if you choose," he said; "it won't do any harm, even if it doesn't do any good."

During the next few days he nursed her with constant care. When she came out in the morning, she found him waiting at the foot of the stairs, ready to assist her on deck. When she went down at night, it was his arm upon which she leaned and his voice that wished her "Good-night" before her state-room door. Her meals were served outside, and she soon found that his watchfulness extended to a host of trivialities.

It was not a confidential companionship. Sometimes they sat for hours without speaking, and again he attacked her with aggressive irony. At such times she smarted beneath the sting of his sneers, but it was more in pity for him than for herself. He seemed to carry in his heart a seething rage of cynicism, impassioned if impotent. When it broke control, as it often did, it lashed alike the just and the unjust, the sinner and the sinned against. It did not spare the woman for whose comfort he sacrificed himself daily in a dozen minor ways. It was as if he hated himself for the interest she inspired and hated her for inspiring it. He appeared to resent the fact that the mental pressure under which he labored had not annihilated all possibility of purer passion. And he often closed upon a gentler mood with burning bitterness.

"How about your faith?" he inquired one day, after a passing tenderness. "Is it still the evidence of virtues not visible in me?"

She flinched, as she always did at his flippancy. "There is circumstantial evidence of those," she replied, "sufficient to confound a jury."

There was a cloud upon his face. "Of

the 'ministering angel' kind, I suppose," he suggested.

"Yes."

"Your judgment is warped," he went on. "Do you expect to convince by such syllogisms as: It is virtuous to make presents of prunes. He makes me presents of prunes. Therefore he is virtuous."

She looked at him with wounded eyes.

"That is not kind of you," she said.

"But, my dear lady, I am not kind. That is what I am arguing for."

Her lips closed firmly. She did not answer.

"Is the assertion admitted?" he inquired.

Her mouth quivered. He saw it, and his mood melted.

"Do you mean to say," he asked, adjusting the rug about her shoulders and regarding her with an intent gaze, "that it makes any difference to you?"

The fragment of a sob broke from her. "Of course it makes a difference," she answered, "to—to be treated so."

His hand closed firmly over the rug, and rested against her shoulder.

"Why does it make a difference?" he demanded.

She stammered confusedly. "Because—because it does," she replied.

His face was very grave; the hand upon her shoulder trembled. "I hope to God it does not make a difference," he said. "Look! There is a sail."

They rose and went to the railing, following with unseeing eyes a white sail that skirted the horizon. At the vessel's side porpoises were leaping on the waves. She leaned over, her eyes brightening, her loosened hair blowing about her face in soft, brown strands. There was a pink flush in her cheeks. "I should like to be a porpoise," she said, "and to skim that blue water in the sunshine. How happy they are!"

"And you are not?"

The flush died from her cheeks. "I? Oh, no," she answered.

He leaned nearer; his hand brushed hers as it lay upon the railing.

"Did love make you happy?" he asked suddenly.

She raised her lashes, and their eyes met. "Love?" she repeated vaguely.

"That husband of yours," he explained almost harshly, "did you love him?"

Her gaze went back to the water. A wistful tremor shook her lips. "He was very good to me," she replied.

"And I suppose you loved him because he was good. Well, the reason suffices."

She looked at him steadily. "Because he was good to me," she corrected. Then she hesitated. "But I did not love him in the way you mean," she added slowly. "I know now that I did not."

"Eh!" he ejaculated half absently; and then: "How do you know it?"

She turned from him, looking after the vanishing sail, just visible in the remote violet of the distance. "There are many ways——"

His eyes rested upon the soft outline of her ear, half hidden in her blown hair.

"What are they?"

She turned her face still further from him. "It made no difference to me," she said, "whether he came or went. It wearied me to be with him—and I was very selfish. When he kissed me it left me cold."

His gaze stung her sharply. "And if you loved some one," he said, "it would make great difference to you whether he came or went? It would gladden you to be with him, and when he kissed you it would not leave you cold?"

"I—I think so," she answered.

He bent towards her swiftly; then checked himself with a sneering laugh. "I'll give you a piece of valuable advice," he said; "don't allow yourself to grow sentimental. It is awful rot."

And he threw himself into his chair. He drew a note-book from his pocket, and when she seated herself he did not look up. There was a gray cast about his face, and his lips were compressed. She noticed that he was older than she at first supposed and that the hand with which he held the pencil twitched nervously. Then she lay watching him idly from beneath lowered lids.

An hour later he looked up, and their glances met. With sudden determination he closed the book and replaced it in his pocket. "You look pale," he remarked abruptly.

"Do I?" she questioned inanimately.

"I do not see any reason why I should not."

"Perhaps—so long as it is not unbecoming to you."

"Why will you say such things?" she demanded angrily. "I detest them."

"Indeed? Yes, pallor is not unbecoming to you. It gives you an interesting look."

She rubbed the cheek next him with the edge of her rug until it glowed scarlet. "There!" she exclaimed in resentment.

"That gives you a radiant look," he remarked composedly.

Her eyes flashed. "You will make me hate you," she retorted.

He smiled slightly, his eyes half sad. "I am trying to," he responded.

She stamped her foot with impatience. "Then you won't succeed. I will not hate you. Do you hear? I will not!"

"Is it a question of will?"

"In this case, yes."

"Do you hate as you choose—and love?" he asked.

"I don't know," she replied. "I hardly think I could hate you if I would. Despite your—your hatefulness."

"Not though it were a part of wisdom?"

"Wisdom has nothing to do with——"

"With what?" he questioned.

"With hate."

"Nor with love?"

"Nor with love."

He shook himself free from an imaginary weight, passing his hand across his contracted brow. "Then so much the worse for hate," he responded, "and for love."

As she did not answer he spoke fiercely. "When you love, love a virtuous, straight-away plodder," he said. "Love a man because he is decent—because he is decent and plain and all the things that the romancers laugh at. Love a fool, if you will, but let him be a fool who goes to his office at nine and leaves it at six; who craves no more exciting atmosphere than the domestic one of house-girl worries and teething babies. If you ever find yourself loving a man like me, you had better make for the nearest lamp-post and—hang——"

"Hush!" she cried, her cheeks flaming. "How—how dare you?" Her voice broke sharply, and she fell to sobbing behind her raised hands.

"My God!" he said softly. She felt his breath upon her forehead, and a tremor passed over her. Then his hands fastened upon hers and drew them from her eyes. He was panting like a man who has run a race.

She was looking straight before her. A small homing bird alighted for a swift instant on the railing near them, scanning suspiciously the deserted corner—and she knew that that bird would be blazoned on her memory forever after. Then she felt the man's lips close upon her own.

"You shall love me," he said, "and right be damned!"

II.

SHE stepped out upon the deck, her eyes shining. He met her moodily. "Shall we walk up into the bow?" he asked.

She nodded. "This is our last evening," she said. "We will make it long."

"However long we make it, there is always to-morrow."

Her face clouded. "Yes, there is to-morrow," she admitted.

She fell into step with him, and they walked the length of the deck. Once she lost her balance, and he laid his hand upon her arm. When she recovered herself, he did not remove it.

"We will go far up," she said. "We will look straight out to sea and forget what is behind us."

"Can we forget it?" he asked gloomily.

She smiled into his face. "I will make you," she answered. "Put your hands upon the railing—so—and watch the boat as it cuts the waves. Is it not like a bird? And see, the stars are coming out."

The salt spray dashed into their faces as they leaned far over. A wet wind blew past them, and she put up her hand to hold her hat. Her skirts were wrapped closely about her, and her figure seemed to grow taller in the gray fog that rose from the sea. The ethereal quality in her appearance was emphasized.

He drew away from her. "You are too delicate for my rough hands," he said.

"Am I?" she laughed softly; then a rising passion swelled in her voice: "I should choose to be broken by you to being caressed by any other man——"

His face whitened. "Don't say that," he protested hoarsely.

"Why not, since it is true?"

"It is not true."

A half-moon was mounting into the heavens, and it lit the sea with a path of silver. The pearl-colored mist floated ahead of the steamer, fluttering like the filmy garments of a water sprite. A dozen stars hung overhead.

"But it is true," she answered. Her words rang clearly, with a triumphant note. For a time he did not speak. In the light of the half-moon she saw the deepening furrows upon his face. His hands were clenched.

"There is time yet," he said at last, "to withdraw a false play. Take your love back."

She trembled, and her lips parted. "I cannot," she replied, "and I would not." He stretched out his arms, as if to draw her towards him, and she faltered before the passion in his glance. Then he fell back. "What a mess you are making of your life!" he said.

But his warming eyes had reassured her. "The mess is already made," she responded. "But it is not," he returned. Then he summoned his flagging force. "And it shall not be."

"How will you prevent it?"

"By an appeal to reason——"

She laughed. "What love was ever ruled by reason?"

"By proofs."

She laughed again: "What proof ever shattered faith?"

"Great God!" he retorted passionately. "Stop! Think a moment! Look things in the face. What do you know of me?"

"I know that I love you."

"I tell you I am a devil——"

"And I do not believe you."

"Go back to America, and ask the first man you meet."

"Why should I respect his opinion?"

"Because it is the opinion of the respectable public——"

"Then I don't respect the respectable public."

"You ought to."

"I don't agree with you."

Again he was silent, and again he faced her. "What is it that you love in me?" he demanded. "It is not my face."

"Certainly not."

"Nor my manners?"

"Hardly."

"Is there anything about me that is especially attractive?"

"I have not observed it."

"Then I'll be hanged if I know what it is!"

"So will I."

He sighed impatiently. "No woman ever discovered it before," he said, "though I've known all sorts and conditions. But then I never knew a woman like you."

"I am glad of that," she responded.

"I would give two-thirds of my future——such as it is——if I had not known you."

"And yet you love me."

He made a step towards her, his face quivering. But his words were harsh. "My love is a rotten reed," he said. Then he turned from her, gazing gloomily out to sea.

Across the water the path of moonlight lay unrolled. Small brisk waves were playing around the flying steamer. Suddenly he faced her. "Listen!" he said.

She bent her head.

"From the beginning I have lied to you——lied, do you hear? I singled you out for my own selfish ends. All my kindness, as you call it, was because of its usefulness to me. While you looked on in innocence I made you a tool in my hands for the furtherance of my own purposes. Even those confounded prunes were sent to you from any other motive than sympathy for you——"

She shivered, supporting herself against the railing. "I—I don't understand," she stammered.

"Then listen again: I needed you, and I used you. There is not a soul in this boat but believes me to be your husband. I have created the impression because I was a desperate man, and it aided me. My name is not even Lawrence Smith——"

"Stop!" she said faintly. For an instant she staggered towards him; then her grasp upon the railing tightened. "Go on," she added.

His face was as gray as the fog which shrouded it. "I left America a hunted man. When I reach the other side, I shall find them still upon my tracks. It is for an act which they call by an ugly name; and yet I would do it over again. It was justice."

She was shivering as from a strong wind. "I—I don't think I understand yet," she said.

"I have led a ruined life," he went on hurriedly. "My past record is not a pretty one—and yet there is no act of my life which I regret so little as the one for which they are running me down. It was a deed of honor, though it left blood upon my hands——"

Her quivering face was turned from him.

"I reached New York with the assistance of a friend—the only man on earth who knows and believes in me. He secured a state-room from an L. Smith, who was delayed. I took his name as a safeguard, and when I saw yours beside me at table, I concluded he was your husband, and I played his part in the eyes of the passengers. It succeeded well." He laughed bitterly. "Lawrence was a guess," he added.

Then before her stricken eyes his recklessness fell from him. "Oh, if I could undo this," he said, "I would go back gladly to stand my chances of the gallows——"

A sob broke from her. "Hush," she said wildly. "Have you no mercy—none?"

"You must believe this," he went on passionately, "that at the last I loved you. You must believe it."

She shook her head almost deliriously.

"You must believe it," he repeated savagely. "If I could make you believe it, I would lie down to let you walk over me. You must believe that I have loved you as I have loved no other woman in my life—as I could love no other woman but you. You must believe that, evil as I am, I am not evil enough to lie to you now. You must believe it." He put out his hands as if to touch her, but she shrank away.

"No—no!" she cried. And she fled from him into the obscurity of the deck.

All that night she sat up on the edge of her berth. Her eyes were strained, and she stared blankly at the foam breaking against the porthole. Thought hung suspended, and she felt herself rocking mentally like a ship in open sea. She saw her future brought to bay before the threatening present, and she glanced furtively around in search of some byway of escape. The walls of the little state-room seemed closing upon her, and she felt the upper berth bearing down. She sobbed convulsively. "It was so short," she said.

When she came upon deck next day, it was high tide and the steamer was drawing into Liverpool. She wore a closely fitting jacket, and carried a small bag in her hand. Through her lowered veil her eyes showed with scarlet lids as if she had been weeping. The crowd of passengers, leaning eagerly over the railing, parted slightly, and she caught a glimpse of the English landing, peopled by strange English faces. A sob stuck in her throat, and she fell hastily into a corner. She dreaded setting foot upon a strange shore. She heard the excited voices vaguely, as she had heard them seven days ago upon sailing. They grated upon her ears with the harsh insistence of unshared gaiety, and made her own unhappiness the more poignant.

"Why, there is Jack!" rang out the voice of a woman in front of her. "Lend me the glasses. Yes, it is Jack! And he came up from London to meet me."

Then the steamer drifted slowly to the landing, and the voyage was over. She saw the gangways swung across, and she saw a dozen men stroll leisurely aboard. Yes; the end had come. "There is no harm in good-bye," said a voice at her side.

She turned hastily. He was looking down

upon her, his eyes filled with the old haunting gloom. "Good-bye," she answered.

He held out his hand. "And you will go home like a sensible woman and forget?"

"I will go home."

His face whitened. "And forget?"

"Perhaps."

"It is wise."

She looked up at him, her eyes wet with tears. "Oh, how could you?" she cried brokenly. "How could you?"

He shook his head. "Don't think of me," he responded; "it is not worth the trouble."

The hand that held her bag shook nervously. "I wish I had never seen you," she said.

Then a voice startled them.

"So you have got your wife safely across, Mr. Smith," it said, "and no worse for the voyage. May I have the pleasure?"

It was the ship's surgeon, a large man with a jovial face. "I am afraid it was not the brightest of honeymoons," he added with attempted facetiousness. She looked up, her face paling, a sudden terror in her eyes.

A man with a telegram in his hand passed them, glancing from right to left. He stopped suddenly, wheeled round, and came towards them.

All at once her voice rang clear. She laid her hand upon the arm of the man beside her. "It is a honeymoon," she said, and she smiled into the surgeon's face, "so bright that even seasickness couldn't dim it. You know it has lasted eight years——"

The surgeon smiled, and the strange man passed on.

Some one took her hand, and they descended the gangway together. As she stepped upon the landing, he looked down at her, his eyes aflame.

"For God's sake," he said, "tell me what it means?"

Her glance did not waver. "It means," she answered, "that I am on your side forever."

His hand closed over the one he held. "I ought to send you back," he said, "but I cannot."

"You cannot," she repeated resolutely.

Then her voice softened. "God bless that detective," she added fervently.

Across the passion in his eyes shot a gleam of his old reckless humor. "It was Cook's man after a tourist," he said, "but God bless him."

THE WAR ON THE SEA AND ITS LESSONS.

BY CAPTAIN ALFRED T. MAHAN,

Author of "The Influence of Sea Power upon History," "Life of Nelson," etc.

III.

THE REASONS FOR BLOCKADING CUBA.—THE AIMS AND MOVEMENTS OF ADMIRAL CERVERA.



FOR the reasons stated in my last paper, it was upon Cervera's squadron that the attention of instructed military students was chiefly turned at the outset of the war. Grave suspicions as to its efficiency, indeed, were felt in many quarters, based partly upon actual knowledge of the neglect of the

navy practised by the Spanish government, and partly upon the inference that the general incapacity evident for years past in all the actions of the Spanish authorities, and notably in Cuba, could not but extend to the navy—one of the most sensitive and delicate parts of any political organization; one of the first to go to pieces when the social and political foundations of a state are shaken, as they were in the French Revolution. But, though suspected, the ineffectiveness of that squadron could not be assumed before proved. Until then—to use the words of an Italian writer who has treated the whole subject of this war with comprehensive and instructive perspicacity—Spain had "the possibility of contesting the command of the sea, and even of securing a definite preponderance, by means of a squadron possessed of truly exceptional characteristics, both tactical and strategic:" in short, by means of a "fleet in being."

It is true that in this estimate the writer quoted included the "Carlos V.," a new and high-powered armored cruiser, and also a number of protected cruisers, and of torpedo vessels of various kinds, all possessing a rate of speed much superior to the more distinctly fighting ships, in which consisted the strength of the United States squad-

rons. Such a fleet, homogeneous in respect to the particular function which constitutes the power of a "fleet in being," whose effectiveness lies in its legs and in its moral effect, in its power to evade pursuit and to play upon the fears of an enemy, should be capable of rapid continuous movement; and such a fleet Spain actually possessed when the war broke out—only it was not ready. "This splendid fleet," resumed our Italian critic, giving rein, perhaps, to a southern imagination, but not wholly without just reason, "would be in a condition to impose upon the enemy the character which the conflict should assume, alike in strategy and in tactics, and thereby could draw the best and greatest advantage from the actual situation, with a strong probability of partial results calculated to restore the equilibrium between the two belligerent fleets; or even of successes so decisive, if obtained immediately after the declaration of war, as to include a possibility of a Spanish preponderance." The present writer guards himself from being understood to accept fully this extensive programme for a fleet distinctly inferior in actual combative force; but the general assumption of the author quoted indicates the direction of effort which alone held out a hope of success, and which, for that reason, should have been vigorously followed by the Spanish authorities.

As the Spanish navy—whatever its defects in organization and practice—is not lacking in thoughtful and instructed officers, it is probable that the despatch of Cervera with only four ships, instead of at least the five armored cruisers, well qualified to act together, which he might have had, not to speak of the important auxiliaries also dis-

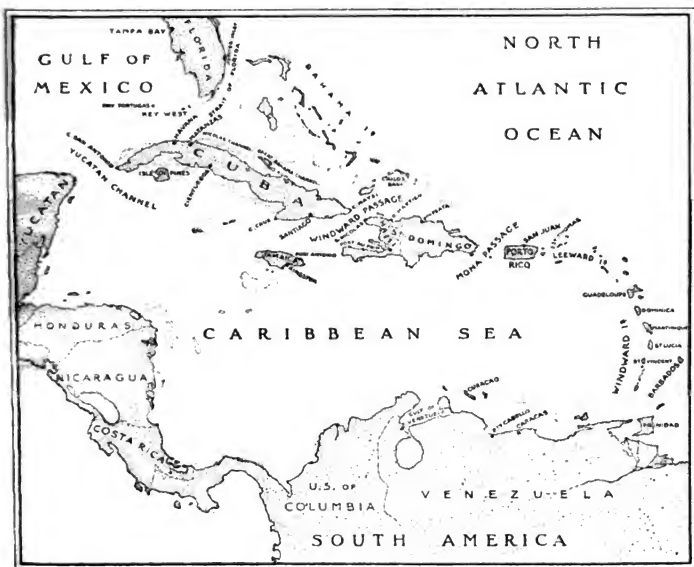
NOTE.—The following paper had been written and prepared for publication, as it now stands, before the letters of Admiral Cervera, published in the Madrid "Epoca" of November 5th, were known on this side of the Atlantic.

posable, was due to uninstructed popular and political pressure, of the same kind that in our country sought to force the division of our fleet among our ports. That the Spanish government was thus goaded and taunted, at the critical period when Cervera was lying in Santiago, is certain. To that, most probably, judging from the words used in the Cortes, we owe the desperate sortie which delivered him into our hands and reduced Spain to inevitable submission. "The continuance of Cervera's division in Santiago, and its apparent inactivity," stated a leading naval periodical in Madrid, issued two days before the departure and destruction of the squadron, "is causing marked currents of pessimism, and of disaffection towards the navy, especially since the Yankees have succeeded in effecting their proposed landing. This state of public feeling, which has been expressed with unrestricted openness in some journals, has been sanctioned in Congress by one of the Opposition members, uttering very unguarded opinions, and reflecting injuriously upon the navy itself, as though upon it depended having more or fewer ships." The Minister of Marine, replying in the Cortes, paraphrased as follows, without contradiction, the words of this critic, which voiced, as it would appear, a popular clamor: "You ask, 'Why, after reaching Santiago, has the squadron not gone out, and why does it not now go out?' Why do four ships not go out to fight twenty? You ask again: 'If it does not go out, if it does not hasten to seek death, what is the use of squadrons? For what are fleets built, if not to be lost?' We are bound to believe, Señor Romero Robledo, that your words in this case express neither what you intended to say, nor your real opinion." Nevertheless, they seem not to have received correction, nor to have been retracted; and to the sting of them, and of others of like character, is doubtless due the express order of the Ministry under which Cervera quitted his anchorage.

Like ourselves, our enemy at the outset of the war had his fleet in two principal divisions. One, still somewhat formless and as yet unready, but of very considerable power, was in the ports of the Peninsula; the other—Cervera's—at the Cape de Verde Islands, a possession of Portugal. The latter was really exceptional in its qualities, as our Italian author has said. It was exceptional, in a general sense, because homogeneous and composed of vessels of very high qualities, offensive and defensive: it

was exceptional also, as towards us in particular, because we had of the same class but two ships—one-half its own force—the "New York" and the "Brooklyn"; and, moreover, we had no torpedo cruisers to oppose to the three which accompanied it. These small vessels, while undoubtedly an encumbrance to a fleet in extended strategic movements in boisterous seas, because they cannot always keep up, are a formidable adjunct—tactical in character—in the day of battle, especially if the enemy has none of them; and in the mild Caribbean it was possible that they might not greatly delay their heavy consorts in passages which would usually be short.

The two main divisions of the Spanish fleet were thus about 1,500 miles apart when war began on the 25th of April. The neutrality of Portugal made it impossible for Cervera to remain long in his then anchorage, and an immediate decision was forced upon his government. It is incredible that among the advisers of the Minister of Marine—himself a naval officer—there was no one to point out that to send Cervera at once to the Antilles, no matter to what port, was to make it possible for the United States to prevent any future junction between himself and the remaining vessels of the navy. The squadron of either Sampson or Schley was able to fight him on terms of reasonable equality, to say the least. Either of our divisions, therefore, was capable of blockading him, if caught in port; and it was no more than just to us to infer that, when once thus cornered, we should, as we actually did at Santiago, assemble both divisions, so as to render escape most improbable and the junction of a reinforcement practically impossible. Such, in fact, was the intention from the very first; for, this done, all our other undertakings, Cuban blockade and what not, would be carried on safely, under cover of our watching fleet, were the latter distant ten miles or a thousand from such other operations. The writer, personally, attaches but little importance to the actual consequences of strictly offensive operations attempted by a "fleet in being," when of so inferior force. As suggested by Spanish and foreign officers, in various publications, they have appeared to him fantastic pranks of the imagination, such as he himself indulged in as a boy, rather than a sober judgment formed after considering both sides of the case. "I cannot but admire Captain Owen's zeal," wrote Nelson on one occasion, "in his anx-



MAP OF THE WEST INDIES.—MADE UNDER THE DIRECTION OF CAPTAIN MAHAN TO ILLUSTRATE HIS ARTICLE.

ious desire to get at the enemy, but I am afraid it has made him overleap sand-banks and tides, and laid him aboard the enemy. I am as little used to find out the impossible as most folks, and I think I can discriminate between the impracticable and the fair prospect of success." The potentialities of Cervera's squadron, after reaching the Spanish Antilles, must be considered under the limitations of his sand-banks and tides—of telegraph cables betraying his secrets, of difficulties and delays in coaling, of the sudden occasional accidents to which all machinery is liable, multiplied in a fleet by the number of vessels composing it; and to these troubles, inevitable accompaniments of such operations, must in fairness be added the assumption of reasonable watchfulness and intelligence on the part of the United States, in the distribution of its lookouts and of its ships.

The obvious preventive to the disadvantage thus incurred by Spain would have been to add to Cervera ships sufficient to

force us at least to unite our two divisions and to keep them joined. This, however, could not be done at once, because the contingent in Spain was not yet ready; and fear of political consequences and public criticism at home, such as that already quoted, probably deterred the enemy from the correct military measure of drawing Cervera's squadron back to the Canaries, some 800 or 900 miles; or even to Spain, if necessary. This squadron itself had recently been formed in just this way; two ships being drawn back from the Antilles, and two sent forward from the Peninsula. If Spain decided to carry on the naval war in the Caribbean—and to decide otherwise was to abandon Cuba in accordance with our demand—she should have sent all the armored ships she could get together, and have thrown herself frankly, and at whatever cost, upon a mere defensive policy for her home waters, relying upon coast defenses—or upon mere luck, if need were—for the safety of the ports. War cannot be made

without running risks. When you have chosen your field for fighting, you must concentrate upon it, letting your other interests take their chance. To do this, however, men must have convictions, and conviction must rest upon knowledge; or else ignorant clamor and contagious panic will sweep away every reasonable teaching of military experience. And so Cervera went forth with his four gallant ships, foredoomed to his fate by folly, or by national false pride, exhibited in the form of political pressure disregarding sound professional judgment and military experience. We were not without manifestations here of the same ignorant and ignoble clamor; but fortunately our home conditions permitted it to be disregarded without difficulty.

It may be profitable at this point to recall a few dates; after which the narrative, avoiding superfluous details, can be continued in such outline as is required for profitable comment, and for eliciting the more influential factors in the course of events, with the consequent military lessons from them to be deduced.

On the 20th of April, the President of the United States approved the joint resolution passed by the two houses of Congress, declaring the independence of Cuba and demanding that Spain should relinquish her authority there and withdraw her forces. A blockade, dated April 22d, was declared of the north coast of Cuba, from Cardenas on the east to Bahia Honda, west of Havana; and of the port of Cienfuegos, on the south side of the island. On the 25th of April, a bill declaring that war between the United States and Spain existed, and had existed since the 21st of the month, was passed by Congress, and approved the same evening by the President; thus adding another instance to the now commonplace observation that hostilities more frequently precede than follow a formal declaration. On the 29th of April, Admiral Cervera's division, four armored cruisers and three torpedo destroyers, quitted the Cape de Verde Islands for an unknown destination, and disappeared during near a fortnight from the knowledge of the United States authorities. On the 1st of May, Commodore Dewey by a dash, the rapidity and audacity of which reflected the highest credit upon his professional qualities, destroyed the Spanish squadron at Manila, thereby paralyzing also all Spanish operations in the East. The government of the United States was thus, during an appreciable time, and, as it turned out, finally,

released from all military anxiety as to the course of events in that quarter.

Meantime the blockade of the Cuban coasts, as indicated above, had been established effectively, to the extent demanded by international law, which requires the presence upon the coast, or before the port, declared blockaded of such a force as shall constitute a manifest danger of capture to vessels seeking to enter or to depart. In the reserved, not to say unfriendly, attitude assumed by many of the European states, the precise character of which is not fully known, and perhaps never will be, it was not only right, but practically necessary, to limit the extent of coast barred to merchant ships to that which could be thus effectually guarded, leaving to neutral governments no sound ground for complaint. Blockade is one of the rights conceded by universal agreement to belligerent states which directly, as well as indirectly, injures neutrals, imposing pecuniary losses by restraints upon trade previously in their hands. The ravages of the insurrection and the narrow policy of Spain in seeking to monopolize intercourse with her colonies had, indeed, already grievously reduced the commerce of the island; but with our war there was sure to spring up a vigorous effort, both legal and contraband, to introduce stores of all kinds, especially the essentials of life, the supply of which was deficient. Such cargoes, not being clearly contraband, could be certainly excluded only by blockade; and the latter, in order fully to serve our military objects, needed at the least to cover every port in railway communication with Havana, where the bulk of the Spanish army was assembled. This it was impossible to effect at the first, because we had not ships enough; and therefore, as always in such cases, a brisk and perfectly lawful neutral trade, starting from Jamaica and from Mexico, as well as from Europe and the North American continent, was directed upon the harbors just outside the limits of the blockade—towards Sagua la Grande and adjacent waters in the north, and to Batabano and other ports in the south.

Although this, to a considerable degree, frustrated our purposes, it afforded no ground for complaint. On the contrary, we were at times hard driven, by want of vessels, to avoid laying ourselves open to reclamation, on the score of the blockade being invalid, even within its limited range, because ineffective. This was especially the case at the moment when the army was being conveyed from Tampa, as well as im-

diately before, and for some days after, that occasion; before, because it was necessary then to detach from the blockade, and to assemble elsewhere, the numerous small vessels needed to check the harmful activity of the Spanish gunboats along the northern coast; and afterwards, because the preliminary operations about Santiago, concurring with dark nights favorable to Cervera's escape, made it expedient to retain there many of the lighter cruisers, which, moreover, needed recoaling—a slow business when so many ships were involved. Our operations throughout labored—sometimes more, sometimes less—under this embarrassment, which should be borne in mind as a constant, necessary, yet perplexing element in the naval and military plans. The blockade, in fact, while the army was still unready and until the Spanish navy came within reach, was the one decisive measure, sure though slow in its working, which could be taken; the necessary effect of which was to bring the enemy's ships to this side of the ocean, unless Spain was prepared to abandon the contest. The Italian writer already quoted, a fair critic, though Spanish in his leanings, enumerates among the circumstances most creditable to the direction of the war by the Navy Department the perception that "blockade must inevitably cause collapse, given the conditions of insurrection and of exhaustion already existing in the island."

From this specific instance the same author, whose military judgments show much breadth of view, later on draws a general conclusion which is well worth the attention of American readers, because much of our public thought is committed to the belief that at sea private property—so called—that is, merchant ships and their cargoes, should not be liable to capture in war; which, duly interpreted, means that the commerce of one belligerent is not to be attacked or interrupted by the other. "Blockade," says our Italian, "is the fundamental basis of the conflict for the dominion of the seas, when the contest cannot be brought to an immediate issue;" that is, to immediate battle. Blockade, however, is but one form of the unbloody pressure brought to bear upon an enemy by interruption of his commerce. The stoppage of commerce, in whole or in part, exhausts without fighting. It compels peace without sacrificing life. It is the most scientific warfare, because the least sanguinary; and because, like the highest strategy, it is directed against the com-

munications—the resources—not the persons, of the enemy. It has been the glory of sea-power that its ends are attained by draining men of their dollars, instead of their blood.

The establishment and maintenance of the blockade was, in the judgment of the present writer, not only the first step in order, but also the first, by far, in importance, open to the government of the United States as things were; prior, that is, to the arrival of Cervera's division at some known and accessible point. Its importance lay in its two-fold tendency: to exhaust the enemy's army in Cuba, and to force his navy to come to the relief. No effect more decisive than these two could be produced by us before the coming of the hostile navy, or the readiness of our own army to take the field, permitted the contest to be brought, using the words of our Italian commentator, "to an immediate issue." Upon the blockade, therefore, the generally accepted principles of warfare would demand that effort should be concentrated, until some evident radical change in the conditions dictated a change of object—a new objective; upon which, when accepted, effort again should be concentrated, with a certain amount of "exclusiveness of purpose."

Blockade, however, implies not merely a sufficient number of cruisers to prevent the entry or departure of merchant ships. It further implies, because it requires, a strong supporting force, sufficient to resist being driven off by an attack from within or from without the port; for it is an accepted tenet of international law that a blockade raised by force ceases to exist; that it cannot be considered reestablished before a new proclamation, and reoccupancy of the ground in force; whence it follows that merchant vessels trying to enter or depart cannot be arrested, prior to such reestablishment, in virtue of the previous proclamation. Consequent upon this requirement, therefore, the blockades on the north and on the south side, to be secure against this military accident, should each have been supported by a division of armored ships capable of meeting Cervera's division on fairly equal terms; for, considering the distance between Cienfuegos and Havana, one such division could not support both blockades. In the first paper of this series it has already been indicated why it was impossible so to support the Cienfuegos blockaders. The reason, in the last analysis, was our insufficient sea-coast fortification. The Flying

Squadron was kept in Hampton Roads to calm the fears of the seaboard, and to check any enterprise there of Cervera, if intended or attempted. The other division of the armored fleet, however, was placed before Havana, where its presence not only strengthened adequately the blockading force proper, but assured also the safety of our naval base at Key West; both objects being attainable by the same squadron, on account of their nearness to each other.

It should likewise be noticed that the same principle, of concentration of effort upon the single purpose—the blockade—forbade, *a priori*, any attempts at bombardment by which our armored ships should be brought within range of disablement by heavy guns on shore. If the blockade was our object, rightly or wrongly, and if a blockade to be secure against serious disturbance required all the armored ships at our disposal—as it did—it follows logically and rigorously that to risk those ships by attacking forts is false to principle; *unless* special reasons can be adduced, sufficiently strong to bring such action within the scope of the principle, properly applied. It is here necessary clearly to distinguish. Sound principles in warfare are as useful and as necessary as in morals; when established, the presumption in any case is all on their side, and there is no one of them better established than concentration. But as in morals, so in war, the application of principle, the certainty of right, is not always clear. Could it always be, war would be an exact science; which it is not, but an art, in which true artists are as few as in painting or sculpture. It may be that a bombardment of the fortifications of Havana, or of some other place, might have been expedient, for reasons unknown to the writer; but it is clearly and decisively his opinion that if it would have entailed even a remote risk of serious injury to an armored ship, it stood condemned irretrievably (unless it conduced to getting at the enemy's navy), because it would hazard the maintenance of the blockade, our chosen object, upon which our efforts should be concentrated.* There is concentration of purpose, as well as concentration in place, and

ex-centric action in either sphere is contrary to sound military principle.

The question of keeping the armored division under Admiral Sampson in the immediate neighborhood of Havana, for the purpose of supporting the blockade by the lighter vessels, was one upon which some diversity of opinion might be expected to arise. Cervera's destination was believed—as it turned out, rightly believed—to be the West Indies. His precise point of arrival was a matter of inference only, as in fact was his general purpose. A natural surmise was that he would go first to Porto Rico, for reasons indicated in a former paper. But if coal enough remained to him, it was very possible that he might push on at once to his ultimate objective, if that were a Cuban port, thus avoiding the betrayal of his presence at all, until within striking distance of his objective. That he could get to the United States coast without first entering a coaling port, whence he would be reported, was antecedently most improbable; and, indeed, it was fair to suppose that, if bound to Havana, coal exigencies would compel him to take a pretty short route, and to pass within scouting range of the Windward Passage, between Cuba and Haiti. Whatever the particular course of reasoning, it was decided that a squadron under Admiral Sampson's command should proceed to the Windward Passage, for the purpose of observation, with a view to going further eastward, if it should appear advisable. Accordingly, on the 4th of May, five days after Cervera left the Cape de Verde, the Admiral sailed for the appointed position, taking with him all his armored sea-going ships—the "Iowa," the "Indiana," and the "New York"—and two monitors, the "Amphitrite" and the "Terror." Of course, some smaller cruisers and a collier accompanied him.

It is almost too obvious for mention that this movement, if undertaken at all, should be made, as it was, with all the force disposable, this being too small to be safely divided. The monitors promptly, though passively, proceeded to enforce another ancient maritime teaching: the necessity for homogeneousness, especially of speed and manœuvring qualities, in vessels intending to act together. Of inferior speed at the best, they had, owing to their small coal endurance, and to minimize the delay in the progress of the whole body consequent upon their stopping frequently to coal, to be towed, each by an armored ship; an expe-

* A principal object of these papers, as stated in the first, is to form a correct public opinion; for by public opinion, if misguided, great embarrassment is often caused to those responsible for the conduct of a war. As concrete examples teach far better than abstract principles, the writer suggests to the consideration of his readers how seriously would have been felt, during the hostilities, the accident which has just [December 14th] befallen the battleship "Massachusetts," a month after the above sentences were written. An injury in battle, engaged without adequate object, would have had the same effect, and been indefensible.

dient which, although the best that could be adopted, entailed endless trouble, and frequent stoppages through the breaking of the tow-lines.

Shortly before midnight of May 7th, the squadron was twenty miles north of Cape Haitien, about six hundred sea miles east of Havana. It was there learned, by telegrams received from the Department, that no information had yet been obtained as to the movements of the Spanish division, but that two swift steamers, the "New York"* and the "St. Louis," lately of the American transatlantic line, had been sent to scout to the eastward of Martinique and Guadaloupe. The instructions to these vessels were to cruise along a north and south line, eighty miles from the islands named. They met at the middle once a day, communicated, and then went back in opposite directions to the extremities of the beat. In case the enemy were discovered, word of course would be sent to Washington, and to the Admiral, if accessible, from the nearest cable port. The two vessels were directed to continue on this service up to a certain time, which was carefully calculated to meet the extreme possibilities of slowness on the part of the Spanish division, if coming that way; afterwards they were to go to a given place, and report. It may be added that they remained their full time, and yet missed by a hair's breadth sighting the enemy. The captain of the "New York" ("Harvard") afterwards told the writer that he believed another stretch to the south would have rewarded him with success. The case was one in which blame could be imputed to nobody; unless it were to the Spaniards, in disappointing our very modest expectations concerning their speed as a squadron, which is a very different thing from the speed of a single ship.

Among the telegrams received at this time by the Admiral from the Department were reports of rumors that colliers for the Spanish division had been seen near Guadaloupe; also, that Spanish vessels were coaling and loading ammunition at St. Thomas. Neither of these was well founded, nor was it likely that the enemy's division would pause for such purpose at a neutral island, distant, as St. Thomas is, less than a hundred miles from their own harbors in Porto Rico.

Immediately after the receipt of these telegrams, the Admiral summoned all his captains, between 12 and 4 A.M., May 9th,

* Afterwards named the "Harvard."

to a consultation regarding the situation. He then decided to go on to San Juan, the chief seaport of Porto Rico, upon the chance of finding the Spanish squadron there. The coaling of the monitors, which had begun when the squadron stopped the previous afternoon, was resumed next morning. At 11.15, May 9th, a telegram from the Department reported a story, "published in the newspapers," that the Spanish division had been seen on the night of the 7th near Martinique. The Department's telegram betrayed also some anxiety about Key West and the Havana blockade; but, while urging a speedy return, the details of the Admiral's movements were left to his own discretion. The squadron then stood east, and on the early morning of the 12th, arrived off San Juan. A bombardment of the place followed at once, lasting from 5.30 to 7.45 A.M.; but, as it was evident that the Spanish division was not there, the Admiral decided not to continue the attack, although satisfied that he could force a surrender. His reasons for desisting are given in his official report, as follows:

The fact that we should be held several days in completing arrangements for holding the place; that part [of the squadron] would have to be left to await the arrival of troops to garrison it; that the movements of the Spanish squadron, our main objective, were still unknown; that the Flying Squadron was still north, and not in a position to render any aid; that Havana, Cervera's natural objective, was thus open to entry by such a force as his, while we were a thousand miles distant, made our immediate movement toward Havana imperative.

It will be noted that the Admiral's conclusions, as here given, coincided substantially with the feeling of the Department, as expressed in the telegram last mentioned. The squadron started back immediately to the westward. During the night of this same day, Thursday, May 12th, towards midnight, reliable information was received at the Navy Department that Cervera's squadron had arrived off Martinique—four armored cruisers and three torpedo destroyers, one of the latter entering the principal port of the island.

The movements of the Spanish division immediately preceding its appearance off Martinique can be recovered in the main from the log of the "Cristobal Colon," which was found on board that ship by the United States officers upon taking possession after her surrender on July 3d. Some uncertainty attends the conclusions reached from its examination, because the record is

brief and not always precise in its statements; but, whatever inaccuracy of detail there may be, the general result is clear enough.

At noon of May 10th, the division was 130 miles east of the longitude of Martinique, and fifteen miles south of its southernmost point. Being thus within twelve hours' run of the island, Admiral Cervera evidently, and reasonably, considered that he might now be in the neighborhood of danger, if the United States government had decided to attempt to intercept him with an armored division, instead of sticking to the dispositions known to him when he sailed—the blockade of Cuba and the holding the Flying Squadron in reserve. In order not to fall in with an enemy unexpectedly, especially during the night, the speed of the division was reduced to something less than four knots per hour, and the torpedo destroyer "Terror" was sent ahead to reconnoiter and report. The incident of her separating from her consorts is not noted—a singular omission, due possibly to its occurring at night, and so escaping observation by the "Colon;" but it is duly logged that she was sighted "to port" next morning, May 11th, at 9 A.M., and that, until she was recognized, the crew were sent to their quarters for action. This precaution had also been observed during the previous night, the men sleeping beside their guns; a sufficient evidence of the suspicions entertained by the Spanish admiral.

At 10 A.M., by which hour, or very soon afterwards, the communication of the "Terror" with the Admiral recorded by the log must have taken place, there had been abundance of time since daybreak for a fifteen-knot torpedo destroyer, low-lying in the water, to remain unseen within easy scouting distance of Martinique and thence to rejoin the squadron, which would then be forty or fifty miles distant from the island. She could even, by putting forth all her speed, have communicated with the shore; possibly without the knowledge of the American representatives on the spot, if the sympathies of the inhabitants were with the Spaniards, as has been generally believed. However that may be, shortly after her junction the division went ahead again seven knots, the speed logged at noon of May 11th, which, as steam formed, was increased to ten knots. At 4 P.M., Martinique was abeam on the starboard hand—north. At sundown the ships went to general quarters, and the crews were again kept at their guns

during the night. By this time Cervera doubtless had been informed that Sampson's division had gone east from Cuba, but its destination could have been only a matter of inference with him, for the bombardment of San Juan did not take place till the following morning. The fact of keeping his men at quarters also justifies the conclusion that he was thus uncertain about Sampson, for the stationariness of the Flying Squadron would be known at Martinique.

After mentioning that the ship's company went to quarters, the log of the "Colon" adds: "Stopped from 5.15 to 6 A.M." Whether Jh. 5.15 was A.M. or P.M., whether, in short, the squadron continued practically motionless during the night of May 11-12, can only be conjectured, but there can be little doubt that it did so remain. The Spaniards still observe the old-fashioned sea-day of a century ago, abandoned long since by the English and ourselves, according to which May 12th begins at noon of May 11th. A continuous transaction, such as stopping from evening to morning, would fall therefore in the log of the same day, as it here does; whereas in a United States ship-of-war, even were our records as brief and fragmentary as the "Colon's," the fact of the stoppage, extending over the logs of two days, would have been mentioned in each. It is odd, after passing an hour or two in putting this and that together out of so incomplete a narrative, to find recorded in full, a few days later, the following notable incident: "At 2.30 P.M., flagship made signal: 'If you want a cow, send boat.' Answered: 'Many thanks; do not require any.'" Log-books do state such occurrences, particularly when matters of signal; but then they are supposed also to give a reasonably full account of each day's important proceedings.

Whatever the movements back and forth, or the absence of movement, by the Spanish ships during the night, at 7.10 A.M. the next day, May 12th, while Sampson's division was still engaged with the forts at San Juan, they were close to Martinique, "four miles from Diamond Rock," a detached islet at its southern end. The next entry, the first for the sea-day of May 13th, is: "At 12.20 P.M. lost sight of Martinique." As the land there is high enough to be visible forty or fifty miles, under favorable conditions, and as the squadron on its way to Curaçao averaged eleven knots per hour, it seems reasonable to infer that the Spanish admiral, having received news of the attack

on San Juan, though possibly not of the result, had determined upon a hasty departure, and a hurried run to the end of his journey, before he could be intercepted by Sampson, the original speed of whose ships was inferior to that of his own, and whom he knew to be hampered by monitors.

The Spaniards did not take coal at Martinique. This may have been due to refusal by the French officials to permit it, according to a common neutral rule which allows a neutral only to give enough to reach the nearest national port. As the ships still had enough to reach Curaçao, they had more than enough to go to Porto Rico. It may very well be, also, that Cervera, not caring to meet Sampson, whose force, counting the monitors, was superior to his own, thought best to disappear at once again from our knowledge. He did indeed prolong his journey to Santiago, if that were his original destination, by nearly two hundred miles, through going to Curaçao, not to speak of the delay there in coaling. But if the Dutch allowed him to take all that he wanted, he would, in his final start, be much nearer Cuba than at Martinique, and he would be able, as far as fuel went, to reach either Santiago, Cienfuegos, or Porto Rico, or even Havana itself—all which possibilities would tend to perplex us. It is scarcely probable, however, that he would have attempted the last-named port. To do so, not to speak of the greater hazard through the greater distance, would, in case of his success, not merely have enabled, but invited, the United States to concentrate its fleet in the very best position for us, where it would not only have "contained" the enemy, but have best protected our own base at Key West.

What Cervera's actual reasonings were is unknown to the writer, and probably will remain unknown until he sees fit to publish them, or until he has appeared before the court-martial which, by the almost universal practice of naval nations, awaits a commander who has lost a ship or incurred a considerable disaster; a practice merciful as well as just, bringing to the light the man's merits as well as his faults, if such there be, and confronting idle gossip with an authoritative expert judgment. The course being usual, implies no antecedent implication of blame, and therefore is never invidious as regards an individual. Till it is decided whether such a court shall be convened, it is not to be expected that the Spanish admiral will reveal the line of his defence, or lay

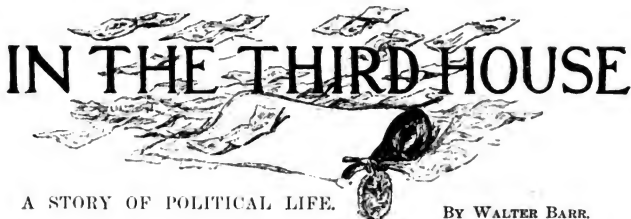
himself open to attack by the statement of inferences and decisions, which at the time of their formation may have been sound, and yet in the event have proved unfortunate.

In the absence of certain knowledge, conjectural opinions, such as the writer has here educed, are not unprofitable; rather the reverse. To form them, the writer and the reader place themselves perforce nearly in Cervera's actual position, and pass through their own minds the grist of unsolved difficulties which confronted him. The result of such a process is a much more real mental possession than is yielded by a quiet perusal of any ascertained facts, because it involves an argumentative consideration of opposing conditions, and not a mere passive acceptance of statements. The general conclusion of the present writer, from this consideration of Cervera's position, and of that of our own government—which will be further elaborated and discussed in the next paper—is that the course of the Spanish admiral was opportunist, solely and simply. Such, in general, and necessarily, must be that of any "fleet in being," in the strict sense of the phrase, which involves inferiority of force; whereas the stronger force, if handled with sagacity and strength, constrains the weaker in its orbit as the earth governs the moon. Placed in an extremely false position by the fault, militarily unpardonable, of his government, Admiral Cervera doubtless did the best he could. That in so doing he caused the United States authorities to pass through some moments of perplexity is certain, but it was the perplexity of interest rather than of apprehension; and in so far as the latter was felt at all, it was due to antecedent faults of disposition on our own part, the causes of which have been in great measure indicated in the previous papers. The writer is not an angler, but he understands that there is an anxious pleasure in the suspense of playing a fish, as in any important contest involving skill.

To say that there was any remarkable merit in the movements of the Spanish admiral is as absurd as to attribute particular cleverness to a child who, with his hands behind his back, asks the old conundrum: "Right or left?" "It is all a matter of guess," said Nelson, "and the world attributes wisdom to him who guesses right;" but all the same, by unrelenting watchfulness, sagacious inference, and diligent pursuit, he ran the French fleet down. At Martinique, Admiral Cervera had all the

West Indies before him where to choose, and the United States coast too, conditioned by coal and other needs, foreseen or unforeseen. We ran him down at Santiago; and had he vanished from there, we should have caught him somewhere else. The attempt of the Spanish authorities to create an impression that some marvelous feat of strategy was in process of execution, to the extreme discomfiture of the United States

Navy, was natural enough, considering the straits they were in and the consciousness of the capable among them that a division of that force should never have been sent across the sea; but, though natural, the pretension was absurd, and, though echoed by all the partisan press in Europe, it did not for a moment impose as true upon those who were directing the movements of the United States ships.



IN THE THIRD HOUSE

A STORY OF POLITICAL LIFE.

BY WALTER BARR.

THAT makes only seventy-three," said the smooth-faced man; "we've got to get two more."

"We've got to quit loser," said the man with a black mustache, "and we might as well face the music. There's no possibility of getting a single one more. Not a man in the other list can be touched, and you know it as well as I do, Cantwell."

"I know that I'm never whipped until the last name on the roll is called. Send for Shacklett as soon as you can, Baird, and let's go over it again."

Baird stepped over to the button, and called the bellboy. While that youth with carefully-combed hair, blacked shoes, and worn jacket was sauntering up the stairs, Baird wrote a note. He did not look pleased. He stopped in the middle to say that he knew when he was whipped. Cantwell finished his scrutiny of the list of names before him, and then remarked again that they had "got to win out."

The minute hand of the clock held aloft by Mercury on the mantel had not passed over much more than a quarter of a circle before Shacklett came in, with a knock that apparently was merely to announce his arrival

rather than to ask admission. He felt at home in that room in the Leland. Six weeks before, he had waited for the answer to his knock before walking in, and for the next three weeks he had entered that door at all times of the day and night. He knew where the cigars were kept, when the box on the table became empty. He knew which of the two chairs on the side opposite the grate and away from the window was the more comfortable. When he came up the elevator, he never gave the number of the room to the boy, but merely said, "Parlor floor." Once when he left the elevator, Senator Cunningham was in the act of leaving this room, and Shacklett walked down the corridor in the opposite direction with an expression of interested amusement on his face and a mental note for future use.

"Good morning," he said impersonally, as he laid his hat and cane on the bed. "How's the game going now? Got 'em all in hand, or have you dropped the cards? It looks up at the Country Club like old Laney's going to give you a fight for your money. Just passed him on the street, and he talked about you without swearing; sure you've got 'em stacked to beat him?" And Shacklett smiled that smile which his friends seldom saw, and his enemies knew only too well meant either a royal flush or else a game of bluff on nothing. It was a pleasant smile

unless one noticed the eyes; they glittered in a way which meant that the prey was in sight.

"We need two more; can you get 'em?" came from Cantwell like an order from the quarter-deck, and yet with a faint tinge of appeal in the tone.

"Don't know; how bad do you want 'em?" And Shacklett stepped up to the mirror to give his hair that characteristic pat with his fingers.

"Can you get them for three thousand apiece?" said Cantwell.

Shacklett turned around, took a cigar, turned that same smile upon both men like a sweeping searchlight, lighted the cigar, and reached for his hat and cane.

It's a long shot, and I can't tell what I can do. If you must have them, I'll try; and I can get them if anybody can, I guess you know; how hard shall I try?"

Cantwell's voice had a vibrant ring as he played his very last card in the words: "I'll give you forty thousand dollars for two more votes; two or none, you understand."

"I can't promise you anything, gentlemen," said Shacklett; "I don't know whether I can get them or not. Give me the money in centuries, and I'll either deliver the votes at roll-call or return it to you this evening. You know it's a big contract, and it's uncertain. You've stirred up such a hullabaloo that it's worth a man's life to even dream about your bill. You ought to have got



"I thought you wanted to see me," he remarked."

"I thought you wanted to see me," he remarked in the most pleasant of tones; "I'll go over to the Senate and see the vote."

"What do you want?" Baird exclaimed; but Cantwell merely reached for the ash-receiver and said, "Can you get two more is what I want to know."

"I can't promise; you know I've got some pretty leary ones now and made them right.

down here with your money a month sooner. And you ought to have let Lee of Lawrence alone; he's making more noise than all your Chicago papers even. The members from Egypt wouldn't dare to vote for a bill to allow Chicago to move to Edwards County now. If one of them was in the chair and recognized a Chicago man on a point of order, he couldn't be elected school director at

home if he was the only man in the district that could read and write. Every farmer knows this bill is a plain old Chicago steal, and you've got to simply ask a man to ruin himself for so much a ruin. But I'll see if I can find one willing to be ruined between now and two o'clock;" and Shacklett broadened his smile into a little laugh as he went out.

He walked rapidly to the elevator, dropped to the first floor, and only nodded to several senators in the lobby on his way to the street. He was not planning. He had done that while in Cantwell's and Baird's room. He wanted to get to the State House in the shortest time, and he looked a little vexed when he found no carriage at the entrance to the hotel. He walked quietly around the corner, and started up the street that looks directly up to the Capitol of Illinois through the grating of the same kind of a railroad bridge that crosses Buckwheat Creek in Arkansas.

But Shacklett saw neither the State House dome nor the ugly, brown bridge. He saw the face of a girl over at Warsaw. He had not meant to tell her that he loved her, but that evening when they were coming home from Nauvoo along the river road he half told it, and the girl insisted on his telling the other half. The moon was only a little more than a slim crescent hanging over the low bluffs, but every ray of its spectral brightness was reflected from each wave in the river. The lights of Keokuk shone like a string of gems along the top of the high bluff, and the red and green lights below along the western shore and over the locks of the canal added to the supernatural tone of the scene. So close that they felt it to be at their very feet, the Mississippi glided as smoothly as a giant serpent and as powerful as a monster anaconda. No one can ride along that river road upon the very bank without feeling the influence of a power greater than himself in the clutches of which he is borne along. One may catch his breath at its powerful beauty, but he cannot forget the immensity of it all.

The hoarse tone of an excursion boat growling out notice of its approach had turned the conversation between Shacklett and the girl along the channel of the friends waiting eagerly in the town for the signal that the passengers had safely returned. The next minute Shacklett was talking about the wrong of making one's friends wait for him; the echoes of the last long blast from the boat's whistle had not died away before

he had let slip the thought that was with him most of the time: a man ought not to ask a girl to wait until he had gained a competency upon which to support a wife.

He had meant to stop with that. He had told her a hundred times with his eyes that he loved her, and it was in keeping with his diplomatic character to embrace the opportunity of saying to her in this way that he would never tell her so with his lips.

"Do you think that fair to the girl?" she asked.

"It is the only thing that is just to her," he replied in a tone that his friends knew always closed an argument.

"But suppose the girl would rather wait than accept the other life?"

"She will not be that big a fool; she will be just as happy with some other fellow as with me"—that last word was a slip that he always charged to the witchery of the omnipotent river. The girl that Shacklett could love with his whole soul was of necessity a girl that could talk as frankly and yet as carefully as the shrewdest lobbyist spoke to the member who was chiefly concerned about fooling himself as well as his constituents.

"Not if she really loves you," she said clearly; "and you are doing her the greatest injury of her life in allowing her to suffer because of false philanthropy on your part. She has as good a right to cast her own future as you have to cast yours, and a much better right than you have to cast hers for her."

Shacklett hated sham unless there was good reason for it; he only helped a legislator to fool himself when it was absolutely necessary in order to obtain results. He ceased to be impersonal.

"No; I can't argue against that—I've tried to do it to myself—but nevertheless I shall not tie you up like that house-boat until I am able to pilot you through the rapids"—and the girl knew that the matter was settled as well as Cantwell knew that it was useless to talk to Shacklett about an ordinary amount for those last two members.

"And, nevertheless, I shall control my own future," she said. That was four years ago, and Shacklett knew that the home was waiting for him when he reached it, as surely as the house-boat wintering in the canal would finally tie up in the warm sunlight at New Orleans.

Now, for the first time, Shacklett saw the home and the girl closer to him than the rail-

road bridge and the portico of the State House. He had at least fifteen thousand dollars in his pocket that would be his own money, unless Graves made a bull. Graves was not always sure; but this "rake-off" ought to make him as certain as a sharpshooter. Anyhow, those chances had to be taken. There was no way to improve them except to make Graves over, and that could not be done in two hours.

Once when Shacklett had run over to Hamilton to see the girl, they had watched a lumber boat pushing a raft through the draw of the long bridge. There were acres of lumber, and at the foot of the rapids the force of the current gave it a momentum of millions of tons. But patience and the pilot had swung the long raft through the narrow opening as deftly as the boy guides his little sled on the hill.

They had spoken of how proud they would be after accomplishing the feat that the man at the wheel in the high pilot-house took as a matter of course. Shacklett felt the same elevation now that his self-sacrifice, and what he thought to be the infinitely greater self-sacrifice of the girl, in their patient waiting had at last given him the thing he sought for most in life. He never worked without a definite object. The one thing which he had kept in view for seven years was to lay the toga from a Western State at the feet of the girl in the Senate chamber at Washington. To get the toga seemed infinitely easier than to get the money which would justify him in marrying the girl. Now he had it in his pocket, and in two hours it would be his own—unless Graves failed him.

It might as well be said for the satisfaction of the good people who cannot make the distinction between buying votes in the legislature and other equally illegal methods of obtaining things, that such a thing as stealing the money of the Chicago gang would never have

entered Shacklett's mind. If there had been danger of that, Cantwell would not have given it to him, of course. Both knew that there could be no real demand made for the return of the money given for such a purpose by that gang; but both knew it was as safe with Shacklett as with the cashier of the First National Bank. Shacklett had long since got past the stage of moralizing about the purchase of legislators. It was five years before that he was a clerk of committee, and ever since he had been a close student of that particular genus. He read the remarks about bribery in the papers exactly as the rest of us read Tolstoi; and he had no more intention of living up to the standard of the civil service reformers than the rest of us have of living up to the example of Jesus of Nazareth. He watched a new legislature come in as the orator watches the people ushered into his audience; and he looked at the members *seriatim* as the physiologist studies the animals in his laboratory, but with a little more enjoyment in vivisection.



"Not if she really loves you"

tion. It was as near right to use a legislator for one's own purpose as it was to open an oyster shell or shoot a bear. The whole genus were in Springfield solely because of the operation of the law of the survival of the strongest in practical politics. If they succumbed to the stronger lobbyist, the law was still fulfilled. Shacklett, however, could not have formulated all this, for he was little given to introspection; but it paints the legislature from his point of view. Below him, his field of vision was filled with the legislature; above him, it could contain only the girl. And as he walked rapidly down under the bridge and up the steps of the State House, he was looking upward at the girl—nearer than she had ever been to him before.

Shacklett took the elevator to the second floor, and went directly to the office of the board of which Graves was chief clerk. As he walked through to the private office of the secretary with his staid dignity, not so much as glancing to either side, nor seeming to notice even Graves, anybody not acquainted in the Third House at Springfield would have been sure that he was the executive officer of the board. That was a way that Shacklett had. He never beckoned a man to him, even by so much as a turn of the eyes; when he went past a friend without speaking, that friend followed him; it saved much suspicion on the part of the people who had an interest in knowing whom he met.

When Graves came into the inner office and shut the door, Shacklett was not sitting down in the best chair as usual; contrary to his habit, he was waiting by the mantel in an attitude of impatient haste. Graves's heart sank as visions of revelations, exposures, and warnings flitted before his mind at the unusual hurry of his old friend.

"Say, do you know where you can get one more vote for the Chicago bill?" Shacklett began at once. "They need two. If you can get one, I'll dig up the other if I have to hold him up with a gun. There's twenty thousand in it for a vote, if you can get it and I can get mine. We've got to get 'em for that money, but two is too big a contract for me. Can you get one of them?"

"Where's the money?" queried Graves.

"In my pocket. We've got less than two hours to get 'em in. Man, we can't let a chance like this slip by us. We can't overlook such a bet."

"I don't know," said Graves slowly; "I believe I can get him. I wouldn't ask it of him for less; but twenty thousand——"

"There's not a man outside now that a thousand won't get as quick as a million. See him right away. I'll see my man, and be back here in an hour. Remember, it's got to be both or none." And Shacklett sauntered out through the outer office, and when once in the corridor, walked as fast as he dared to the elevator.

Down to the first floor, through the east entrance, with sundry nods to some members and a word to others coming in slowly to the Senate and House chambers, into a carriage just dismissed by the lieutenant-governor, and Shacklett was driving as fast as the horses could trot toward the St. Nicholas,—almost as soon as Graves had secured his own hat and met his member in one of the committee-rooms.

Shacklett told the cabman to wait, and went into the long office of the hotel with a sharp look around, then walked through into the writing-room; but the man he most desired to see of all the human family was not there. Up an elevator again, and in ten seconds more he walked into a room without knocking.

Old Senator McNamara was in. He looked very different from the senators from the districts with low numbers, up near Cook County. He was a farmer who had come from Kentucky to the same part of Illinois that Logan, Morrison, Dubois, and others have made famous. He had arrived in time to sit on the knee of Jesse K. Dubois and ask lisping questions about the man Lincoln whose name he heard so often. He had grown up without much schooling, but with the hard sense and Irish wit which made him a natural politician. Best of all, those who lived nearest and knew him best knew that he never had been so much as accused of any questionable act. He was called "John" by most of the inhabitants of three counties, and "Honest John" by the young lawyers who traded school districts with one another in order to "conduct a campaign" with fervid oratory.

"Hello, John," began Shacklett before he removed his hat. "Let that laundry alone, and sit down for about ten minutes. I want to talk to you like a brother."

John McNamara let the collars and cuffs fall to the floor, and dropped into a chair, while Shacklett drew up another, pushed back his hat, and rested both hands on his cane. He was going to talk for twenty thousand dollars—and the girl—and when that hat went back in that way, the other side always went to work with increased energy.



"Now I'm going to go home disgraced."

"Now, John," he began at once, "I'm not going to talk about any account with you. You know how the books stand, and I'll admit there's a little balance due me since I turned that trick at the ville for you and knocked out old Putnam; but that cuts no ice now. I did that because you've always been a friend, even if you never got a chance to do much for me. Now's your chance." The old man nodded energetically, and opened his mouth to speak, but Shacklett went on rapidly. "It's the chance of my lifetime. I'm not going to offer to buy you; you know I'm too smart for that, and that I know that a million couldn't touch you with a telegraph pole. But there's twenty thousand dollars in it for me for one more vote for the Chicago bill. You know what that is to me. Will you do it and not take a cent, but do it for me?"

The old senator from Egypt, whom some of the city members got a good deal of fun-out of at times, scarcely moved his head, and his tone was as even as if he was discussing the price of wheat or the best crop to follow clover.

"Noel," he said, "I never called on you

for anything yet that you didn't accomplish for me. You always got there, and you always got there for me. I don't forget such things. There was that time you came down and saved that convention for me—I know that you gave up a week in Chicago to do that, and there was a hot time among the boys there then, too. I've never done much thanking with words in my life—summers I don't take to tellin' a feller how much I thank him. But I never yet went back on a friend that asked my help.

"You know that it's no use to offer me money, and you haven't done it. If you had, I don't know but what that would o' evened up our score to date. But you know me too well—or maybe you was too smart. Anyhow, I guess you know that there's not money enough to buy me in Chicago—and never will be.

"But I'll vote for the bill for you. I know what the money is to you, and you won't lose any sleep about the morals of spending it, I guess. Only them Chicago fellers and their members mustn't come around me. I'll follow the lead of Forsythe, their steering committee, and if there's any-

thing to be said off the floor, you must come and tell me—now don't say a word till I'm done talking."

Shacklett's eyes were shining, which they had not done for years, and which he had carefully trained them for years not to do, and he was about to become effusively thankful, which he had never been before in his life—though he had never won so much before. But Senator McNamara went on without a change in his tone nor the tightening of his control over himself and his visitor. Shacklett afterward envied him his poise from the bottom of his heart. The next words made Shacklett glad that he had not interrupted the monologue.

"You know my position, Noel," the stream of language flowed on without a ripple, "and you know exactly what this is to me. The folks down home call me 'Honest John,' and no man dares to say a word about my honesty. When the Chicago crowd threw a lot of money into the district to help Walsh beat me, and it got out, that made me solid as long as I want to stay. I'm going to quit now. You know it. I'm going home knowing that I never touched a cent of crooked money and am as honest as I was when I came here.

"But I'm going home covered with the filth of the stock-yards whether I stole a hog or not. They'll believe that I was bought. I can't make them believe anything else, and you can't, by a long shot. They'll say I got a big pile, for it would take a fortune to get me. They'll wonder at all the stores o' nights what I done with it. They'll come around to sell me their blasted farms and a new buggy; and they'll watch to see how Mary and the girls dress.

"As long as I live they'll say to strangers: 'That's old John McNamara; he used to be in the Senate, but he sold out the time of them big Chicago deals; he got a big pile; nobody'd 'a' believed he'd done it.'

"And then when I die, they'll say of my children that Bob has a nice farm—his father got rich selling out when he was in the Senate; and that Carrie married well because she was rich—her father made a lot of money when he was a senator and them big Chicago bills was passed. Yesterday I thought I'd go down into my grave old Honest John McNamara; now I'm going to go home disgraced among the people that've known me so long, if you say so. It shan't be said that I ever went back on a friend. If you say so, Noel, I'll vote for the bills. But I want you to understand the situation. Send

me some kind o' word I'll understand when the tussle begins in the Senate, and I'll play your suit."

The old man got up and began to count his collars on the floor as if his laundry slips were the most important things in the world. The conference was closed, very evidently. Shacklett went out without a word, and with his face as impassive as it was the time he won the twenty-five hundred dollars from the member from Cook County on a pair of sevens.

He did not ring for the elevator, but walked down the stairs, and went out the side entrance. As he passed the Palace, he saw the man he felt sure Graves had in mind, sitting on the sidewalk in front of the office with a clerk in the auditor's office and a deputy warden of a penitentiary telling stories. Even Shacklett could not guess what he had said to Graves.

For as Shacklett walked up to the State House again, it all depended upon whether Graves had been successful. Shacklett hoped from the bottom of his heart that Graves had failed. That would settle the matter easily. If Graves had not failed, then the whole decision would be on his own shoulders. He had thought it all over before he got to the street. He would be the meanest rascal that ever sold his brother if he accepted McNamara's offer; he knew that; but then there was the twenty thousand dollars—and the girl. What the girl would think did not matter, for she would never know it. Whether the devil or the training of his own mother won, in either case she would never know anything about it. It was a nasty thing to do, and a dirtier thing than Shacklett had ever done; but a man's a fool if he does not sell his soul when the devil offers such a price, he reasoned. The more he thought about it, the more mixed up he became; finally by the time that he was passing under the railroad bridge again, he seemed to be watching a struggle going on in some other man's mind, as he might look at a fight between a brakeman and a tramp on a passing train, which had come into his environment from somewhere indefinite and was going out into somewhere unknown. It was no use to argue it any longer. What Graves had done—or rather had failed to do—would probably settle the whole question, and what was the use of bothering with it now? This was what he found running through his brain as he walked up the pavement to the wide steps. He felt that it was about three to

one that the devil would win, if Graves did have his man. Twenty thousand and the girl, in his own opinion of himself, probably had a bigger "pull" than the inborn and inbred instincts of a gentleman—he gave them no higher name. And so, with the devil a favorite at three to one, he went in to see the end of the game.

As Shacklett entered the door of the outer office, Graves picked up an account book with a preoccupied air, and went into the inner chamber of his chief. Shacklett affably greeted the man in the outer office, shook hands with a postmaster from down country, passed the stenographers and minor clerks in the inner office with dignity, and went on into the private room of the secretary of the board. He gently shut the door, and found Graves standing in the middle of the floor facing him.

"Well, did you get him?" asked Shacklett heartily, and with one of those most cordial smiles generally reserved for asking about the health of the baby of a member from the country.

"You bet I did; did you get yours?" Graves almost shouted.

"What did he say?" asked Shacklett, ignoring the question addressed to himself.

"He wouldn't take a cent of money, but said if I wanted him to he'd vote for the bill. Said it would ruin him up at home and all that, and that people would always talk about his family as the children of that man that was in the Senate the time the Chicago bills were passed and sold out to the gang, and all that; but he said he'd vote all right to make me the twenty thousand, if I said so. Did you get yours?"

When Graves had a fortune hanging on the answer, it was cruel of Shacklett to ignore the momentous question again; but he only asked:

"Are you going to have him do it?"

"Course; that twenty thousand's too much for me to let go by; it's kind o' mean, but I can't stand the pressure. What did your man say?" And Graves was almost in a frenzy of impatience.

"Stuff's off; I couldn't get mine," said Shacklett quietly.

DEWEY AT MANILA.

OBSERVATIONS AND PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS DERIVED FROM A
SERVICE WITH THE AMERICAN FLEET IN THE PHILIPPINES
FROM APRIL, 1898, TO OCTOBER, 1898.

BY EDWARD W. HARDEN.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY MR. J. T. McCUTCHEON, AND OTHER PICTURES.

ADMIRAL DEWEY had information regarding the Spanish ships and fortifications in Manila, but the events there have shown that this information was not correct. He had a fairly accurate description of all the Spanish ships in Manila, and he had reports as to the number and size of the guns, of the land fortifications, and their location. He had heard that the Spanish officers were sinking mines in the harbor and bay; but, of course, he did not know their location. He sailed down to Manila with only the most general idea of the sort of resistance he would meet.

The British Government, through the Governor in Hong Kong, declared its neutrality the moment war was declared, and ordered our squadron to leave the waters of the harbor within forty-eight hours. Penalties were provided for any British citizen who gave aid in any way to either belligerent. The selling of coal or supplies of any kind, even provisions, to our ships, was interdicted, and no British citizen was allowed to ship on any of our vessels, or in any way to help our cause.

Admiral Dewey had made every preparation possible. He had purchased two ships, the "Nanshan" and "Zafiro," the first of

Editor's Note.—Mr. Harden, accompanied by Mr. McCutcheon, went out on the "McCulloch" and joined Admiral Dewey's fleet just before it sailed for Manila. He remained with it until a short time ago, when he came home to report to the Government on some special investigations that it was a part of his mission to the Philippines to conduct. Thus he was present, and in a position of special confidence, not only through the fighting, but through the even more delicate and trying transactions that followed, and his article is the first account of the entire campaign in the Philippines that the public has yet had.

which had a cargo of 3,000 tons of the best Welsh coal, and in the "Zafiro" he had six months' stores for the fleet; but the coal supply was sufficient for only a moderate distance of steaming. Then, too, the Admiral had only sixty per cent. of the full war complement of ammunition. He had no base of supplies to fall back upon for coal, ammunition, or provisions; there was no port open to him to which to take one of his ships in case it should become disabled. Seven thousand miles of water separated him from San Francisco—his only refuge.

The order to leave the waters of the bay at Hong Kong was received late on Saturday afternoon, April 23d. He had to be out of the harbor on Monday afternoon. There was, practically, only one place to go—that was to a Spanish port which he could capture and make his own base of supplies. As a matter of fact, our squadron did go first to Mirs Bay, twenty-five miles by sea from Hong Kong, and remained there, in Chinese waters, until Thursday, April 27th. China had not yet declared her neutrality, but she was likely to do so at any time. The Admiral had, therefore, either to go to the Philippine Islands and wrest a port from the Spaniards, or go home. His orders were, "Capture or destroy the Spanish fleet."



GEORGE DEWEY AS A LIEUTENANT—ABOUT 1863

From Admiral Dewey's earliest photograph, taken at the time of the Civil War. Reproduced by the courtesy of Mrs. Henry E. Field.



GEORGE DEWEY AS CAPTAIN OF THE "PENSACOLA"—1885.

At the time this portrait was taken the "Pensacola" was the flag-ship on the European station. Reproduced by the courtesy of Mr. Edward Dewey.

There was nothing to be gained by waiting, and Dewey did not hesitate. As soon as Oscar F. Williams, the United States Consul at Manila, arrived in Mirs Bay, the fleet got under way, and headed straight for the Philippine Islands.

The Spaniards knew that we had started, but they expected we would lie outside Corregidor, make a reconnoiter, and, perhaps, send in one or two ships to find out what the conditions were. That is what some naval commanders might have done, but Admiral Dewey was trained in a different school. He had served with Farragut, and he remembered what Farragut said: "Damn the torpedoes; go ahead." He went ahead in two senses. He went into Manila Bay, and he took the "Olympia" in first. If a torpedo-boat had been lying there in wait, or if our fleet had passed over mines that could have been exploded, the flag-ship would probably have been the one which would have been singled out for destruction.

On Saturday night we were running down close to Corregidor with all lights out except a single one at the stern, to serve as a guide to the vessel immediately behind. It was the hour before the battle, the most trying that can be experienced. We were slipping down in the darkness on waters which

were supposed to be filled with mines, close by dark hills where we knew that guns had been placed, into a bay where we were practically certain the Spanish ships were lying in wait for us.

DISCOVERED BY THE SPANISH.

When the head of our line was still a mile off Corregidor, we saw, from the top of the

island near where the lighthouse is, the quick flash of a signal light. It appeared to be a heliograph,—undoubtedly announcing our approach to the south mainland, where there was a telegraph station connected with Manila. We saw the answering flash from the other side of the pass, and we knew that we were discovered. Everyone waited for the flash of a gun and the deep boom which would show that hostilities had begun. There

was no sound.

Our ships went on with never a stop or a change from the course that had been given, closer and closer to the place where the guns lay in wait for us.

I was standing on the port side of the "McCulloch," looking over towards Corregidor, when a sailor who stood close beside me pointed into the darkness ahead and in a hoarse whisper said: "What is that light?" I looked in the direction he pointed, and there, burning on the water, was a ghostlike light, which flickered, died down, then flamed up again. I thought of torpedo-boats; but torpedo-boats carry no lights to let the enemy know of their approach. Then I thought it was a beacon light placed on the water to give the range of our ships. The silhouette of a



From a late photograph.

George Dewey.

ship's hull against this light would make an excellent target for the gunners. The ships were in line; but in order to lessen the danger of collision, the ship immediately in the rear of the "Olympia" was 100 yards on the starboard quarter, and the one behind that 100 yards on the port. The light was between the two lines of ships, so that each vessel passed within 50 or 100 yards of it. This was most trying. On went the ships; the light flickered and flared. It grew larger as we approached, and finally we were where its light must have shone upon our hull and rigging. Still there was no sound of guns. We were upon it when our suspense was ended. An officer of the "McCulloch" figured out that it was a life-buoy accidentally dropped overboard from one of our vessels ahead. The can attached to it, containing a powder which burns when it touches the water, had been set on fire as soon as it struck.

Then the smokestack of the "McCulloch" caught fire, blazing up furiously, and betraying our approach to those who watched on shore. The "McCulloch" had received Australian instead of Welsh coal in Hong Kong, and this fuel makes a great deal of smoke and soot. Three times the smokestack caught fire, and each time we knew that

Spanish eyes marked the location of our ship, as well as that of others whose rigging must have shone in the glare. We wondered why they did not open fire. We wondered till the feeling grew into a sort of resentment against the Spaniards. Why did they not fire? At the time we thought, perhaps, they were waiting for us to pass over their hidden mines; but our ships went on and on; and ahead of us, we on the "McCulloch" could see the one light on the stern of each of the six ships which preceded us. The land had grown nearer and nearer, and already the "Olympia," leading the line, had passed the direct range of the batteries of Corregidor. Still there was no sound. Our ship steamed at a speed of six knots until she was about in line. Then it was that for the third time the funnel flared up with a ruddy light. It lasted for a minute. There was a wait of perhaps two minutes, and then came the first shot of the battle of Manila.

THE FIRST GUN OF THE BATTLE.

A flash of fire lighted up a rock called El Fraile, only half a mile to the starboard. The dull boom of a heavy gun followed so close upon the flash that we knew



THE "OLYMPIA," ADMIRAL DEWEY'S FLAG-SHIP. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN AN INTERVAL OF THE BATTLE.

This picture was taken by J. T. McCutcheon during the battle of Manila, as the "Olympia" passed the "McCulloch" with flags flying and men cheering, in the interval between the first and second attacks.



DON BASILIO AUGUSTIN Y
DAVILA,

*Captain-General of the Philip-
pines at the time of the fall of
Manila.*

cord," only a short distance ahead, a shell from a six-inch gun was fired. Another shot came from the fort, passing close to the "Concord." Then the order for the "McCulloch" to fire her starboard gun was repeated, and three shots were fired in rapid succession, aimed at the dark mass of rock at the right. Two more shots from the fort on El Fraile, and the "Boston" fired two shells—one from her after eight-inch and one from a five-inch gun. Then all was silent again.

When our ships had safely passed the forts at the entrance to the bay, we knew that there was nothing to resist us until we encountered the Spanish fleet. From Corregidor to Manila is a distance of twenty-seven miles, and our ships were headed directly for the city; and from

that time on until daylight we heard above our heads the whistle of a shell, which sounded something like the whirr of a partridge. An order rang out from the bridge of the "McCulloch" to fire five shots from the after starboard gun, but before the first shell could be put in place there was another order—to belay.

From the "Concord" between two and five as they had the night before or when the ships were in the harbor at Hong Kong.

As the first gray of morning shone in the eastern skies, our ships rode directly off Manila. Those who had been sleeping seemed to waken at the same moment. Each man

The word was passed that all whose duties did not keep them up might sleep. Officers and men threw themselves down on the deck; and all slept as soundly during the three hours

between two and five as they had the night before or when the ships were in the harbor at Hong Kong.

As the first gray of morning shone in the eastern skies, our ships rode directly off Manila. Those who had been sleeping seemed to waken at the same moment. Each man



ADMIRAL PATRICIO MONTOJO Y
PASARON,

*Commander of the Spanish fleet at
Manila.*



ADMIRAL MONTOJO'S FLAG-SHIP, THE CRUISER "REINA CRISTINA."



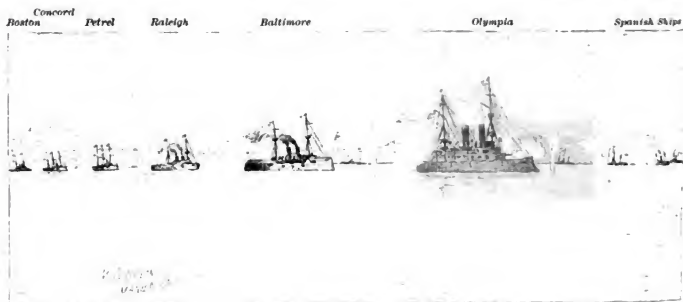
AGUINALDO IN MILITARY DRESS.

This recent portrait of the leader of the Filipinos is reproduced by special permission of "Collier's Weekly."

drank a cup of coffee and went to his station. Ahead of us we could see dimly the masts of ships, which, as the light grew brighter, we saw were merchant vessels. Almost at the same moment, one of the officers, looking through his glass, discovered the tops of the Spanish fighting ships off Cavite. From every mast and gaff were broken out our battle flags, and with the "Olympia" in the lead, we headed for Cavite.

THE FIGHT.

As our ships passed from behind the merchant ships lying in the harbor, the nine-inch guns of Fort Luneta spoke out a welcome—a challenge to us. The shells passed far overhead, and fell harmlessly in the water beyond. Under orders of the Admiral, these shots were not replied to until the "Concord" came in line. The Spanish got the range of our vessels, and the shells were dropping uncomfortably near, when the "Concord" replied with two shots. One of her shells buried itself in the sand twelve feet from one of the



GENERAL PANORAMA

Drawn by J. T. McCulloch on the "McCulloch" as the Americans swung out

big guns on the "Luneta." This was too close for the Spanish gunners, and not another shot was fired from the fort.

Sangley Point, near Cavite, had two modern breech-loading guns, and these opened fire long before our ships were in range. We did not reply to these shots. Our squadron continued on its course, running almost due south, until within two miles of the shore, when, at a point where it curved around to the west, we turned and followed the contour of the beach, passing parallel to, and perhaps 5,000 yards from, the Spanish ships and forts.

Just as the turn was made, the sun came up from behind the hills with the suddenness of a shot, and tinged the whole bay with red. It shone full upon the Spanish ships, and brought out every mast and rope. As the "Olympia" swung round she opened with her forward eight-inch guns. A puff of smoke, the deep boom of the guns, and there was a splash in the water, apparently within 100 yards of the "Reina Cristina," the Spanish flag-ship. Then the five-inch guns took up the duel, and the "Baltimore," swinging around in line, opened with her big guns. As each ship in our squadron turned into line, the thunder of its guns added to the noise. From a hundred guns on ship and shore the Spaniards replied. Our vessels passed along the entire line of ships and forts, firing as rapidly as the guns could be loaded and properly aimed. On they went, in perfect formation, the single line of battle, the port guns engaging the enemy until the "Olympia" had passed the Sangley Point fort, when she turned sharply about, and proceeded down the course again, a little

nearer to the shore, bringing her starboard guns into action. Each ship, as it came to the point where the "Olympia" had turned, swung around, followed into line, and again we passed. Five times our ships went up and down that line, each time with lessened distance, and all the time they kept up a steady, rapid fire upon the enemy. The Spaniards were not slow about returning the fire. There was an almost continuous roar of their guns from the time the "Olympia" opened until, after passing for the fifth time, our vessels turned away, and started slowly across the bay out of the range of fire.

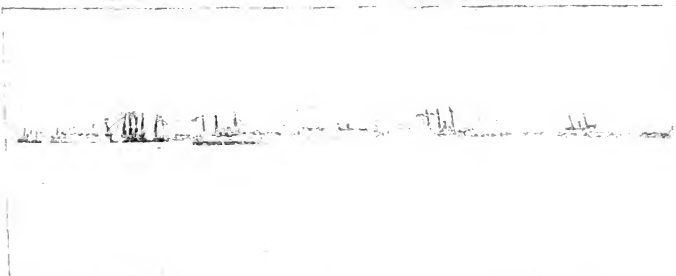
THE STOP "FOR BREAKFAST."

Some interesting stories have been told about the Admiral's withdrawal from action at the time he did. The generally accepted theory is that he wished to give his men breakfast. That is an interesting story; but, unfortunately, it is not true.

When our ships left Hong Kong for Manila, as has been stated, they had only sixty per cent. of their war complement of ammunition. After two hours' fighting, the Admiral sent to the powder magazine to inquire how many rounds remained for the five-inch guns. The answer came back, "Fifteen." This gave him much concern. The smoke was so thick that to signal to each ship in the fleet and learn what he wanted to know would have been an extremely difficult thing to do; so he decided to withdraw from action in order to learn how much ammunition remained in the other ships, and to transfer from one to another as this could be done to advantage. After the ships had retired, he found that

Cavite Arsenal Reina Cristina Castilla

Don Antonio de Ulla



OF THE BATTLE.

In the Spanish forts and fleet on the first round. (See map on page 376.)

his question had been misunderstood, and that there had been fifteen rounds fired from each of the five-inch guns. The amount in the ammunition rooms was considerably more than this. Having withdrawn, however, the Admiral concluded to wait until the men could have a little rest and breakfast. The pause was good, for the men were tired, though still eager, and we had a chance to see how our work was being done. Two of the Spanish ships were on fire, and from the shore came the sound of explosions, which indicated that the battle had gone badly for the enemy.

The battle was resumed at 11.20. This time it was a short fight, and at 12.45 our victory was complete. The Spanish flag came down, and signals were run up on the "Olympia" which read: "The enemy has surrendered."

MANILA WARNED.

As soon as the last Spanish flag had come down, the fleet steamed across the bay, passing defiantly the guns of Manila. They remained silent, and we came to anchor just outside the line of merchant shipping. Admiral Dewey had finished the specific task that had been assigned to him, but his work was not ended.

At two o'clock a pulling boat from the "Olympia" came alongside the "McCulloch," putting Consul Williams on board. He was bearing an ultimatum from the Admiral to the Captain-General in Manila. The message was brief: "If you fire upon my ships,

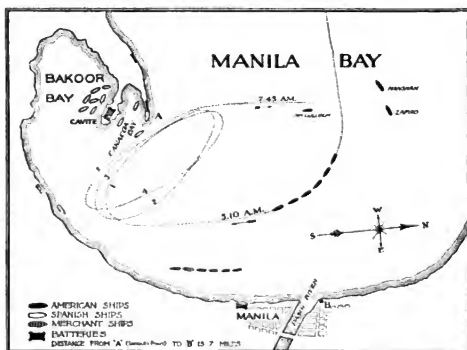
or if any hostile demonstration is made, I will destroy the city." The "McCulloch" steamed alongside the "Buccleugh," an English sailing ship, whose captain carried the Admiral's note ashore to Ramsay Walker, the British Consul in Manila, who delivered it to Captain-General Augustin. The Captain-General of the Philippines never violated the text of this ultimatum. From that day until the final surrender of Manila, our ships lay unmolested in the harbor. Not a single hostile act was committed.

Sunday night was a time of worry for some of the men in the fleet, because of our knowledge that in the Pasig River there lay one, possibly two, gunboats; and our information was that there were also some torpedo-boats lying behind the forts guarding the entrance to the Pasig. The "McCulloch" was ordered to anchor in the channel, just outside the river's mouth, and to lie there all night to guard the fleet from any attack from boats lying in the river. The "McCulloch" was equipped with four six-pounders and two three-inch guns, and while she was probably not a match for the vessels in the river, she could, at least, have given warning of their approach.

CUTTING THE CABLE.

The cable line which connects Manila with Hong Kong and the outside world was in operation when our fleet sailed into the bay, and the Spaniards used it after the battle to make reports to the Spanish Government in

Madrid. Admiral Dewey sent word to the Spanish that, if they would allow him to communicate with Washington over this cable, he would leave it undisturbed, allowing the authorities in Manila to keep in close communication with Madrid. If this was refused, he would cut the cable. They replied that they would not permit him to use the cable. On Monday afternoon the "Zafiro" was sent out in the bay, off Sangley Point, where, throwing over grappling irons, she steamed slowly across to a point where the chart showed the cable. The first time across she caught it,



MAP SHOWING THE MOVEMENTS OF THE AMERICAN FLEET, AND THE POSITIONS OF THE SPANISH SHIPS, MERCHANT SHIPS, AND BATTERIES DURING THE BATTLE IN MANILA BAY.



SAILORS ON THE "OLYMPIA'S" FORWARD TURRET DURING A BRIEF "CEASE FIRE" IN THE MIDST OF THE BATTLE.

By special permission of the New York "Herald;" from a photograph taken by Mr. Stickney, correspondent of the "Herald," who was on the "Olympia's" bridge with Admiral Dewey during the entire fight.

pulled it up on deck, and cut it in two, one end being buoyed to mark its location. The Admiral did not do this to keep out of communication with Washington. It may be he was well enough pleased not to be under constant orders from home; but that he cut the cable for that reason is only another good story.

TAKING CAVITE'S SURRENDER.

On Monday morning, May 2d, Captain Lamberton, who was Admiral Dewey's Chief-of-Staff, went aboard the "Petrel," which ran over close to Cavite and put him ashore to receive formally the surrender of the Spaniards. It was not at all certain that the surrender would be made without protest, and as Captain Lamberton left the "Petrel" he said to Captain Wood, "If I am not back in an hour, you will open fire upon Cavite." When he got ashore, he found that the Spaniards wanted to talk at great length over the surrender. The time passed, and

the Captain, looking anxiously at his watch, saw a half-hour grow to three-quarters, and still no adjustment. Finally, he said, "Unless you surrender unconditionally, and unless I am away from here in fifteen minutes, the 'Petrel' will shell Cavite." The Spaniards had seen the "Petrel" at work the day before, and they did not care for any more of that close inshore fighting; so Captain Lamberton got away within the hour, and all the terms which we had laid down to the Spaniards had been complied with. That afternoon our squadron moved across the bay and came to anchor off Cavite.

I went ashore first on Tuesday, May 3d. By that time the Spaniards had all left Cavite and gone by land into Manila. The troops had taken with them their arms, and the people who lived in Cavite had removed from their homes everything that could be easily transported. Although only two days had passed, the natives from the surrounding country had already been looting the houses.



THE LATE CAPTAIN GRIDLEY
of the "Olympia." Shortly after the
battle, Captain Gridley started home
on sick leave, and died in Japan.



CAPTAIN LAMBERTSON,
Admiral Dewey's Chief-of-Staff at
the time of the battle. Now Captain
of the "Olympia."

The marauders could be seen on Bakoor Bay in boats laden almost to the gunwales with all sorts of loot taken from the arsenal before the marine guard was stationed there and from the houses of the town. Before the week ended everything of value was stripped from the houses, and they were left with nothing but the bare walls and floors.

THE WRECKED SPANISH SHIPS.

In the small bay which separates the point of land on which Cavite is located from Sangley Point were the wrecks of three ships—the "Reina Cristina," the flag-ship of Admiral Montojo; the "Castilla," and the "Don Antonio de Ulloa." The "Reina Cristina" and the "Castilla" had been set on fire by shells from the American ships, and for two days had burned, until nothing was left but a mass of twisted iron and charred wood. The "Don Antonio de Ulloa" had been sunk

by shells from our ships, but had not burned. She was in some five fathoms of water, and at low tide a good portion of her decks was above water. I went on board the second day after the battle. From the signal lockers I got two signal flags; and one of the boat's crew, who dived into the cabin, brought up a clock which he gave me. This clock, of American make, had stopped at three and one-half minutes past twelve, indicating, within a few minutes, the time at which the "Ulloa" had sunk. The "Castilla" was still on fire when I rowed around her, and the masts—charred sticks of timber—were still smoking. The "Reina Cristina" was soon burned out, and on the second day there was only a little

smoke coming from the forward part of the ship.

In the waters of Bakoor Bay, inside the point occupied by the Cavite arsenal, were the sunken hulks of the eight other Spanish ships which had been destroyed. Only two—the "Isla de Luzon" and the "Isla de Cuba"—were worth saving, and these have since been raised and sent to Hong Kong for overhauling. When this is finished, they will be added to the American fleet in Asiatic waters.

The arsenal at Cavite contained immense quantities of naval stores. There was enough ammunition there to have kept all the guns of the Spanish fleet and of the land forts in continuous action for a week. There were immense quantities of compasses, chains, and anchors, ropes, sails, spars, and all the material which go to the fitting up of a ship. Much of this material was found available for use on our ships, and the holds were quickly filled with naval stores taken from the store-rooms in Cavite.

The guns on Sangley Point and those which guarded the approach to Manila Bay were destroyed by order of Admiral Dewey. There were 10,000 Spanish soldiers in the islands, and the Admiral feared that they might capture some of these fortifications, and that considerable damage might be done to our fleet in consequence. He sent gangs of men to each of the forts, who destroyed the guns by wrapping bands of gun-cotton around them behind the muzzle and exploding these with electricity. The stores of ammunition were blown up, and the defenses of



CAPTAIN WILDES
of the "Boston."



CAPTAIN DYER
of the "Baltimore."

Manila were destroyed, except those within the city limits.

DEWEY'S REPORT OF HIS VICTORY.

It was not until Thursday, May 5th, that the Admiral started a ship, the "McCulloch," for Hong Kong with the news of the victory. We got under way at two o'clock, having on board Flag-Lieutenant Brumby bearing the Admiral's despatches. The "Boston" and "Concord" were to act as convoys past the mouth of the bay, and the course set by the "Boston," which was in the lead, would have taken our ships out through Boca Grande to the south of Corregidor. When still a mile from the island of Corregidor, the "Boston" made a sharp turn to starboard. The smoke came from her funnels in clouds, and signal flags were run up on her halliards. Before the signals could be made out, one of the officers on the "McCulloch" discovered, just beyond the island, the fighting top of a warship. By this time the signals had been read, and they said: "Clear ship for action." The "Concord" and "McCulloch" had turned sharply with the "Boston," and as we passed further around the point of the island, we could see the outlines of the ship a mile beyond Corregidor. But the wind was carrying her flag directly astern, so that it could not be made out by the people on our ship. She was very large; to us she looked bigger than a mountain. Her hull was painted black, and we took her for a battleship. So far as we knew, Spain had no ships of her size in those waters, but it was the part of wisdom to be prepared. Cleared for action, the ships went as fast as engines could drive towards the stranger. Suddenly the forward eight-inch gun of the "Boston" boomed out. We thought then that there was no question as to what was before us. We looked anxiously through our glasses to see the shot strike, and to see an answering shot from the big guns of the other vessel. A second time the "Boston" fired, and we saw the shot lift the water in a little cove, on the island of Corregidor, where a steam launch was flying the Spanish flag. A shifting of the wind turned the flag of the strange vessel. It was the tricolor of France, on the cruiser "Bruix" from Saigon, too late to see the battle of Manila.



COMMANDER WOOD
of the "Petrel."



COMMANDER WALKER
of the "Concord."

THE ADMIRAL'S FLAG.

President McKinley had directed Secretary Long to cable the congratulations of the President and the American people to the Admiral, and also advice of the latter's promotion to the grade of Rear-Admiral. This cablegram was taken down to Manila by the "McCulloch" on her return trip. We left Hong Kong a little before two o'clock on Sunday, arrived in Manila at two o'clock Tuesday afternoon, and the cablegram was delivered to Admiral Dewey at once. There was a rumor throughout the fleet that the President had recognized the Admiral and his victory, but no official word of it was given out that night. When, at eight o'clock on Wednesday morning, the flags went up, glasses were turned on the "Olympia's" mainmast to see what flag would be run up there. It was the blue flag, but there were two stars on it instead of one, and from



CAPTAIN COGHAN
of the "Raleigh."



CAPTAIN HODGSON
of the "McCulloch."



THE WRECK OF THE "DON ANTONIO DE ULLOA," IN CANACAO BAY.

From a photograph by J. T. McCutcheon.

that moment it was Admiral, instead of Commodore, Dewey.

DEWEY AND THE GERMANS.

During the long weeks our ships were lying in Manila Bay blockading the city, there was much to try the patience of the Admiral, but the most serious matter was the attitude of the German ships in the bay. The French were the first to be represented there by naval vessels after the battle, the French cruiser "Bruix" arriving from Saigon on Thursday, May 5th. On Saturday, May 7th, the English cruiser "Immortalité" came in. A few days later the German cruiser "Cormoran" arrived, and she was followed by the "Irene," and, later, by the "Deutschland," the "Prinzess Wilhelm," the "Kaiserin Augusta," and the "Kaiser." The German navy had a fleet of eight vessels on the China station, and of these all but two, the "Gefion" and the "Arcona," were sent to Manila under the command of Vice-Admiral Von Diederichs.

To the Americans the German ships were a constant menace. While at no time was there any overt act committed, there was

always the danger of it; and for more than two months our ships were outclassed by the ships of another nation which, under no view we could take of the case, needed them in those waters. If they had shown a friendly feeling, or had even been strictly neutral, it would not have been so bad. During all the time, however, the officers of the German fleet were going ashore night and day; were entertained by the Spanish officers; were visiting the Spanish lines, and, as we heard at the time and believed, and as we still believe, they were offering to the Spaniards suggestions as to the placing and handling of their guns.

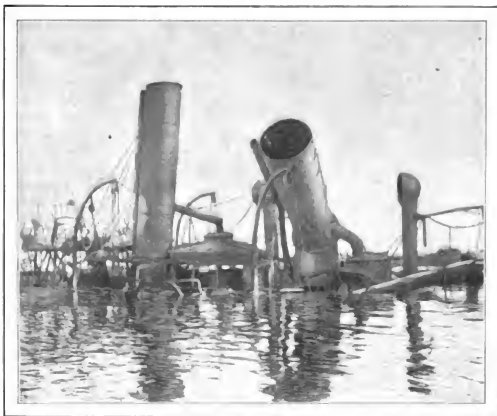
An outsider not familiar with the situation, coming into Manila and seeing the actions of the two fleets, would have thought that the Germans were blockading the city and that our ships were looking on. The German ships were constantly under way, running up and down the bay, and part of the time some of them were stationed at Mariñelos, at the entrance to the bay, while the others were anchored off the city. At night they were constantly signaling, using the Ardois system, or throwing flashes with searchlights on the clouds in the sky.

These flashes could readily be seen at Mariveles Bay.

One night at midnight the flag-ship signaled the "McCulloch" that a steamer was entering the bay, and ordered her to get under way and speak the stranger. The "McCulloch" had not gone more than a mile when the "Kaiser" began throwing search-light flashes on the clouds. These continued for more than half an hour. There would be nine flashes in rapid succession, then a pause; then nine more and a pause. The "McCulloch" steamed to Corregidor as rapidly as possible, but when she arrived, there was no sign of a ship. Some of our officers declared that this was a prearranged signal from the German fleet to warn an incoming vessel that her presence had been discovered and that we had a ship under way to meet her.

THE "IRENE" INCIDENT.

There has been a good deal of discussion over the "Irene" incident, in which the German cruiser of that name was stopped and boarded by one of our officers. I was on the ship which overhauled the "Irene," so I know what happened. Flag-Lieutenant Brumby came on board the "McCulloch" one morning and ordered her to run down to Corregidor. We steamed away, reaching the island at the entrance of the bay about twelve o'clock. No vessels were in sight; so the "McCulloch" passed Corregidor and went on up the mainland. When about five



THE "REINA CRISTINA," SUNKEN AND DESTROYED, IN CANACAO BAY, OFF THE CAVITE ARSENAL.

From a photograph taken by J. T. McCutcheon.

miles from the island, we saw the smoke of a steamer heading in. We ran on until almost even with her. Then put up the signals, "We desire to communicate with you," at the same time stopping our engines and lowering a boat for a boarding officer. The



AN OVERTURNED GUN ON THE WRECKED "ISLA DE LUZON."

By special permission of the New York "Herald;" from a photograph taken by Mr. Stickney, correspondent of the "Herald," at the battle of Manila Bay.

vessel kept right on, and it was not until signals were displayed a second time that she hove to and received our boarding officer. On his return, the officer reported that the vessel was the "Irene"—a point regarding which we were in doubt when the signals were first displayed—and that she was on her way from Subig Bay to Mariveles. She was allowed to proceed. The story was told that the "McCulloch" fired a shot across the "Irene's" bow, but this is not true.

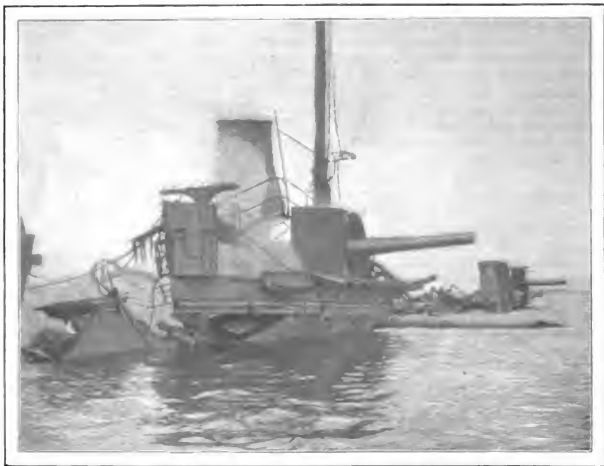
At this time the relations between Admiral Dewey and Admiral Von Diederichs were strained almost to the breaking point. A day or two later, Admiral Dewey sent a message to Admiral Von Diederichs, saying that thereafter vessels would not be permitted to move about in the harbor at night. Admiral Von Diederichs replied that this order would be complied with. But on the same day, his flag-officer went aboard the "Olympia" to say that the German Admiral, while he did not object to the boarding of a vessel of his when it first arrived, must remonstrate against interference with a ship after it had once arrived and had gone out of the bay.

DEWEY TO VON DIEDERICHS.

Admiral Dewey replied that he would board every ship that came into the bay, no matter how often she might have been in before. He said, further, that he was displeased with the actions of the Germans; and he desired to know whether the United States and Germany were at peace or at war. If at peace, he would expect the German Admiral to pursue a different course in future; if at war, he wished to know it in order that he might take action accordingly. This message brought the Germans to time, and from that day on there was less cause for complaint.

NEWS FROM SAMPSON AND SCHLEY.

The first news of the destruction of Cervera's fleet reached Manila July 17th. We had had a ship in Hong Kong, but she left there on Sunday, July 3d, the day the battle occurred, and before the news from Santiago had been received. Our latest despatches said that Sampson's blockade was being maintained, and the ship had to add only the omi-



THE WRECK OF THE SPANISH CRUISER "CASTILLA" IN CANACAO BAY, THE SMOKE STILL ISSUING FROM HER CHARRED SUPERSTRUCTURE.

From a photograph taken by J. T. McCutcheon.

nous news that Cámara's fleet was in Suez, with the ships coaled and ready to start for Manila. This fleet comprised ships which were superior to Admiral Dewey's. I had, by the same ship, a letter from Consul-General Wildman in Hong Kong in which he said that Cámara's fleet was surely on its way and that we were going to have a harder battle than that of May 1st. The days passed, and no further news was received. We were figuring on the date when Cámara would reach Manila, and according to our reckoning ten days more would be sufficient.

A little after twelve o'clock on Sunday, July 17th, smoke was seen at Corregidor. A steamer of some sort was coming in. When she got near enough for us to make her out, we recognized the Japanese cruiser "Naniwa." A steam launch from the "Olympia" took a boarding officer alongside. He returned in a few minutes, and as he slipped aboard the "Olympia" we heard a cheer from the men and knew that some good news had come.

A "cornet" or fleet signal was run up on the "Olympia's" signal halliards, indicating a message for all the vessels of the squadron. We waited breathlessly. Soon we saw on each of the "Olympia's" gun turrets a signal boy who began wigwagging a message. We read it as it came letter by letter:

"Cervera's entire fleet destroyed off Santiago harbor. Americans lose one man killed. Ships uninjured."

Our enthusiasm grew at every wave of the signal flags. When it had ended, a cheer went up from every vessel in the fleet that must have been heard in Manila, seven miles away. The news was soon known to all the people of the city. Captain-General Augustin was incensed that it should have become public, and he put under arrest the Spanish officer who had given it out on his return from the "Naniwa," and threatened to have him shot.

The relations between the Americans and English were very different from those between the Americans and Germans. Communication between Admiral Dewey and the Spanish authorities was carried on through the British ships, and almost every day a launch from the "Immortalité" would come

alongside the flag-ship, bringing some message for the Admiral. Captain Sir Edward Chichester, in command of the "Immortalité," and the ranking British officer in the bay, was a frequent caller on Admiral Dewey. According to the story told and believed by the officers in the American fleet, the German Admiral one day sent his flag-officer to put to Captain Chichester this question:

"In case the German fleet should find it necessary to protest against the Americans bombarding Manila, what action would be taken by the British?"

Captain Chichester is said to have replied:

"Say to Admiral Von Diederichs that he will have to call on Admiral Dewey to learn what the British ships will do in such an event. Admiral Dewey is the only man authorized to answer this question."

Admiral Dewey and General Merritt sent an ultimatum to the Captain-General in Manila on Sunday, August 7th, announcing that the American land and naval forces would move on the city at any time after August 10th. On Tuesday, the ships of the foreign fleets were ordered from the danger zone, and the German and French ships steamed down the bay to anchor almost out of sight of our vessels. The British had three warships in the harbor at the time, and the Japanese two, besides a number of merchant vessels put under the flags of these countries to serve as ships of refuge for British and Japanese citizens in Manila. These ships steamed across and came to anchor with our fleet off Cavite.

Early on the morning of Saturday, August 13th, our squadron cleared for action. Battle flags were run up at every mast and gaff, to



OTTO VON DIEDERICH, VICE-ADMIRAL OF THE
GERMAN NAVY.

Commander of the German squadron in Manila Bay.

be broken out when our ships started for Manila. The British cruiser "Immortalité" also got under way, and passed close astern of the "Olympia." Her men had manned the rigging; her officers were drawn up at attention on deck, and her band was stationed on the quarter-deck to give us a parting send-off. Just as the Englishman came alongside the "Olympia," the band struck up the "Star Spangled Banner," and every Briton cheered. After the "Star Spangled Banner," the band played "See the Conquering Hero Comes." Just at nine o'clock, our ships got under way, and stood across the bay for Manila and the last battle of the war with Spain. As the screws began turning, the order rang out, "Break out the battle flags," and the British tars cheered again in a way that let us know their sympathies were with us.

When the war was over and the peace protocol had put an end to all hostilities, our ships were despatched one at a time to Hong Kong to be docked. The "Olympia" was the first to go, and after she had come to anchor, the men were given the first shore liberty they had had in almost four months. They had plenty of money, and they started in to have a good time, sailor fashion. Every British sailor or soldier seen was impressed into the celebration, and there were in Hong Kong that night scenes of wild hilarity such as the city had not witnessed in many months. The "Kaiserin Augusta" was in the harbor at the time, and some of her sailors were ashore. A crowd of American sailors ran across them in a beer hall, and hostilities began at once. The Germans outnumbered the Americans three to one, and our sailors were having a hard time of it, when there was a shout from a crowd of British sailors who were passing. They immediately took our side, and the result was that the Germans were whipped very thoroughly. Two of them went to a hospital, and three more were carried aboard their ship on stretchers. When it was over, the American and British tars took the oath of brothers-in-blood, and they did not take it on unleavened bread and salt either.

Emilio Aguinaldo y Famy is the full name of the man who has led the Filipinos in their fight against the Spaniards and proclaimed himself President of the Filipino Republic. To Admiral Dewey he is Don Emilio. The Admiral has treated Aguinaldo with uniform courtesy, but he never has recognized him officially in any way. He has never called him General or President, and, what is more

to the point, has never written him a letter which Aguinaldo can use in future to show that his operations were carried on with the consent of the Admiral. Aguinaldo came to Manila with twelve other Filipinos on the second trip of the "McCulloch" from Hong Kong. He went ashore at Cavite, and immediately began recruiting volunteers for the insurgent army. After the first day or two on shore, Aguinaldo established headquarters on the main street in Cavite, put out guards, and set up a government of his own. From that time on he worked independently of the Americans, and while Admiral Dewey gave him countenance, he gave him no aid except in allowing his people to take certain stores from the Cavite arsenal. The Admiral received Aguinaldo frequently both on shore and on shipboard. When he saw him on shore, he would stop inside the arsenal grounds and send for Aguinaldo to come to him. That was a small point of etiquette, but it was one which the Admiral always insisted upon. When Aguinaldo went on board the "Olympia," he was received with every courtesy, but not in his official capacity as President.

Aguinaldo has the most profound respect for Admiral Dewey. During the first two months of the blockade of Manila Bay, fresh provisions for our fleet had to be obtained from shore. The natives used to bring goods off in small boats, and every morning the port side of each vessel was surrounded by a crowd of native *banquos* offering eggs and chickens, bananas and mangoes to sailors and ships' stewards. One morning not a native boat was to be seen. Aguinaldo had ordered that no more supplies be taken off to the American ships. That day he sent one of his aids off to Admiral Dewey to ask for some favor. The Admiral referred to Aguinaldo's order, and pointing his finger at the frightened aid, said: "Tell Don Emilio for me, that this has got to stop, it has got to stop, it has got to stop." When Admiral Dewey says anything once he means it; when he says it twice he means it harder; but when he says it three times it has got to come or there will be a fight. Aguinaldo evidently knew this, for no sooner had his aid gone ashore than he came back as fast as the steam launch would carry him with the compliments of General Aguinaldo to Admiral Dewey and an assurance that it was all a mistake. From that time on the port gangway ladders were never free from natives with supplies.



SOZODONT

SAVES
THE
TEETH

SAMPLE PHIAL FREE FOR THE POSTAGE, THREE CENTS, IF YOU MENTION THIS PUBLICATION. ADDRESS, P. O. BOX 247, N. Y. CITY - HALL & RUCKEL, NEW YORK & LONDON.

SAPOLIO

*is a friend
that will wear
itself out in
your service*

Take no Substitutes
ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS CO.



ESTABLISHED 1780.

Walter Baker & Co's

PURE,
DELICIOUS



Breakfast Cocoa

COSTS LESS
THAN ONE CENT
A CUP.

TRADE-MARK:
Trade-Mark on Every Package.

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.
DORCHESTER, MASS.

ROYAL

BAKING
POWDER

ABSOLUTELY
PURE



FINE AND SWEET IS
THE FOOD IT MAKES

Your Dress Will Fit

Smoothly, comfortably,
perfectly, back and
front, if you wear a
Ferris Waist—there
are no ridges or edges
to show through the
dress. The broad straps
keep the shoulders
erect, the lungs ex-
panded, and carry
the weight of
the skirts.

Send for the
Ferris Book
of Photo-
graphs.
It's free.



FERRIS'

Good Sense
WAISTS

are sold by all leading
retailers.
Refuse substitutes.

Ladies', \$1.00 to \$2.75;
Misses', 50c. to \$1.00;
Children's, 25c. to 50c.

THE FERRIS BROS. CO.,
341 Broadway, New York.



HALL'S

*Vegetable
Sicilian*

Hair Renewer

Brings the old color back; no more faded or gray hair.
Makes growth more rapid; short hair becomes long hair.
Holds the hair firmly in place; the hair stops falling out.
Completely removes dandruff; baldness is prevented.
Feeds the hair bulbs; new hair grows on bald heads.

If your druggist cannot supply,
send one dollar to
R. P. Hall & Co.,
H. J. Hall & Co.

New Series of Pictures by C. D. Gibson

MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE

FOR MARCH





The Secret's Out!

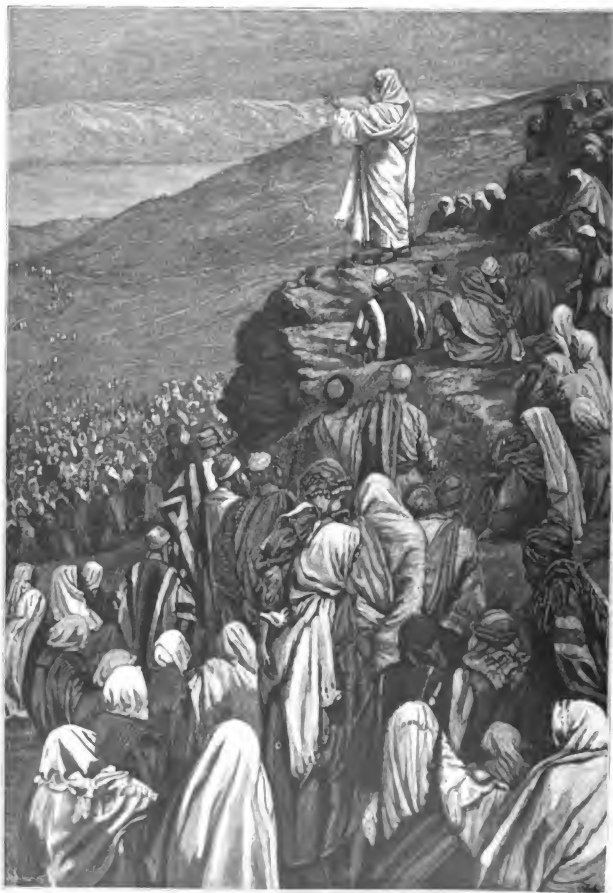
I've heard it said, and heard it read,
That put to any test,
Of all the mites a woman writes,
Her "P.S." is the best.
Though why the best, none ever
guess'd,

Nor saw a secret there,
Until a maid in mischief laid
The women's secret bare—

That P.S. means

☞ Pears' Soap





THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

Engraved on wood, expressly for McCURE'S MAGAZINE, by Henry Wolf, from the original painting by J. J. Tissot.

This and the pictures by M. Tissot that appear in the following pages are all reproduced in the colors of the originals, along with several hundred others, in Tissot's "Life of Christ," published by the S. S. McClure Co.

MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XII.

MARCH, 1899.

No. 5.



THE PLACE WHERE THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT WAS PRONOUNCED.

Before undertaking his picture, "The Sermon on the Mount" (reproduced on the opposite page), M. Tissot studied with care the actual place and surroundings as they appear to-day. The above photograph was taken during one of his excursions.

J. J. TISSOT AND HIS PAINTINGS OF THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

HIS OWN STORY OF HOW HE WAS DRAWN TO THE WORK AND HOW IT WAS EXECUTED.—
THE PREPARATORY STUDY OF SCENES, LIFE, AND PEOPLE IN THE HOLY LAND.

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

MONSIEUR JAMES TISSOT is deeply religious in his daily life, but he is now a man of sixty-two, yet something beyond that: he is a mystic and his vigor of mind and body is remarkable. One might almost speak of his vigor of soul, for the spiritual quality in this distinguished artist is one of his most striking characteristics. Not only is he a seer of visions.

But the Tissot of to-day, the man of solitude and meditation, the reverent worshiper, the almost ecstatic believer in divine mysteries, is a very different Tissot from the one who left Paris twelve years ago to undertake

Copyright, 1899, by the S. S. McCCLURE Co. All rights reserved.



THE RETURN FROM EGYPT. FROM THE PAINTING BY J. J. TISSOT.

Photographed from the original expressly for McClure's Magazine.

a great work in Palestine. Up to that time Tissot had been known as an artist of unusual power and versatility, but an artist who was also much of a worldling. He was a traveler and a cosmopolitan; he was at home in many cities. Ten years of his life were spent in London, where he earned some millions of francs from his paintings and where his house was famous among grand establishments for the beautiful things within and without it. This was the house that later passed into the hands of Tissot's friend Alma-Tadema.

It was from this brilliant and somewhat pampered life, from a circle of friends that counted the best names in Paris and London, from affluence and ease, that Tissot suddenly separated himself as he passed the half-century point. From painting scenes of Parisian frivolity, he turned his attention to the old subjects of Bible story, to the humble scenes of Christ's life. From gay *salons* he made his way to moldering churches. His city house and his splendid chateau in the country were given up, and he declared himself ready to spend months or years in poor and mean surroundings to the end that he might put down from actual observation scenes and incidents in the Holy Land.

The cause of this sudden change in a man of mature years was sought for eagerly by Tissot's friends. There was much gossip about him in Paris and London. It was rumored that he had entered a monastery. There was no doubt that he went to prayer frequently, that he shunned the busy and frivolous paths once trodden by him with pleasure. People who had known him well saw little of him now. But why this change had come on, or just what it meant, remained in the realm of conjecture. It is sufficient for us to know that the death of a very dear friend about this time had much to do with turning M. Tissot's thoughts in a new direction. He saw life more sadly and more seriously. He felt himself alone in the world, for he had never married, and with ebbing fires of the body, the soul fires began to burn more brightly. The worship of God was no longer a subject of speculation, but a real thing that had come into his heart. And now in the East a star of guidance shone out clear, a sign in the heavens beckoning this man, calling him to Jerusalem, and he heard the call and answered it. Tissot the artist became Tissot the pilgrim.



THE CALLING OF ST. PETER AND ST. ANDREW. FROM THE PAINTING BY J. J. TISSOT.

Photographed from the original expressly for M'CLURE'S MAGAZINE



HEROD. FROM THE PAINTING BY J. J. TISSOT.

Photographed from the original expressly for *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE*.

It was in 1886, an afternoon in November, and a fine rain was falling on the bare plains of the Holy Land. Over the reddish earth, over the yellowish hills, a caravan wended its way toward Jerusalem. It was a small caravan, seven horses and two asses, with servants in native dress, and a dragoman in half-European dress, and a man who had brought these together for a great purpose. This man rode at the front of the line, and strained his eyes eastward. There was strength in his face and build, kindness and power in his eye; he was a man to think and hold his tongue. The gray hair over his temples and the grizzled mustache bore witness to fifty years gone, yet was he undertaking the labor of a lifetime; he was come to study

and record with brush and pencil nothing less than the life of our Lord Jesus Christ.

For two days now M. Tissot had been journeying toward the city which was to teach him so much that he might show it to the world. The night before, he had slept in the village whence—according to tradition—came the robbers who were crucified with Jesus. The day before that, he had set out from Jaffa, the air filled with caroling convent bells that seemed to cheer him on his way. Before that, he had seen the land of Egypt, with its silent, black-clad women, its colors, its odors, its Pyramids, and its memories. Before that, he had gone with the pilgrims to Lourdes, to ask a benediction on his effort. And now Jerusalem lay before him, only a few miles distant.

It was about three o'clock when the dragoman rode up beside M. Tissot and, pointing ahead, told him that the Holy City lay yonder.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the artist. "I see no high ground there."

"We're going in by the gate of Jaffa," answered the dragoman.

"You rascal," exclaimed the Frenchman, shaking his head in displeasure, "did I not charge you to bring me in by Mount Scopus?"

"It will take us an hour longer, sir," grumbled the other, "and the horses are getting wet."

"What do I care! Do you think I have traveled two thousand miles to have my first impression spoiled? Do you think I have come here like a scampering tourist? Head your horse for Mount Scopus, sir, and learn to obey orders."

The end of it was that the pack animals entered the city by the nearer way, through the gate of Jaffa, while M. Tissot and the dragoman made a detour in the rain, and came upon the vantage point selected by the artist. And for several miles M. Tissot kept his head turned resolutely away from the walls of the city lest a chance sight from some other than the point he had chosen for his first full view should spoil the picture that had been long preparing in his mind.

At last they stood upon Mount Scopus. It was the hour of the setting sun, and the rain had ceased. M. Tissot looked down upon Jerusalem spread before him, upon its domes

and house-tops, its vineyards and cypress trees. Then he turned to the south, and saw the Mount of Olives; and beyond that, stretching away in the distance, a broad line like purple velvet, changing into blue-black at the base; and across this line were blood-red streaks. It was the Mountains of Moab blotched with the sun's last fire.

"And then I looked lower down into the valley," said the artist, as he painted this scene for me in vivid words, "and I saw a mass of green, a wicked green, like a great emerald. It startled me as I looked at it, and I said to the man: 'See, what is that—that strange green under the blue-black mountains?' 'It



"HE DEPARTED INTO A MOUNTAIN TO PRAY." ST. MARK, VI. 46. FROM THE PAINTING BY J. J. TISSOT.

Photographed from the original expressly for McClure's Magazine.



"JESUS WEPT." ST. JOHN, XI. 35. FROM THE PAINTING BY J. J. TISSOT.

Photographed from the original expressly for McClure's Magazine.

is the Dead Sea,' he said. And I stood still for a long time, staring at it.

"Then I turned back to the city, and as I looked, a white cloud shot high into the air and spread out like a silver tree in the sun, and there came a deep sound echoing through the hills. 'See, what is that?' I asked again. 'They're firing cannon from the Tower of David; it is a Turkish feast day,' he answered."

To hear M. Tissot speak when he rouses himself thus is to be caught by the earnestness in him, the depth of feeling. What he saw from Mount Scopus this November afternoon had been seen there, no doubt, many times before by others; but perhaps no man ever saw it in the same way, or found such almost terrifying impressiveness in the colors. As he pictured those somber mountains over that wicked sea of emerald green, he seemed to shrink away as if from some sinister happening, and in his eyes the silver cloud over the Tower of David became a wonderful omen, yet it was but cannon smoke. It was plain to me, after the very briefest talk, that here was a man of exceeding sensitiveness and spiritual quality, one who believed first and painted afterward.

"I hope you are a Christian," he said to me, with some hesitation. "If you are, it will be easier for me to tell you about my work in Palestine."

Reassured on this point, M. Tissot went on to describe how on that first day he came down from Mount Scopus by a winding, stony path, passing through the vale of Gethsemane, passing near the great Mosque of Omar, and finally reaching the inn where he was to stop. It was all very strange and terrible to him. He could scarcely eat; and, after the meal, he felt that he could not sleep until he had visited the Holy Sepulchre. So he made his way thither, through the dark narrow streets, and remained in prayer where Christ's body had lain, until the guardians bade him go away, at the hour of closing. That was the first day of the work which it took him ten years to finish.

Ten years to do 500 paintings: so stands the record. And although these paintings, measured by inches, are not so very large, yet they present such variety of scene and incident, such knowledge of antiquity, such faithfulness in smallest details, such understanding of Oriental character, such con-

vincingness in the setting forth of Christ's life, and withal such power of the imagination and spiritual insight, that one would think twenty years all too short for the task. What other artist ever painted one picture a week with merit in it and kept up that average for 500 weeks? Nor does this take account of hundreds of sketches done in preparation, nor of hundreds of initial letters and chapter endings and delicate bits of page decoration (two or three hours for each), done by this indefatigable man for the great French edition of his work just published. There was needed strength of soul as well as artistic power for this business!

A man of toil and prayer, then, was M. Tissot while in the Holy City. Six o'clock saw him out of his bed even on dark winter mornings, and seven o'clock found him at the Convent of Marie Reparatrice, bowing before the candles and listening to the chant of kneeling women. Fine ladies there are in this convent, young women who have given up fashion and fortune in European cities to serve in this lowly order. From his seat in the gallery where strangers sit, M. Tissot could see these sisters kneeling, their figures shrouded in garments of white and blue, a silver heart on the breast of each; and about the face, in square setting, two veils, one white, one blue.

"On the steamer I met three of these sisters," said M. Tissot; "they were French ladies about to enter the convent. I remember asking one of them if her life was hard, if she was happy in renouncing the world.

"Oh, yes," she said, "I am very happy; we are all happy." And then she added, quite naturally, with a smile so sweet that it was sad: "You know we die very young in our order."

In these surroundings he made his morning prayer, and then, after eating, set forth to work, riding through the streets of Jerusalem, a servant trotting beside him with colors and brushes in a basket, and a large umbrella for shade, and such other things as an artist needs. Then would come two hours' sketching, the putting down of numberless backgrounds for the Christ story—a carpenter shop such as Joseph worked in, a mottled stone wall with worn steps down the face of it, some women drawing water at a well, a view from the Mount of Olives, a tomb, a cistern, a fig tree, and endless types of Jews.

Two hours of this, with an hour for journeying back and forth, brought noon; and then, after food and rest, came another excursion within or without the city, and two hours more of work. Nothing was too small for the artist to notice—the lattice screen over a window, a fashion of dressing the hair; and nothing was too large—the colors of a valley, the panorama of a city. What would serve his purpose he took down stroke by stroke, with infinite pa-

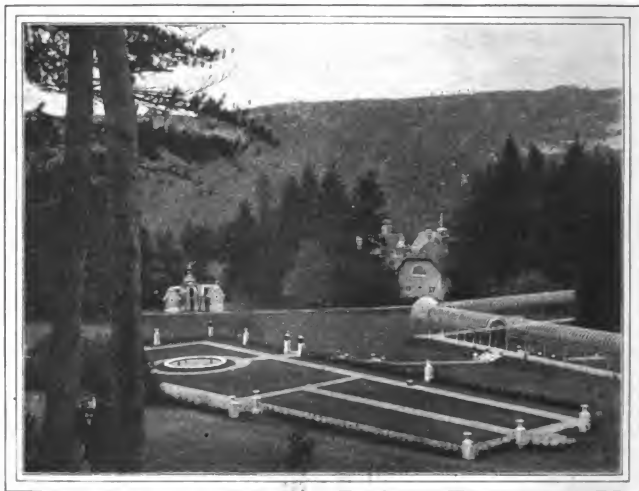
tience, using colors, using black and white, sometimes using the camera—whatever would give the best result. No trouble was too great. "*Ce n'était pas un travail, c'était une prière*"—"it was not a task, it was a devotion." That was the man's spirit.

After dining quietly, M. Tissot spent his evenings in reading and reflection. For the most part he was alone, and kept away from people who were rated important. He retired early, at peace with all the world, and however intense the emotions of the day, his rest was seldom broken. About the only work he allowed himself at night was the jotting down in an album of little pictorial notes, each one about the size of a postage



ON THE WAY TO THE GREEK MONASTERY OF MAR SABA.

From a photograph of M. Tissot taken while he was studying the country between Jerusalem and the Dead Sea.



M. TISSOT'S COUNTRY SEAT IN FRANCE, THE PARC DE BIGNON, WHERE MANY OF HIS PICTURES WERE PAINTED.

stamp, just the roughest pencil scrawling, to bring back a hint of composition. A half dozen such as these he did for me with a few quick strokes, and, as he did them, he explained that this was for "Christ before Pilate," and that for "Angels Came and Ministered unto Him," and so on. And even my untrained eye could see the suggestion.

Each one of these rude drawings might be called the receipt for a picture, and when the mood took him for painting, M. Tissot would enlarge one of these into a more detailed sketch, outlining the background and central figures in heavy black lines; the whole, still formless, the merest skeleton of a picture, with only black ovals for the heads and a few rough lines for the bodies.

But now a strange thing would happen, a rather uncanny thing, did we not know the many mysteries of the human brain. Scientists have called it "hyperesthesia," a super-sensitiveness of the nerves having to do with vision. And this is it—and it happened over and over again, until it became an ordinary occurrence—M. Tissot, being now in a certain state of mind, and having some conception of what he wished to paint, would bend over the white paper with its smudged surface,

and, looking intently at the oval marked for the head of Jesus or some holy person, would see the whole picture there before him, the colors, the garments, the faces, everything that he needed and had already half conceived. Then, closing his eyes in delight, he would murmur to himself: "How beautiful! How wonderful! Oh, that I may keep it! Oh, that I may not forget it!" Finally, putting forth his strongest effort to retain the vision, he would take brush and color and set it all down from memory as well as he could.

Most of M. Tissot's pictures were painted in this way, at least in some part. But many of his best pictures were never painted at all, because the very gorgeousness of the scene made it slip from him as a dream vanishes, and it would not come back. "Oh," he sighed, "the things that I have seen in the life of Christ, but could not remember! They were too splendid to keep."

Let me not give the idea that there is anything abnormal about M. Tissot. He simply possesses in a high degree the sensitiveness to color impulses of the brain that is enjoyed by many artists and gives them, literally, the power of beholding visions. It is a mere mat-



J. JAMES TISSOT.

From a photograph taken by Rockwood expressly for *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE*.

ter of cause and effect, just as certain dreams are induced by certain causes. In him the cause has been reflection and prayer and a peculiar artistic temperament. Not only does he get vivid impressions of his pictures from these skeletons of composition, but he gets them often while walking in the street; so distinctly, sometimes, that the real things about him seem to vanish. One day, for instance, while strolling in Paris, near the Bois de Boulogne, M. Tissot suddenly saw before him a massive stone arch out of which a great crowd was surging—a many-colored crowd—

with turbaned heads and Oriental garments. And the multitude, with violent gestures, lifted their hands and pointed to a balcony high up on a yellow stone wall where stood Roman soldiers dragging forward a prisoner clad in the red robe of shame. Hanging down from the balcony was a piece of tapestry worked in brilliant colors, and over this the prisoner was bent by rough hands and made to show his face to the crowd below, and it was the face of Jesus. What M. Tissot saw in this vision he reproduced faithfully on canvas in his painting "Ecce Homo,"

And he did the same in many other paintings.

I asked M. Tissot one day how he got his data for painting the garments worn by Jesus. Had he seen these in visions, or had he found men in Palestine who dress to-day as Christ dressed?

"I found men," he replied, "who wear to-day such garments as Christ wore, but they were not in Palestine. They are a tribe of Arabs dwelling between Egypt and the desert to the north. You know the apostles bound their heads with turbans and wore colored garments like those found still in Judea. But Christ as a man dressed entirely in white—a white robe and white cloak. His head was never covered except by a fold of this outer garment. As a boy, Christ wore colors, like other boys; but when he became a teacher of men, one set apart from the rest, then he put on white. Only before Pilate and in the days of his trial and condemnation he was made to wear red, as a mark of his disgrace."

"And how did you learn about Mary's dress?" I asked.

"That was easier. The Syrian women in the vicinity of Bethlehem and in villages near Jerusalem dress to-day practically as the Virgin dressed. Their garments are made of striped cloth woven in widths of about one foot. The main part is blue, with a stripe of green at one edge, and a stripe of red at the other, and lines of yellow separating these from the blue body. A full width of this cloth forms the front of the gown, with a half width on either side. Then the fullness of the skirt is formed by a setting in of yellow cloth. The sleeves are flowing, the ordinary color being yellow and blue, and over all hangs a long white veil draped over a stiff headdress of red and green. The gown is held at the

waist with a girdle of many-colored threads—into which the front of the gown is tucked so as to form a spacious pocket. In this the women carry all sorts of things, including nuts and raisins, which they are constantly munching."

"Could you do much painting on these journeys?"

"Not while we were actually on the march; but I made many sketches in the villages, and took photographs which were useful as documents. Most of the actual painting of

pictures was done in France. I would spend a few months in the Holy Land getting material, and would then return to Paris to use it. Then I would go back for more, and then return again. In the ten years I made a number of these double trips, getting my vivid impressions in the one country and carrying them out in the other.

"To do my work best I must be able to think and feel quite alone, I must have solitude. So, for weeks at a time, I would withdraw from Paris to a wonderful lonely valley, shaped like a vast amphitheatre, where the wind blows always and a little river runs. This is one of nature's worship-

spots, where reverence is in the air. Hundreds of years ago godly men chose this place for a monastery, and on the ruins of their building I have made my home for contemplation. Ah, the days that I have spent there listening to the wind sigh and watching the river flow!"

So it went on from day to day during the weeks that I had the privilege of being with M. Tissot. Each time I saw him he told me strange things. Each painting we spoke of became the subject of a little discourse. And there were 500 paintings. And there were ten years of thought and work and prayer. All this to talk about!



M. TISSOT AND HIS GUIDE.

From a photograph taken on the site of the scriptural village of Bethphage ("house of unripe fruit"), half way up the Mount of Olives, coming from Bethany.



MR. TRIPLER ALLOWING THE LIQUID AIR TO FLOW FROM THE LIQUEFIER.

(On striking the warm outer atmosphere, part of the liquid air instantly vaporizes, and flows out upon the floor in thick billowy clouds.

LIQUID AIR.

A NEW SUBSTANCE THAT PROMISES TO DO THE WORK OF COAL
AND ICE AND GUNPOWDER, AT NEXT TO NO COST.

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER.

Illustrated from photographs taken expressly for MCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

CHARLES E. TRIPLER of New York City reduces the air of his laboratory to a clear, sparkling liquid that boils on ice, freezes pure alcohol, and burns steel like tissue paper. And yet Mr. Tripler dips up this astounding liquid in an old tin saucepan and pours it about like so much water. Although fluid, it is not wet to the touch, but it burns like a white-hot iron, and when exposed to the open air for a few minutes, it vanishes in a cold gray vapor, leaving only a bit of white frost.

All this is wonderful enough, but it is by no means the most wonderful of the inventor's

achievements. I saw Mr. Tripler admit a quart or more of the liquid air into a small engine. A few seconds later the piston began to pump vigorously, driving the fly-wheel as if under a heavy head of steam. The liquid air had not been forced into the engine under pressure, and there was no perceptible heat under the boiler; indeed, the tube which passed for a boiler was soon shaggy with white frost. Yet the little engine stood there in the middle of the room running apparently without motive power, making no noise and giving out no heat or smoke, and producing no ashes. And that is something that can

be seen nowhere else in the world—it is a new and almost inconceivable marvel.

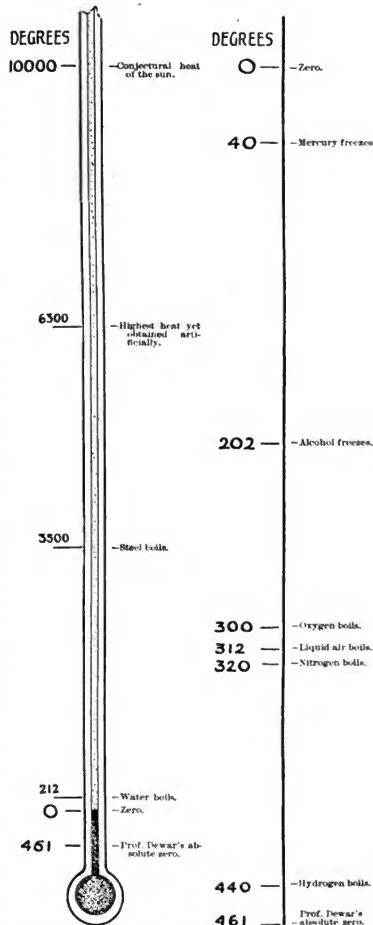
“If I can make little engines run by this power, why not big ones?” asks Mr. Tripler. “And if I can produce liquid air practically without cost—and I will show you that I really can—why shouldn’t we be able soon to do entirely away with coal and wood and all other fuel?”

“And run entirely with air?”

“Yes, with liquid air in place of the water now used in steam boilers, and the ordinary heat of the air instead of the coal under the boilers. Air is the cheapest material in the world, but we have only begun learning how to use it. We know a little about compressed air, but almost nothing about utilizing the heat of the air. For centuries men have been digging their source of heat out of the earth at enormous expense, and then wasting ninety per cent. of it in burning. Coal is only the sun’s energy stored up. What I do is to use the sun’s energy direct.

“It is really one of the simplest things in the world,” Mr. Tripler continues, “when you understand it. In the case of a steam engine, you have water and coal. You must take heat enough out of the coal and put it into the water to change the water into a gas—that is, steam. The expansion of this gas produces power. And the water will not give off any steam until it has reached the boiling point of 212 degrees Fahrenheit.

“Now, steam bears the same relation to water that air bears to liquid air. Air is a liquid at 312 degrees below zero—a degree of cold that we can hardly imagine. If you raise it above 312 degrees below zero it boils, just as water boils above 212 degrees. Now then, we live at a temperature averaging, say, seventy degrees above zero—about the present temperature of this room. In other words, we are 382 degrees warmer than liquid air. Therefore, compared with the cold of liquid air, we are living in a burning fiery



TEMPERATURES FROM HIGHEST HEAT TO LOWEST COLD.

These diagrams also show the points at which various important substances freeze or boil. Not shown on the diagram, but interesting to have in mind when studying them, is the lowest degree of cold ever obtained artificially. This is about 450 degrees below zero, obtained only very lately by Professor Dewar.

furnace. A race of people who could live at 312 degrees below zero would shrivel up as quickly in this room as we should if we were shut up in a baking-oven. Now then, you have liquid air—a liquid at 312 degrees below zero. You expose it to the heat of this furnace in which we live, and it boils instantly, and throws off a vapor which expands and produces power. That's simple, isn't it?"

It did seem simple; and you remembered, not without awe, that Mr. Tripler was the first man who ever ran an engine with liquid air, as he was also the first to invent a machine for making liquid air in quantities, a machine which has, by the way, been passed upon as original by the patent office in Washington. But these two achievements, extraordinary as they are, form merely the basis for more surprising experiments.



CHARLES E. TRIPLER.

MANNER AND COST OF PRO- DUCING LIQUID AIR.

It is easy enough, after obtaining a supply of liquid air, to run an engine with it; but where is there any practical advantage in using steam power to make liquid air and then using the liquid air for running engines? Why not use steam power direct, as at present?

Mr. Tripler always anticipates this question after explaining his engine—which is still running smoothly before our eyes.

"You have seen how I run this engine with liquid air," he says. "Now, if I can produce power by using liquid air in my engine, why not use that power for producing more liquid air? A liquid-air engine, if powerful enough, will compress the air and pro-

duce the cold in my liquefying machine exactly as well as a steam engine. Isn't that plain?"

You look at the speaker hard and a bit suspiciously. "Then you propose making liquid air with liquid air?"

"I not only propose doing it, but this machine actually does it."

"You pour liquid air into your engine, and take more liquid air out of your liquefier?"

"Yes; it is merely an application of the power produced by my liquid-air engine."

This all but takes your breath away. "That is perpetual motion," you object.

"No," says Mr. Tripler sharply, "no perpetual motion about it. The heat of the atmosphere is boiling the liquid air in my engine and producing power just exactly as the heat of coal boils water and drives off steam. I simply use another form of heat. I get my power from the heat of the sun; so does every other producer of power. Coal, as I said before, is only a form of

the sun's energy stored up. The perpetual motion crank tries to utilize the attraction of gravitation, not the heat of the sun."

Then Mr. Tripler continues more slowly: "But I go even further than that. If I could produce only two gallons of liquid air from my liquefying machine for every two gallons I put into my engine, I should gain nothing at all; I should only be performing a curious experiment that would have no practical value. But I actually find that I can produce, for every two gallons of liquid air that I pour into my engine, a larger quantity of liquid air from my liquefier. This seems absolutely unbelievable, and it is hard

to explain ; you will understand it better after I show you exactly my process of making liquid air. Briefly, the liquefaction of air is caused by intense cold, not by compression, although compression is a part of the process. After once having produced this cold, I do not need so much pressure on the air which I am forcing into the liquefying machine. Indeed, so great does the cold actually become that the external air, rushing in under ordinary atmospheric pressure to fill the vacuum caused by liquefaction, itself becomes liquefied.



AN ICICLE OF FROZEN ALCOHOL.

An alcohol thermometer is supposed to measure all degrees of cold, but liquid air freezes alcohol in a few seconds to a hard lump of ice.

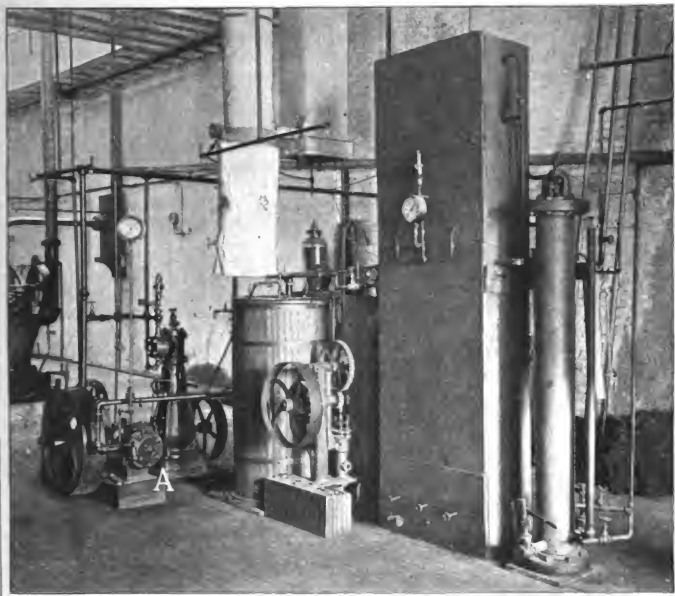
That is, my liquefying machine will keep on producing as much liquid air as ever, while it takes very much less liquid air to keep the compressor engine going. This difference I save. It is hard to understand just how this comes about, for you must remember that we are dealing with intensely low temperatures—an unfamiliar domain, the influences and effects of which are not yet well understood—and not with pressures.

“I have actually made about ten gallons of liquid air in my liquefier by the use of about three



RUNNING A TEN-HORSE-POWER ENGINE WITH LIQUID AIR.

This engine operates the machinery shown on the opposite page, which makes liquid air with liquid air.



VACUUM PUMP, CONDENSER, AND LIQUEFIER USED BY MR. TRIPLER FOR MAKING LIQUID AIR BY THE USE OF LIQUID AIR.

About three gallons of liquid air, used in the engine shown on the opposite page, will produce ten gallons of liquid air from the liquefier, a surplusage of seven gallons, produced without expense. A is the vacuum engine; the cylinder next on the right is the condenser, and the tall box with the steel cylinder next to it contains the liquefying apparatus. The canvas-covered pipe above the condenser is the liquefier used when steam power furnishes the means of compression.

gallons in my engine. There is, therefore, a surplusage of seven gallons that has cost me nothing and which I can use elsewhere as power."

"And there is no limit to this production; you can keep on producing this surplusage indefinitely?"

"I think so. I have not yet finished my experiments, you understand, and I don't want to claim too much. I believe I have discovered a great principle in science, and I believe I can make practical machinery do what my experimental machine will do."

What if Mr. Tripler can build a successful "surplusage machine"? It is bewildering to dream of the possibilities of a source of power that costs nothing. Think

of the ocean greyhound unencumbered with coal bunkers, and sweltering boilers, and smokestacks, making her power as she sails, from the free sea air around her! Think of the boilerless locomotive running without a fire-box or fireman, or without need of water tanks or coal chutes, gathering from the air as it passes the power which turns its driving-wheels! With costless power, think how travel and freight rates must fall, bringing bread and meat more cheaply to our tables and cheaply manufactured clothing more cheaply to our backs. Think of the possibilities of aerial navigation with power which requires no heavy machinery, no storage batteries, no coal—but I will take up these possibilities later. If one would practice his imagination on high flights, let him ruminate

on the question, "What will the world be when power costs nothing?"

It is not until you begin to speculate upon the changes that such a machine as Mr. Tripler's, if successful, will work, that you begin to doubt and waver and feel the total improbability of it all. The announcement fairly shocks the hearer out of his humdrum, and turns his well-regulated world all topsy-turvy. And yet it is not difficult to remember what people said when Morse sent words by telegraph from Washington to Baltimore, and when Bell spoke miles over a copper wire.

"We have just begun discovering things about the world," says Mr. Tripler.

Then he begins at the beginning of liquid air, and builds up his wonders step by step until they have almost assumed the familiar garb of present-day realities.

PREVIOUS ATTEMPTS TO LIQUEFY AIR.

Until twenty years ago, scientists thought that air was a permanent gas—that it never would be anything but a gas. They had tried



LIQUID AIR OVER FIRE.

Liquid air is so cold that, when placed over a hot gas-stove, frost not only coats the entire receptacle in which it is contained, but a thick plating of ice gathers on the bottom directly over the blaze.

compressing it under thousands of pounds of pressure to the square inch; they had tried heating it in reverberatory furnaces and cooling it to the greatest known depths of chemical cold; but it remained air—a gas. But one day in 1877, Raoul Pictet submitted oxygen gas to enormous pressure combined with intense cold. The result was a few precious drops of a clear bluish liquid that bubbled violently for a few seconds and then passed away in a cold white mist. M. Pictet had proved that oxygen was not really a permanent gas, but merely the vapor of a mineral, as steam is the vapor of ice. Fifteen years later Olzewski, a Pole, of Warsaw, succeeded in liquefying nitrogen, the other constituent of air. About the same time Professor James Dewar of England, explor-

ing independently in the region of the North Pole of temperature, not only liquefied oxygen and nitrogen, but produced liquid air in some quantity, and then actually froze it into a mushy ice—air ice. The first ounce that he made cost more than \$3,000. A little later he reduced the cost to \$500 a pint, and the whole scientific world rang with the achievement. Yesterday, in Mr. Tripler's laboratory, I saw five gallons of liquid air poured out like so much water. It was made at the rate of fifty gallons a day, and it cost, perhaps, twenty cents a gallon.

Not long ago Mr. Tripler performed some of his experiments before a meeting of distinguished scientists at the University of the City of New York. It so happened that among those present was M. Pictet, the same who first liquefied oxygen. When he saw the prodigal way in which Mr. Tripler poured out the precious liquid, he rose solemnly, extended his arm across the table, and shook Mr. Tripler's hand. "It is a grand exhibition," he exclaimed in French; "the grandest exhibition I ever have seen."

The principle involved in air liquefaction is exceedingly simple, although its application has sorely puzzled more than one wise man. When a gas is compressed, it gives out its heat. Any one who has inflated a bicycle tire has felt the pump grow warm under his hand. When the pressure is removed and the gas expands, it must take back from somewhere the heat which it gave out. That is, it must produce cold.

Professor Dewar applied this simple principle in all his experiments. He compressed nitrous oxide gas and ethylene gas, and by expanding them suddenly in a specially constructed apparatus, he produced a degree of cold which liquefied air almost instantly. But nitrous oxide and ethylene are exceedingly expensive and dangerous, and the product that Professor Dewar drew off was worth more than its weight in gold; indeed, he could hardly afford enough of it for his experiments.

At the earliest announcement of the liquefaction of air Mr. Tripler had seen with the quick imagination of the inventor its tremendous possibilities as a power-generator, and he began his experiments immediately. That was eight years ago. After futile attempts to utilize various gases for the production of the necessary cold, it suddenly occurred to him that air also was a gas. Why not produce cold with it?

"The idea was so foolishly simple that I could hardly bring myself to try

it," he said; "but I finally fitted up an apparatus, turned on my air, and drew it out a liquid."

And thus Mr. Tripler makes liquid air with compressed air.



DRIVING A NAIL WITH A HAMMER MADE OF MERCURY
FROZEN BY LIQUID AIR.

A NEAR VIEW OF THE
ACTUAL MAKING.

Mr. Tripler's work-room has more the appearance of a machine shop than a laboratory. It is large and airy, and is filled with the litter of the busy inventor. The huge steam boiler and compressor engine in one end of the room strikes one at first as oddly

disproportionate in size to the other machinery. Apparently there is nothing for all this power—it is a fifty-horse-power plant—to work upon; it is hard to realize that the engine is drawing its raw material from the very room in which we are walking and breathing. Indeed, the apparatus by which the air is actually liquefied is nothing but a



LIQUID AIR BOILING ON A BLOCK OF ICE.

Compared with liquid air, the temperature of which is 312° below zero, ice at 32° F. is as hot as a furnace, and it produces the same effect on liquid air that a hot fire would on water. The teapot is covered with white frost, moisture congealed from the atmosphere.

felt-and-canvas-covered tube about as large as a small barrel and perhaps fifteen feet high. The lower end is set the height of a man's shoulders above the floor, and there is a little spout below, from which, upon opening a frosty valve, the liquid air may be seen bursting out through a cloud of icy mist. I asked the old engineer who has been with Mr. Tripler for years what was inside of this mysterious swathed tube.

"It's full of pipes," he said.

I asked Mr. Tripler the same question.

"Pipes," was his answer; "pipes and coils with especially constructed valves for the air to go in, and pipes and coils for it to go out—that's all there is to it."

So I investigated the pipes. Two sets led back to the compressor engine, and Mr. Tripler explained that they both carried air under a pressure of about 2,500 pounds to the square inch. The heat caused by the compression had been removed by passing the pipes through coolers filled with running water, so that the air entered the liquefier at a temperature of about fifty degrees Fahrenheit.

"The first of these pipes contains the air to be liquefied," explained Mr. Tripler; "the other carries the air which is to do the liquefying. By turning this valve at the bottom of the apparatus, I allow the air to escape through a small hole in the second pipe. It rushes out over the first pipe, expanding rapidly and taking up heat.



SHOWING THE TENSILE STRENGTH OF FROZEN MERCURY.

The mercury is poured into a paper mold, having a screw-eye inserted in each end. The mold is then placed in a basin of liquid air, where the mercury is quickly frozen solid. Suspended in the manner shown, the mercury block will support several hundred pounds for half an hour.

You see the liquefier is so tall that it acts as a chimney, and the icy cold air is drawn up to the top, following the first pipe all the way and greedily extracting its heat. This process continues until such a degree of cold prevails in the first pipe that the air is liquefied and drips down into a receptacle at the bottom. Then all I have to do is to turn a valve, and the liquid air pours out, ready for use."

Mr. Tripler says that it takes only ten or fifteen minutes to get liquid air after the compressor engine begins to run. Professor Dewar always lost ninety per cent. in drawing off his product; Mr. Tripler's loss is inappreciable. Sometimes the cold in the liquefier becomes so intense that the liquid air actually freezes hard, stopping the pipes. Mr. Tripler has never tried, but he says he believes he could get a degree of cold in his liquefier sufficient to reduce hydrogen gas to liquid form.

This very simple process has given rise to some curious questions on which future scientists may work at their pleasure.

"I've been puzzling myself a good deal," said Mr. Tripler, "over the question as to what becomes of all the heat that I take out of the air in the process of liquefaction. The air goes in at a temperature of this room, say seventy degrees Fahrenheit. At liquefaction it is 312 degrees below zero. It has lost 382 degrees of heat in fifteen minutes, and you would expect that the air which rises from the top of my

apparatus would be red hot; but it isn't, it's cold. Now, where did all that heat go? A little of it, I know, becomes electricity, because the liquid air is always more or less charged when it comes out, but that only accounts for a small part of the whole."

And then Mr. Tripler, who has the true speculative imagination of the scientist, which so often thrills the layman with its sudden reaches into the deep things of nature, asked suddenly:

"Where does heat go to anyway? Did you ever think of that? Every transfer of energy tends to lower temperature. Every time that heat, for instance, is transferred into electricity, every time that electricity is transferred into heat, there is a loss—a leakage. Scientists used to think that there could be no real loss of energy—that it was all conserved, although changed in form. They have given up that theory, at least so far as this earth is concerned. We are gradually cooling off, and some

time the cold will be so great that the air will all fall in liquid drops like rain and freeze into a quartz-like mineral. Then the hydrogen gas will liquefy and freeze; then helium gas; and the world will be nothing but a dead, inert block of mineral, without a vestige of the vibrations which cause heat. Now where does all this heat go?

"And when you come to think of it," Mr. Tripler continued, "we're a good deal nearer the cold end of the thermometer than we are to the hot end. I suppose that once we had a temperature equal to that of the sun, say 10,000 degrees Fahrenheit. We have

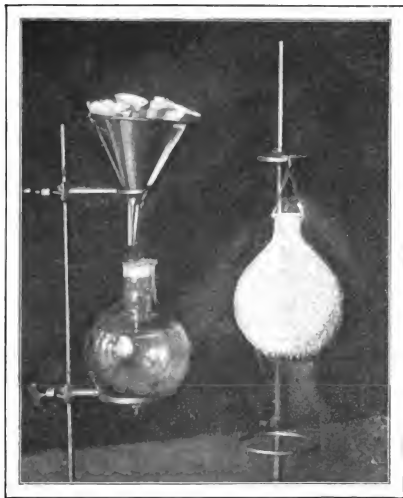
fallen to an average of about sixty degrees in this latitude; that is, we have lost 9,940 degrees. We don't yet know just how cold the absolute cold really is—the final cold, the cold of interstellar space—but Professor Dewar thinks it is about 461 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. If it is, we have only a matter of 521 degrees yet to lose, which is small compared with 19,940. Still I don't think we have any cause to worry; it may

take a few billion years for the world to reach absolute cold."

Mr. Tripler handles his liquid air with a freedom that is awe-inspiring. He uses a battered saucepan in which to draw it out of the liquefier, and he keeps it in a double iron can, not unlike an ice-cream freezer, covering the top with a wad of coarse felt to keep out as much heat as possible. "You can handle liquid air with perfect safety," he said; "you can do almost anything with it that you can with water, except to shut it up tight."

This is not at all surprising when one remembers that a single cubic foot of liquid air contains 800 cubic feet of air at ordinary pressure—a whole hall bed-room full reduced to the space of a large pail. Its desire to expand, therefore, is something quite irrepressible. But so long as it is left open, it simmers contentedly for hours, finally disappearing whence it came.

Mr. Tripler showed me a Dewar bulb—an odd glass apparatus invented by Professor Dewar—in which liquid air in small quantities can be kept safely for some time. It consists of two vessels of glass, one within the other, having a high vacuum between



FILTERED LIQUID AIR IN A DEWAR BULB, AND LIQUID AIR IN AN ORDINARY GLASS BULB.

The Dewar bulb is composed of two bulbs with a vacuum between, which prevents the passage of heat, thereby protecting the liquid air so that it vaporizes very slowly. The other bulb, not so protected, has collected a shaggy coating of frost.

the walls and joined in a common neck at the top. The vacuum prevents the passage of heat, so that the evaporation of the liquid air in the inner tube is reduced to a minimum. The neck of the bulb is, of course, left open to the air, although the cold, heavy mist of evaporation acts somewhat as a stopper. Mr. Tripler has sent liquid air in open cans to Boston, Washington, and Philadelphia. "But it is my belief," says he, "that there will be little need of transporting it; it can be made quickly and cheaply anywhere on earth."

CURIOUS PROPERTIES OF LIQUID AIR.

Liquid air has many curious properties. It is nearly as heavy as water and quite as clear and limpid, although, when seen in the open air, it is always muffled in the dense white mist of evaporation that wells up over the edge of the receptacle in which it stands and rolls out along the floor in beautiful billowy clouds. No other substance in the world, unless it be liquid hydrogen, is as cold as liquid air, and yet Mr. Tripler dips his hand into it fearlessly, taking care, however, to remove it instantly. A few drops retained on a man's hand will sear the flesh like a white-hot iron; and yet it does not burn; it merely kills. For this reason it is admirably adapted to surgical uses where cauterization is necessary; it will eat out diseased flesh much more quickly and safely than caustic potash, or nitric acid, and it can be controlled absolutely. Indeed, Mr. Tripler has actually furnished a well-known New York physician with enough to sear out a cancer and entirely cure a difficult case. And it is cheaper than any cauterizing chemical in use.

It is difficult to conceive of the cold of liquid air. Mr. Tripler performs a number of striking experiments to illustrate its low temperature. He partially fills a tin teapot with it and sets it on a cake of ice, where the air at once begins to boil violently, throwing off a fierce white vapor. The temperature of the ice is about thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit,

while the temperature of the liquid air is 312 degrees below zero. In other words, ice is 344 degrees warmer than liquid air; consequently it makes the air boil.

Mr. Tripler set the tea-kettle over a hot gas-flame, but it boiled only a shade more vigorously than it did on the ice, and a thick sheet of frost actually formed on the bottom of the kettle where the flame played most fiercely.

Alcohol freezes at so low a temperature—202 degrees below zero—that it is used in thermometers to register all degrees of cold. But it will not measure the fearful cold of liquid air. I saw a cup of liquid air poured into a tumbler partly filled with alcohol. Mr. Tripler stirred it up with a glass rod. It boiled violently for a few minutes, and then it thickened up suddenly until it looked



LIQUID AIR IN WATER.

Liquid air is slightly lighter than water. When a small quantity of it is poured into a tall flask of water, it floats for a few seconds; and then the nitrogen boils away, leaving the liquid oxygen, which, being slightly heavier than water, sinks in big silvery bubbles.

like sugar syrup; then it froze solid, and Mr. Tripler held it up in a long steaming icicle. Mercury is frozen until it is as hard as granite. Mr. Tripler made a little pasteboard box the shape of a hammer-head, filled it with mercury, suspended a rod in it for a handle, and then placed it in a pan of liquid air. In a few minutes it was frozen so solid that it could be used for driving nails into a hard-wood block. What would the scientists of twenty-five years ago have said if anyone had predicted the use of a mercury hammer for driving nails?

Liquid air freezes other metals just as thoroughly as it freezes mercury. Iron and steel become as brittle as glass. A tin cup which has been filled with liquid air for a few minutes will, if dropped, shatter into a hundred little fragments like thin glass. Copper, gold, and all precious metals, on the other hand, are made more pliable, so that even a thick piece can be bent readily between the fingers.

I saw an egg boiled—or frozen—in liquid air. It came out so hard that a sharp blow of a hammer was required to crack it, and the inside of it had the peculiar crystalline appearance of quartz—a kind of mineral egg.

"The time is certainly coming," says Mr. Tripler, "when every great packing-house, every market, every hospital, every hotel, and many private houses will have plants for making liquid air. The machinery is not expensive, it can be set up in a tenth part of the space occupied by an ammonia ice-machine, and its product can

be easily handled and placed where it is most needed. Ten years from now hotel guests will call for cool rooms in summer with as much certainty of getting them as they now call for warm rooms in winter.

"And think of what unspeakable value the liquid air will be in hospitals. In the first place, it is absolutely pure air; in the second place the proportion of oxygen is very large, so that it is vitalizing air. Why, it will not be necessary for the tired-out man of the future to make his usual summer trip to the mountains. He can have his ozone and his cool heights served to him in his room. Cold is always a disinfectant—some disease germs,

like yellow fever, it kills outright. Think of the value of a 'cold ward' in a hospital, where the air could be kept absolutely fresh, and where nurses and friends could visit the patient without fear of infection."

Suppose, also, as Mr. Tripler does, that every warship could have a liquid-air plant. It would not only operate

the ship's propellers, but it would be absolutely invaluable in cooling off the guns after firing, in saving the lives of the sailors in the sweltering sick bay, and, indeed, in firing the cannon.

Air is composed of twenty-two parts of oxygen and seventy-eight of nitrogen. Oxygen liquefies at 300 degrees below zero, and nitrogen at 320 degrees. Consequently, when in the form of liquid air, nitrogen evaporates the more rapidly. This difference is shown by Mr. Tripler by pouring a quantity of the liquid air into a large glass vessel, partly filled with water. For a moment it floats, boiling with great violence, liquid air



BURNING STEEL IN AN ICE TUMBLER PARTLY FILLED WITH LIQUID AIR.

A point of interest in this experiment is the contrast in temperatures; steel is burning at 3,500° F. in an ice receptacle containing liquid air at 312° below zero.

being slightly lighter than water. When, however, the nitrogen has all boiled away, the liquid oxygen, being heavier than water, sinks in beautiful, silvery bubbles which boil violently until they disappear. A few drops of liquid air thrown into water will instantly freeze for themselves little boats of ice which sail around merrily until the liquid air boils away.

In this way liquid air left exposed becomes stronger in its proportion of oxygen, and oxygen in such a concentrated form is a very wonderful substance. For instance, ordinary woolen felt can hardly be persuaded to burn even in a hot fire, but if it is dipped

in this concentrated oxygen, or even in liquid air, and lighted, it will explode and burn with all the terrible violence of gun-cotton. Indeed, liquid air will burn steel itself. Mr. Tripler demonstrates this most strikingly by making a tumbler of ice, and filling it half full of liquid oxygen. Then he fastens a burning match to a bit of steel spring and dips it into the liquid air, where the steel burns exactly like a greasy bit of pork rind—sputtering, and giving out a glare of dazzling brilliancy.

The property of liquid oxygen to promote rapid combustion will make it invaluable, Mr. Tripler thinks, for use as an explosive. A bit of oily waste, soaked in liquid air, was placed inside of a small iron tube, open at both ends. This was laid inside of a larger and stronger pipe, also open at both ends. When the waste was ignited by a fuse, the explosion was so terrific that it not only blew the smaller tube to pieces, but it burst a great hole in the outer tube. Mr. Tripler thinks that by the proper mixture of liquid air with cotton, wool, glycerine, or any other hydrocarbon, an explosive of enormous power could be made. And unlike dynamite or nitro-glycerine, it could be handled like so much sand, there being not the slightest danger of explosion from concussion, although, of course, it must be kept away from fire. It will take many careful experiments to ascertain the best method for making this new explosive, but think of the reward for its successful application! The expense of heavy ammunition and its difficult transportation and storage would be entirely done away with. No more would warships be loaded down with cumbersome explosives, and no more could there be terrible powder explosions on ship-board, because the ammunition could be made for the guns as it was needed, a liquid-air plant on ship-board furnishing all the necessary materials.

But all other uses of liquid air fade into insignificance when compared with its utilization as power for running machinery, of which I have already spoken.

"My greatest object is the production of a power-giving substance," says Mr. Tripler; "if you can get cheap power, all other problems are solved."

And that is why Mr. Tripler has spent so much time on the little engine in his laboratory, which runs by liquid air. The reasons for the supremacy of this strange liquid over

steam are exceedingly simple. In the first place, liquid air has about 100 times the expansive power of steam. In the second place, it begins to produce power the instant it is exposed to the atmosphere. In making steam, water has first to be raised to a temperature of 212 degrees Fahrenheit. That is, if the water as it enters the boiler has a temperature of fifty degrees, 162 degrees of heat must be put into it before it will yield a single pound of pressure. After that, every additional degree of heat produces one pound of pressure, whereas every degree of heat applied to liquid air gives twenty pounds of pressure.

"Liquid air can be applied to any engine," says Mr. Tripler, "and used as easily and as safely as steam. You need no large boiler, no water, no coal, and you have no waste. The heat of the atmosphere, as I have said before, does all the work of expansion."

The advantages of compactness and the ease with which liquid air can be made to produce power at once suggested its use in all kinds of motor vehicles, and a firm in Philadelphia is now making extensive experiments looking to its use. A satisfactory application will do away with the present huge, misshapen, machinery-laden automobiles, and make possible small, light, and inexpensive motors.

Mr. Tripler believes firmly that liquid air makes aerial navigation a distinct probability. The great problem in the past has been the immense weight of the steam or electrical machinery necessary to operate the air screws. With liquid air no heat of any kind save that of the sun would be required; the boiler could be made of light tubing, and much of the other machinery of aluminum, so that the weight would be scarcely noticeable.

Much has yet to be done before liquid air becomes the revolutionizing power which Mr. Tripler prophesies. This much is certain: A machine has been built which will make liquid air in large quantities at small expense, and an engine has been successfully run by liquid air. Beyond these two actual achievements Mr. Tripler has yet to perfect his machinery for producing liquid air without expense. When this is accomplished, liquid air must certainly take its place as the foremost source of the world's power-supply.



SKETCHES IN EGYPT

BY
C. D. GIBSON

I.

EGYPT has sat for her likeness longer than any other country. Nothing disturbs her composure. Financial ruin may stare her in the face, armies may come and go, but each year the Nile rises and spreads out over her, and all traces of disturbances are gone.

Newspapers may be busy telling of her troubles, but very few of those troubles seem to affect her expression. The stockholders in London worry, and send out more Englishmen to look after their interests. Sugar factories are inspected, and the bar-



The supper bazaar, Cairo, January 22, 1898.

rage is doctored—but it is all very quietly done.

The French cabinet may resign on account of her, and the English army may be increased for her sake, but few signs of these compliments does she show. All is tranquil. The only disturbance seems to be made by the dragomans who meet you at the station.

Important events follow each other so closely in Egypt that a year-old guide-book is several chapters too short. Last year it was Kitchener's campaign against the dervishes, and now the French are threatening to interfere with England's march to the Cape. The dragoman is sometimes as satisfactory as the guide-book, and it is often

pleasant to find how soon he is through with his recitation and you are allowed to go alone among the great temples. Earthquakes have shaken some in orderly ruin, as if the unseen hands of the men who built them were quietly and slowly building them up again.

But there is a temptation to grow sentimental over Egypt. It is far more cheerful than it sounds. It is happy and a place for a holiday—a country to make sketches in. These were made between December, 1897, and March, 1898, and I have been asked to help them tell their story of that part of Egypt the tourist is most likely to see, where the old and the new world meet most often.

The ancient Egyptian artist must have

*In the fish market.*

very happy. Temples were built with great smooth walls for him to cover with hieroglyphs, and even these he made more like a picture than a name. That must have been pleasant, and it should have compensated him for all the vexations imposed upon him by the high priest of those days,

who often limited his choice of subject to a king. The choice of subject is now unlimited. There never were so many different kinds of people in Egypt before. But it would be difficult to draw the king now, for there is much difference of opinion as to who he is.

I left New York with a small library of Egyptian guide-books, and in nearly every one of them was a good description of a traveler's feelings upon arriving at Alexandria or Port Said. I have been in both places, and about the same sensations will

*A son of the desert.**A peddler.*

*On the road to Cairo.*

fit either port ; and traveling is too personal a matter to describe at length, unless it is done with skill. To give advice is much more simple ; and mine is that, if you are on a steamer that is going through the Canal, don't stay on her until she gets to Ismailia, but disembark at Port Said and get to Cairo that night all the way by rail. You will see as much of the Canal as you want to, and you will not run the chance of being delayed a day, as the "Königin Luise" was last year by a little tramp steamer that had run foul of a coal barge.

More advice is to look out of the right-hand window of the car for a first glimpse of the pyramids, the first sure proof that you are in Napoleon's Egypt. After they are once found, it is easy for your eye to follow them through palm-trees and over mud villages until darkness interferes. Then you come to the station in Cairo, a hot-bed of porters and dragomans, and through

the confusion you finally reach Sheppard's, on the street like a great show-window—all but the plate glass—full of odds and ends from all the world. New arrivals are handed in by the dragomans and porters. It is as if you climbed over the footlights to assist in the performance. You finally stand before the good-looking Mr. Bailer, at the back of the stage. If he thinks you will stand a room overlooking the stable-yard, you will get it. The next morning I moved to the sunny side, overlooking the garden, where a tame pelican walked among tall palm-trees.

The dragoman who first lays hands on you claims you for his own. You will find him waiting for you in the morning. He will sell you antiques, will take your snipe-shooting. He knows when the dervishes will howl or whirl, or where there is a native wedding, to which

*A daughter of the Nile*

he will take you. It may be the fame of streets that might have been in Paris, and Shepherd's, or the magic name of Egypt, by barracks and sentries that might have been in London, to a river that could only be

The remains of Rameses and Seti are lying on their backs out in the Gizeh Museum, and there is a strong desire to hurry to them, in spite of the fact that they will keep. But the panorama in front of Shepherd's is absorbing, and your first morning will most likely be spent in watching it.

My first afternoon was spent with an evil-eyed dragoman, whose pockets were filled with dirty cards and letters, all testimonials from former customers proving that he was, as he continually told me, the best dragoman in the business. He could recite some of "Mother Goose," but knew very little English besides. With him I drove through

in Egypt. My carriage went between the two bronze lions and joined in the procession of camels across the bridge over the famous river to the Gizeh side, where tall trees meet overhead; then to a smaller bridge, more trees, quaint shipping, and a stucco palace, once a harem where some of Ismail's wives lived, and now a museum, the temporary resting-place of those uneasy mummied heads that once wore Egypt's crown; small mouse-colored donkeys on all sides, and, streaking in amongst them, tall camels; then seven more miles of trees and a good causeway to the pyramids. Since then I have gone over the road



"A descendant of the Prophet"—El Sated Ahmad Abdel Khalek
Affandl, Sheikh el Sudat.



A bargain in the Ghazirah gardens.



At Lady Trentell's masquerade ball—on the eve of Kitchener's departure for the Sudan.

many times, and I am of the opinion that the Nile's valley would make an ideal "happy hunting ground," to which all good tourists might go when cruel waves have ceased to toss them and their hotel lives are over.

All too soon you must go back to Cairo, where the Bedouin ceases to be the proud son of the desert and becomes a peddler,

where sheep become mutton and clover is only fodder. But Cairo is about what the tourist expects of it and what the hotel proprietor thinks you want. He fills the halls of his hotel with gaily painted columns, and on each side of the staircase are gaudy figures, and for those tourists who take their Egypt between the slipper bazaar

and the fish market it may do.

The Gizeh side of the river is more restful, with its ferry to Bulak, its gardens and its Khedival sporting club, which is Egypt as England would have it—polo twice a week, croquet and racquets, a grand stand and a steeple-chase course; and the same men who play polo spend their mornings on the desert, teaching their troops to form hollow squares against the day they will have to meet the dervishes.

You should choose your own Cairo. If you leave it to a dragoman, you will get mostly howling dervishes and mosques; and if you leave it to a donkey-boy, there is no telling where he will take you—most likely to the fish market. But with a guide-book and a bicycle you will miss very little that lies between the citadel and the pyramids. Cairo is not all hotel life, and bazaars lining narrow streets like open fireplaces, filled with putty-faced Turks as watchful as the brown buzzards that fly overhead; there are streets that are difficult to find, leading to forgotten courtyards with great trees standing in the middle of them, latticed windows bulging out over uneven pavements below, where black and gray crows waddle about. In such a place sits the neglected Sheikh el Sadat, a lineal descendant of the prophet. Through a doorway, in one corner of a tiled room, stands the gold-mounted saddle on which his ancestors once proudly rode. That was long before the days of the Suez Canal, boulevards, stucco palaces, and the opera-house. At court the Sheikh is no longer the fashion, but there is still a little band of Mohammedans who believe in him. To them the Sheikh and his old house are sacred. Through the thirty days of Ramadan

they sat and howled in his courtyard, and respectfully kissed his hand; and, like the Sheikh, there must be many other distinguished Oriental relics of



A dealer in antiquities



A daughter of the desert.

the days gone by, left behind by the former tenants and of no use to the present occupants.

In Egypt the English hold the reins, and one of these days the Egyptian donkey may turn to the left when you meet him, as his distant relative in Whitechapel does. At present he keeps to the right, and staggers along under a load that is much too big for him. To-day he is not the fashion in Cairo. He is only ridden by tourists after dark,



Egyptian high life.

through streets that are too narrow and crooked for a carriage. But up the river it is very different. There you learn to like him. From his back you first see Karnak, and the "Statues of Memnon," and he is forever associated in your memory with the "Tombs of the Kings." Tourists quarrel over him, and in most cases his name is "Rameses, the Great." His chief complaint must be that an Englishman weighs more than an Egyptian; but he should consider how much better off the Egyptian is since the English have held the reins. He will only know of this from his own observation, and from what he hears the English say. He will never get it from a Frenchman; and the Egyptian, who could tell him, is sulky, and stupidly wishes that he had been rescued by some one else. The half-breed Jew and Turk in the "Mooskee" is too busy; and all the rest of Egypt don't know why they are better off, or who to thank for law and order or the improved irrigation that gives them a fair chance with the rest of civilized mankind. But whether the donkey knows it or not, he is much better off, for an Englishman never rides him when he is old and weak, and that is

more than he can expect from his Egyptian friends, who often get on him two at a time.

At Shepherd's people put aside their guide-books for a while. It is a play that requires no libretto. On the crowded piazza overlooking the street, London shopkeepers and foreign noblemen elbow each other, and all celebrities look very much alike.

Cairo is the foyer of Egypt. To go to Egypt and not go up the Nile is very much like standing outside of a theater and watching the audience go in, and then waiting until they come out, to glean from their conversation some idea of the play. But the tourists who go up the river see the drama of Egypt with all its wonderful scenery, and they feel far superior to those who waited for them at Shepherd's. After one month on the river, it is with a very different feeling they come back to the Museum at Gizeh and look on the face of Seti and his distinguished son, whom they have tracked from Sakhara to Philae and back to their tombs in the sun-baked valley at Thebes, where they had hoped to rest in peace, surrounded by all that a first-class mummy requires during its long wait.

The present situation.



LIEUTENANT PEARY ON THE EVE OF HIS LAST DEPARTURE FOR THE ARCTIC.

From a photograph taken by Hollinger & Co. in June, 1896.



MOVING ON THE NORTH POLE.—OUTLINES OF MY ARCTIC CAMPAIGN.

BY LIEUTENANT ROBERT E. PEARY, U.S.N.

Editor's Note.—Lieutenant Peary is now well up in the Arctic regions, prosecuting a new journey of exploration that he has good reason to hope will result in his reaching the North Pole. His vessel, the "Windward," sailed from New York, July 2, 1898. He himself set out a few days later, going by rail to Sydney, Cape Breton, where he was awaited by his old ship, the "Hope," which also went out with the expedition. The last word from him was received on August 27th, when the "Hope" returned to St. John's, Newfoundland, having parted from Lieutenant Peary at Littleton Island, in Smith Sound, on August 13, 1898. The following article, outlining his purposes and plans, was written in the main just before he started; but some passages in it were written after he was actually on his way.

THE main object of the plans which the writer will endeavor to outline clearly in this article is, frankly and avowedly, the Pole. It is natural that a man should consider his own plan the best, else, presumably, he would not adopt it. For myself, I can say that I have no feeling of rivalry or jealousy towards other explorers or other plans than my own, and gladly welcome and encourage every earnest, *bona fide*, original attempt to solve



MAP SHOWING THE ROUTE THAT LIEUTENANT PEARY IS FOLLOWING.

a a, Latitude reached by Nansen—the farthest north yet attained. *bb*, Latitude reached by Lockwood and Brainard. *cc*, Arctic Circle. *A*, Whale Sound, where Lieutenant Peary's Eskimo attendants were to be taken on board. *B*, Sherard Osborn Fjord, Peary's main base of supplies, and the probable northern terminus of the "Windward's" voyage. *C*, Depot at northern terminus of land.

the great problem, feeling that the more the merrier and the more chances there are that the goal will be reached.

I am after the Pole because it *is* the Pole; because it has a value as a test of intelligence, persistence, endurance, determined will, and, perhaps, courage, qualities characteristic of the highest type of manhood; because I am confident that it can be reached; and because I regard it as a great prize which it is peculiarly fit and appropriate that an American should win. This objective of my work will not prevent the attempt to accomplish valuable results in other directions, and a direct corollary of the attainment of the Pole will be an extensive filling in of the large existing blank upon our charts in the vicinity of the Pole, and perhaps the completion of the preliminary geographical work in the highest latitude in this hemisphere.

Before commencing my outline of proposed work, just a few words in regard to the North Pole, a subject upon which fools as well as sages have theorized for centuries, an object for which brave men have struggled for centuries. What is it? It is simply the

mathematical point where the earth's axis intersects the earth's surface, a place where there are ninety degrees of latitude and three hundred and sixty degrees of longitude, or no longitude at all, just as one prefers to look at it.

Let us assume that the Pole has been reached and that a man is standing upon it; what would be some of the conditions resulting from his position? In the first place, our man standing upon the Pole could go in but one direction, south. East, west, north have been obliterated for him, and the first step he takes, no matter what its direction, will be south. If, there on the Pole, he stands motionless for twenty-four hours, the diurnal revolution of the earth will simply turn him completely around on his tracks as on a pivot. If he stands there for a year, he will have in that year one night and one day. The sun will rise for him on the 21st

of March; the next day it will circle through the heavens, apparently rolling on the horizon all the way round; the next day it will be a little higher; the next a little higher still, and so on, until the 21st of June, when it will be twenty-three and one-half degrees above the horizon, a little more than one-fourth the distance from the horizon to the zenith. A few days later it will be a little lower, the next still a little lower, and so on, slowly describing a flattened spiral through the heavens, until it sets on the 21st of September, not to rise again until the 21st of the following March.

If now at any time during this six months' long summer day our man standing upon the Pole takes one step directly towards the sun, no matter in what direction it may be, it will then be noon for him. If he then steps back to his position on the Pole and from it takes a step directly away from the sun, it will then be midnight for him. Not darkness, however; midnight in the Arctic regions does not necessarily mean darkness. But to our man standing there upon the Pole two steps only will separate astronomical noon from astronomical midnight.

During the six months' long winter night our man standing there will see every star, of those he can see at all, always the same height above the horizon. Polaris, the North Star, will be practically in the zenith, and a star which can be seen barely peeping above the horizon will circle forever just grazing the horizon. In other words, to the observer on the Pole the heavenly bodies move in horizontal circles, instead of oblique circles, as they do here, or vertical circles, as they do to an observer on the Equator.

One other interesting point: our man standing upon the Pole would not be able to say, speaking with precision, that he was having either a good time or a bad time, nor would he have the pleasure of complaining of hard times. Why? Simply because he would have no time. What is time? And what do we figure it from but noon, and what is noon but the moment the sun crosses our local meridian? Now our man standing upon the Pole has no meridian, or rather he has three hundred and sixty of them, so mixed up under his heel that he could not pick one out if he tried. He has no noon, no starting point for time, no time. So much for the conditions which are the result of the mathematical definition of the Pole.

Now, in regard to its physical characteristics. There is no reason whatever for assuming any abnormal conditions at the Pole.

No reason whatever for supposing there a perennial summer sea or a paleocrystic (that is, an eternally frozen) sea, or a Symmes Hole giving access to the center of the earth, or a specially rounded mountain, *a la* Jules Verne, for the earth to whirl upon. None of these. There will be simply prosaic land or water at the Pole. No man living can say which until some man gets there. But if it is land, it will be land with characteristics practically the same as those of other Arctic lands, such as we know a few hundred miles south; and if it is water, it will be an Arctic sea, with the characteristics practically the same as those of other Arctic seas, with which we are familiar a few hundred miles distant.

Will the Pole ever be reached? Most assuredly; and possibly within a comparatively short time. The distance which to-day separates the highest north from the Pole itself is but two hundred and sixty miles, about the same as the distance between Albany and Buffalo; and I do not believe there is one of my readers who is willing to admit that a distance of only two hundred and sixty miles is to remain forever impassable to human efforts and energy. I am not.

Returning from the Arctic regions in 1895 with the belief that the capabilities of the Greenland inland ice as a means of getting north were practically exhausted, I formu-



THE "HOPE," THE VESSEL IN WHICH LIEUTENANT PEARY MADE HIS PREPARATORY VOYAGE TO GREENLAND IN 1897, AND WHICH ATTENDED HIM OUT ON HIS PRESENT EXPEDITION, RETURNING AT THE END OF AUGUST, 1898.

From a photograph taken at Meteorite Island, August 17, 1897; reproduced by the special permission of the F. A. Stokes Company.

lated, on my way home, a plan for further work, in case the problems of the North had not been solved by the time I arrived. Immediately after my return it would have been premature to have presented any project for further Arctic exploration with two

well-equipped expeditions still in the field, those of Jackson and Nansen. With the return of Jackson and Nansen, bringing the news that Franz Josef Land was not the southern terminus of an Arctic continent, as had been supposed by some geographers, but an archipelago of comparatively limited extent; and that the "Fram," in her three years' drift through the Siberian segment of the polar basin, had seen no land, I felt that the time was ripe for the presentation of my plan. I believed that the practical demonstration of the non-existence of land of any con-

siderable extent in the Siberian segment of the polar basin eliminated that region from further consideration as a possible means of reaching the Pole. The land lying north of main Greenland remained still the most northerly known land on the face of the globe, and it could now be said that the route along the northwest coast of this land, with terra firma for a base, was not merely the *most* practicable route, but the *only* practicable route, by which to reach the Pole. Acting on this belief, I outlined to the American Geographical Society in January, 1897, on the occasion of the presentation to me of the first Cullum gold medal, my plan, as follows:

"My own expeditions have satisfied me that from a sufficient depot of provisions and equipment, located in the latitude of Independence Bay, the Pole is attainable. The results of the various recent expeditions have shown that there is left but one practicable

route by which to attain the North Pole, and that route the one that has been known as the American, viz., the route through Smith Sound, Kane Basin, Robeson Channel, and along the northwest coast of Greenland. My plan, in the fewest words, is to raise a fund sufficient to insure the continuation of the work of exploration for ten years, if necessary, say \$150,000, and deposit it in a trust company; purchase a ship; give her a minimum crew; load with concentrated provisions; proceed to Whale Sound; take on board several picked families of my faithful Eskimos, with



ALFRED C. HARMSWORTH, EDITOR OF THE LONDON "DAILY MAIL,"
AND OWNER OF LIEUTENANT PEARY'S SHIP, THE "WINDWARD."

The "Windward" is the ship that was used by the Jackson expedition, which Mr. Harmsworth fitted out in 1894 and which spent three years in explorations in Franz Josef Land. It was with this expedition that Nansen and Johansen found rescue from the almost fatal hardships of their journey afoot to and from the "farthest north." On learning of Lieutenant Peary's project, Mr. Harmsworth generously offered him the "Windward" for his expedition.

their tents, canoes, dogs, etc.; force a way through Robeson Channel to Sherard Osborn Fjord or farther, and land people and stores; then send the ship back. As soon as the freezing of the ice in the great fjords of the northwest coast permits sledge travel, the work of advancing supplies northeastward along the coast would be commenced, taking comparatively short stages and light loads, so that the trips could be quickly made. As soon as the supplies had been advanced the first stage, the party itself would move forward, leaving a cache behind, and as they would be following Eskimo customs and living in snow houses, this could easily be done.

"Then the second stage of advance would be taken up, and the work carried on until the departure of the sun. Each of the brilliant winter moons of the polar night would afford opportunities for continuing it, so that early spring should find the party and the bulk of its supplies located at the northern terminus of the North Greenland archipelago, probably not far from the eighty-fifth parallel, with caches behind it at each prominent headland. From this point, when the proper time came, with picked dogs, the lightest possible equipment, and two of the best of the Eskimos, the last stage of the journey to the Pole would be attempted, with strong probabilities of a successful termination. Should the first season be unfavorable as regards ice conditions, it could be devoted to a detailed survey of the archipelago itself, and a reconnoissance of the east coast as far south as possible, and the northern journey reserved for the following season, or the next. Each succeeding summer the ship would attempt to establish communication with the party's base, succeeding probably every other year at first, then, with increasing experience, every year, and keep up its supply of food, dogs, and Eskimos, until the objects of the expedition were accomplished. Should the ship be unsuccessful in the passage of Robeson Channel the first year, the party would land at Hayes Sound, and devote the first year to explorations of that unknown region. Retreat from the colony at Sherard Osborn Fjord would always be practicable across the inland ice to Whale Sound.

"The programme is to secure every mile of advance just as far as there is land, and then attempt to accomplish the remaining distance in one effort. In case the conditions are unfavorable or impracticable the first season, I shall return to my Eskimo village, winter there, and start again the next spring; and if the condi-

tions are not favorable the second year, come back for the winter, and start again and again. I believe that at any point in the Arctic regions, at one time or another, at one season or another, the door is open or can be opened, and the man who is in readiness and waiting for the favorable opportunity can get where he wants to. When an expedition goes north for one or two years only, it may not find the favorable opportunity; but if it can stay the four or five years which I am prepared to stay, if necessary, some time in that period the favorable occasion is sure to come, and the door will be open or can be pushed open."

Such, in brief, is my project for the proposed work, and I must say, though perhaps I am egotistical, that it does seem to me as if the conditions were favorable. Experience counts for a great deal in Arctic work. Success in Arctic navigation is the result of that definite, detailed knowledge of coasts, winds, tides, and ice, the same kind of



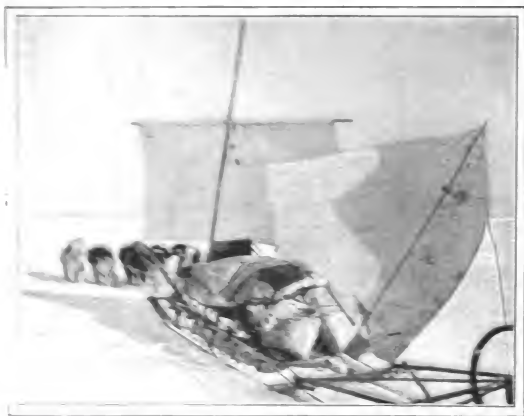
THE "WINDWARD," LIEUTENANT PEARY'S SHIP ON THE PRESENT EXPEDITION.

From a photograph taken by the Jackson expedition to Franz Josef Land.

knowledge for each step of the voyage that a harbor pilot has. One must know what the effect of a given wind is upon the ice at any point along the coast, and the effect of the ebb and flood tides, as, knowing these things, you can put your sledge through with safety, or keep her out until a favorable time comes. I feel that I have, in the last five or six years, obtained some knowledge of these details of Arctic work. And in addition to this, is the advantage of my imitation of the Eskimo.

Everyone will agree with me, that there are no human beings on the face of the

Arctic exploration may be regarded as safe. This is shown by the experience of the last ten years. Nothing is to be gained by numbers; in fact, numbers are a distinct danger, and the frightful catastrophies of previous work are, in my opinion, directly traceable to that cause. The entire animus of the Arctic regions is against large parties. Where three men will get along in safety and comfort, six would merely exist on half-rations and twelve die of starvation. The two-man party is the ideal one; both Nansen and myself have proved this. The leader of the expedition must be at the head



ONE OF LIEUTENANT PEARY'S ARCTIC SLEDGES.

In traveling or transporting a sledge, it is always best to go in the picture, whenever the wind is favorable, and thus the work is made much easier for the dogs. The picture is from a photograph taken by Lieutenant Peary himself; reproduced by the special permission of the U. S. Navy Department.

glace better adapted to form the rank and file of an Arctic party than members of that little tribe, the most northerly people in the world, whose fathers and grandfathers and great-grandfathers before them have lived in that very region, men who know all the varieties, all the possibilities, and all the necessities of their frozen home, and know perfectly how to take care of themselves, moreover, they have confidence in me and regard me as a friend, and would travel with me, and starve with me, should it be necessary. I feel that, with an experienced surgeon, and perhaps one other white man, and vast material in which to recruit the rank and file of my party, it would come near being an ideal party for Arctic work.

of the advance party; no successful Arctic party can be led from the rear. The latitude of Lockwood and Brainard's farthest north is eighty-three degrees, twenty-four minutes. The distance from this point, up to which we know there is land, to the Pole and return, is less than the distance from Whale Sound to Independence Bay and return, which I have twice covered, once with a single companion, and again under the heaviest handicap.

My project was carefully considered by a committee appointed by the Geographical Society, consisting of Admiral Gherardi, Judge Charles P. Daly, and Chandler Robbins, and on the 20th of February the committee presented the following resolution:



ARCTIC HIGHLANDERS OF THE TRIBE FROM WHICH LIEUTENANT PEARY HAS CHOSEN HIS ESKIMO ESCORT.

From photographs taken by Lieutenant Peary.

Resolved, that the Council of the American Geographical Society heartily approves the project of polar exploration laid before it by Civil Engineer R. E. Peary, U. S. N., and will gladly contribute towards the expense of the same, provided such contribution is needed and will be acceptable, and that other subscriptions, sufficient to warrant the undertaking, are secured by Mr. Peary.

The next step following this endorsement was to obtain the opportunity to undertake the work; in other words, secure the necessary leave to enable me to carry out my plans. It quickly developed that the securing of this leave would be a much more difficult work than had at first been anticipated, but at length strong memorials upon the geographical value of the proposed work by Judge Daly, President of the American Geographical Society; and its scientific value, by President Morris K. Jesup, of the American Museum of Natural History, supported by numerous letters from men prominent in both scientific and business circles, and urged by all the enthusiasm and personal magnetism of Mr. Charles A. Moore, a personal friend of President McKinley and the Secretary of the Navy, secured the desired result, a five years' leave of absence.

The first step in the actual field work of the campaign was the preliminary voyage of the summer of 1897, preparatory to the starting of the main ex-

pedition in 1898. The object of this voyage was to communicate with the little tribe of Smith Sound Eskimos, select from it the young couples who were to form the Eskimo contingent of my expedition, tell them what I expected of them, give them instructions to be assembled with all their belongings at a certain time in the summer of 1898, at a specified place on the outer coast, in readiness to come on board my ship without delay. I also wished to instruct the hunters of the entire tribe in regard to gathering as much of a supply of meat for me as possible and having in readiness their best dogs. The



LIEUTENANT PEARY'S PADDED KAMIKS.

From Lieutenant Peary's book, "Northward over the Great Ice;" by permission of the F. A. Stokes Company.

secondary object of the voyage was to embark and bring home the great Saviksoch or Ahnighito meteorite. This latter has, however, no bearing upon the subject in hand.

In pursuance of these objects, the steamship "Hope," which I had had the previous summer, was again chartered for an Arctic voyage, and sailed from Boston on the 19th of July. On board her was a party of sportsmen and scientists who availed themselves of the opportunity for a summer outing at various points along the Arctic coasts.

After stopping at Sydney, Cape Breton, to fill with coal, the "Hope" proceeded northward through the strait of Belle Isle, passed along the Labrador coast to the Wriglington whaling station at Cape Haven, thence to Godhaven, Greenland, and eventually across Melville Bay to Cape York, the southern limit of the habitat of the little tribe of Smith Sound Eskimos. Here the first of them were encountered. After getting the great meteorite safely on board, the "Hope" steamed northward, touching at the various settlements along the coast, looking up the faithful, hardy, active, young hunters whom I had on my list, until at last all had their instructions and the entire tribe knew my plans for the coming year, as far as they were concerned. In spite of the doubts of some of my friends, I found these children of the North, not merely willing, but anxious and eager to go with me. It was interesting to note the childish delight with which they listened, as I told them how they were each to have a "shake-her-up" (Winchester) rifle, and were to hunt musk oxen and bear, drive dogs, and eat biscuit and pemmican with me in the distant legendary *Oomingmuk Nunami* (Musk Ox Land) of their forefathers. Eagerly as they have looked forward each of the past few summers for the coming of "Peary's oomiaksoah" (ship), they will look for it with redoubled interest this season. They have all the longing for variety that is characteristic of human children the world over, and this year the arrival of the "oomiaksoah" means that a number of them will go to the white "Ahvungah" (North) to live in lands which they have heard of in legends repeated to them from childhood up.

The young men selected by me are men everyone of whom I know personally; men with whom I have sledged and hunted and boated till I know their capabilities and characteristics. One of them will do for an example—Sipsu, the handsome one (?), grandson of the Chief Sipsu, of whom Hayes speaks. Sipsu I met for the first time one

brilliant, but bitter cold, April day six years ago, in Inglefield Gulf, beside the Hurlbut glacier. He was only a boy, but active as a steel trap. Already he had a record of several deer killed with his rude bow. A little later he was the happiest Eskimo in the land, the possessor of a shining knife; not only the first he had ever owned, but the like of which had never been seen in the little village. The next year, he brought me as a trophy an eight-foot narwhal horn, the wearer of which he had himself harpooned and killed. In 1895 he was among the most successful of the numerous walrus hunters at Peterahwick. Soon after, he married robust Nellika, daughter of old Koolootoonah.

In August, 1896, I nearly lost him. He was the only one to respond to my call for volunteers to harpoon a white whale from the schools which were darting round the point of Eglouaihomny. Fearlessly he paddled out in his kyah to intercept them, but the lightning response of a powerful tail to the sting of his harpoon upset his kyah and pitched him into the water. The ship's boat and another kyaker started toward him. The kyaker reached him first, and, seizing him by the hair, kept his head on the surface till the boat arrived and dragged him in. Blue and exhausted, it took a long rubbing with Turkish towels beside the galley fire and a stiff dose of brandy to get him right again. Finally, clad in my warmest suit of clothes, he went ashore to his anxious young wife.

So with all of them, I know them as we know *comrades du guerre*. As I sit here writing now it is entirely within the range of possibility that one of them, out upon the westward stretching ice off Peterahwick, is harpooning a walrus, the meat of which a year from now may be feeding my dogs at the *ultima thule* of the world.

In December last, after returning from this preliminary voyage, I accepted a long standing invitation to address the Royal and Royal Scottish Geographical Societies of London and Edinburgh, respectively, upon my past work and future plans. The reception accorded my report was very gratifying, resulting in the award of a special medal by the Royal Scottish Society and one of the two gold medals of the Royal Geographical Society. These endorsements, seconding as they did that of our own American Geographical Society, placed my project in the enviable position of having the endorsement and approval of the three leading geographical societies of the world.

The most gratifying evidence, however, of the effect produced by my presentation of my plans was the deep and immediate interest shown in them by Mr. Alfred C. Harmsworth, England's munificent patron of Arctic exploration, who pressed upon me his Arctic ship the "Windward," engaged for the last three years upon the work in Franz Josef Land, and urged my acceptance in such a frank and generous way that it was impossible to refuse.

Finally, the funds for the work have been

there is little to say. Every additional year of experience in the past has shown me more things that could be dispensed with in Arctic work. In the coming expedition I shall try no experiments in either food or equipment. I feel that I know just what I want for a given purpose and how much for a given time. I shall dispense with many things hitherto considered necessities of Arctic exploration. For one thing, I shall include no lime juice in my rations: I have never used it; and I do not believe in it. I am satisfied

that an intelligent white man can live indefinitely in the Arctic regions on a diet of tea, bread, and fresh meat alone, and keep in good health. Neither lime juice, fruit, nor vegetables are essential. I shall take no house nor material for one. I shall, wherever practicable, merely supplement Eskimo methods and outfits with modern improvements. My ship will be used to land me at the farthest possible northern point. Once there, I shall utilize the simplest methods and materials for ac-



A GROUP OF LIEUTENANT PEARY'S ESKIMO DOGS.

assured by an organization of gentlemen prominent in the highest business and social circles of New York. First on the membership role of this organization stand three men whose personal interest, influence, and example have made the organization possible. They afford a striking illustration of the way in which Arctic exploration is today regarded by the most conservative and intelligent men of the times. These men are Morris K. Jesup, President of the American Museum of Natural History; Henry W. Cannon, President of the Chase National Bank, and Charles A. Moore, President of the Montauk Club of Brooklyn.

As a slight token of my appreciation of the assistance of this organization, and especially of my deep regard for my friend President Jesup, all the collections and scientific results of my work will be the property of the organization and will be by it turned over to the American Museum.

Regarding my supplies and equipment

completing my object: methods which evolution through generations of natives have shown to be best suited for work in that region. The object upon which every energy and every iota of experience is to be concentrated is the smallest party with the lightest equipment and the fewest necessities—a party which can travel fast and far and continuously.

The "Windward," however, will of course carry considerable stores. There will be a full equipment of scientific apparatus and mechanical implements; and for use on the voyage, and to supplement, after we land, the stores gathered by the Eskimos, there will be not less than 1,500 cases of provisions, weighing in the gross some fifty tons. In addition to large supplies of bread, tea, coffee, and cocoa, we shall carry preserved fruits, various soup, meat, and vegetable preparations, about a ton of sugar, and several hundredweight of salt. There will be no liquors aboard, except as part of

the medical stores. Most of the food will be of the compressed sort, hermetically sealed, for the most part, in tin, and each can containing, as a rule, a portion just equal to one man's need for one day. The cases will be carefully stored in water-tight, sheet-iron tanks in the ship's hold. The degree of nutrition in this compressed food is something wonderful. One of the sixty-pound cases would probably maintain a man a month. Our bread—so hard that it can scarcely be eaten until it has been softened in tea, coffee, or something of the sort—has twice the nutrition of ordinary bread. It is perfectly true, as some one writing recently of this expedition said, that “at first the Arctic voyager may look dubiously at the array of little tins placed before him, some of them hardly larger than a penny box of matches, and for a few days his stomach may not feel quite full after eating, but before long he learns to like his food.”

My project has been erroneously designated by some to whom a catching expression is more attractive than accuracy, “A dash to the Pole.” I do not like the term. It is entirely misleading. My project contemplates a serious, determined, persistent attempt to win for the victorious Stars and Stripes the only remaining great geographical prize which the world has to offer; an attempt which may, and quite likely will, become a siege—an attempt in which the knowledge and experience gained in work prosecuted during some ten years on definite and consistent lines are to be directed, on equally definite and consistent lines, towards the accomplishment of my object.

LIEUTENANT PEARY'S PRESENT SITUATION.

[On the eve of printing Lieutenant Peary's interesting account of his present undertaking, we wrote to Mrs. Peary to learn what was the latest word received from him. Her

reply is of more than personal interest, and we have obtained her permission to publish it herewith:

“WASHINGTON, D. C., January 19, 1899.

“To the Editor of McClure's Magazine.

“Dear Sir: Yours of the 13th duly received. There has been no news from my husband since the return of the S.S. ‘Hope,’ last August, when you received the rolls of films. The ‘Windward’ was looked for all the fall, but did not arrive. She has evidently been frozen in, and will not be able to return until the late summer or early fall of this year.

“The last known of the ‘Windward’ is that, when the ‘Hope’ left Littleton Island, on August 13, 1898, for St. Johns, Newfoundland, the ‘Windward,’ with Mr. Peary and his party on board, bore away to the north. I am sorry that I have no further news to impart.

“Yours very truly,

“JOSEPHINE DIEBITSCH-PEARY.”

According to the report of Captain Bartlett of the “Hope,” Lieutenant Peary met with some disappointments at first regarding his Eskimo contingent. The “Hope's” first landing was at Cape York. Either because she did not come as soon as expected, or for some other reason, the Eskimos who were to have been met there had gone. From Cape York the party proceeded to Snow Pocket Bay, and here, again, they were disappointed. They next made for Saunders Island. Here the natives were in waiting, and showed great delight at Lieutenant Peary's arrival. The “Hope” went on to Whale Sound, but being stopped from entering the sound by the heavy ice pack, returned to Saunders Island. Here a fortnight was passed, and considerable additions were made to the stores.—EDITOR.]

GOLD MEDAL PRESENTED TO LIEUTENANT PEARY BY THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY, LONDON, DECEMBER, 1897.



BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

ILLUSTRATED BY L. RAVEN-HILL.

THE MORAL REFORMERS.



gated nuisance; King came solely as an avenger of blood; even little Hartopp, talking natural history, seldom forgot his office; but the Reverend John was a guest desired and beloved by Number Five.

Behold him, then, in their only arm-chair,
a bent briar between his teeth, chin down

"Number Five stared at each other."



"He drove his hands into his pockets and stared out of window at the sea."

in three folds on his clerical collar, and blowing like an amiable whale, while Number Five discoursed of life as it appeared to them, and specially of that last interview with the Head—in the matter of usury.

"One licking once a week would do you an immense amount of good," he said, twinkling and shaking all over; "and, as you say, you were entirely in the right."

"Ra-ather, Padre! We could have proved it if he'd let us talk," said Stalky; "but he didn't. The Head's a downy bird."

"He understands you perfectly. Ho! ho! Well, you worked hard enough for it."

"But he's awfully fair. He doesn't lick a chap in the morning an' preach at him in the afternoon," said Beetle.

"He can't; he ain't in Orders, thank goodness," said McTurk. Number Five held the very strongest views on clerical head-masters, and were ever ready to meet their pastor in argument.

"Almost all other schools have clerical Heads," said the Reverend John gently.

"It isn't fair on the chaps," Stalky replied. "Makes 'em sulky. Of course it's different with *you*, sir. You belong to the school—same as we do. I mean ordinary clergy-men."

"Well, I am a most ordinary clergyman; and Mr. Hartopp's in Orders, too."

"Ye—es, but he took 'em after he came to the Coll. We saw him go up for his exam. *That's* all right," said Beetle. "But just think if the Head went and got ordained!"

"What would happen, Beetle?"

"Oh, the Coll. 'ud go to pieces in a year, sir. There's no doubt o' *that*."

"How d'you know?" The Reverend John was smiling.

"We've been here nearly six years now. There are precious few things about the Coll. we don't know," Stalky replied. "Why, even you came the term after I did, sir. I remember your asking our names in form your first lesson. Mr. King, Mr. Prout, and the Head, of course, are the only masters senior to us—in that way."

"Yes, we've changed a good deal—in Common Room."

"Huh!" said Beetle with a grunt. "They came here, an' then they went away to get married. Jolly good ridance, too!"

"Doesn't our Beetle hold with matrimony?"

"No, Padre; don't make fun of me. I've met chaps in the holidays who've got married house-masters. It's perfectly awful! They have babies and teething and measles and all that sort of thing right bung in the school; and the masters' wives give tea parties—tea parties, Padre!—and ask the chaps to breakfast."

"That don't matter so much," said Stalky. "But the house-masters let their houses alone, and they leave everything to the prefects. Why, in one school, a chap told me, there were big baize doors and a passage about a mile long between the house and the master's house. They could do just what they pleased."

"Satan rebuking sin with a vengeance."

"Oh, larks are right enough; but you know what we mean, Padre. After a bit it gets worse an' worse. Then there's a big bust-up and a row that gets into the papers, and a lot of chaps are expelled, you know."

"Always the wrong 'uns; don't forget that. Have a cup of cocoa, Padre?" said McTurk with the kettle.

"No, thanks; I'm smoking. Always the wrong 'uns? Pro-ceed, my Stalky."

"And then"—Stalky warmed to the work—"everybody says, 'Who'd ha' thought it?

Shockin' boys! Wicked little kids!' It all comes of havin' married house-masters, I think."

"A Daniel come to judgment."

"But it does," McTurk interrupted. "I've met chaps in the holidays, an' they've told me the same thing. It looks awfully pretty for one's people to see—a nice separate house with a nice lady in charge, an' all that. But it isn't. It takes the house-masters off their work, and it gives the prefects a heap too much power, an'—an'—it rots up everything. You see, it isn't as if we were just an ordinary school. We take cram-mers' rejections as well as good little boys like Stalky. We've got to do that to make our name, of course, and we get 'em into Sandhurst somehow or other, don't we?"

"True, O Turk. Like a book thou talkest, Turkey."

"And so we want rather different masters, don't you think so, to other places? We aren't like the rest of the schools!"

"It leads to all sorts of bullyin', too, a chap told me," said Beetle.

"Well, you *do* need most of a single man's time, I must say." The Reverend John considered his hosts critically. "But do you never feel that the world—the Common Room—is too much with you sometimes?"

"Not exactly—in summer; anyhow." Stalky's eye roved contentedly to the window. "Our bounds are pretty big, too, and they leave us to ourselves a good deal."

"For example, here am I sitting in your study, very much in your way, eh?"

"Indeed you aren't, Padre. Sit down. Don't go, sir. You know we're glad whenever you come."

There was no doubting the sincerity of the voices. The Reverend John flushed a little with pleasure and refilled his briar.

"And we generally know where the Common Room are," said Beetle triumphantly. "Didn't you come

through our lower dormitories last night after ten, sir?"

"I went to smoke a pipe with your house-master. No, I didn't give him any impressions. I took a short cut through your dormitories."

"I sniffed a whiff of 'baccy, this mornin'. Yours is stronger than Mr. Prout's. I knew," said Beetle, wagging his head.

"Good heavens!" said the Reverend John absently. It was some years before Beetle perceived that this was rather a tribute to innocence than observation. The long, light, blindless dormitories, devoid of inner doors, were crossed at all hours of the night by masters visiting one another; for bachelors sit up later than married folk. Beetle had never dreamed that there might be a purpose in this steady policing.

"Talking about bullying," the Reverend



"'Oh, lug 'em into our study.'"

John resumed, "you all caught it pretty hot when you were fags, didn't you?"

"Well, we must have been rather awful little beasts," said Beetle, looking serenely over the gulf between eleven and sixteen.

"My hat, what bullies they were then—Fairburn, 'Gobby' Maunsell, and all that gang!"

"Member when 'Gobby' called us the Three Blind Mice, and we had to get up on the lockers and sing while he buzzed inkpots at us?" said Stalky. "They *were* bullies if you like!"

"But there isn't any of it now," said McTurk soothingly.

"That's where you make a mistake. We're all inclined to say that everything is all right as long as we aren't hurt. I sometimes wonder if it is extinct—bullying."

"Fags bully each other horrid; but the upper forms are supposed to be swottin' up for exams. They've got something else to think about," said Beetle.

"Why? What do you think?" Stalky was watching the Chaplain's face.

"I have my doubts." Then explosively, "On my word, for three moderately intelligent boys you aren't very observant. I suppose you were too busy making things warm for your house-master to see what lay under your noses when you were in the form-rooms last week?"

"What, sir? I—I swear we didn't see anything," said Beetle.

"Then I'd advise you to look. When a little chap is whimpering in a corner and wears his clothes like rags, and never does any work, and is notoriously the dirtiest

little 'corridor-caution' in the Coll, something's wrong somewhere."

"That's Clewer," said McTurk under his breath.

"Yes, Clewer. He comes to me for his French. It's his first term, and he's almost as complete a wreck as you were, Beetle. He's not naturally clever, but he has been hammered till he's nearly an idiot."

"Oh, no. They sham silly to get off more lickings," said Beetle. "I know that."

"I've never actually seen him knocked about," said the Reverend John.

"The genuine article don't do that in public," said Beetle. "Fairburn never touched me when anyone was looking on."

"You needn't swagger about it, Beetle," said McTurk. "We all caught it in our time."

"But I got it worse than anyone," said Beetle. "If you want an authority on bullyin', Padre, come to me. Corkscrews—brush-drill—keys—head-knucklin'—arm-twistin'—rockin'—



"The blazin' of the kid excites the tiger."

—Ag Ags—and all the rest of it.”

“Yes. I do want you as an authority, or rather I want your authority to stop it—all of you.”

“What about Abana and Pharpas, Padre—Harrison and Craye? They are Mr. Prout’s pets,” said McTurk something bitterly. “We aren’t even sub-prefects.”

“I’ve considered that, but on the other hand, since most bullying is mere thoughtlessness——”

“Not one little bit of it, Padre,” said McTurk. “Bullies like bullyin’. They mean it. They think it up in lesson and practise it in quarters.”

“Never mind. If the thing goes up to the prefects it may make another house-row. You’ve had one already. Don’t laugh. Listen to me. I ask you—my own Tenth Legion—to take the thing up quietly. I want little Clewer made to look fairly clean and decent——”

“Blowed if I wash him!” whispered Stalky.

“Decent and self-respecting. As for the other boy, whoever he is, you can use your influence”—a purely secular light flickered in the Chaplain’s eye—“in any way you please to—to dissuade him. That’s all, I’ll leave it to you. Good-night, *mes enfants*.”

“Well, what are we goin’ to do?” Number Five stared at each other.

“Young Clewer would give his eyes for a place to be quiet in. I know that,” said Beetle. “If we made him a study-fag, eh?”

“No!” said McTurk firmly. “He’s a dirty little brute, and he’d mess up everything. Besides, we ain’t goin’ to have any beastly Erickin’. D’you want to walk about with your arm round his neck?”

“He’d clean out the jam-pots, anyhow; an’ the burnt porridge saucepan—it’s filthy now.”



“It was not a very gentle shave.”

“Not good enough,” said Stalky, bringing up both heels with a crash on the table. “If we find the merry jester who’s been bullyin’ him an’ make him happy, that’ll be all right. Why didn’t we spot him when we were in the form-rooms, though?”

“Maybe a lot of fags have made a dead set at Clewer. They do that sometimes.”

“Then we’ll have to kick the whole of the lower school in our house—on spec. Come on,” said McTurk.

“Keep your hair on! We mustn’t make a fuss about the biznai. Whoever it is he’s kept quiet or we’d have seen him,” said Stalky. “We’ll walk round and sniff about till we’re sure.”

They drew the house form-rooms, accounting for every junior and senior against whom they had suspicions—investigated, at Beetle’s suggestion, the lavatories and box-rooms, but without result. Everybody seemed to be present save Clewer.

“Rum!” said Stalky, pausing outside a study door. “Golly!”

A thin piping mixed with tears came muffled through the panels.

"As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping——"

"Louder, you young devil, or I'll buzz a book at you!"

"With a pitcher of milk——Oh, Campbell, please don't! To the fair of——"

A book crashed on something soft, and squeals arose.

"Well, I never thought it was a study-chap, anyhow. That accounts for our not spotting him," said Beetle. "Sefton and Campbell are rather hefty chaps to tackle. Besides, one can't go into their study like a form-room."

"What swine!" McTurk listened. "Where's the fun of it? I suppose Clewer's faggin' for them."

"They aren't prefects. That's one good job," said Stalky, with his war-grin. "Sefton and Campbell! I'm! Campbell and Sefton! Ah! One of 'em's a crammer's pup."

The two were precocious hairy youths between seventeen and eighteen, sent to the school in despair by parents who hoped that six months' steady cram might, perhaps, jockey them into Sandhurst. Nominally they were in Mr. Prout's house; actually they were under the Head's eye; and since he was very careful never to promote strange new boys to prefectships, they considered they had a grievance against the school. Sefton had spent three months with a London crammer, and the tale of his adventures there lost nothing in the telling. Campbell, who had a fine taste in clothes and a fluent vocabulary, followed his lead in looking down loftily on the rest of the world. This was only their second term, and the school, used to what it profanely called "crammer's pups," had treated them with rather galling reserve. But their whisks—Sefton owned a real razor—and their mustaches were beyond question impressive.

"Shall we go in an' dissuade 'em?"



"Are all parents incurably mad?"

McTurk asked. "I've never had much to do with 'em, but I'll bet my hat Campbell's a funk."

"No—o! That's *oratio directa*," said Stalky, shaking his head. "I like *oratio obliqua*. 'Sides, where'd our moral influence be then? Think o' that!"

"Rot! What are you goin' to do?" Beetle turned into Lower Number Nine form-room, next door to the study.

"Me?" The lights of war flickered over Stalky's face. "Oh, I want to jape with 'em. Shut up a bit!"

He drove his hands into his pockets and stared out of window at the sea, whistling between his teeth. Then a foot tapped the floor; one shoulder lifted; he wheeled, and began the short quick double-shuffle—the war-dance of Stalky in meditation. Thrice he crossed the empty form-room, with com-

pressed lips and expanded nostrils, swaying and rocking to the quick-step. Then he halted before the dumb Beetle and softly knuckled his head, Beetle bowing to the strokes. McTurk nursed one knee and rocked to and fro. They could hear Clewer howling as though his heart would break.

"Beetle is the sacrifice," Stalky said at last. "I'm sorry for you, Beetle. 'Member Galton's 'Art of Travel' [one of the forms had been studying that pleasant work] an' the kid whose bleatin' excited the tiger?"

"Oh, curse!" said Beetle uneasily. It was not his first season as a sacrifice. "Can't you get on without me?"

"Fraid not, Beetle dear. You've got to be bullied by Turkey an' me. The more you howl, o' course, the better it'll be. Turkey, go an' covet a stump and a box-ropo from somewhere. We'll tie him up for a kill—*à la* Galton. 'Member when 'Molly' Fairburn made us cock-fight with our shoes off, an' tied up our knees?"

"But that hurt like sin."

"Course it did. What a clever chap you are, Beetle! Turkey'll knock you all over the place. 'Member we've had a big row all round, an' I've trapped you into doin' this. Lend us your wipe."

Beetle was trussed for cock-fighting; but, in addition to the transverse stump between elbow and knee, his knees were bound with a box-ropo. In this posture, at a push from Stalky he rolled over sideways, covering himself with dust.

"Ruffle his hair, Turkey. Now you get down, too. The bleatin' of the kid excites the tiger. You two are in such a sweatin' wax with me that you only curse. 'Member that. I'll tickle you up with a stump. You'll have to blub, Beetle."

"Right O! I'll work up to that in half a shake," said Beetle.

"Now begin—and remember the bleatin' o' the kid."

"Shut up, you brutes! Let me up! You've nearly cut my knees off. Oh, you are beastly cads! Do shut up. 'Tisn't a joke!" Beetle's protest was, in tone, a work of art.

"Give it him, Turkey! Kick him! Roll him over! Kill him! Don't funk, Beetle, you brute. Kick him again, Turkey."

"He's not blubbin' really. Roll up, Beetle, or I'll kick you into the fender," roared McTurk.

They made a hideous noise among them, and the bait allured their quarry.

"Hullo! What's the giddy jest?" Sefton

and Campbell entered to find Beetle on his side, his head against the fender, weeping copiously, while McTurk prodded him in the back with his toes.

"It's only Beetle," Stalky explained. "He's shammin' hurt. I can't get Turkey to go for him properly."

Sefton promptly kicked both boys, and his face lighted. "All right, I'll attend to 'em. Get up an' cock-fight, you two. Give me the stump. I'll tickle 'em. Here's a giddy jest! Come on, Campbell. Let's cook 'em."

Then McTurk turned on Stalky and called him very evil names.

"You said you were goin' to cock-fight too, Stalky. Come on!"

"More ass you for believin' me, then!" shrieked Stalky.

"Have you chaps had a row?" said Campbell.

"Row?" said Stalky. "Huh! I'm only educatin' them. D'you know anythin' about cock-fighting, Seffy?"

"Do I know? Why, at MacLagan's, where I was crammin' in town, we used to cock-fight in his drawing-room, and little MacLagan daren't say anything. But we were just the same as men there, of course. Do I know? I'll show you."

"Can't I get up?" moaned Beetle, as Stalky sat on his shoulder.

"Don't jaw, you fat piffler. You're going to fight Seffy."

"He'll slay me!"

"Oh, lug 'em into our study," said Campbell. "It's nice an' quiet in there. I'll cock-fight Turkey. This is an improvement on young Clewer."

"Right O. I move it's shoes-off for them an' shoes-on for us," said Sefton joyously, and the two were flung down on the study floor. Stalky rolled them behind an arm-chair.

"Now I'll tie you two up an' direct the bull-fight. Golly, what wrists you have, Seffy. They're too thick for a wipe; got a box-ropo?" said he.

"Lots in the corner," Sefton replied. "Hurry up! Stop blubbin', you brute, Beetle. We're goin' to have a giddy campaign. Losers have to sing for the winners—sing odes in honor of the conqueror. You call yourself a beastly poet, don't you, Beetle? I'll poet you." He wriggled into position by Campbell's side.

Swiftly and scientifically the stumps were thrust through the natural crooks, the wrists tied with well stretched box-ropes to an accompaniment of insults from McTurk,

bound, betrayed, and voluble behind the chair.

Stalky set away Campbell and Sefton, and strode over to his allies, locking the door on the way.

"And that's all right," said he in a changed voice.

"What the world——?" Sefton began. Beetle's false tears had ceased; McTurk, smiling, was on his feet. Together they bound the knees and ankles of the enemy with some more rope.

Stalky took the arm-chair and contemplated the scene with his blandest smile. A man trussed for cock-fighting is, perhaps, the most helpless thing in the world.

"The bleatin' of the kid excites the tiger. Oh, you frabjous asses!" He lay back and laughed till he could no more. The victims took in the situation but slowly.

"We'll give you the finest lickin' you ever had in your young lives when we get up!" thundered Sefton from the floor. "You'll laugh the other side of your mouth before you've done. What the deuce d'you mean by this?"

"You'll see in two shakes," said McTurk. "Don't swear like that. What we want to know is, why you two hulkin' swine have been bullyin' Clewer?"

"It's none of your business."

"What did you bully Clewer for?" The question was repeated with maddening iteration by each in turn.

"Because we jolly well chose!" was the answer at last. "Let's get up." Even then they could not realize the game.

"Well, now we're goin' to bully you because we jolly well choose. We're goin' to be just as fair to you as you were to Clewer. He couldn't do anything against you. You can't do anything to us. Odd, ain't it?"

"Can't we, You wait an' see."

"Ah," said Beetle reflectively, "that shows you've never been properly jested with. A public lickin' ain't in it with a gentle jape. Bet a bob you'll weep an' promise anything."

"Look here, young Beetle, we'll half kill you when we get up. I'll promise you that, at any rate."

"You're going to be half killed first, though. Did you give Clewer Head-knuckles?"

"Did you give Clewer Head-knuckles?" McTurk echoed. At the twentieth repetition—no boy can stand the torture of one unvarying query, which is the essence of bullying—came confession—

"We did, confound you!"

"Then you'll be knuckled;" and knuckled they were, according to ancient experience. Head-knuckling is no trifle: "Molly" Fairburn of the old days could not have done better.

"Did you give Clewer Brush-drill?"

This time the question was answered sooner, and Brush-drill was dealt out for the space of five minutes by Stalky's watch. They could not even writhe in their bonds. No brush is employed in Brush-drill.

"Did you give Clewer the Key?"

"No; we didn't. I swear we didn't!" from Campbell, rolling in agony.

"Then we'll give it to you, so you can see what it would be like if you had."

The torture of the Key—which has no key at all—hurts excessively. They endured several minutes of it, and their language necessitated the gag.

"Did you give Clewer Corkscrews?"

"Yes. Oh, curse your silly souls! Let us alone, you cads."

They were corkscrewed, and the torture of the Corkscrew—this has nothing to do with corkscrews—is keener than the torture of the Key.

The method and silence of the attacks was breaking their nerves. Between each new torture came the pitiless, dazing rain of questions, and when they did not reply to the point, Isabella-colored handkerchiefs rolled into wads were thrust into their mouths.

"Now are those all the things you did to Clewer? Take out the gag, Turkey, and let 'em answer."

"Yes, I swear that was all. Oh, you're killing us, Stalky!" cried Campbell.

"That's what Clewer said to you. I heard him. Now we're goin' to show you what real bullyin' is. What I don't like about you, Sefton, is, you come to the Coll. with your stick-up collars an' patent-leather boots, an' you think you can teach us something about bullying. Do you think you can teach us anything about bullying? Take out the gag and let him answer."

"No!"—ferociously.

"He says no. Rock him to sleep. Campbell can watch."

It needs three boys and two boxing-gloves to rock a boy to sleep. Again the operation has nothing to do with its name. Sefton was "rocked" till his eyes set in his head and he gasped and crowed for breath, sick and dizzy.

"My Aunt!" said Campbell, appalled, from his corner, and turned white.

"Put him away," said Stalky. "Bring on

Campbell. Now this is bullyin'. Oh, I forgot! I say, Campbell, what did you bully Clewer for? Take out his gag and let him answer."

"I—I don't know. Oh, let me off! I swear I'll make it pax. Don't 'rock' me!"

"The bleatin' of the kid excites the tiger. He says he don't know. Set him up, Beetle. Give me the glove an' put in the gag."

In silence Campbell was "rocked" sixty-four times.

"I believe I'm goin' to die!" he gasped.

"He says he is goin' to die. Put him away. Now, Sefton! Oh, I forgot! Sefton, what did you bully Clewer for?"

The answer is unprintable; but it produced not the faintest flush on Stalky's downy cheek.

"Make him an Ag Ag, Turkey!"

And an Ag Ag was he made, forthwith. The hard-bought experience of nearly eighteen years was at his disposal, but he did not seem to appreciate it.

"He says we are sweeps. Put him away! Now, Campbell! Oh, I forgot! I say, Campbell, what did you bully Clewer for?"

Then came the tears—scalding tears; appeals for mercy and abject promises of peace. Let them cease the tortures and Campbell would never lift hand against them. The questions began again—to an accompaniment of small persuasions.

"You seem hurt, Campbell. Are you hurt?"

"Yes. Awfully!"

"He says he is hurt. Are you broke?"

"Yes, yes! I swear I am. Oh, stop!"

"He says he is broke. Are you humble?"

"Yes!"

"He says he is humble. Are you devilish humble?"

"Yes!"

"He says he is devilish humble. Will you bully Clewer any more?"

"No. No—ooh!"

"He says he won't bully Clewer. Or anyone else?"

"No. I swear I won't."

"Or anyone else. What about that lickin' you and Sefton were goin' to give us?"

"I won't! I won't! I swear I won't!"

"He says he won't lick us. Do you esteem yourself to know anything about bullyin'?"

"No, I don't!"

"He says he doesn't know anything about bullyin'. Haven't we taught you a lot?"

"Yes—yes!"

"He says we've taught him a lot. Aren't you grateful?"

"Yes!"

"He says he is grateful. Put him away. Oh, I forgot! I say, Campbell, what did you bully Clewer for?"

He wept anew; his nerves being raw. "Because I was a bully. I suppose that's what you want me to say?"

"He says he is a bully. Right he is. Put him in the corner. No more japes for Campbell. Now, Sefton!"

"You devils! You young devils!" This and much more as he was punted across the carpet by skilful knees.

"The bleatin' of the kid excites the tiger. We're goin' to make you beautiful. Where does he keep his shaving things? [Campbell told.] Beetle, get some water. Turkey, make the lather. We're goin' to shave you, Seffy, so you'd better lie jolly still, or you'll get cut. I've never shaved anyone before."

"Don't! Oh, don't! Please don't!"

"Gettin' polite, eh? I'm only goin' to take off one ducky little whisker——"

"I'll—I'll make it pax, if you don't. I swear I'll let you off your lickin' when I get up!"

"And half that mustache we're so proud of. He says he'll let us off our lickin'. Isn't he kind?"

McTurk laughed into the nickel-plated shaving-cup, and settled Sefton's head between Stalky's vise-like knees.

"Hold on a shake," said Beetle, "you can't shave long hairs. You've got to cut all that mustache short first, an' then scrape him."

"Well, I'm not goin' to hunt about for scissors. Won't a match do? Chuck us the match-box. He is a hog, you know; we might as well singe him. Lie still!"

He lit a vesta, but checked his hand. "I only want to take off half, though."

"That's all right." Beetle waved the brush. "I'll lather up to the middle—see? and you can burn off the rest."

The thin-haired first mustache of youth fluffed off in flame to the lather line in the center of the lip, and Stalky rubbed away the burnt stumpage with his thumb. It was not a very gentle shave, but it abundantly accomplished its purpose.

"Now the whisker on the other side. Turn him over!" Between match and razor this, too, was removed. "Give him his shaving-glass. Take the gag out. I want to hear what he'll say."

But there were no words. Sefton gazed at the lop-sided wreck in horror and despair. Two fat tears rolled down his cheek.

"Oh, I forgot! I say, Sefton, what did you bully Clewer for?"

"Leave me alone! Oh, you infernal bullies, leave me alone! Haven't I had enough!"

"He says we must leave him alone," said McTurk.

"He says we are bullies, an' we haven't even begun yet," said Beetle. "You're ungrateful, Seffy. Golly! You *do* look an atrocity and a half!"

"He says he has had enough," said Stalky. "He errs!"

"Well, to work, to work!" chanted McTurk, waving a stump. "Come on, my giddy Narcissus. Don't fall in love with your own reflection!"

"Oh, let him off," said Campbell from his corner: "he's blubbing, too."

Sefton cried like a twelve-year-old with pain, shame, wounded vanity, and utter helplessness.

"You'll make it pax, Sefton, won't you? You can't stand up to those young devils——"

"Don't be rude, Campbell, dear," said McTurk, "or you'll catch it again!"

"You are devils, you know," said Campbell.

"What? for a little bullyin'—same as you've been givin' Clewer! How long have you been jestin' with him?" said Stalky. "All this term?"

"We didn't always knock him about, though!"

"You did when you could catch him," said Beetle, cross-legged on the floor, dropping a stump from time to time across Sefton's instep. "Don't I know it!"

"I—perhaps we did."

"And you went out of your way to catch him? Don't I know it? Because he was an awful little beast, eh? Don't I know it? Now, you see, *you're* awful beasts, and you're gettin' what he got—for bein' a beast. Just because we choose."

"We never really bullied him—like you've done us."

"Yah!" said Beetle. "They never really bully—Molly Fairburn didn't. Only knock 'em about a little bit. That's what they say. Only kick their souls out of 'em, and they go and blub in the box-rooms. Shove their heads into the ulsters an' blub. Write home three times a day—yes, you brute, I've done that—askin' to be taken away. You've never been bullied properly, Campbell. I'm sorry you made pax."

"I'm not!" said Campbell, who was a

humorist in a way. "Look out, you're slaying Sefton!"

In his excitement Beetle had used the stump unreflectingly, and Sefton was now shouting for mercy.

"An' you!" he cried, wheeling where he sat. "You've never been bullied, either. Where were you before you came here?"

"I—I had a tutor."

"Yah! You would. You never blubbed in your life. But you're blubbin' now, by gum. Aren't you blubbin'?"

"Can't you see, you blind beast?" Sefton fell over sideways, tear-tracks furrowing the dried lather. Crack came the cricket-stump on the curved latter-end of him.

"Blind, am I," said Beetle, "and a beast? Shut up, Stalky. I'm goin' to jape a bit with our friend, *à la* 'Molly' Fairburn. I think I can see. Can't I see, Sefton?"

"The point is well taken," said McTurk, watching the stump at work. "You'd better say that he sees, Seffy."

"You do—you do! I swear you do!" yelled Sefton, for strong arguments were coercing him.

"Aren't my eyes lovely?" The stump rose and fell steadily throughout this catechism.

"Yes."

"A gentle hazel, aren't they?"

"Yes—oh, yes!"

"What a liar you are! They're sky-blue. Ain't they sky-blue?"

"Yes—oh, yes!"

"You don't know your mind from one minute to another. You must learn—you must learn."

"What a bait you're in!" said Stalky. "Keep your hair on, Beetle."

"I've had it done to me," said Beetle. "Now—about my being a beast."

"Pax—oh, pax!" cried Sefton; "make it pax. I'll give up! Let me off! No more! I'm broke! I can't stand it!"

"Ugh! Just when we were gettin' our hand in!" grunted McTurk. "They didn't let Clewer off, I'll swear."

"Confess—apologize—quick!" said Stalky.

From the floor Sefton made unconditional surrender, more abjectly even than Campbell. He would never touch anyone again. He would go softly all the days of his life.

"We've got to take it, I suppose?" said Stalky. "All right, Sefton. You're broke? Very good. Shut up, Beetle! But before we let you up, you an' Campbell will kindly

oblige us with 'Kitty of Coleraine'—à la Clewer."

"That's not fair," said Campbell; "we've surrendered"

"Course you have. Now you're goin' to do what we tell you—same as Clewer would. If you hadn't surrendered you'd ha' been really bullied. Havin' surrendered—do you follow, Seffy?—you sing odes in honor of the conquerors. Hurry up!"

They dropped into chairs luxuriously. Campbell and Sefton looked at each other, and, neither taking comfort in that view, struck up "Kitty of Coleraine."

"Vile bad," said Stalky, as the miserable wailing ended. "If you hadn't surrendered it would have been our painful duty to buzz books at you for singin' out o' tune. Now then."

He freed them from their bonds, but for several minutes they could not rise. Campbell was first on his feet, smiling uneasily. Sefton staggered to the table, buried his head in his arms, and shook with sobs. There was no shadow of fight in either—only amazement, distress, and shame.

"Ca—can't he shave clean before tea, please?" said Campbell. "It's ten minutes to bell."

Stalky shook his head. He meant to escort the half-shaved one to the meal.

McTurk yawned in his chair and Beetle mopped his face. They were all dripping with excitement and exertion.

"If I knew anything about it, I swear I'd give you a moral lecture," said Stalky severely.

"Don't jaw: they've surrendered," said McTurk. "This moral suasion biznai takes it out of a chap."

"Don't you see how gentle we've been? We might have called Clewer in to look at you," said Stalky. "The bleatin' of the tiger excites the kid. But we didn't. We've only got to tell a few chaps in Coll. about this and you'd be hooted all over the shop. Your life wouldn't be worth havin'. But we aren't goin' to do that, either. We're strictly moral suasers, Campbell; so, unless you or Seffy split about this, no one will."

"I swear you're a brick," said Campbell. "I suppose I was rather a brute to Clewer."

"It looked like it," said Stalky. "But I don't think Seffy need come into hall with cock-eye whiskers. Horrid bad for the fags if they saw him. He can shave. Ain't you grateful, Sefton?"

The head did not lift. Sefton was deeply asleep.

"That's rummy," said McTurk, as a snore mixed with a sob. "Cheek, I think, or he's shammin'."

"No, 'tisin't," said Beetle. "When 'Molly' Fairburn had attended to me for an hour or so I used to go bung off to sleep on a form sometimes. Poor devil! But he called me a beastly poet, though."

"Well, come on." Stalky lowered his voice. "Good-by, Campbell. Member, if you don't talk, nobody will."

There should have been a war-dance, but that all three were so utterly tired that they almost went to sleep above the tea-cups in their study, and slept till prep.

"A most extraordinary letter. Are all parents incurably mad? What do you make of it?" said the Head, handing a closely-written eight pages to the Reverend John.

"The only son of his mother, and she a widow.' That is the least reasonable sort." The Chaplain read with pursed lips.

"If half those charges are true he should be in the sick-house; whereas he is disgustingly well. Certainly he has shaved. I noticed that."

"Under compulsion, as his mother points out. How delicious! How salutary!"

"You haven't to answer her. It isn't often I don't know what has happened in the school; but this is beyond me."

"If you asked me I should say seek not to propitiate. When one is forced to take crammers' pups——"

"He was perfectly well at extra-tuition—with me—this morning," said the Head, absently. "Unusually well-behaved, too."

"——they either educate the school, or the school, as in this case, educates them. I prefer our own methods," the Chaplain concluded.

"You think it was that?" A lift of the Head's eyebrow.

"I'm sure of it! And nothing excuses his trying to give the College a bad name."

"That's the line I mean to take with him," the Head answered.

The Augurs winked.

A few days later the Reverend John called on Number Five. "Why haven't we seen you before, Padre?" said they.

"I've been watching times and seasons and events and men—and boys," he replied. "I am pleased with the Tenth Legion. I

make them my compliments. Clewer was throwing ink-balls in form this morning, instead of doing his work. He is now doing fifty lines for—unheard-of audacity."

"You can't blame us, sir," said Beetle. "You told us to remove the—er—pressure. That's the worst of a fag."

"I've known boys five years his senior throw ink-balls, Beetle. To such an one have I given two hundred lines—not so long ago. And now I come to think of it, were those lines ever shown up?"

"Were they, Turkey?" said Beetle unblushingly.

"Don't you think Clewer looks a little cleaner, Padre?" Stalky interrupted.

"We're no end of moral reformers," said McTurk.

"It was all Stalky, but it was a lark," said Beetle.

"I have noticed the moral reform in several quarters. Didn't I tell you you had more influence than any boys in the Coll. if you cared to use it?"

"It's a trifle exhaustin' to use frequent—our kind of moral suasion. Besides, you see, it only makes Clewer cheeky."

"I wasn't thinking of Clewer; I was thinking of—the other people, Stalky."

"Oh, we didn't bother much about the other people," said McTurk. "Did we?"

"But I did—from the beginning."

"Then you knew, sir?"

A downward puff of smoke.

"Boys educate each other, they say, more than we can or dare. If I had used one half of the moral suasion you may or may not have employed——"

"With the best motives in the world. Don't forget our pious motives, Padre," said McTurk.

"I suppose I should be now languishing in Bideford gaol, shouldn't I? Well, to quote the Head, in a little business which we have agreed to forget, that strikes me as flagrant injustice. . . . What are you laughing at, you young sinners? Isn't it true? I will not stay to be shouted at. What I looked into this den of iniquity for was to find out if anyone cared to come down for a bathe off the Ridge. But I see you won't."

"Won't we, though? Half a shake, Padre sahib, till we get our towels, and *nous sommes avec vous*."

"THIS ANIMAL OF A BULDY JONES."

BY FRANK NORRIS,

Author of "Moran of the Lady Letty," etc.



WE could always look for fine fighting at Julian's of a Monday morning, because at that time the model was posed for the week and we picked out the places from which to work. Of course the first ten of the *esquisse* men had first choice. So, no matter how early you got up and how resolutely you held to your first row *tabouret*, chaps like Roubaud, or Marioton, or the little Russian, whom we nicknamed "Choubersky," or Haushaulder, or the big American—"This Animal of a Buldy Jones"—all strong *esquisse* men, could always chuck you out when they came, which they did about ten o'clock, when everything had quieted down. When two particularly big, quick-tempered, obstinate, and combative men try to occupy, simultaneously, a space

twelve inches square, it gives rise to complications. We used to watch and wait for these fights (after we had been chucked out ourselves), and make things worse, and hasten the crisis by getting upon the outskirts of the crowd that thronged about the disputants and shoving with all our mights. Then one of the disputants would be jostled rudely against the other, who would hit him in the face, and then there would be a wild hooroosh and a clatter of overturned easels and the flashing of whitened knuckles and glimpses of two fierce red faces over the shoulders of the crowd, and everything would be pleasant. Then, perhaps, you would see an allusion in the Paris edition of the next morning's "Herald" to the "brutal and lawless students."

I remember particularly one fight—quite the best I ever saw at Julian's—or elsewhere, for the matter of that. It was between

Haushaulder and Gilet. Haushaulder was a Dane, and six feet two. Gilet was French, and had a waist like Virginia's. But Gilet had just come back from his three years' army service, and knew all about the *savate*. They squared off at each other, Gilet spitting like a cat, and Haushaulder *grommelant* under his mustache. "This Animal of a Buldy Jones," the big American, bellowed to separate them, for it really looked like a miasacre. And then, all at once, Gilet spun around, bent over till his finger-tips touched the floor, and, balancing on the toe, lashed out backwards with his leg at Haushaulder, like any cayuse. The heel of his boot caught the Dane on the point of the chin. An hour and forty minutes later, when Haushaulder recovered consciousness and tried to speak, we found that the tip of his tongue had been sliced off between his teeth as if by a pair of scissors. It was a really unfortunate affair, and the government very nearly closed the atelier because of it. But "This Animal of a Buldy Jones" gave us all his opinion of the *savate*, and announced that the next man who *savated* from any cause whatever "*aurait affaire avec lui, oui, avec lui, cré nom!*"

Heavens! No one *aimerait avoir affaire avec cette animal de Buldy Jones*. He was from Chicago (but, of course, he couldn't help that!), and was taller than even Haushaulder, and much broader. The desire for art had come upon him all of a sudden while he was studying law at Columbia. For "This Animal of a Buldy Jones" had gone into law after leaving Yale. Here we touch "This Animal of a Buldy Jones's" great weakness. He was a Yale man! Why, he was prouder of that fact than he was of being an American, or even a Chicagoan—and that is saying much. Why, he couldn't talk of Yale without his face flushing. Why, Yale was almost more to him than his mother. I remember, at the students' ball at Bullies, he got the Americans together, and with infinite trouble taught us all the Yale "yell," which he swore was a transcript from Aristophanes, and for three hours he gravely headed a procession that went the rounds of the hall bawling "Brek! Kek! Kek! Kek! Co-ex! Co-ex!" and all the rest of it.

More than that, "This Animal of a Buldy Jones" had pitched on his 'varsity baseball nine. In his studio—quite the swellest in the Quarter, by the way—he had a collection of balls that he had pitched in match games at different times, and he used to show them

to us reverently, and if we were his especial friends, would allow us to handle them. They were all written over with names and dates. He would explain them to us one by one.

"This one," he would say, "I pitched in the Princeton game, and here's two I pitched in the Harvard game—hard game that—our catcher gave out—guess he couldn't hold me" (with a grin of pride), "and Harvard made it interesting for me until the fifth inning; then I made two men fan out one after the other, and then, just to show 'em what I could do, filled the bases, got three balls called on me, and then pitched two in-shoots and an out-curve, just as hard as I could deliver. Printz of Harvard was at the bat. He struck at every one of them—and fanned out. Here's the ball I did it with. Yes, sir. Oh, I can pitch a ball all right."

Now think of that! Here was this man, "This Animal of a Buldy Jones," a Beaux Arts man, one of the best color and line men on our side, who had three *esquisses* and five figures "on the wall" at Julian's (any Paris art student will know what that means), and yet the one thing he was proud of, the one thing he cared to be admired for, the one thing he loved to talk about, was the fact that he had pitched for the Yale 'varsity baseball nine.

All this by way of introduction.

I wonder how many Julian men there are left who remember the *affaire Camme*? Plenty, I make no doubt, for the thing was of a monumental character. I heard Roubault tell it at the "Dead Rat" just the other day. "Choubersky" wrote to "The Young Pretender" that he heard it away in the interior of Morocco, where he had gone to paint doorways, and Adler, who is now on the "Century" staff, says it's an old story among the illustrators. It has been bandied about so much that there is danger of its original form being lost. Wherefore it is time that it should be brought to print.

Now Camme, be it understood, was a filthy little beast—a thorough-paced, blown-in-the-bottle blackguard with not enough self-respect to keep him sweet through a summer's day—a rogue, a bug—anything you like that is sufficiently insulting; besides all this, and perhaps because of it, he was a duelist. He loved to have a man slap his face—some huge, big-boned, big-hearted man, who knew no other weapons but his knuckles. Camme would send him his card the next day, with a message to the effect that it would give him great pleasure to try

and kill the gentleman in question at a certain time and place. Then there would be a lot of palaver, and somehow the duel would never come off, and Camme's reputation as a duelist would go up another peg, and the rest of us—beastly little *rapins* that we were—would hold him in increased fear and increased horror, just as if he were a rattler in coil.

Well, the row began one November morning—a Monday—and, of course, it was over the allotment of seats. Camme had calmly rubbed out the name of "This Animal of a Buldy Jones" from the floor, and had chalked his own in its place. Now, Bouguereau had placed the *esquisse* of "This Animal of a Buldy Jones" fifth, the preceding Saturday, and according to unwritten law he had precedence over Camme.

But Camme invented reasons for a different opinion, and presented them to the whole three ateliers at the top of his voice and with unclean allusions. We were all climbing up on the taller stools by this time, and Virginie, who was the model of the week, was making furtive signs at us to give the crowd a push, as was our custom.

Camme was going on at a great rate.

"Ah, *furceur*! Ah, *espee de voleur, cra-paud, va; c'est a moi cette place la Saligaud va te prom'ner, va faire des copies au Louvre.*"

To be told to go and make copies in the Louvre was in our time the last insult. "This Animal of a Buldy Jones," this sometime Yale pitcher, towering above the little frog-like Frenchman, turned to the crowd, and said, in grave concern, his forehead puckered in great deliberation:

"I do not know, precisely, that which it is necessary to do with this kind of a little toad of two legs. I do not know whether I should spank him or administer the good kick of the boot. I believe I shall give him the good kick of the boot. Hein!"

He turned Camme around, held him at arm's length, and kicked him twice severely. Next day, of course, Camme sent his card, and four of us Americans went around to the studio of "This Animal of a Buldy Jones" to have a smoke-talk over it. Robinson was of the opinion to ignore the matter.

"Now, we can't do that," said Adler; "these beastly continentals would misunderstand. Can you shoot, Buldy Jones?"

"Only deer."

"Fence?"

"Not a little bit. Oh, let's go and punch the wadding out of him, and be done with it!"

"No! No! He should be humiliated."

"I tell you what—let's guy the thing."

"Get up a fake duel and make him seem ridiculous."

"You've got the choice of weapons, Buldy Jones."

"Fight him with hat-pins."

"Oh, let's go punch the wadding out of him—he makes me tired."

"Horse" Wilson, who hadn't spoken, suddenly broke in with:

"Now, listen to me, you other fellows. Let me fix this thing. Buldy Jones, I must be one of your seconds."

"Soit!"

"I'm going to Camme, and say like this: 'This Animal of a Buldy Jones' has the naming of weapons. He comes from a strange country, near the Mississippi, from a place called Shee-ka-go, and there it is not considered etiquette to fight either with the sword or pistol—it is too common. However, when it is necessary that balls should be exchanged in order to satisfy honor, a curious custom is resorted to. Balls are exchanged, but not from pistols. They are very terrible balls, large as an apple, and of adamant hardness. 'This Animal of a Buldy Jones' even now has a collection. No American gentleman of honor travels without them. He would gladly have you come and make first choice of a ball, while he will select one from among those you leave. *Sur le terrain*, you will deliver these balls simultaneously toward each other, repeating till one or the other adversary drops. Then honor can be declared satisfied."

"Yes, and do you suppose that Camme will listen to such tommy-rot as that?" remarked "This Animal of a Buldy Jones."

"I think I'd better just punch his head."

"Listen to it? Of course he'll listen to it. You've no idea what curious ideas these continentals have of the American duel. You can't propose anything so absurd in the dueling line that they won't give it serious thought. And besides, if Camme won't fight this way, we'll tell him that you will have a Mexican duel."

"What's that?"

"Tie your left wrists together, and fight with knives in your right hand. That'll scare the tar out of him."

And it did. The seconds had a meeting at the café of the Moulin Rouge, and gave Camme's seconds the choice of the duel Yale or the duel Mexico. Camme had no wish to tie himself to a man with a knife in his hand,

At his seconds came the next day and solemnly chose a league ball—one that had been used against the Harvard nine.

"Will I—will any of us ever forget that duel? Camme and his people came upon the ground almost at the same time as we. It was behind the mill of Longchamps, of course. Roubault was one of Camme's seconds, and he carried the ball in a lacquered Japanese tobacco-jar—gingerly as if it were a bomb. We were quick getting to work. Camme and "This Animal of a Buldy Jones" were to take each his baseball in his hand, stand back to back, walk away from each other just the distance between the pitcher's box and the home plate (we had seen to that), turn on the word, and—deliver their balls.

"How do you feel," I whispered to our principal, as I passed the ball into his hands.

"I feel just as if I was going into a match game, with the bleachers full to the top and the boys hitting her up for Yale. We ought to give the yell, y' know."

"How's the ball?"

"A bit soft and not quite round. Bernard of the Harvard nine hit the shape out of it in a drive over our left field, but it'll do all right, all right."

"This Animal of a Buldy Jones" bent and gathered up a bit of dirt, rubbed the ball in it, and ground it between his palms. The man's arms were veritable connecting-rods, and were strung with tendons like particularly well-seasoned rubber. I remembered what he said about few catchers being able to hold him, and I recalled the pads and masks and wadded gloves of a baseball game, and I began to feel nervous. If Camme was hit on the temple or over the heart—

"Now, say, old man, go slow, you know. We don't want to fetch up in Mazas for this. By the way, what kind of ball are you going to give him? What's the curve?"

"I don't know yet. Maybe I'll let him have an up-shot. Never make up my mind till the last moment."

"All ready, gentlemen!" said Roubault, coming up.

Camme had removed coat, vest, and cravat. "This Animal of a Buldy Jones" stripped to a sleeveless undershirt. He spat on his hands, and rubbed a little more dirt on the ball.

"Play ball!" he muttered.

We set them back to back. On the word they paced from each other and paused. "This Animal of a Buldy Jones" shifted his ball to his right hand, and, holding it between his fingers, slowly raised both his arms high above his head and a little over one shoulder. With his toe he made a little depression in the soil, while he slowly turned the ball between his fingers.

"Fire!" cried "Horse" Wilson.

On the word "This Animal of a Buldy Jones" turned abruptly about on one foot, one leg came high off the ground till the knee nearly touched the chest—you know the movement and position well—the uncanny contortions of a pitcher about to deliver.

Camme threw his ball overhand—bowled it as is done in cricket, and it went wide over our man's shoulder. Down came Buldy Jones's foot, and his arm shot forward with a tremendous jerk. Not till the very last moment did he glance at his adversary or measure the distance.

"It is an in-curve!" exclaimed "Horse" Wilson in my ear.

We could hear the ball whirl as it left a gray blurred streak in the air. Camme made as if to dodge it with a short toss of head and neck—it was all he had time for—and the ball, faithful to the last twist of the pitcher's fingers, swerved sharply inward at the same moment and in the same direction.

When we got to Camme and gathered him up, I veritably believed that the fellow had been done for. For he lay as he had fallen, straight as a ramrod and quite as stiff, and his eyes were winking like the shutter of a kinetoscope. But "This Animal of a Buldy Jones," who had seen prize-fighters knocked out by a single blow, said it was all right. An hour later Camme woke up and began to mumble in pain through his clenched teeth, for the ball, hitting him on the point of the chin, had dislocated his jaw.

The heart-breaking part of the affair came afterward, when "This Animal of a Buldy Jones" kept us groping in the wet grass and underbrush until long after dark looking for his confounded baseball, which had caromed off Camme's chin, and gone—no one knows where.

We never found it.

LINCOLN'S METHOD OF DEALING WITH MEN.

BY IDA M. TARBELL,

Author of "The Early Life of Lincoln."

THE STORM RAISED OVER FRÉMONT.—McCLELLAN'S TREATMENT OF LINCOLN.—THE RETIREMENT OF SECRETARY CAMERON.—STANTON AND LINCOLN.—LINCOLN IN AFFLICTION.—HIS LATER RELIGIOUS VIEWS.



THE most popular military appointment President Lincoln made before that of McClellan was that of John C. Frémont to the command of the Department of the West. Republicans appreciated it, for had not Frémont been the first candidate of their party for the Presidency?

The West was jubilant: Frémont's explorations had years before made him the hero of the land along the Mississippi. The cabinet was satisfied, particularly Postmaster-General Blair, whose "pet and protégé" Frémont was. Lincoln himself "thought well of Frémont," believed he could do the work to be done; and he had already had experience enough to discern that his great trouble was to be, not finding major-generals—he had more *pegs* than *holes* to put them in, he said one day—but finding major-generals who could do the thing they were ordered to do.

Frémont had gone to his headquarters at St. Louis, Missouri, late in July. Before a month had passed, the gravest charges of incompetency and neglect of duty were being made against him. It was even intimated to the President that the General was using his position to work up a northwestern confederacy. Mr. Lincoln had listened to all these charges, but taken no action, when, on the morning of August 30th, he was amazed to read in his newspaper that Frémont had issued a proclamation declaring, among other things, that the property, real and personal, of all the persons in the State of Missouri who should take up arms against the United States, or who should be directly proved to have taken an active part with its enemies in the field, would be confiscated to public

use and their slaves, if they had any, declared freemen.

LINCOLN'S CONSIDERATION FOR FRÉMONT.

Frémont's proclamation astonished the country as much as it did the President. In the North it elicited almost universal satisfaction. This was striking at the root of the trouble—slavery. But in the Border States, particularly in Kentucky, the Union party was dismayed. The only possible method of keeping those sections in the Union was not to interfere with slavery. Mr. Lincoln saw this as clearly as his Border State supporters. It was well known that this was his policy. He felt that Frémont had not only defied the policy of the administration, he had usurped power which belonged only to the legislative part of the government. He had a good excuse for reprimanding the General, even for removing him. Instead, he wrote him, on September 2d, a most kindly letter:

I think there is great danger that the closing paragraph [of the proclamation], in relation to the confiscation of property and the liberating slaves of traitorous owners, will alarm our Southern Union friends and turn them against us; perhaps ruin our rather fair prospect for Kentucky. Allow me, therefore, to ask that you will, as of your own motion, modify that paragraph so as to conform to the first and fourth sections of the act of Congress entitled, "An act to confiscate property used for insurrectionary purposes," approved August 6, 1861, and a copy of which act I herewith send you.

This letter is written in a spirit of caution, and not of censure. I send it by special messenger, in order that it may certainly and speedily reach you.

But Lincoln did more than this. Without waiting for Frémont's reply to the above, he went over carefully all the criticisms on the General's administration, in order to see if he could help him. His conclusion was that

Frémont was isolating himself too much from men who were interested in the same cause, and so did not know what was going on in the very matter he was dealing with. That Mr. Lincoln hit the very root of Frémont's difficulty is evident from the testimony of the men who were with the General in Missouri at the time. Colonel George E. Leighton of St. Louis, who became provost marshal of the city in the fall of 1861, says :

Frémont isolated himself, and, unlike Grant, Halleck, and others of like rank, was unapproachable. When Halleck came here to assume command and called on Frémont, he was accompanied simply by a member of his staff; but when Frémont returned the call, he rode down with great pomp and ceremony, escorted by his staff and bodyguard of one hundred men.*

General B. G. Farrar recounts his experience in trying to get an important message to Frémont from General Lyon, who was at Springfield with an insufficient force :

Word was returned to me that General Frémont was very busy, that he would receive the despatch, and requested me to call in the afternoon. I called in the afternoon, and was again told that General Frémont was very busy. Three days passed before I succeeded in obtaining an audience with Frémont.*

Having made up his mind what Frémont's fault was, Lincoln asked General David Hunter to go to Missouri. "He [Frémont] needs to have at his side a man of large experience," he wrote to Hunter. "Will you not, for me, take that place? Your rank is one grade too high to be ordered to it, but will you not serve the country and oblige me by taking it voluntarily?" At the same time that Hunter was asked to go to Frémont's relief, Postmaster-General Blair went to St. Louis, with the President's approbation, to talk with the General "as a friend."

LINCOLN DENOUNCED ON ALL SIDES.

In the meantime, Lincoln's letter of September 2d had reached Frémont. After a few days the General replied that he wished the President himself would make the general order modifying the clause of the proclamation which referred to the liberation of slaves. Lincoln at once sent the order. When this was made public, a perfect storm of denunciation broke over the President. The whole North felt outraged. There was talk of impeaching Lincoln and of replacing him with Frémont. Great newspapers criticised his action, warning him to learn whither he was tending. Influential men in

all professions spoke bitterly of his action. "How many times," wrote James Russell Lowell to Miss Norton, "are we to save Kentucky and lose our self-respect?" The hardest of these criticisms for Lincoln to bear were those from his old friends in Illinois, nearly all of whom supported Frémont.

The general supposition throughout the country at this time was that the President would remove Frémont. He, however, had no idea of dismissing the General on the ground of the proclamation, and he hoped, as he wrote to Senator Browning, that no real necessity existed for it on any ground. The hope was vain. Disasters to the Union army, the evident result of the General's inefficiency, and positive proofs of corruption in the management of the financial affairs of the Department, multiplied. In spite of expostulations and threats from Frémont's supporters, Lincoln decided to remove him. But he would not do it without giving him a last chance. In sending the order for his removal and the appointment of General Hunter to the place, he directed that it was not to be delivered if there was any evidence that Frémont had fought, or was about to fight, a battle. It was not only Lincoln's sense of justice which led him to give a last chance to Frémont; it was a part of that far-seeing political wisdom of his—not to displace men until they themselves had demonstrated their unfitness so clearly that even their friends must finally agree that he had done right.

FRÉMONT'S REMOVAL.

It was generally believed in Missouri that Frémont had decided to receive no bearer of despatches, so that if the President did remove him he could say that he never had been informed of the fact. General Curtis, to whom Lincoln's order was forwarded, knowing this, sent copies by three separate messengers to Frémont's headquarters. The one who delivered it first was General T. I. McKenny, now of Olympia, Washington. His story is good evidence of the pass to which things had come in Frémont's department :

About three o'clock at night, on October 27, 1861, I think it was, I was awakened by a messenger stating that General Curtis desired to see me at his headquarters. General Curtis informed me that he had an important message from the President to be taken to General Frémont, then in the field, it not being known where. I was shown the order that I was to convey, that General Frémont was relieved of his command of

* Interview for *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE* by J. McCreo Davis.

the Department of the West and General Hunter placed temporarily in his stead. Aside from this, I had special instructions which I understood were Mr. Lincoln's own—

1st. If General Frémont had fought and gained a decided victory—not a mere skirmish—then not to deliver the message.

2d. If he was in the immediate presence of the enemy and about to begin a battle, not to deliver it.

3d. If neither of these conditions prevailed, to deliver it and to make it known immediately, as it was thought that he was determined to receive no orders superseding him.

I immediately went to St. Louis, waked up a second-hand dealer in clothing and fitted myself out as a Southern planter, and then took the train for Rolla, Missouri. There I secured horses and a guide, and about two o'clock at night rode rapidly south in the direction of Springfield, Missouri, where I expected to find Frémont. I rode this distance principally in the night, passing through the small rebel towns at a very rapid gait. About 117 miles from Rolla I reached the outer cordon of Frémont's pickets. Here I had difficulty getting through the lines, as the instructions to the guard were very stringent. When I finally got in, there being no immediate prospects of a battle, I straightway made my way to Frémont's headquarters, where I met the officer of the day, who told me that I could not see General Frémont, but that he would introduce me to his chief of staff, Colonel Eaton. The latter also told me that I could not see the General; but if I would make my business known to him, that he would communicate it to Frémont. This I positively refused to do. He returned to Frémont, and communicated what I had said, but it had no effect. Late in the evening, however, I was hunted up by Colonel Eaton, who took me to General Frémont's office.

The General was sitting at the end of quite a long table facing the door by which I entered. I never can forget the appearance of the man as he sat there, with his piercing eye, and his hair parted in the middle. I ripped from my coat lining the document, which had been sewed in there, and handed the same to him, which he nervously took and opened. He glanced at the superscription, and then at the signature at the bottom, not looking at the contents. A frown came over his brow, and he slammed the paper down on the table, and said, "Sir, how did you get admission into my lines?" I told him that I had come in as a messenger bearing information from the rebel lines. He waved me out, saying, "That will do for the present."

I had orders to make the contents of the document known as soon as delivered. The first man I met was General Sturgis, to whom I gave the information. I was then overtaken by the chief of staff, Eaton, who said that General Frémont was much disappointed with the communication, as he had thought that I had information from the rebel forces, and that he requested me not to make the message known for the present.

I then told Colonel Eaton that I had important despatches for General Hunter and would like transportation and a guide, and he remarked that he would consult General Frémont on the subject. He soon returned with the information that Frémont did not know where General Hunter was and refused to give me any transportation, saying that he had been relieved and had no authority to do so. I then went to a self-styled "Colonel" Richardson, who had a kind of marauding company, having been mustered into neither the United States service nor the State service. I gave him to understand that I would use my influence to have him regularly mustered into the service, whereupon he furnished me with a good horse and a pretended guide. I could get no information in regard to

Hunter, but there was a rumor that he was making towards Springfield and was in the region of a place called Buffalo. I therefore started out about eleven o'clock at night on the Buffalo road, and, after great difficulty, reached the town about daylight, but I could hear nothing of General Hunter. I left my guide, and started out on the road to Bolivar. I had not proceeded more than twelve or fifteen miles before I heard the rattling of horses' hoofs in my rear. I stopped to await their arrival, and found that they were a small detachment of Hunter's troops to inform me that the General had just arrived in Buffalo, whereupon I retraced my steps and delivered my message. General Hunter immediately started for Springfield in a four-mule ambulance. Arriving, he issued a short proclamation assuming command. It was thought by some that this would produce a mutiny among the foreign element. It did not.*

LINCOLN AND GENERAL HUNTER.

Lincoln's troubles with generals in the Department of the West did not end with Frémont's removal. General Hunter, to whom the President had shown special marks of confidence and whom he assigned temporarily to Frémont's place, annoyed him by continued complaints and criticisms. In December, after Hunter had been transferred to Kansas, Lincoln attempted to do for him what he had tried in another way to do for Frémont, show him that he was making a mistake; and he wrote the following letter, which only recently came into the possession of the War Department:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, Dec. 31, 1861.

MAJOR-GENERAL HUNTER.

Dear Sir: Yours of the 23d is received, and I am constrained to say it is difficult to answer so ugly a letter in good temper. I am, as you intimate, losing much of the great confidence I placed in you, not from any act or omission of yours touching the public service, up to the time you were sent to Leavenworth, but from the flood of grumbling despatches and letters I have seen from you since. I knew you were being ordered to Leavenworth at the time it was done; and I aver that with as tender a regard for your honor and your sensibilities as I had for my own, it never occurred to me that you were being "humiliated, insulted and disgraced;" nor have I, up to this day, heard an intimation that you have been wronged, coming from any one but yourself—No one has blamed you for the retrograde movement from Springfield, nor for the information you gave General Cameron; and this you could readily understand, if it were not for your unwarranted assumption that the ordering you to Leavenworth must necessarily have been done as a *punishment* for some *fault*. I thought then, and think yet, the position assigned to you is as responsible, and as honorable, as that assigned to Buell—I know that General McClellan expected more important results from it. My impression is that at the time you were assigned to the new Western Department, it had not been determined to replace General Sherman in Kentucky; but of this I am not certain, because the idea that a command in Kentucky was very desirable, and one in the farther West

* Statement dictated by General McKenny for publication in this article.

undesirable, had never occurred to me—You constantly speak of being placed in command of only 3,000—Now tell me, is this not mere impatience? Have you not known all the while that you are to command four or five times that many?

I have been, and am sincerely your friend; and if, as such, I dare to make a suggestion, I would say you are adopting the best possible way to ruin yourself. "Act well your part, there all the honor lies." He who does *something* at the head of one Regiment, will eclipse him who does *nothing* at the head of a hundred.

Your friend as ever,

A. LINCOLN.

On the outside of the envelope in which this letter was found, General Hunter had written:

The President's reply to my "ugly letter." This lay on his table a month after it was written, and when finally sent was by a special conveyance, with the direction that it was only to be given to me when I was in a good humor.

LINCOLN'S RELATIONS WITH McCLELLAN.

It was not in the West alone that the President was suffering disappointment. At the time when Frémont received the order retiring him, McClellan had been in command of the Army of the Potomac for over three months. His force had been increased until it numbered over 168,000 men. He had given night and day to organizing and drilling this army, and it seemed to those who watched him that he now had a force as near ready for battle as an army could be made ready by anything save actual fighting. Mr. Lincoln had fully sympathized with his young general's desire to prepare the Army of the Potomac for the field, and he had given him repeated proofs of his support. McClellan, however, seems to have felt from the first that Mr. Lincoln's kindness was merely a personal recognition of his own military genius. He had conceived the idea that it was he alone who was to save the country. "The people call upon me to save the country," he wrote to his wife. "I must save it, and cannot respect anything that is in the way." The President's suggestions, when they did not agree with his own ideas, he regarded as an interference. Thus he imagined that the enemy had three or four times his force, and when the President doubted this, he complained, "The President cannot or will not see the true state of affairs." Lincoln, in his anxiety to know the details of the work in the army, went frequently to McClellan's headquarters, on the corner of I and Seventeenth streets. That the President had a serious purpose in these visits McClellan did not see. "I enclose a card just received from 'A. Lincoln,'"

he wrote to his wife one day; "it shows too much deference to be seen outside." In another letter to Mrs. McClellan he spoke of being "interrupted" by the President and Secretary Seward, "who had nothing in particular to say," and again of concealing himself "to dodge all enemies in shape of 'browsing' Presidents, etc." His plans he kept to himself, and when at the cabinet meetings, to which he was constantly summoned, military matters were discussed, he seemed to feel that it was an encroachment on his special business. "I am becoming daily more disgusted with this Administration—perfectly sick of it," he wrote early in October; and a few days later, "I was obliged to attend a meeting of the cabinet at 8 P.M. and was bored and annoyed. There are some of the greatest geese in the cabinet I have ever seen—enough to tax the patience of Job."

As time went on, he began to show plainly his contempt of the President, frequently allowing him to wait in the ante room of his house while he transacted business with others. This discourtesy was so open that McClellan's staff noticed it, and newspaper correspondents commented on it. The President was too keen not to see the situation, but he was strong enough to ignore it. It was a battle he wanted from McClellan, not deference. "I will hold McClellan's horse, if he will only bring us success," he said one day.

A GLIMPSE OF LINCOLN AT McCLELLAN'S HEADQUARTERS.

While there was a pretty general disposition at first to give McClellan time to organize, before the first three months were up Lincoln was receiving impatient comments on the inactivity of the army. This impatience became anger and dismay when, on October 21st, the battle of Ball's Bluff ended in defeat. To Mr. Lincoln, Ball's Bluff was more than a military reverse. By it he suffered a terrible personal loss, in the death of one of his oldest and dearest friends, Colonel E. D. Baker. Mr. C. C. Coffin, who was at McClellan's headquarters when Lincoln received the news of his friend's death, tells of the scene:

The afternoon was lovely, a rare October day. I learned early in the day that something was going on up the Potomac, near Edward's Ferry, by the troops under General Banks. What was going on no one knew, even at McClellan's headquarters. It was near sunset when, accompanied by a fellow correspondent, I went to ascertain what was taking place. We entered

the ante-room, and sent our cards to General McClellan. While we waited, President Lincoln came in; he recognized us, reached out his hand, spoke of the beauty of the afternoon, while waiting for the return of the young lieutenant who had gone to announce his arrival. The lines were deeper in the President's face than when I saw him in his own home, the cheeks more sunken. They had lines of care and anxiety. For eighteen months he had borne a burden such as has fallen upon few men, a burden as weighty as that which rested upon the great law-giver of Israel.

"Please to walk this way," said the lieutenant. We could hear the click of the telegraph in the adjoining room and low conversation between the President and General McClellan, succeeded by silence, excepting the click, click of the instrument, which went on with its tale of disaster. Five minutes passed, and then Mr. Lincoln, unattended, with bowed head and tears rolling down his furrowed cheeks, his face pale and wan, his breast heaving with emotion, passed through the room. He almost fell as he stepped into the street. We sprang involuntarily from our seats to render assistance, but he did not fall. With both hands pressed upon his heart, he walked down the street, not returning the salute of the sentinel pacing his beat before the door.

General McClellan came a moment later. "I have not much news to tell you," he said. "There has been a movement of troops across the Potomac at Edward's Ferry, under General Stone, and Colonel Baker is reported killed. That is about all I can give you."

LINCOLN'S ATTITUDE IN THE MASON AND SLIDELL AFFAIR.

After Ball's Bluff, the grumbling against inaction in the Army of the Potomac increased until public attention was suddenly distracted by an incident of an entirely new character, and one which changed the discouragement of the North over the repeated military failures and the inactivity of the army into exultation. This incident was the capture, on November 8th, by Captain Wilkes, of the warship "San Jacinto," of two Confederate commissioners to Europe, Messrs. Mason and Slidell. Captain Wilkes had stopped the British royal mail packet "Trent," one day out from Havana, and taken the envoys with their secretaries from her. It was not until November 15th that Captain Wilkes put in to Hampton Roads and sent the Navy Department word of his performance.

Of course the message was immediately carried to Mr. Lincoln at the White House. A few hours later Benson J. Lossing called on the President, and the conversation turned on the news. Mr. Lincoln did not hesitate to express himself.

"I fear the traitors will prove to be white elephants," he said. "We must stick to American principles concerning the rights of neutrals. We fought Great Britain for insisting by theory and practice on the right to do exactly what Captain Wilkes has done. If Great Britain shall now protest against the act and demand their release, we must give them up, apologize for the act as a violation of our doctrines, and thus forever bind

her over to keep the peace in relation to neutrals, and so acknowledge that she has been wrong for sixty years."

As time went on, Lincoln had every reason to suppose that there was an overwhelming sentiment in the country in favor of keeping the commissioners and braving the wrath of England. Banquets and presentations, votes of thanks by the cabinet and by Congress, all kinds of ovation, were accorded Captain Wilkes. During this excitement the President held his peace, not even referring to the affair in the message he sent to Congress on December 3d. He was studying the situation. Before his inauguration he had said one day to Seward: "One part of the business, Governor Seward, I think I shall leave almost entirely in your hands; that is, the dealing with those foreign nations and their governments." Now, however, he saw that he must exercise a controlling influence. The person with whom he seems to have discussed the case most seriously was Charles Sumner, the chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations.

LINCOLN'S RELATIONS WITH CHARLES SUMNER.

Sumner was one of the few men who had from the first believed in Lincoln. Although himself most radical, he had been appreciative of the President-elect's point of view, and had seen in the interval between the election and the inauguration that, as a matter of fact, Lincoln was, on the essential question at issue, "firm as a chain of steel." Thus, on January 26th, he wrote, "Mr. Lincoln is perfectly firm. He says that the Republican party shall not, with his assent, become a mere sucked egg, all shell and no meat, the principle all sucked out." Although himself a most polished, even a fastidious gentleman, Sumner never allowed Lincoln's homely ways to hide his great qualities. He gave him a respect and esteem at the start which others accorded only after experience. The Senator was most tactful, too, in his dealings with Mrs. Lincoln, and soon had a firm footing in the household. That he was proud of this, perhaps a little boastful, there is no doubt. Lincoln himself appreciated this. "Sumner thinks he runs me," he said, with an amused twinkle, one day. After the seizure of Mason and Slidell, the President talked over the question frequently with Sumner, who had, from the receipt of the news, declared, "We shall have to give them up."

Early in December, word reached America

that England was getting ready to go to war in case we did not give up the commissioners. The news aroused the deepest indignation, and the determination to keep Mason and Slide'l was for a brief time stronger than ever. Common sense was doing its work, however. Gradually the people began to feel that, after all, the commissioners were "white elephants." On December 19th, the Administration received a notice that the only redress which would satisfy the British government would be "the liberation of the four gentlemen," and their delivery to the British minister at Washington and a "suitable apology for the aggression which had been committed." In the days which followed, while the Secretary of State was preparing the reply to be submitted, Sumner was much with the President. We have the Senator's assurance that the President was applying his mind carefully to the answer, so that it would be essentially his. It is evident from Sumner's letter that Lincoln was resolved that there should be no war with England. Thus, on December 23d, Sumner wrote to John Bright, with whom he maintained a regular correspondence: "Your letter and also Cobden's I showed at once to the President, who is much moved and astonished by the English intelligence. He is essentially honest and pacific in disposition, with a natural slowness. Yesterday he said to me, 'There will be no war unless England is bent upon having one.'"

MR. SEWARD'S ANSWER TO GREAT BRITAIN.

It was on Christmas day that Seward finally had his answer ready. It granted the British demand as to the surrender of the prisoners, though it refused an apology--on the ground that Captain Wilkes had acted without orders. After the paper had been discussed by the cabinet, but no decision reached, and all of the members but Seward had departed, Lincoln said, according to Mr. Frederick Seward: "Governor Seward, you will go on, of course, preparing your answer, which, as I understand it, will state the reasons why they ought to be given up. Now, I have a mind to try my hand at stating the reasons why they ought *not* to be given up. We will compare the points on each side."

But the next day, after a cabinet meeting at which it was decided finally to return the prisoners, when Secretary Seward said to the President: "You thought you might frame an argument for the other side?" Mr. Lin-

coln smiled, and shook his head. "I found I could not make an argument that would satisfy my own mind," he said; "and that proved to me your ground was the right one."

Lincoln's first conclusion was the real ground on which the Administration submitted: "We must stick to American principles concerning the rights of neutrals." The country grimaced at the conclusion. It was to many, as Chase declared it was to him, "gall and wormwood." Lowell's clever verse expressed best the popular feeling:

We give the critters back, John,
Cos Abram thought 't was right;
It war'n't your bully'n' elack, John,
Provokin' us to fight.

The decision raised Mr. Lincoln immeasurably in the view of thoughtful men, especially in England.

"If reparation were made at all, of which few of us felt more than a hope," wrote John Stuart Mill, "we thought that it would be made obviously as a concession to prudence, not to principle. We thought that there would have been truckling to the newspaper editors and supposed fire-eaters who were crying out for retaining the prisoners at all hazards. . . . We expected everything, in short, which would have been weak, and timid, and paltry. The only thing which no one seemed to expect is what has actually happened. Mr. Lincoln's government have done none of these things. Like honest men they have said in direct terms that our demand was right; that they yielded to it because it was just; that if they themselves had received the same treatment, they would have demanded the same reparation; and if what seemed to be the American side of the question was not the just side, they would be on the side of justice, happy as they were to find after their resolution had been taken, that it was also the side which America had formerly defended. Is there any one capable of a moral judgment or feeling, who will say that his opinion of America and American statesmen is not raised by such an act, done on such grounds?"

CAMERON AND LINCOLN.

Before the "Trent" affair was settled another matter came up to distract attention from McClellan's inactivity and to harass Mr. Lincoln. This time it was trouble in his official family. Mr. Cameron, his Secretary of War, had become even more obnoxious to the public than Frémont or McClellan. Like Seward, Cameron had been one of Lincoln's competitors at the Chicago Convention in 1860. His appointment to the cabinet, however, had not been made, like Seward's, because of his eminent fitness. It was the one case in which a bargain had been made before the nomination. This bargain was not struck by Mr. Lincoln, but by his friend and ablest supporter at Chicago, Judge David Davis. There was so general a belief in the country that Cameron was corrupt in his po-

litical methods that, when it was noised that he was to be one of Lincoln's cabinet, a strong effort was made to displace him. It succeeded temporarily, the President-elect withdrawing the promise of appointment after he had made it. Such pressure was brought to bear, however, that in the end he made Judge Davis's pledge good and gave the portfolio of war to Mr. Cameron.

The unsatisfactory preliminaries to the appointment must have affected the relations of the two men. Cameron's enemies watched his administration with sharp eyes, and not long after the war began commenced to bring accusations of maladministration to the President. The gist of them was that contracts were awarded for politics' sake and that the government was being swindled wholesale. Soon after the extra session of Congress assembled in July, a committee was appointed to look into the contracts the War Department was making. This committee spent the entire fall in investigation sitting in Boston, New York, Chicago, St. Louis, and other cities. Its report, when made public in December, proved to be full of sensational developments. The matter was too serious a one for Mr. Lincoln to overlook. The public would not permit him to overlook it, even if he had been so disposed.

Cameron not only brought the President into trouble by his bad management of the business of his office; but in his December report he attempted, without Mr. Lincoln's knowledge, to advocate a measure in direct opposition to what he knew to be the President's policy in regard to slavery. This measure declared in favor of arming the slaves and employing "their services against the rebels, under proper military regulation, discipline, and command." This report was mailed before the President saw it; but by his order it was promptly withdrawn from circulation as soon as he knew its contents.

Nine months of this sort of experience convinced Lincoln that Cameron was not the man for the place, and he took advantage of a remark which the Secretary, probably in moments of depression, had made to him more than once, that he wanted a "change of position," and made him Minister to Russia. It is plain from Lincoln's letters to Cameron at this time and his subsequent treatment of him that, with characteristic fair-dealing, he took into consideration all the enormous difficulties which beset the Secretary of War. He saw what the public refused to see, that "to bring the War Department up to the standard of the times,

and work an army of 500,000 with machinery adapted to a peace establishment of 12,000, is no easy task." He had all this in mind evidently when he relieved Cameron, for he assured him of his personal regard and of his confidence in his "ability, patriotism, and fidelity to public trust." A few months later he did still more for Cameron. In April, 1862, Congress passed a bill censuring the Secretary for certain of his transactions. The President soon after sent the body a message in which he claimed that he himself was equally responsible in the transaction for which Cameron was being censured:

I should be wanting equally in candor and in justice if I should leave the censure expressed in this resolution to rest exclusively or chiefly upon Mr. Cameron. The same sentiment is unanimously entertained by the heads of departments who participated in the proceedings which the House of Representatives has censured. It is due to Mr. Cameron to say that, although he fully approved the proceedings, they were not moved nor suggested by himself, and that not only the President but all the other heads of departments, were at least equally responsible with him for whatever error, wrong, or fault was committed in the premises.

STANTON AND LINCOLN.

In deciding on a successor to Mr. Cameron, the President showed more clearly, perhaps, than in any other appointment of his whole Presidential career how far above personal resentments he was in his public dealings. He chose a man who six years before, at a time when consideration from a superior meant a great deal to him, had subjected him to a slight, and this for no other apparent reason than that he was rude in dress and unpolished in manner; a man who, besides, had been his most scornful, even vituperative, critic since his election. This man was Edwin M. Stanton, a lawyer of ability, integrity, and loyalty, who had won the confidence of the North by his patriotic services in Buchanan's cabinet from December, 1860, to the close of his administration, March 4, 1861. Lincoln's first encounter with Stanton had been in 1855, in the first case of importance Lincoln had outside of Illinois. He was a counsel in the case with Stanton, but the latter ignored him so openly that all those associated with them observed it.

Lincoln next knew of Stanton when, as President-elect, he watched from Springfield the deplorable dissolution of the federal authority which Buchanan allowed, and he must have felt profoundly grateful at the new vigor and determination which were infused into the Administration when, in December, 1860, Stanton and Holt entered Buchanan's cabi-

net. After Lincoln was inaugurated he had nothing to do with Stanton. In fact he did not see him from the 4th of March, 1861, to the day he handed him his commission as Secretary of War, in January, 1862. Stanton, however, was watching Lincoln's administration closely, even disdainfully. After Bull Run he wrote to ex-President Buchanan : "The imbecility of this Administration culminated in that catastrophe; an irretrievable misfortune and national disgrace, never to be forgotten, are to be added to the ruin of all peaceful pursuits and national bankruptcy, as the result of Lincoln's 'running the machine' for five months."

McClellan, who saw much of Stanton in the fall of 1861, says :

The most disagreeable thing about him was the extreme virulence with which he abused the President, the Administration, and the Republican party. He carried this to such an extent that I was often shocked by it. He never spoke of the President in any other way than as the "original gorilla," and often said that Du Chaillu was a fool to wander all the way to Africa in search of what he could so easily have found at Springfield, Illinois. Nothing could have been more bitter than his words and manner always were when speaking of the Administration and the Republican party. He never gave them credit for honesty or patriotism, and very seldom for any ability.

Lincoln, if he knew of this abuse, which is improbable, regarded it no more seriously than he did McClellan's slights. He knew Stanton was

able and loyal; that the country believed in him; that he would administer the department with honesty and energy. Furthermore, he knew of the intimacy between McClellan and Stanton, and as he saw the great necessity of harmonious relations between the head of the War Department and the commander of the army, he was more in favor of Stanton. The appointment was generally regarded as a wise selection, and in many quarters aroused enthusiasm.



GENERAL JOHN C. FRÉMONT, COMMANDER OF
THE DEPARTMENT OF THE WEST FROM JULY
TO NOVEMBER, 1861



JESSIE BENTON FRÉMONT, WIFE OF GENERAL JOHN C.
FRÉMONT.

MCCLELLAN STILL INACTIVE.

The excitement over the "Trent" affair, the investigation of the War Department, the dismissal of Cameron, and the appointment of Stanton, diverted public criticism from McClellan; but never for long at a time. The inactivity of the Army of the Potomac had become the subject of gibes and sneers. Lincoln stood by the General. He had promised him all the "sense and information" he had, and he gave it. When Congress opened on December 3d, he took the opportunity to remind the country that the General was its own choice, as well as his, and that support was due him :

Since your last adjournment Lieutenant-General Scott has retired from the head of the army. With the retirement of General Scott came the

executive duty of appointing in his stead a general-in-chief of the army. It is a fortunate circumstance that neither in council nor country was there, so far as I know, any difference of opinion as to the proper person to be selected. The retiring chief repeatedly expressed his judgment in favor of General McClellan for the position, and in this the nation seemed to give a unanimous concurrence. The designation of General McClellan is, therefore, in considerable degree the selection of the country as well as of the executive, and hence there is better reason to hope there will be given him the confidence and cordial support thus by fair implication promised, and without which he cannot with so full efficiency serve the country.

IMPATIENCE IN CONGRESS.

At this time Lincoln had every reason to believe that McClellan would soon move. The General certainly was assuring the few persons whom he condescended to take into his confidence to that effect. The Hon. Galusha A. Grow, of Pennsylvania, Speaker of the House, says that very soon after Congress came together, the members began to comment on the number of board barracks that were going up around Washington.

"It seemed to them," says Mr. Grow, "that there were a great many more than were necessary for hospital and reserve purposes. The roads at that time in Virginia were excellent; everybody was eager for an advance. Congressmen observed the barracks with dismay; it looked as if McClellan was going into win-

ter quarters. Finally several of them came to me and stated their anxiety, asking what it meant. 'Well, gentlemen,' I said, 'I don't know what it means but I will ask the General,' so I went to McClellan, who received me kindly, and told him how all the members were feeling, and asked him if the army was really going into winter quarters. 'No, no,' McClellan said, 'I have no intention of putting the army into winter quarters; I mean the campaign shall be short, sharp, and decisive.' He began explaining his plan to me, but I interrupted him, saying I did not desire to know his plan; I preferred not to know it, in fact. If I could assure members of Congress that the army was going to move, it was all that was necessary. I returned with his assurance that there would soon be an advance. Weeks went on, however, without the promised advance; nor did the Army of the Potomac leave the vicinity of Washington until Mr. Lincoln issued the special orders compelling McClellan to move."

Lincoln continued to defend McClellan. "We've got to stand by the General," he told his visitors. "I suppose," he added dubiously, "he knows his business."

DISAPPOINTING NEWS FROM THE WEST.

Towards the end of December McClellan fell ill. The long-expected advance was out of the question until he recovered. Distracted at this idea, the President for the first time asserted himself as commander-in-chief of the forces of the United States. Heretofore he had used his military authority principally in raising men and commissioning officers; campaigns he had left to the generals. Now, however, he undertook to learn direct from the officers the condition things were in, and if it was not possible to get some work out of the army somewhere along the line. The West seemed the likeliest field, and he telegraphed to Halleck, then in command of the Western Department, and Buell, in charge of the forces in Kentucky, asking if they were "in concert" and urging a movement which he supposed to have been decided upon some time before. The replies he received disappointed and distressed him. There seemed to be no more idea of advancing in the West than in the East. The plans he supposed settled his generals now controverted. He could get no promise of action, no precise information. "Delay is ruining us," he wrote to Buell on January 7th, "and it is indispensable for me to have something definite." And yet, convinced though he was that his plans were practicable, he would not make them into orders.

This hesitancy about exercising his mili-



WILLIE LINCOLN, THIRD SON OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.
DIED FEBRUARY 20, 1862, AT THE AGE OF 12.

From a photograph taken by Brady at Washington, shortly before the death of Willie Lincoln.

© Interview with the Hon. Galusha A. Grow for this magazine.



ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY HENRY WOLF EXPRESSLY FOR MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN IN THE CABINET ROOM OF THE WHITE HOUSE, WHERE THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION WAS SIGNED.—A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT.

From a hitherto unpublished photograph by Brady, in the Civil War collection of Mr. Robert Coster. In the room shown in the picture, cabinet meetings were held from the beginning of Polk's administration to the close of Lincoln's, and on the table at which Mr. Lincoln is sitting the Proclamation of Emancipation was signed by him. The figure partially shown on the right is that of Mr. F. B. Carpenter, under whose direction the photograph was taken, as a study for his painting, "The Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation," now in the Capitol at Washington. On the left is partially shown the figure of Mr. J. G. Nicolay, the President's private secretary.

tary authority came, of course, from Lincoln's consciousness that he knew next to nothing of the business of fighting. When he saw that those supposed to know something of the science did nothing, he resolved to learn the subject himself as thoroughly as he could. "He gave himself, night and day, to the study of the military situation.

He read a large number of strategical works. He pored over the reports from the various departments and districts of the field of war. He held long conferences with eminent generals and admirals, and astonished them by the extent of his special knowledge and the keen intelligence of his questions."*

* "Abraham Lincoln: A History." Nicolay and Hay.

LINCOLN ORDERS AN ADVANCE OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

By the time McClellan was about again, Lincoln had made up his mind that the Army of the Potomac could and must advance, and on January 31st, he, for the first time, used his power as commander-in-chief of the army, and issued his Special War Order No. 1.

Ordered, That all the disposable force of the Army of the Potomac, after providing safely for the defense of Washington, be formed into an expedition for the immediate object of seizing and occupying a point upon the railroad southwestward of what is known as Manassas Junction, all details to be in the discretion of the commander-in-chief, and the expedition to move before or on the 22d day of February next.
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

For a time after this order was issued there was general hopefulness in the country. The newspapers that had been attacking the President now praised him for taking hold of the army. "It has infused new spirit into every one since the President appears to take such an interest in our operations," wrote an officer from the West, to the "Tribune." The hope of an advance was short-lived. McClellan had another plan. The mutterings of the country soon began again. Committee after committee waited on the President. He did his best to assure them that he was doing all he could. He pointed out to them how time and patience, as well as men and money, were needed in war, and he argued that, above all, he must not be interfered with. It was at this time that he used his striking illustration of Blondin. Some gentlemen from the West called at the White House one day, excited and troubled about some of the commissions or omissions of the Administration. The President heard them patiently, and then replied: "Gentle-

men, suppose all the property you were worth was in gold and you had put it in the hands of Blondin, to carry across the Niagara River on a rope. Would you shake the cable or keep shouting at him, 'Blondin, stand up a little straighter—Blondin, stoop a little more—go a little faster—lean a little more to the north—lean a little more to the south?' No, you would hold your breath as well as your tongue, and keep your hands off until he was safe over. The government is carrying an enormous weight. Untold treasures

are in their hands; they are doing the very best they can. Don't badger them. Keep silence, and we will get you safe across."

One of the most insistent of the many bodies which beset him was the Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War, appointed the December before. Aggressive and patriotic, these gentlemen were determined the army should move. But it was not until March that they became convinced that anything would be done. One day early in that month, Senator



GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN, GENERAL-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMIES FROM NOVEMBER 1, 1861, TO MARCH 11, 1862.

Chandler, of Michigan, a member of the committee, met George W. Julian. He was in high glee. "Old Abe is mad," he said to Julian, "and the war will now go on." It did now go on. McClellan, unable to resist longer the pressure of President and War Department, had at last moved the Army of the Potomac towards Richmond.

A PERSONAL BEREAVEMENT.

The burden of anxiety over the inaction of the army was lifted at last. In the West there had been victories at Fort Henry and Fort Donelson. McClellan was moving; the war was going on. But while the country was rejoicing over the new spirit in the con-

duct of the war, Mr. Lincoln was plunged in a bitter private sorrow. Early in February his two younger boys, Willie and Tad, as they were familiarly known, fell sick. The President at the moment was harassed by McClellan's delay to obey his order of January 31st; by the General's plan of campaign, which he did not believe wise, but which he did not feel justified in overruling; and by the night and day pressure of the press, of Congress, and of innumerable private delegations, all of them wanting the war to go on no more than he did. The illness of his children added a sharp personal pang to his anxiety. In the tenderness of his nature he could not see suffering of any kind without a passionate desire to relieve it. Especially was he moved by the distress of a child. Indeed his love for children had already become familiar to the whole public by the touching little stories which visitors had brought away from the White House and which crept into the newspapers:

"At the reception Saturday afternoon, at the President's house," wrote a correspondent of the "Independent," "many persons noticed three little girls, poorly dressed, the children of some mechanic or laboring man, who had followed the visitors into the White House to gratify their curiosity. They passed around from room to room, and were hastening through the reception room, with some trepidation, when the President called to them, 'Little girls, are you going to pass me without shaking hands?' Then he bent his tall, awkward form down, and shook each little girl warmly by the hand. Everybody in the apartment was spellbound by the incident, so simple in itself."

LINCOLN'S SYMPATHY WITH CHILDREN.

Many men and women now living who were children in Washington at this time recall

the President's gentleness to them. Mr. Frank P. Blair of Chicago says:

During the war my grandfather, Francis P. Blair, Sr., lived at Silver Springs, north of Washington, seven miles from the White House. It was a magnificent place of four or five hundred acres, with an extensive lawn in the rear of the house. The grandchildren gathered there frequently. There were eight or ten of us, our ages ranging from eight to twelve years. Although I was but seven or eight years of age, Mr. Lincoln's visits were of such importance to us boys as to leave a clear impression on my memory. He drove out to the place quite frequently. We boys, for hours

at a time, played "town ball" on the vast lawn, and Mr. Lincoln would join ardently in the sport. I remember vividly how he ran with the children; how long were his strides, and how far his coat-tails stuck out behind, and how we tried to hit him with the ball, as he ran the bases. He entered into the spirit of the play as completely as any of us, and we invariably hailed his coming with delight.*



GENERAL DAVID HUNTER, WHO SUCCEEDED FRÉMONT IN COMMAND OF THE WESTERN DEPARTMENT NOVEMBER 2, 1861, AND FROM NOVEMBER 20, 1861, TO MARCH 11, 1862, COMMANDED THE DEPARTMENT OF KANSAS.

From a photograph in the War Department collection.

The protecting sympathy and tenderness the President extended to all children became a passionate affection for his own. Willie and Tad had always been privileged beings at the White House, and their pranks and companionship undoubtedly did much to relieve the tremendous strain the President was suffering. Many visitors

who saw him with the lads at this period have recorded their impressions:—how keenly he enjoyed the children; how indulgent and affectionate he was with them. Again and again he related their sayings, sometimes even to grave delegations. Thus Moncure Conway tells of going to see the President with a commission which wanted to "talk over the situation." The President met them, laughing like a boy. The White House was in a state of feverish excitement, he said; one of his boys had come in that morning to tell him

* Interview for McCURE'S MAGAZINE by J. McCan Davis.

that the cat had kittens, and now the other had just announced that the dog had puppies.

When both the children fell ill; when he saw them suffering, and when it became evident, as it finally did, that Willie, the younger of the two, would die, the President's anguish was intense. He would slip away from visitors and cabinet at every opportunity, to go to the sick room, and during the last four or five days of Willie's life, when the child was suffering terribly and lay in an unbroken delirium, Mr. Lincoln shared with the nurse the nightly vigils at the bedside. When Willie finally died, on February 20th, the President was so completely prostrated that it was feared by many of his friends that he would succumb entirely to his grief. Many public duties he undoubtedly did neglect. Indeed, a month after Willie's death, we find him apologizing for delay to answer a letter because of a "domestic affliction."

If one consults the records of the day, however, it is evident that Mr. Lincoln did try to attend to public duties even in the worst of this trial. Only two days after the funeral, on February 23d, he held a cabinet meeting, and the day following that, a correspondent wrote to the New York "Evening Post:"

Mr. Lincoln seems to have entirely recovered his health, and is again at his ordinary duties, spending, not infrequently, eighteen out of the twenty-four hours upon the affairs of the nation. He is frequently called up three and four times in a night to receive important messages from the West. Since his late bereavement he looks sad and care-worn, but is in very good health again.

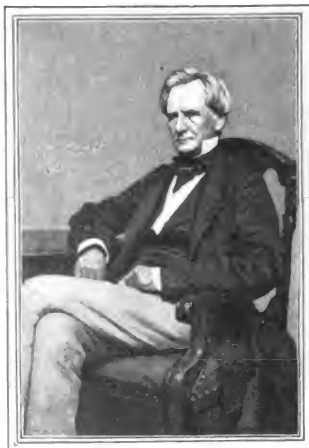
There is ample evidence that in this crushing grief the President sought earnestly to find what help the Christian religion might

have for him. Up to this point in his Presidential career he had given frequent evidence of his belief that the affairs of men are in the keeping of a Divine Being who hears and answers prayer and who is to be trusted to bring about the final triumph of the right. He had publicly acknowledged such a faith when he bade his Springfield friends good-by in February, 1861. In his first inaugural address, he had told the country that the difficulty between North and South could be adjusted in "the best way,"

by "intelligence, patriotism, Christianity and a firm reliance in Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land." When he was obliged to summon a Congress to provide means for a civil war, he started them forth on their duties with the words, "Let us renew our faith in God, and go forward without fear and with manly hearts." In August, 1861, he issued a proclamation for a National Fast Day which is most impressive for its reverential spirit.

But it is not until after the death of his son that we begin to find evidence that Mr. Lincoln was making a personal test of Christianity. Broken by his anxiety for the country,

wounded nigh to death by his loss, he felt that he must have a support outside of himself; that from some source he must draw new courage. Could he find the help he needed in the Christian faith? From this time on he was seen often with the Bible in his hand, and he is known to have prayed frequently. His personal relation to God occupied his mind much. He was deeply concerned to know, as he told a visiting delegation once, not whether the Lord was on his side, but whether he was on the Lord's side. Henceforth, one of the most real influences in Abraham Lincoln's life and conduct is his dependence upon a personal God.



SIMON CAMERON, SECRETARY OF WAR UNDER PRESIDENT LINCOLN FROM MARCH 4, 1861, TO JANUARY 11, 1862.

From a photograph in the Civil War collection of Mr. Robert Coster.

THE ACCOLADE.

BY LOUISE HERRICK WALL.



DICK DANA, a strong, well-groomed young fellow, stood staring down at the coals in the grate, taking his punishment, if the truth be told, in rather sullen fashion.

"Of course," Rosalie Thornby was saying in her sweet high voice, letting her wide-apart eyes rest on

him calmly in the half-obscurity of the room, "of course, I don't pretend that there is anything exceptional in myself that justifies me in demanding a hero in the man I marry, but I think all women, now-a-days, ask too little—except fetching and carrying—of the men. There was a time when a man won his spurs before he expected to win a woman."

Dick shifted his weight.

"I know," she said, leaning forward and frowning into the fire, "you would like to remind me that you are lieutenant in the swellest company of the swellest regiment in New York. I have not forgotten that, nor the cotillions that you lead so delightfully."

"Now look here, Miss Rosalie," broke in the victim, "it's hardly fair to spring all these ideas on a fellow without giving him a chance. I never knew you expected so much more of a man than other girls; and now you put me through a civil service examination without a chance to cram. You seemed to like to dance and all the rest of it, and I've never noticed that you demanded knight-errantry and that mediaeval business of the other men."

"You are quite right," she replied with spirit. "I do not demand things of men who demand nothing of me. You said you wanted to know my idea of a man, and I have told you. To be the captain of toy soldiers or even to lead a cotillion through two seasons does not, somehow, strike my imagination. Nothing could show better how far apart we are than that the expression of my ideals should remind you of a civil service examination. You men of the North are so desperately utilitarian."

The challenge dropped unanswered, and she went on more gently: "I have an old coat of my father's. He was what you would call a rebel, you know. It is the dirtiest, most faded old thing. There is a bullet-hole in the sleeve, and our Southern moths have tried to help the story by making a lot of other holes. It has seen real service, and somehow its dinginess takes the dazzle out of the gold lace you young fellows wear so jauntily."

Into the man's mind came the memory of a night spent in the Brooklyn streets: militia-men surrounded by a mob of strikers, an icy night sky from which the drizzle fell ceaselessly on a group of men squatting about a feeble bonfire; there were others, without blankets, who huddled in one of the deserted street cars, unable to sleep for the cold. Now and then came a quick closing in of the hooting mob, and a brick-bat or paving-stone crashed in a car-window or scattered the group about the fire. He remembered the rage of spirit under the cowardly attacks of the mob, the rasping inaction, the effort of holding men steady when their anger is your own. It came and went through the man's mind, and left a slight smile on his lip. The girl went on:

"I don't mean to be hard, Mr. Dana," she said, with a caressing accent that meant little from her, whose voice was full of pretty inflections, "but this is not a sudden caprice, as you seem to think. I was fourteen when my father died, and I will show you a silly thing I wrote then, and that I have scarcely looked at since."

As she moved across in the firelight to a clumsy old secretary and drew out the rods to support the leaf of the desk, Dana's gloomy eyes followed her instinctively.

"Shall I make a light?" he asked with constraint.

"No; I know how the paper feels."

She came back presently, and seating herself on the low corner seat, held a single limp sheet toward the fire. The light struck through the old-fashioned cross-barred French paper in a checker work of half-luminous lines, and on the girl's broad forehead and parted hair. The envelope lying

on her lap was labeled "May 4th, 1888." She glanced down the sheet. Then gravely handed it to Dana.

He found a number of short sentences, written with a fine-tipped pen in an unformed hand. Each clause was numbered, and the heading ran: "The Not Impossible."

1. He must not be less than twenty-six years old.
2. He must not wear jewelry.
3. He must not be facetious.
4. He must not *ever* blow.
5. He must not be a business man, if he can help it.
6. He must be sincere.
7. He must be brave.
8. He must have nice teeth.
9. He must not be fat or very handsome.
10. Above all he must be a man to be proud of.

The young man read through the child's list of requirements, twice over, and returned the paper stiffly.

"I feel honored to have been allowed to see the plans and specifications for your future husband, Miss Thornby. I hope he will come up to expectations, but I think you would have saved yourself trouble in drawing up that paper if the first clause had simply called for a gentleman."

Presently, standing very straight, with his toes turned out, Dana was bowing himself manfully from the field of defeat. And so the solemn young things parted, too concerned with the business of living to taste the humor of life.

A few months later, in the early summer, Dana's widowed sister and her little boy, Jamie Talcott, were staying, not entirely by chance, in the same house where Rosalie Thornby was spending the summer, down at South Hampton. The Talcotts had only been down a few days, and Dana was to spend the week's end with his sister. On a sunny, breezy morning, the two women stood together at the end of the long porch absorbed in earnest talk. From time to time they glanced below to where Jamie, in the shadow of the house, threw up long lines of earthworks. As they talked, the girl gradually moved nearer to the mother; then at some turn in the conversation impulsively clasped her hand over the older woman's, as it lay on the rail. The breeze playing upon them caught the folds of the girl's muslin dress, and for a moment wrapped the two figures together. Beyond the smooth dark head and the bright one lay the blue sea and the surf pounding in on the white sand. An arbor of leafy boughs, built for some festival, had turned brown and dry, making a rich

blot of color on the sand, and beneath it lay a yet darker pool of shadow.

"And so I have waited to have it done again until Dick comes down," the mother was saying quietly. "He gets hold of Jamie better than I can, and has helped me before. I think the child bears it well for such a little fellow, but he is not much more than a baby."

The boy, feeling their steady gaze upon him, looked up from the line of tin soldiers he was planting behind his redoubt, and scrambling to his feet, he called out:

"You better take care or you'll get your heads blown off."

He was still in petticoats, and it was not instantly that one realized that under the blue smock frock, fashioned like an artist's blouse, the boy's back was queer. He had a gallant little face, with steady, softly black eyes—like big black-heart cherries—and full bright lips.

"When the doctor comes, couldn't you let me help. I should love to sing for him—or—or anything," the girl urged.

"You might stay in the next room, and if we needed anyone else, we could call upon you. He has to be undressed, and the standing seems very long to him. No one need know you are there unless you choose."

The door was partly open between two of the upper bedrooms when the doctor came. A table with a folded blanket and sheet stood near the center of the room. Jamie sat half on and half off his mother's lap, screwing about uncomfortably while she tried to feed him from a cup in which bread crumbs and red beef juice made an unpleasant-looking mess. The spoon moved more and more slowly as the boy reluctantly mouthed, and more reluctantly swallowed the food. The doctor was arranging a sort of hanging harness from the ceiling, and the boy's eyes followed his movements as he adjusted the pulley by which the harness was raised or lowered. Presently Jamie pushed the spoon aside petulantly.

"You must eat a big dinner this time, Jamie," Mrs. Talcott remonstrated. "Dr. P'angry is going to put a new jacket on you, and we want this one big enough to hold plenty of dinner."

The boy turned from these trivialities and said imperiously, "I want Uncle Dick." As he spoke came the sound of a brisk step and the clatter of a sword. Dana came in, in full-dress uniform, looking very slim and fit in the close gray, with white crossed shoulder-belts, epaulets, and white gloves.



. . . "TAKING HIS PUNISHMENT, IF THE TRUTH BE TOLD, IN RATHER SULLEN FASHION."

"Corporal," he said sharply to the child, "salute!"

The boy slid from his mother's lap, stepped out in his bare feet from the entanglement of the shawl that had covered them, and raising his hand, palm out, to the fur-like blackness of his soft straight hair, saluted his officer.

Motioning sternly to the half-empty cup, Dana said, "Corporal, rations!"

Jamie hesitated a second, then seizing the spoon, gulped hasty spoonfuls. When he had eaten all, he lifted his hand again, and said deferentially, "Were the sentries on duty at the door, sir, when you came in?"

Dana stepped back with measured tread, and opening the door, saw too tiny tin soldiers standing guard, one at each side of the entrance, while two others were lying covered over in a cigar-box half-filled with straw. He came back in a moment, saying:

"I have given them orders to let no one pass the lines without the countersign."

The doctor rolled the table under the suspended harness, examined the white rolled bandages on a small table at his right, felt the temperature of the water in the basin standing beside the bandages, glanced at his watch, and said cheerily:

"All ready, Mrs. Talcott!"

"Right about face!" was Dana's order. Then falling in line, fitting his stride to the boy's step, the leader of cotillions marched his man up to the table. A small housemaid's ladder stood there.

"Mount!" came the order.

The corporal scrambled up, steadied himself with an effort, and stepped out upon the table, his eyes wide and earnest. The blue smock was unfastened and stripped down, leaving the child naked but for the plaster jacket covering his body—a body strangely thick through for the slender brown legs to support. The doctor laid the boy on his back, and with a few quick slashes cut down the front of the plaster cast, and took the child out from the mold that had encased his body for three months, as one might take a little brown almond out of its shell. The mother laid the useless husk gently aside, took from the doctor the undervest he had drawn off over the boy's head, and rolling up the sleeve of her summer dress, plunged one of the rolled bandages into the basin, squeezing and working it to allow the water to penetrate the whole wad. A fresh seamless vest was passed over the boy's head, and drawn snugly down over the narrow hips.

"Attention!" called Dana. "Chest out!

Stomach in! Eyes striking the ground at fifteen paces!"

The boy stood erect.

The collar of the harness was next fitted about the child's neck, the leather straps drawn close under chin and nape, and buckled. Then the doctor, pulling on the hoisting tackle, drew the tiny figure up until it was stretched out full length and almost lifted from its feet. The boy's eyes widened as he felt himself lifted by the head; but he had been by this way before, and he only set his soft lips until the fullness was pressed away.

"Now, my man, put up your hands and hold on to the tackle," the doctor coaxed.

Jamie turned his eyes to Dana, who nodded sharply. So up went two small dark hands, deeply veined with blue, and the little figure—heavy at the chest and light at the loins—was lifted yet higher, so that the babyish feet barely rested on the table.

Folded strips of white gauze were padded about the bony prominences, and the crooked spine was filled out to offer an even surface, so that the child would not be chafed; then the doctor called for the first plaster bandage. Mrs. Talcott handed him the saturated roll of narrow white crinoline through which plaster of Paris had been sifted. The doctor laid an end upon the boy's side, well down over the abdomen, and gradually unrolling with one hand, modeled with the other the wet cloth about the upstretched figure.

Dana, meanwhile, walked slowly up and down before the table, keeping a keen eye on the boy's face squeezed into the leathern harness.

"Steady, corporal!" he called, when the boy sagged from weariness. But the room was for the most part very quiet except for the clatter of the sword, the even tread, or the sound of the doctor's hands on the wet bandages. Round and round the strips were wound in slow overlapping spirals, up to the hollow pits of the upraised arms, and down over the babyish paunch of the full stomach. The doctor seemed to be shaping the child like dough between his palms, as he wound the pliant swathes close about him. Then Dana cleared his throat, and talked about his regiment. It would take at least a quarter of an hour for the plaster to set, a bad quarter of an hour to hang by the neck with arms clasped over the head, feet touching the table, chest out, stomach in, and eyes striking the ground at fifteen paces.

"We go to the drill because we must," Dana was saying; "and the men wear uni-



forms the color of your smock, with white bands crossed over their backs, and they march all together. When they cross the armory—like this, but all in a row—their legs make X, and you can see the light between in a pattern. It is night-time when they drill, and over their heads is a big round roof like in the railway station, and from the roof electric lights—big shining white eggs like Sinbad the sailor saw—shine down and make it almost as light as day. When the command comes to 'Order Arms!' down go the rifles with a big, big bang, and the noise goes rolling in the roof. You'd think it was the big ball in the bowling alley up there over your head. Then the men march

by fours, shoulder to shoulder, so close that you cannot even see the white cross-bands on their breasts. So close, corporal, that the long narrow line looks like a long blue scarf that is being shaken up and down with two hundred heads bouncing on top. Then the music plays and the men step out—all straight and soldierly. That's better, corporal! And when the captain tells us to kneel, we kneel, and when he tells us to fire, we fire. Every good soldier must do as he's told, and that makes a man of him after a while."

The little blue-veined hands took a fresh grip of the tackle overhead. "Sing about the 'eathen!'" said the mouth that moved with effort in the leather harness.

Then Dick Dana sang, in a big, untrained voice, a tune of his own making, about:

The 'eathen in 'is blindness bows down
to wood an' stone;
'E don't obey no orders unless they is
'is own;
'E keeps 'is side-arms awful; 'e leaves
'em all about;
An' then comes up the Regiment, an'
pokes the 'eathen out.

The tune had a way of running out and leaving Dick Dana's big voice just talking the words loud, clear, and sing-songy.

The doctor had done his work and was washing the plaster from his hands before

the raw recruit, disciplined by hard knocks into an honorable color-sergeant, led his men where

— the hugely bullets come peckin' through the dust;
An' no one wants to face 'em, but every beggar must.

The doctor felt the cast, snapped at it with thumb and finger, and the plaster gave back a sound. "Another minute," he commented.

And Dick Dana, with a fresh augmentation of sound and time, sang:

'E's just as sick as they are; 'is 'eart is like to split;
But 'e works 'em, works 'em, works 'em, till 'e feels
'em take the bit;
The rest is 'oldin' steady till the watchful bugles play.
An' 'e lifts 'em, lifts 'em, lifts 'em through the charge
that wins the day!

The doctor unclasped the weary hands from the tackle, unclasped the collar buckle, and lifted the small rigid body in the cast across his two arms, and laid the boy on his side on the table.

"Let him rest here for a few minutes, then put him to bed. He will sleep from exhaustion."

The mother covered him lightly, slipped a tiny pillow under his head, and followed the doctor out.

When they were alone, the young militiaman knelt down beside the table and looked into the face on the pillow, damp with perspiration and discolored about cheeks and chin by the pressure of the straps. The eyes were closed heavily, and regular breathing lifted the little warrior's corselet. Dana took off his plumed cap, and laid his firm ruddy cheek against the small relaxed hand that lay, palm up, uncurred languidly beside the sleeping boy.

He did not hear Rosalie cross the carpeted floor. She hesitated—then drawing his sword lightly from its scabbard, she touched his shoulder with the blade, saying:

"Arise, sir knight! Be faithful, brave, and fortunate as on this day!"

Dana started to his feet—but softly, with an instinct not to arouse the child—and turning, saw the girl balancing the sword between her hands with a movement of sudden fear and flight about her posture.

"What do you mean?" he whispered.

"Don't you know?" she smiled.

Then as his eyes kindled, she stepped aside, and leaning low over the child, kissed the red lips pressed out in happy sleep. Jamie stirred.

"Captain," he murmured, "has some one crossed our lines?" Then more drowsily, "Relieve the sentry at the door, Uncle Dick. My men are—very tired."

GENERAL WOOD AT SANTIAGO.

AMERICANIZING A CUBAN CITY.

BY HENRY HARRISON LEWIS.

WHEN Brigadier-General Leonard Wood, United States Volunteers, late Colonel of the Rough Riders, assumed charge of Santiago de Cuba, the domestic, sanitary, commercial, and political conditions of the city were about as bad as they could possibly be. They were not the result alone of the Cuban revolution, the succeeding war between Spain and the United States, and the besiegement of the city by the American army. In immediate hardship and suffering for the citizens of Santiago, the war had been tragically effective; but it would have been much less so had the people not been living, time out of mind, in utter contempt of the most rudimentary precautions adopted by civilized men for the preservation of health and comfort. For two centuries Santiago had borne the reputation of being one of the most unclean cities on earth. Of it an old merchant captain had said: "It could be smelled ten miles at sea." When General Wood assumed the government of it, on the twentieth day of last July, its streets and courts and houses had come to the last degree of filth and noisomeness, and of its forty odd thousand resi-

dents, great numbers were sick, no small number were starving, and all were miserable. Bodies of the dead lay in the streets, and as General Wood rode about the city, making his first inspection, vultures flew up before him from feasting on human carcasses. There was no food to speak of. The first meal eaten by General Wood himself in the *Café Venus*, on the *Plaza de Armas*, cost him fourteen dollars in gold, and the meat served was horse. Gaunt men and women stretched lean arms from the windows, and begged weakly for bread. Some died as they asked, and they remained where they fell. Little children, their distended abdomens speaking eloquently of famine, crawled about the legs of the horses and mutely appealed for crusts.

If ever in this world the *extraordinary* man, the man of *destiny*, the man of preëminent power and resource, was needed, it was in Santiago de Cuba during the latter part of July, 1898. The occasion demanded first a physician, to deal with the tremendous sanitary needs; then a soldier, to suppress turbulence and effect a quick restoration of law and order; and, finally, a statesman, to



GENERAL LEONARD WOOD, U. S. V., MILITARY GOVERNOR OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

From a photograph taken especially for McClure's MAGAZINE January 15, 1899, by Frances B. Johnston.

reestablish and perfect the civil government. In General Wood was found a man who, by nature, education, and experience, combined in himself a generous share of the special skill of all these three. By special education and subsequent practice, he was a physician; by practice and incidental education, added to natural bent, he was a soldier and a law-giver.

The matters that first claimed attention were the feeding of the starving people and the amendment of the city's sanitary condition. As many rations as could be obtained were issued with a free, but careful hand; food depots were established at various places; and before forty-eight hours had passed, actual famine had been brought to an end.



Calle de Huaspedes, as it appeared before it had been reached by the street-cleaning department.

Thereupon, a system for the supply of food, guarded by stringent regulations, was promulgated. Meat had gone up to ninety cents a pound, and was scarce at that. Bread sold for fabulous prices, the few bakers who had flour being arrogant and exacting. The market-place—the center of traffic and, in ordinary times, all life and bustle—was silent and deserted. Shops, factories, and cafés

were equally still and unpeopled. The city *matadero*, or slaughter-house, stood idle, amidst a rank growth of weeds. No supplies of any sort came in from the surrounding country. Only the rations issued from the government depots arrested actual starvation. But very soon there came a change: provisions began to come from the ordinary sources and by the ordinary ways. As the supply increased, however, there was no diminution of

prices. General Wood sent for the aldermen representing the different wards of the city, and he also summoned the butchers. When they were assembled in his office, he arranged them in two lines, facing one another. Then, through an interpreter, he asked the butchers, "How much do you charge for your meat?"

"Ninety cents a pound, señor."

"What does it cost you?"

There was hesitation and a shuffling of feet; then one of the men said, in a whining voice, "Meat is very, very dear, your excellency."

"How much a pound?"

"It costs us very much, and——"

"How much a pound?"

"Fifteen cents, your excellency; but we have lost much money during the war and——"

"So have your customers. Now meat will be sold at twenty-five cents a



Major Barber, chief of the Santiago street-cleaning department, at the new crematory for burning refuse.

pound and not one cent more. Do you understand?" Then turning to the aldermen, he charged them to see that his order was carried out to the letter, unless they wanted to be expelled from office.

Thenceforward meat was sold in the markets at twenty-five cents. A similar reduction was made in the prices of bread, vegetables, and all food products. It was the first showing of the master hand to the public, and confidence in the American methods of administration strengthened rapidly.

SANTIAGO'S FIRST CLEANING.

With ample food made fairly secure and the grim specter of starvation banished, General Wood took up his next task. This involved a departure from tradition and custom so violent that the whole community trembled. The city was to be cleaned, and to be kept clean. During the four centuries of its existence absolutely nothing had been done in the way of systematic sanitation. There was no street-cleaning department; the only attempt at street-cleaning had been the occasional sweeping of a few streets about the palace by prisoners from the jail. There being no thought of gathering up

street refuse, there naturally was no provision for carrying it off. There were no sewers; there was no drainage, except that of the most accidental kind; there were no carts. Private premises were even less cared for than the streets. In the United States, houses are built inside the yards—in Cuba, the yards are built inside the houses.



Cubans paving Calle Marina, Santiago. The building on the left is the jail.



Calle Marina after the new pavement was laid. American flag flying in the background marks the Governor's palace.

This system of building favored the harboring and concealment of filth. In all the interior courts there were cesspools, and these were almost never emptied, and became fountains of foulness and disease. Even in the houses there was the grossest uncleanness. In many of them now, owing to the recent stress of epidemic and starvation, were found decaying human bodies: ten were found in a single house. The death rate, always high in Santiago, became at this time above 200 a day.

In his first proceedings against this un-

in his household. Any person failing to do this will be arrested and put at hard labor on the streets for a period of thirty days. All policemen are ordered to report promptly to the Mayor and the Military Governor all deaths, any cases of malignant fever, and any place which is in an unhealthy condition, coming under their knowledge. Failure on the part of any policeman to do this will be followed by severe punishment.

After the houses had been emptied of human dead, General Wood's forces turned to clearing the streets of dead animals—horses, dogs, and mules. During the terrible days of the siege, vultures had come from the moun-



GENERAL WOOD IN THE PLAZA BEFORE THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE, SANTIAGO.

From a photograph taken expressly for McClure's Magazine.

speakable squalor, General Wood got little aid or sympathy from either Spaniards or Cubans. He went at it with American workmen, American wagons, and American mules. The neglected human dead were carried outside the city, heaped into piles, sprinkled with kerosene, and burned. In one funeral pyre eighty-seven bodies were consumed. It required ninety hours, in darkness and daylight, to clear one street. A full week passed before there had been any decided improvement wrought. On the fourth day of his administration, General Wood issued the following order:

Every householder will report immediately to the Mayor and the Military Governor any death occurring

tains in flocks of thousands, and hovered in veritable clouds over the city and surrounding country. But the feast had been spread even beyond the capacity of such numerous and voracious guests, and proof of the fact became familiar to the street-cleaners.

After a few days, a house to house sanitary inspection was made, and householders were notified that all cesspools must be emptied without delay. Then an order was issued calling upon housekeepers to collect household garbage in boxes or barrels, and hold it for the wagons that were sent round in the early morning to haul it away. Prior to this, it had been the custom to toss garbage into the

middle of the streets, and trust to the heavy rains to carry it down into the bay. This was a simple plan, and, in some respects, fairly efficient, for Santiago is built upon a back-bone, or ridge, with two-thirds of the streets sloping toward the harbor. But, unfortunately, when the rains had carried the refuse into the bay, it lay piled up along the water front of the city, fermenting in the sun, and breeding no end of disease.

At first there was some demur to the new method; but sharp words, threats, and, in some cases, actual corporal punishment, brought it into general observance; and now the good housewives of Santiago vie with each other in having their garbage boxes ready for the call of the street-cleaners' carts. More serious objection was raised by the introduction of disinfectants: this caused open rebellion. The previous odors—time-honored and, as it were, the custom of the country—were preferred to the odor of chloride of lime. It was scattered with a liberal hand, nevertheless, and at this writing, requests for it or other disinfectants are received daily by the health department. Moreover, people are beginning to notify the sanitary officer of the existence of unclean cesspools maintained by their neighbors. When the first report of this character was received, there was joy in the hearts of the hard-working Americans. It indicated a change in public sentiment, the importance of which can hardly be over-estimated.

REPAIRING OLD STREETS AND BUILDING NEW ONES.

With the streets become for once fairly clean, General Wood began to consider how he might put them in better repair. Santiago thoroughfares are narrow, winding, and most atrociously paved. The sidewalks are barely three feet in width, and the stone slabs of which they are constructed are irregular, uneven, and, in many places, broken. The center of the street is even worse. A ride of a few blocks in a carriage is an adventure long to be remembered. To add to the trouble, many of the streets, at the time General Wood took them in hand, had been cut and churned by heavy army wagons, with their double-teams of heavily shod mules, until they had become simply rivers of liquid mud.

The business was transacted in a characteristic way by the commanding general. He had had streets to repair, and there were at hand a number of Cubans whose only sup-

port was Uncle Sam. He introduced the needy Cubans to the equally needy streets. A circle was drawn about the city, and a line through the center. The line was Calle Marina, or Marine Street, and part of the circle represented the water front, along which was a really beautiful and picturesque drive, known as the "Alameda." "Build a boulevard where I have drawn the circle," ordered General Wood, "and pave Calle Marina after the American fashion. Hire all the Cubans you can use; pay them fifty cents and a ration a day."

The boulevard is in course of construction; Calle Marina is being paved after the American fashion; and gold, honestly earned, now circulates in the laborers' quarters of Santiago. The new boulevard passes almost under the shadow of the "Anfiteatro de Toros," or Bull Ring, where enough dollars have been wasted in a cruel sport to pave all the streets of the city.

For many years the water supply has been a serious question in Santiago. The present water-supply equipment consists of a crude dam up in the mountains, six miles from the town; a small receiving tank, and one eleven-inch main. The entire capacity is only 200,000 gallons daily, or little more than four gallons to the person. It is estimated that the supply is sufficient for but six hours each day, which leaves the city practically without water for eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. A careful calculation disclosed that an expenditure of a trifle over \$100,000 would suffice to build a much larger dam, at a place called Dos Bocas, a short distance from the city; and arrangements have already been made to begin the construction of such a dam within a few months. It would have been quite within General Wood's lawful powers to have himself appropriated the money for this improvement from the public funds; but with characteristic consideration, he laid the matter before representative citizens, and the work is likely to begin very soon, and an issue of the bonds of the city made to meet the cost of it.

In addition to doing all these things, the new administration has made important changes in the system of schools, including the severing of the schools from the Church and the introduction of English into the curriculum; it has established a rural police force; and it has effected a temporary suspension of mortgage foreclosures to enable the small farmers to recover from the effects of the war.

A VISIT TO THE JAIL WITH GENERAL WOOD.

General Wood early turned his attention to the *carcel*, or provincial jail—a foul spot in every Cuban city under Spanish rule. In it he found poor wretches of prisoners who had been held closely shut up for years without trial. In many instances there was even no charge of an offense on record against them, and all the jailer could say, when asked how they were held, was, "At the will of the Governor-General." One man had spent ten years of his life *encarcelado* at the will of an official who had not only forgotten his existence, but had left the country. There was now a general cleaning out at once. Orders were issued that no prisoner should be detained forty-eight hours without either a trial or an investigation; and General Wood, notwithstanding the immense demands on his time, arranged to visit the jail and review all prisoners every Saturday night.

His power was absolute, and while the reorganization of the courts was in progress, he administered justice in person. One Saturday evening I was given an opportunity to witness the novel spectacle of an American military officer sitting in judgment over the malefactors of a Cuban city. We left the palace and walked down the Calle Marina, which represented then the first street repaved in Santiago for over a century. People who met us hastened to salute the tall, powerfully built man in the plain khaki uniform, who held in the hollow of his hand the power almost of a czar. Every bow, every touch of the hat, was carefully and courteously acknowledged. All sorts and degrees of citizens were encountered in the short walk, and none failed to render his respects. We met an American soldier just before reaching the jail. He came upon us suddenly from beyond a corner, and, as he recognized the General, he halted and stood at attention with military promptness. General Wood paused in front of him.

"When did you leave the hospital, Boyd?" he asked kindly.

"Yesterday, sir," was the reply.

"And you feel quite well?"

The man nodded.

"Well, take good care of yourself. Keep away from the rum, and be careful what native fruit you eat. And remember that you are responsible not only for your own health, but for the health and efficiency of an American soldier."

"Is that an old acquaintance?" I asked Lieutenant Hanna, the General's aide, who

was with us. "Did he serve in General Wood's regiment?"

"No. I think we ran across him in the hospital last week. The General goes through the wards every few days, you know. And he never forgets a face."

The jail, a squat, gloomy pile of adobe, looking sullen and forbidding in the semi-darkness, was finally reached. As we passed into the hall, there was a scurrying of feet and a jingling of keys. Then excited voices began to chatter from behind a stout wooden door.

"We've got the old crew here yet," explained the General with a smile. "I haven't reached the bottom of the hole, and they know all about the old prisoners. When everything is cleared up, I'll put some good men in. And I'll also paint and whitewash and fumigate every square inch in the place. More dead bodies came out of this building than out of any other in the city, you know. Yellow Jack had his stronghold here."

As we passed along the hall to the stairs, wolfish faces appeared at the gratings enclosing the inner court, or *patio*. The gleaming eyes did not look at Lieutenant Hanna nor at me; they were riveted upon the figure of the General. He represented the law to them, and they were afraid of the law. We found the jailer in his office, on the second floor. He was a little man with a thin, beardless face, and a habit of fondling one ear. His office contained an old-fashioned desk, a quaint cupboard, and a few chairs. The only light came from an oil lamp placed in a bracket. A reflector sent the rays toward the open door, beyond which could be seen a railing, and a misty outline of tropical trees and shrubbery in the court.

"Tell him to bring out, one by one, all the prisoners arrested since Thursday," the General said curtly to his interpreter.

He settled deep down in a chair placed near the center of the room, and rested his chin upon his left hand—a characteristic attitude, betokening a man who could give only a minute to rest and wanted the good of every second of that minute. The first prisoner appeared, coming in from the darkness and blinking as the light struck his eyes. He was a tall, thin Cuban youth, with a thick shock of black hair and a restless glance. He started visibly as he saw the General.

"What's the charge?" asked the latter.

"Theft, your excellency," replied the interpreter. "He was caught stealing oats from the teamster's corral."

"His name?"

"Manuel Ortiz, sir."

"What does he say about it?"

"He denies the charge, sir. Says he found the sack of oats in the road."

"Ever arrested before?"

There was a searching of records; then the jailer shook his head.

"Look again," exclaimed General Wood sternly. "I remember him. He was here less than a month ago. Been stealing on the wharf. Lock him up again, and hold him for trial before the new court. Next."

The little old jailer glanced at his assistant, and dropped his hands with a deprecatory gesture. He could not fathom this wonderful "Americano," whose memory was like the waters of the sea—never-failing. There was something more than human in it.

Another prisoner slipped into the room, and drew up stiffly as he espied the figure in the chair. He wore the uniform of an American soldier; but his face was that of a desperado, and there was insolence and defiance in his attitude.

"What's the name?" asked General Wood, straightening up slightly.

"Private Sullivan, sir," read the interpreter.

"Charge?"

"Drunk and firing revolver in Calle Santo Tomas at midnight."

The General eyed Private Sullivan in silence for fully a minute; then he asked slowly: "What have you to say for yourself? Are you guilty?"

The man shook his head, and a grin began to form about his mouth. In an instant General Wood was upon his feet. He took one stride, and was at the prisoner's side.

"You will find that this is no laughing matter," he thundered. "Stand erect. Put your heels together. Now answer me. Did you fire a revolver in the street as accused?"

"Yes, sir," the fellow stammered.

"Ten days," ordered the General, seating himself.

As the prisoner turned to leave the room he muttered, "Thank you, sir."

"Make that ten days in the sweat-box," came the command curtly.

Private Sullivan passed out into the darkness, and a second later we heard a defiant laugh from his direction. "Make it bread and water, also," said General Wood, settling back into his former attitude. "If he causes any trouble put him in irons. Next."

A woman was brought in by the jailers. As she caught sight of General Wood, she was restrained with difficulty from falling at his feet. Tears were streaming down her face, and she gasped forth a torrent of words, tossing her arms about like one crazed. "She tried to stab one of the Spanish merchants," explained the interpreter. "Her only son was killed in the arsenal last winter as a Cuban suspect. She has been arrested a number of times."

"Poor woman," murmured the General softly. "Keep her here until we see what can be done. Give her the best care possible."

"There are no insane asylums in the island," he added to me. "The Spanish officials simply neglected the unfortunates. The matter must be attended to at once."

The procession of malefactors continued for fully an hour. Each prisoner was examined, and his case disposed of at once. When we finally left the jail, Lieutenant Hanna whispered to me, "Held at the will of the Governor-General doesn't go here now."

AN EXAMPLE OF GENERAL WOOD'S RESOLUTION.

One day, about the middle of November, the native *calentura*, or fever, from which General Wood suffered greatly, sent him out to his home, which is on the edge of the town, earlier than usual. He had no sooner reached the house, however, than he was notified by telephone that a bloody riot had occurred at San Luis, a town twenty miles out on the Santiago Railway.

"Give me all the particulars in your possession," he replied to the Signal Corps operator who had rung him up.

"There has been a fight between the new rural police and a number of negro soldiers, supposedly of the Ninth Volunteer Immunes. The soldiers fired on the police, and killed a lieutenant, three natives, and a baby at the breast, sir," was the reply.

The fever was raging in the General; his temperature exceeded 105, and he was so sick and dizzy that he staggered as he walked. But with that indomitable will that had served him on many a night raid against hostile Apaches, he entered his carriage and was driven back to the city. He picked up his chief signal officer, Captain J. E. Brady, at the palace, and hastened to the building occupied by the telegraph department of the Signal Corps on Calle Enramadas. Captain Brady took the key at the instrument.

"Tell the operator to summon the members of the rural guard who were fired on, and the commanding officer of the Ninth Immunes," ordered the General tersely. Thenceforward, for three hours, General Wood sat there, questioning, listening, issuing orders—all with a promptness and certainty of judgment that would have been extraordinary in a man quite at his ease; yet all the time, as he could not help showing in mien and features, the raging fever was distressing to the point of agony. Those about him could not but marvel at the man's resolution and endurance. The following day, although still racked with fever, he went by special train to San Luis and investigated the affair in person.

GENERAL WOOD'S CORDIALITY TO THE PEOPLE.

Perhaps the most attractive thing in General Wood is his modesty and democratic simplicity. He is unaffected in his bearing, and quiet in his attire. The newest corporal on duty in Santiago assumes more importance than does this man who yesterday was an assistant-surgeon in the army, and now, carried up at a bound by his personal worth, wears the insignia of a major-general. The entrance of the palace is never closed. Between the ante-room and the General's private office are two short swinging doors, and these doors are free to the touch of private or officer, simple citizen or the highest civil dignitary. The General is never too busy to hear a complaint or to right a wrong.

One day, on entering the outer office, I found fully sixteen persons, among whom were three women, waiting to see him. It was early in the morning, before eight o'clock, and the night before the General had labored with affairs of state until midnight; but he appeared promptly. After a cheery "Good morning," he began with the person nearest him. This was a young lieutenant in the Fifth.

"Wish to see me?" he asked. "Oh, it's about that baseball game for Christmas. Well, I'll do the best I can to help you. We'll stir up this old town and give the natives a treat. Arrange your programme, and come here to-morrow morning at this time. Busy? Of course; but I've always got a minute for anything that will add to the pleasure of our boys down here. They get little enough, goodness knows."

He passed on to the three women, who were poorly attired and evidently of the

lowest class of natives. Through an interpreter, they told him a long story, to which he listened with the utmost patience. Then he called his aide, and gave him some instruction. The women left, breathing profuse thanks.

A business man from the States stepped up. He had a project, and he asked the favor of a private interview. It was granted at once. In a few minutes the General returned from his private office and proceeded with the others. He was in the act of greeting a priest in the group when a loud noise sounded in the outer hall. A mob of policemen, fully a half-dozen of them, came lurching toward the door, dragging a panting, struggling negro. His uniform was torn and dusty, and he streamed with perspiration. His face was distorted and bleeding, he rolled his eyes wildly from side to side, and he swore most foully.

General Wood took one stride, and the crowd parted. "Stop that noise," he exclaimed sternly. "What is the matter with this man?"

"He is a deserter from a regiment in San Luis. We found him crazy drunk out near the Bull Ring, sir."

Just then the negro made a supreme effort, and flung the men who had been holding him off against the wall. Before he could make a second move, a hand was placed upon his shoulder, and a voice asked coldly: "Do you want to be shot, my man? Stop this noise at once and go with the policemen. If you utter another oath, I'll give you something you won't forget in a hurry."

It was like a blow between the eyes. The man looked once at the General, and then hung his head. The next moment he was led away as quiet as a lamb.

"His excellency," cried a native in the crowd, "what a man he is!"

GENERAL WOOD AND ONE SENTRY SUPPRESS A RIOT.

While the Americans were cleaning the streets, and courts, and houses, and jails of Santiago, and were taking care of the sick and wounded and starving, and were administering all the affairs of the city—working sixteen hours each day—the Cuban residents held aloof, neglecting even to call and pay their respects to the occupant of the palace. There were no public meetings, no contributions, no private offers of assistance, no movement for the aid of Cubans by Cubans save by a few members of the local Cham-

ber of Commerce. The Church, represented by an Archbishop, whose salary under the old régime had been \$18,000 a year, and by a number of Spanish priests and different orders, did not turn a hand for the relief of the city or of the province. There was some activity, however; but of a different kind. Among the Cubans, the fact that certain Spanish officials had been retained in office by the Americans—very wisely retained, too, as subsequent events have proved—had created a feeling of positive discontent and antagonism. This came to a climax on the evening of September 22d, the day on which General Calixto Garcia paid his memorable visit to Santiago.

Surrounding the Plaza de Armas are four prominent buildings—the Cathedral, the Palace, the San Carlos Club, which is the Cuban stronghold; and the Spanish Club. The two latter occupy corners diagonally opposite, with the plaza between them. On the night in question, about eight o'clock, General Wood was writing in his office in the palace. At the outer door stood a solitary sentinel, armed with a rifle. Suddenly there burst across the plaza from the San Carlos Club a mob of Cubans—probably 500. Within a few minutes a shower of stones, bricks, bottles, and other missiles struck the Spanish Club, smashing windows and doors. A man, hatless and out of breath, rushed up to the sentry at the palace entrance, and shouted, "Where's the General? Quick! The Cubans are trying to take the town!"

General Wood was leisurely folding up his papers when the sentry reached him. "I know it," he said before the man had time to speak. "I have heard the row. We will go over and stop it."

He picked up his riding whip, the only weapon he ever carries, and accompanied by the one American soldier, strolled across to the scene of the trouble. The people in the Spanish Club had got it pretty well closed up, but the excited Cubans were still before it, throwing things and shouting imprecations, and even trying to force a way in by the main entrance.

"Just shove them back, sentry," said General Wood quietly.

Around swung the rifle, and, in much less time than is taken in the telling, a way was cleared in front of the door.

"Now shoot the first man who places his foot upon that step," added the General, in his usual deliberate manner. Then he turned, and strolled back to the palace and his writing. Within an hour the mob had dispersed, subdued by two men, one rifle, and a riding whip. And the lesson is still kept in good memory.

At the time I concluded my visit of observation, there had been just four months of American rule in Santiago de Cuba. Those four months had effected:

The rescue of the population from starvation to a fair satisfaction of all their daily necessities.

The conversion of one of the foulest cities on earth to one of the cleanest.

The reduction of an average daily death rate of 200 down to ten.

A considerable progress in a scheme of street and road improvement that will add immensely to the convenience and beauty of the city.

A radical reform in the custom-house service, resulting in increased revenues.

A reduction in the municipal expenses.

The correction of numerous abuses in the management of jails and hospitals and in the care of the inmates.

The liberation of many prisoners held on trivial or no charges.

The reformation of the courts, and a strict maintenance of law and order.

The freedom of the press.

A restoration of business confidence, and a recovery of trade and industry from utter stagnation to healthy activity.

This unparalleled regeneration had been wrought, not by a host of men native to the locality, exercising offices long established, and enjoying a traditional prestige, but by an American brigadier-general of volunteers, a stranger to the place and the people, embarked in the work on a moment's notice, and having for his immediate aides only a few fellow army officers, some of whom had been out of West Point less than two years, and all of whom were as new to the situation as himself. It was the *tour de force* of a man of genius; for in the harder, more fundamental, of the tasks that confronted him here General Leonard Wood had had no previous experience.

THE WAR ON THE SEA AND ITS LESSONS.

BY CAPTAIN ALFRED T. MAHAN,

Author of "The Influence of Sea Power upon History," "Life of Nelson," etc.

IV.

THE PROBLEMS PRESENTED TO OUR NAVY BY CERVERA'S APPEARANCE IN WEST INDIAN WATERS AND HOW THEY WERE SOLVED.

THE exigencies of a series of papers like the present demand that each should open with at least a brief reference to the conditions under which its predecessor closed. It will be recalled, therefore, that on the 11th of May, Admiral Sampson's vessels, three sea-going armored ships and two monitors, were approaching San Juan de Puerto Rico; and that at 4 P.M. of the same day, the Spanish division, under Admiral Cervera, arrived off the south end of Martinique. At early daybreak next morning, Sampson bombarded San Juan; and a few hours later, Cervera stood on again to the westward—into the unknown for us, but bound in his own purpose to Curaçao. At the same time, Sampson also started back for Havana, for reasons before given: the force of which he doubtless felt more keenly because he found himself actually so far away from the center of the blockade and from his base at Key West. When he began thus to retrace his steps, he was still ignorant of Cervera's arrival. The following night, indeed, he heard from a passing vessel the rumor of the Spanish squadron's regaining Cadiz, with which the Navy Department had been for a moment amused. He stopped, therefore, to communicate with Washington, intending, if the rumor were verified, to resume the attack upon San Juan. But on the morning of the 15th—Sunday—at 3.30, his despatch boat returned to him with the official intelligence, not only of the enemy's being off Martinique, but of his arrival at Curaçao, which occurred shortly after daylight of the 14th. The same telegram informed him that the Flying Squadron was on its way to Key West, and directed him to regain that point himself, with all possible rapidity.

Cervera left behind him at Martinique one of his torpedo-destroyers, the "Terror." A

demonstration was made by this vessel, probably, though it may have been by one of her fellows, before St. Pierre—another port of the island—where the "Harvard" was lying; and as the latter had been sent hurriedly from home with but a trifling battery, some anxiety was felt lest the enemy might score a point upon her, if the local authorities compelled her to leave. If the Spaniard had been as fast as represented, he would have had an advantage over the American in both speed and armament—very serious odds. The machinery of the former, however, was in bad order, and she soon had to seek a harbor in Fort de France, also in Martinique; after which the usual rule, that two belligerents may not leave the same neutral port within twenty-four hours of each other, assured the "Harvard" a safe start. This incident, otherwise trivial, is worthy of note, for it shows one of the results of our imperfect national preparation for war. If the conditions had allowed time to equip the "Harvard" with suitable guns, she could have repulsed such an enemy, as a ship of the same class, the "St. Paul," did a few weeks later off San Juan, whither the "Terror" afterwards repaired, and where she remained till the war was over.

The news of Cervera's appearance off Martinique was first received at the Navy Department about midnight of May 12th—13th, nearly thirty-six hours after the fact. As our representatives there, and generally throughout the West Indies, were very much on the alert, it seems not improbable that their telegrams, to say the least, were not given undue precedence of other matters. That, however, is one of the chances of life, and most especially of war. It is more to the purpose, because more useful to future guidance, to consider the general situation at the moment the telegram was received.

the means at hand to meet the exigencies of the case, and what instructive light is thereby thrown back upon preceding movements, which eventuated in the actual conditions.

Admiral Cervera's division had been at Martinique, and after a brief period of suspense, was known to have disappeared to the westward. The direction taken, however, might, nay, almost certainly must, be misleading—that was part of his game. From it nothing could be decisively inferred. The last news of the "Oregon" was that she had left Bahia on the 9th of the month. Her whereabouts and intended movements were as unknown to the United States authorities as to the enemy. An obvious precaution, to assure getting assistance to her, would have been to prescribe the exact route she should follow; subject only to the conditional discretion which can never wisely be taken from the officer in command on the spot. In that way it would have been possible to send a division to meet her, if indications at any moment countenanced the suspicion entertained by some—the writer among others—that Cervera would attempt to intercept her. After careful consideration, this precaution had not been attempted, because the tight censorship of the press had not then been effectually enforced, and it was feared that even so vital and evident a necessity as that of concealing her movements would not avail against the desire of some newspapers to manifest enterprise, at whatever cost to national interests. If we ever again get into a serious war, a close supervision of the press, punitive as well as preventive, will be one of the first military necessities, unless the tone and disposition, not of the best, but of the worst of its members, shall have become sensibly improved; for occasional unintentional leakage, by well-meaning officials possessing more information than native secretiveness, cannot be wholly obviated, and must be accepted, practically, as one of the inevitable difficulties of conducting war.

The "Oregon," therefore, was left a loose end, and was considered to be safer so than if more closely looked after. From the time she left Bahia till she arrived at Barbadoes, and from thence till she turned up off Jupiter Inlet, on the Florida coast, no one in Washington knew where she was. Nevertheless, she continued a most important and exposed fraction of the national naval force. That Cervera had turned west when last seen from Martinique meant nothing. It was more significant, and reassur-

ing, to know that he had not got coal there. Still, it was possible that he might take a chance off Barbadoes, trusting, as he with perfect reason could, that when he had waited there as long as his coal then on hand permitted, the British authorities would let him take enough more to reach Porto Rico, as they did give Captain Clark sufficient to gain a United States port. When the "Oregon" got to Barbadoes at 3.20 A.M. of May 18th, less than six days had elapsed since Cervera quitted Martinique; and the two islands are barely one hundred miles apart. All this, of course, is very much more clear to our present knowledge than it could possibly be to the Spanish Admiral, who probably, and not unnaturally, thought it far better to get his "fleet in being" under the guns of a friendly port than to hazard it on what might prove a wild-goose chase; for, after all, Captain Clark might not have gone to Barbadoes.

It may be interesting to the reader to say here that the Navy Department—which was as much in the dark as Cervera himself—although it was necessarily concerned about the "Oregon," and gave much thought to the problem how best to assure her safety, was comforted by the certainty that, whatever befell the ship, the national interests would not be gravely compromised if she did meet the enemy. The situation was not novel or unprecedented, and historical precedents are an immense support to the spirit in doubtful moments. Conscious of the power of the ship herself, and confident in her captain and officers, whom it knew well, the Department was assured, to use words of Nelson when he was expecting to be similarly outnumbered, "Before we are destroyed, I have little doubt but the enemy will have their wings so completely clipped that they will be easily overtaken." Such odds for our ship were certainly not desired; but, the best having been done that could be in the circumstances, there was reasonable ground to believe that, by the time the enemy got through with her, they would not amount to much as a fighting squadron.

Some little while after the return of Admiral Sampson's squadron to New York, the writer chanced to see, quoted as an after-dinner speech by the chief engineer of the "Oregon," the statement that Captain Clark had communicated to his officers the tactics he meant to pursue, if he fell in with the Spanish division. His purpose, as so explained, deserves to be noted, for it assures our people, if they need any further assurance,

that in the single ship, as in the squadrons, intelligent skill as well as courage presided in the counsels of the officers in charge. The probability was that the Spanish vessels, though all reputed faster than the "Oregon," had different rates of speed, and each singly was inferior to her in fighting force; in addition to which the American ship had a very heavy stern battery. The intention, therefore, was, in case of a meeting, to turn the stern to the enemy and to make a running fight. This not only gave a superiority of fire to the "Oregon," so long as the relative positions lasted, but it tended, of course, to prolong it, confining the enemies to their bow-fire and postponing, to the utmost possible, the time of their drawing near enough to open with the broadside rapid-fire batteries. Moreover, if the Spanish vessels were not equally fast, and if their rate of speed did not much exceed that of the "Oregon," both very probable conditions, it was quite possible that in the course of the action the leading ship would outstrip her followers so much as to be engaged singly, and even that two or more might thus be successively beaten, in detail. If it be replied that this is assuming a great deal, and attributing stupidity to the enemy, the answer is that the result here supposed has not infrequently followed upon similar action, and that war is full of uncertainties; an instance again of the benefit and comfort which some historical acquaintance with the experience of others imparts to a man engaged with present perplexities. Deliberately to incur such odds would be unjustifiable; but when unavoidably confronted with them, resolution enlightened by knowledge may dare still to hope.

An instructive instance of drawing such support from the very fountain heads of military history, in the remote and even legendary past, is given by Captain Clark in a letter replying to inquiries from the present writer: "There is little to add to what you already know about the way I hoped to fight Cervera's fleet, if we fell in with it. What I feared was that he would be able to bring his ships up within range together, supposing that the slowest was faster than the 'Oregon'; but there was the chance that their machinery was in different stages of deterioration, and there was also the hope that impetuosity or excitement might after a time make some press on in advance of the others. I, of course, had in mind the tactics of the last of the Horatii, and hopefully referred to them. The announcement Milli-

gan [the chief engineer] spoke of was made before we reached Bahia, I think before we turned Cape Frio, as it was off that headland that I decided to leave the 'Marietta' and 'Nichteroy' [now the 'Buffalo'], and to push on alone. You may be sure that was an anxious night for me when I decided to part company. The Department was, of course, obliged to leave much to my discretion, and I knew that the Spaniards might all close to rapid-fire range, overpower all but our turret guns, and then send in their torpedo-boats." It was upon the "Marietta" that he had previously depended, in a measure, to thwart the attacks of these small vessels; but in such a contest as that with four armored cruisers, she could scarcely count, and she was delaying his progress in the run immediately before him. "The torpedo-boat," he continues, "was a rattlesnake to me, that I feared would get in his work while I was fighting the tiger; but I felt that the chances were that Cervera was bound to the West Indies, and so that the need of the 'Oregon' there was so great that the risk of his turning south to meet me should be run, so I hurried to Bahia, and cabled to the Department my opinion of what the 'Oregon' might do alone and in a running fight. . . . My object was to add the 'Oregon' to our fleet, and not to meet the Spaniards, if it could be avoided."—It may be added that in this his intention coincided with the wish of the Department.—"So when, in Barbadoes, the reports came off that the Spanish fleet (and rumors had greatly increased its size) was at Martinique, that three torpedo-boats had been seen from the island, I ordered coal to be loaded till after midnight; but left soon after dark, started west, then turned and went around the island—that is, well to the eastward—and made to the northward." This was on the evening of May 18th. Six days later the ship was off the coast of Florida, and in communication with the Department.

The "Oregon" may properly be regarded as one of the three principal detachments into which the United States fleet was divided at the opening of the eventful week, May 12th–19th, and which, however they might afterwards be distributed around the strategic center—which we had chosen should be about Havana and Cienfuegos—needed to be brought to it as rapidly as possible. No time was avoidably lost. On the evening of May 13th, eighteen hours after Cervera's appearance at Martinique was reported, the two larger divisions, under Sampson and

Schley, were consciously converging upon our point of concentration at Key West; while the third, the "Oregon," far more distant, was also moving to the same place in the purpose of the Department, though, as yet, unconsciously to herself. Sampson had over twenty-four hours' start of the Flying Squadron, and the distances to be traversed, from Porto Rico and Hampton Roads, were practically the same.* But the former was much delayed by the slowness of the monitors, and, great as he felt the need of haste to be, and urgent as was the Department's telegram, received on the 15th, he very properly would not allow his vessels to separate until nearer their destination. Precautionary orders were sent by him to the "Harvard" and "Yale," the two vessels which had before been looking out to the eastward of Martinique for the Spanish division, to coal to the utmost and to hold themselves at the end of a cable ready for immediate orders; while Commodore Remy, commanding at Key West, was directed to have every preparation complete for coaling the squadron on the 18th, when it might be expected to arrive. The "St. Louis," a vessel of the same type as the "Harvard," met the Admiral while these telegrams were being written. She was ordered to cut the cables at Santiago and Guantamo Bay, and afterwards at Ponce, Porto Rico.

The Flying Squadron had sailed at 4 P.M. of the 13th. Its fighting force consisted of the "Brooklyn," armored cruiser, flag-ship; the "Massachusetts," first-class, and the "Texas," second-class, battleships. It is to be inferred from the departure of these vessels that the alarm about our own coast, felt while the whereabouts of the hostile division was unknown, vanished when it made its appearance. The result was, perhaps, not strictly logical; but the logic of the step is of less consequence than its undoubted military correctness. We had chosen our objective, and now we were concentrating upon it—a measure delayed too long, though unavoidably. Commodore Schley was directed to call off Charleston for orders; for, while it is essential to have a settled strategic idea in any campaign, it is also necessary, in maritime warfare at all events, to be ready to change a purpose suddenly and to turn at once upon the great objective—which dominates and supersedes all others—the enemy's navy, when a reasonable

prospect of destroying it, or any large fraction of it, offers. When Schley left Hampton Roads, it was known only that the Spanish division had appeared off Martinique. The general intention, that our own should go to Key West, must therefore be held subject to possible modification, and to that end communication at a half-way point was imperative. No detention was thereby caused. At 4.30 P.M. of the 15th, the Flying Squadron, which had been somewhat delayed by ten hours of dense fog, came off Charleston Har, where a light-house steamer had been waiting since the previous midnight. From the officer in charge of her the Commodore received his orders, and at 6 P.M. was again under way for Key West, where he arrived on the 18th, anticipating by several hours Sampson's arrival in person, and by a day the coming of the slower ships of the other division.

But if it is desirable to insure frequent direct communication with the larger divisions of the fleet, at such a moment, when their movements must be held subject to sudden change to meet the as yet uncertain developments of the enemy's strategy, it is still more essential to keep touch from a central station with the swift single cruisers, the purveyors of intelligence and distributors of the information upon which the conduct of the war depends. If the broad strategic conception of the naval campaign is correct and the consequent action consistent, the greater fighting units—squadrons or fleets—may be well, or better, left to themselves, after the initial impulse of direction is given and general instructions have been issued to their commanders. These greater units, however, cannot usually be kept at the end of a telegraph cable; yet they must, through cables, maintain, with their centers of intelligence, communication so frequent as to be practically constant. The Flying Squadron, when off Cienfuegos, and Admiral Sampson's division at the time now under consideration, while on its passage from San Juan to Key West, are instances in point. Conversely, dependence may be placed upon local agents to report an enemy when he enters port; but when at sea for an unknown destination, it is necessary, if practicable, to get and keep touch with him, and to have his movements, actual and probable, reported. In short, steady communication must be maintained, as far as possible, between the always fixed points where the cables end, and the more variable positions where the enemy's squadrons and

*The distance from Hampton Roads to Key West is increased, owing to the adverse current of the Gulf Stream through much of the route.

our own are, whether for a stay or in transit. This can be done only through swift despatch vessels; and for these, great as is the need that no time be wasted in their missions, the homely proverb, "more haste, less speed," has to be kept in mind. To stop off at a wayside port, to diverge even considerably from the shortest route, may often be a real economy of time.

The office of cruisers thus employed is to substitute certainty for conjecture; to correct or to confirm, by fuller knowledge, the inferences upon which the conduct of operations otherwise so much depends. Accurate intelligence is one of the very first desiderata of war, and as the means of obtaining and transmitting it are never in excess of the necessities, those means have to be carefully administered. Historically, no navy ever has had cruisers enough; partly because the lookout and despatch duties themselves are so extensive and onerous; partly because vessels of the class are wanted for other purposes also—as, for instance, in our late war, for the blockade of the Cuban ports, which was never much more than technically "effective," and for the patrolling of our Atlantic seaboard. True economical use of the disposable vessels, obtaining the largest results with the least expenditure of means, never adequate, demands much forethought and more management; and is best effected by so arranging that the individual cruisers can be quickly got hold of when wanted. This is accomplished by requiring them to call at cable ports and report; or by circumscribing the area in which they are to cruise, so that they can be readily found; or by prescribing the course and speed they are to observe—in short, by insuring a pretty close knowledge of their position at every moment. A cruiser with a roving commission is about useless for these purposes; and few things are more justly exasperating than the failure of a cruiser to realize the fact in practice. Of course, no rule is hard and fast to bind the high discretion of the officer senior on the spot; but if the captains of cruisers will bear in mind as a primary principle, that they, their admirals, and the central office are in this respect parts of one highly specialized and most important system in which cooperation must be observed, discretion will more rarely err in these matters, where errors may be so serious. That with a central office, admirals, and captains, all seeking the same ends, matters will at times work at cross purposes, only proves the common experience that

things will not always go straight here below. When Nelson was hunting for the French fleet before the Battle of the Nile, his flag-ship was dismasted in a gale of wind off Corsica. The commander of the frigates, his lookout ships, concluded that the Admiral would have to return to Gibraltar, and took his frigates there. "I thought he knew me better," commented Nelson. "Every moment I have to regret the frigates having left me," he wrote later; "the return to Syracuse," was to want of intelligence, "broke my heart, which on any extraordinary anxiety now shows itself." It is not possible strictly to define official discretion, nor to guard infallibly against its misuse; but all the same, it is injurious to an officer to show that he lacks sound judgment.

When the Flying Squadron sailed, there were lying in Hampton Roads three swift cruisers, the "New Orleans," the "St. Paul," and the "Minneapolis." Two auxiliary cruisers, the "Yosemite" and the "Dixie," were nearly, but not quite, ready for sea. It was for some time justly considered imperative to keep one such ship there, ready for an immediate mission. The "New Orleans" was so retained, subject to further requirements of the Department; but the "Minneapolis" and the "St. Paul" sailed as soon as their coaling was completed—within twenty-four hours of the squadron. The former was to cruise between Haiti and the Caicos Bank, on the road which Cervera would probably follow if he went north of Haiti; the other was to watch between Haiti and Jamaica, where he might be encountered if he took the Windward Passage, going south of Haiti. At the time these orders were issued, the indications were that the Spanish division was hanging about Martinique, hoping for permission to coal there; and as both of our cruisers were very fast vessels and directed to go at full speed, the chances were more than good that they would reach their cruising ground before Cervera could pass it.

These intended movements were telegraphed to Sampson, and it was added, "Very important that your fast cruisers keep touch with the Spanish squadron." This he received May 15th. With his still imperfect information, he gave no immediate orders which would lose him his hold of the "Harvard" and the "Yale"; but shortly after midnight he learned, off Cape Haitien, that the Spanish division was to have left Curaçao the previous evening at six o'clock

— only six hours before this despatch reached him. He at once cabled the "Harvard" and the "Yale," to which, as being under his immediate charge, the Department had given no orders, to go to sea; the former to cruise in the Mona Passage, to detect the enemy if he passed through it for Porto Rico, the "Yale" to assist the "St. Paul" at the station of which he had been notified from Washington. The Department was informed by him of these dispositions. Sampson at the same time cabled Remy at Key West to warn the blockaders off Cienfuegos—none of which were armored—of the possible appearance of the enemy at that port. In this step he had been anticipated by the Department, which, feeling the urgency of the case and uncertain of communicating betimes through him, had issued an order direct to Remy, thirty-six hours before, that those ships, with a single exception, should be withdrawn; and that the vessels on the north coast should be notified, but not removed.

These various movements indicate the usefulness and the employments of the cruiser class, one of which also carried the news to Cienfuegos, another along the north coast, while a third took Sampson's telegrams from his position at sea to the cable port. (Owing to our insufficient number of vessels of the kind required, torpedo-boats, of great speed in smooth water, but of delicate machinery and liable to serious retardation in a sea-way, were much used for these missions; to the great hurt of their engines, not intended for long continued high exertion, and to their own consequent injury for their particular duties. The "St. Paul's" career exemplified also the changes of direction to which cruisers are liable; and the consequent necessity of keeping them well in hand both as regards position and preparation, especially of coal. Between the time the "Minneapolis" sailed and her own departure, at 6 P.M. of May 14th, the news of the Spanish division's arrival at Curaçao was received; and as there had been previous independent information that colliers had been ordered to meet it in the Gulf of Venezuela, only a hundred miles from Curaçao, the conclusion was fair that the enemy needed coal and hoped to get it in that neighborhood. Why else, indeed, if as fast as reported, and aware, as he must be, that Sampson was as far east as San Juan, had he not pushed direct for Cuba, his probable objective? In regard to colliers being due in the Gulf of Venezuela, the reports proved incor-

rect; but the inference as to the need of coal was accurate, and that meant delay. The "St. Paul" was therefore ordered to Key West, instructions being telegraphed there to coal her full immediately on arriving. She would there be as near the Windward Passage as Curaçao is, and yet able, in case of necessity, to proceed by the Yucatan Passage or in any direction that might meanwhile become expedient. It may be added that the "St. Paul" reached Key West and was coaled ready for sea by the evening of May 18th: four days from the time she left Hampton Roads, a thousand miles distant.

While on her passage, the Department had entertained the purpose of sending her to the Gulf of Venezuela and adding to her the "Harvard" and the "Minneapolis," the object being not only to find the enemy, if there, but that one of the three should report him, while the other two dogged his path until no doubt of his destination could remain. Their great speed, considered relatively to that which the enemy had so far shown, gave reasonable probability that thus his approach could be communicated by them, and by cables, throughout the whole field of operations, with such rapidity as to insure cornering him at once, which was the first great essential of our campaign. A cruiser reporting at Cape Haitien was picked up, and sent to the "Minneapolis," whose whereabouts was sufficiently known, because circumscribed, and she received her orders; but they served only to develop the weakness of that ship and of the "Columbia," considered as cruisers. The coal left after her rapid steaming to her cruising ground did not justify the farther sweep required, and her captain thought it imperative to go first to St. Thomas to recoal, a process which involved more delay than on the surface appears. The bunkers of this ship and of her sister the "Columbia" are minutely subdivided; an arrangement very suitable, even imperative, in a battleship, in order to localize strictly any injury received in battle, but inconsequent and illogical in a vessel meant primarily for speed. A moment's reflection upon the services required of cruisers will show that their efficiency does not depend merely upon rapid going through the water, but upon prompt readiness to leave port, of which promptness quick coaling is a most important factor. This is gravely retarded by bunkers much subdivided. The design of these two ships, meant for speed, involves this lack of facility for

recoaling. There is, therefore, in them a grave failure in that unity of conception which should dominate all designs.

The movements, actual and projected, of the cruisers at this moment, have purposely been dwelt upon at some length. Such movements and the management of them play a most important part in all campaigns, and it is desirable that they should be understood, through illustration such as this ; because the provision for the service should be antecedently thorough and consistent, in plan and in execution, in order to efficiency. Confusion of thought, and consequent confusion of object, is fatal to any conception—at least to any military conception ; it is absolutely opposed to concentration, for it implies duality of object. In the designing of a cruiser, as of any class of warship, the first step, before which none should be taken, is to decide the primary object to be realized—what is this ship meant to do ? To this primary requirement every other feature should be subordinated. Its primacy is not only one of time, but of importance also. The recognition, in practice, of this requisite does not abolish nor exclude the others by its predominance. It simply regulates their development ; for they not only must not militate against it, they must minister to it. It is exactly as in a novel or in a work of art, for every military conception, from the design of a ship up, should be a work of art. Perfection does not exclude a multiplicity of detail, but it does exact unity of motive, a single central idea, to which all detail is strictly accessory, to emphasize or to enhance—not to distract. The cruiser requirements offer a concrete illustration of the application of this thought. Rapidity of action is the primary object. In it is involved both coal endurance and facility for recoaling ; for each economizes time, as speed does. Defensive strength—of which subdivision of coal bunkers is an element—does not conduce to rapidity of movement, nor does offensive power ; they must, therefore, be very strictly subordinated. They must not detract from speed ; yet so far as they do not injure that they should be developed, for by the power to repel an enemy—to avert detention—they minister to rapidity. With the battleship, in this contrary to the cruiser, offensive power is the dominant feature. While, therefore, speed is desirable to it, excessive speed is not admissible, if, as the writer believes, it can be obtained only at some sacrifice of offensive strength.

When Admiral Sampson sent off the telegrams last mentioned, before daylight of May 16th, the flag-ship was off Cape Haitien. During her stoppage for this purpose, the squadron continued to stand west, in order not to increase the loss of time due to the slowness of the monitors, through which the progress of the whole body did not exceed from seven to eight sea miles per hour. Cape Haitien is distant from Key West nearly 700 miles ; and throughout this distance, being almost wholly along the coast of Cuba, no close telegraphic communication could be expected. At the squadron's rate of advance, it could not count upon arriving at Key West, and so regaining touch with Washington, before the morning of the 19th, and the Department was thus notified. Thirty-six hours later, at 11.30 A.M., May 17th, being then in the Old Bahama Channel, between Cuba and the Bahama Banks, the Admiral felt that his personal presence, under existing conditions, was more necessary near Havana and Key West. Leaving the division, therefore, in charge of the senior officer, Captain Evans of the "Iowa," he pushed forward with the flag-ship "New York," the fastest of the armored vessels. Six hours later he was met by the torpedo-boat "Dupont," bringing him a telegram from the Department, dated the 16th, forwarded through Key West, directing him to send his most suitable armored ship ahead to join the Flying Squadron. This order was based on information that Cervera was bringing munitions of war essential to the defense of Havana, and that his instructions were peremptory to reach either Havana or a port connected with it by railroad. Such commands pointed evidently to Cienfuegos, which place, moreover, was clearly indicated from the beginning of the campaign, as already shown in these papers, as the station for one division of our armored fleet.

The Department could calculate certainly that, by the time its message reached Sampson, his division would be so far advanced as to insure interposing between Havana and the Spaniards, if the latter came by the Windward Passage—from the eastward. It was safe, therefore, or at least involved less risk of missing the enemy, to send the Flying Squadron to Cienfuegos, either heading him off there, or with a chance of meeting him in the Yucatan Channel, if he tried to reach Havana by going west of Cuba. But as Cienfuegos was thought the more likely destination, and was for every reason a port to be effectually blockaded, it was desirable

to reinforce Schley; not by detaining him, under the pressing need of his getting to Cienfuegos, but by a battleship following him as soon as possible. Of course, such a ship might be somewhat exposed to encountering the enemy's division single-handed, which is contrary to rule. But rules are made to be broken on occasion, as well as to be observed generally; and again, and always, war cannot be made without running risks, of which the greatest is misplaced or exaggerated carefulness. From the moment the Spanish ships were reported at Curaçao, a close lookout had been established in the Yucatan Channel.

By his personal action, in quitting his squadron in order to hasten forward, Admiral Sampson had anticipated the wishes of the Department. At 4 P.M., May 18th, he reached Key West, where he found the Flying Squadron and the "St. Paul," anchored in the outer roads. His own telegrams, and those from the Secretary of the Navy, had insured preparations for coaling all vessels as they arrived, to the utmost rapidity that the facilities of the port admitted. The "St. Paul," whose orders had been again changed, sailed the same evening for Cape Haitien. The Flying Squadron started for Cienfuegos at 9 A.M. the following day, the 19th, and was followed twenty-six hours later by the battleship "Iowa." Shortly after the Admiral left the fleet, it had been overtaken by the torpedo-boat "Porter," from Cape Haitien, bearing a despatch which showed the urgency of the general situation, although it in no way lessened the discretion of the officer in charge. Captain Evans, therefore, very judiciously imitated Sampson's action, quitted the fleet, and hastened with his own ship to Key West, arriving at dark of the 18th. Being a vessel of large coal endurance, she did not delay there to fill up, but she took with her the collier "Merrimac" for the ships before Cienfuegos.

The remainder of Sampson's division arrived on the 19th. The monitors "Puritan" and "Miantonomoh," which had not been to San Juan, sailed on the 20th for the Havana blockade, where they were joined before noon of the 21st by the "Indiana" and the "New York," the latter having the Admiral on board. Commodore Schley, with the Flying Squadron, arrived off Cienfuegos towards midnight of the same day. The "Iowa" came up twelve hours later, about noon of the 22d, and some four or five light cruisers joined on that or the following

days. On the 24th the "Oregon" communicated with Washington off Jupiter Inlet, on the east coast of Florida. Her engines being reported perfectly ready, after her long cruise, she was directed to go to Key West, where she coaled, and on the 28th left for the Havana blockade. It is difficult to exaggerate the honor which this result does to the officers responsible for the condition of her machinery. The combination of skill and care thus evidenced is of the highest order.

Such, in general outline, omitting details superfluous to correct comprehension, was the course of incidents on our side, in the Cuban campaign, during the ten days May 12th-21st, from the bombardment of San Juan de Puerto Rico to the establishment of the two armored divisions in the positions which, under better conditions of national preparation, they should have occupied by the first of the month. All is well that ends well—so far at least as the wholly past is concerned; but for the instruction of the future it is necessary not to cast the past entirely behind our backs, until its teachings have been pondered and assimilated. We cannot expect ever again to have an enemy so entirely inapt as Spain showed herself to be; yet, even so, Cervera's division reached Santiago on the 19th of May, two days before our divisions appeared in the full force they could muster before Havana and Cienfuegos. Had the Spanish Admiral tried for either of those ports, even at the low rate of speed observed in going from Curaçao to Santiago—about seven and five-tenth knots—he could have left Curaçao on the evening of May 15th, and have reached Cienfuegos on the 21st, between midnight and daybreak; enabling him to enter the harbor by 8 A.M.—more than twelve hours before the arrival there of our Flying Squadron.

The writer assumes that, had our coast defenses been such as to put our minds at ease concerning the safety of our chief seaboard cities, the Flying Squadron would from the first have been off Cienfuegos. He is forced to assume so, because his own military conviction has always been that such would have been the proper course. Whatever *coup de main* might have been possible against a harbor not adequately defended—the fears of which, even, he considered exaggerated—no serious operations against a defended seaboard were possible to any enemy after a transatlantic voyage, until recoaled. It would have been safe, militarily speaking, to place our two divisions before

the ports named. It was safer to do so than to keep one at Hampton Roads ; for offense is a safer course than defense.

Consider the conditions. The Spaniards, after crossing the Atlantic, would have to coal. There were four principal ports at which they might do so—Havana, Cienfuegos, Santiago, and San Juan de Puerto Rico. The first two, on the assumption, would be closed to them, unless they chose to fight a division so nearly equal to their own force that, whatever the result of the battle, the question of coaling would have possessed no further immediate interest for them. Santiago and San Juan, and any other suitable eastern port open to them—if such there was—were simply so many special instances of a particular case, of which San Juan was the most favorable to them ; because, being the most distant, it insured more time for coaling and getting away again before our divisions could arrive. After their departure from Curaçao was known, but not their subsequent intentions, and while our divisions were proceeding to Havana and Cienfuegos, measures were under consideration at the Navy Department which would have made it even then difficult for them to escape action, if they went to San Juan for coal ; but which would have raised the difficult close to the point of the impossible, had our divisions from the first been placed before Havana and Cienfuegos, which strategic conditions dictated, but fears for our own inadequately defended coast prevented. The contemplated method was this : Adequate lookouts round Porto Rico were to be kept up, by whom their approach would be detected and quickly cabled. Our two divisions were to be kept ready to proceed at an instant's notice, coaled to their best steaming lines, as far as this was compatible with a sufficiency of fuel to hold their ground after arriving off San Juan. Two of our fastest despatch vessels, likewise at their best steaming immersion, were to be held at Key West ready to start at once for Cienfuegos to notify the squadron there ; two, in order that, if one broke down on the way, one would surely arrive within twenty-four hours. Thus planned, the receipt of a cable at the Department from one of the lookouts off Porto Rico would be like the touching of a button. The Havana division, reached within six hours, would start at once ; that at Cienfuegos eighteen hours after the former. Barring accidents, we should, in five days after the enemy's arrival, have had off San Juan the conditions which it took over a week to

establish at Santiago ; but, allowing for accidents, there would, within five days, have been force sufficient to hold the enemy in check.

Five days, it may be said, is not soon enough. It would have been quite soon enough in the case of Spaniards after a sea voyage of 2,500 miles, in which the larger vessels had to share their coal with the torpedo-destroyers. In case of a quicker enemy of more executive despatch, and granting, which will be rare, that a fleet's readiness to depart will be conditioned only by coal, and not by necessary engine repairs to some one vessel, it is to be remarked that the speed which can be, and has been, assumed for our ships in this particular case, nine knots, is far less than the most modest expectations for a battleship—such as those entertained by the writer. Had not our deficiency of dry-docks left our ships very foul, they could have covered the distance well within four days. Ships steady at thirteen knots would have needed little over three ; and it is sustained speed like this, not a spurt of eighteen knots for twelve hours, that is wanted. No one, however, need be at pains to dispute that circumstances alter cases ; or that the promptness and executive ability of an enemy are very material circumstances. Similarly, although the method proposed would have had probable success at San Juan, and almost certain success at any shorter distance, it would at 2,000 miles be very doubtfully expedient.

Assuming, moreover, that it had been thought unadvisable to move against San Juan, because doubtful of arriving in time, what would have been the situation had Cervera reached there, our armored divisions being off Havana and Cienfuegos ? He would have been watched by the four lookouts—which were ordered before Santiago immediately upon his arrival there,—and by them followed when he quitted port. Four leaves a good margin for detaching successively to cable ports before giving up this following game, and by that time his intentions would be apparent. Where indeed should he go ? Before Havana and Cienfuegos would be divisions capable of fighting him. Santiago, or any eastern port, is San Juan over again, with disadvantage of distance. Matanzas is but Havana ; he would find himself anticipated there, because one of those vessels dogging his path would have hurried on to announce his approach. Were his destination, however, evidently a North Atlantic port, as some among us had fondly feared, our division be-

fore Havana would be recalled by cable, and that before Cienfuegos drawn back to Havana; leaving, of course, lookouts before the southern port. Cienfuegos is thereby uncovered, doubtless; but either the Spaniard fails to get there, not knowing our movements, or, if he rightly divines them and turns back, our coast is saved.

Strategy is a game of wits, with many unknown quantities; as Napoleon and Nelson have said—and not they alone—the unforeseen and chance must always be allowed for. But, if there are in it no absolute certainties, there are practical certainties, raised by experience to maxims, reasonable observance of which gives long odds. Prominent among these certainties are: the value of the offensive over the defensive, the advantage of a central position, and of interior lines. All these would have been united, strategically, by placing our armored divisions before Havana and Cienfuegos. As an offensive step this supported, beyond any chance of defeat, the blockade of the Cuban coast, as proclaimed; with the incidental additional advantage that Key West, our base, was not only accessible to us, but defended against serious attack, by the mere situation of our Havana squadron. Central position and interior lines were maintained; for, Havana being nearly equidistant from Porto Rico and the Chesapeake, the squadrons could be moved in the shortest time in either direction, and they covered all points of offense and defense within the limits of the theater of war by lines shorter than those open to the enemy, which is what "interior lines" practically means.

If this disposition did possess these advantages, the question naturally arises whether it was expedient for the Havana division, before Cervera's arrival was known, and with the Flying Squadron still at Hampton Roads, to move to the eastward to San Juan, as was done. The motive of this step, in which the Navy Department acquiesced, was the probability, which must be candidly and fully admitted, that San Juan was Cervera's primary destination. If it so proved, our squadron would be nearer at hand. It was likely, of course, that Cervera would first communicate with a neutral port, as he did at Martinique, to learn if the coast were clear before pushing for San Juan. The result of his going to the latter place would have been to present the strategic problem already discussed.

Cervera heard that our fleet was at San Juan, went to Curaçao, and afterwards to

Santiago, because, as the Spanish Minister of Marine declared in the Cortes, it was the only port to which he could go. Our Admiral's official report, summing up the conditions after the bombardment of San Juan, as they suggested themselves to his mind at the time, was quoted in our last article. In the present we have sought to trace as vividly as possible the hurried and various measures consequent upon Cervera's movements; to reproduce, if may be, the perplexities—the anxieties perhaps, but certainly not the apprehension—of the next ten days, in which, though we did not fear being beaten, we did fear being outwitted, which is to no man agreeable.

If Sampson's division had been before Havana and Schley's at Hampton Roads, when Cervera appeared, the latter could have entered San Juan undisturbed. What could we then have done? In virtue of our central position, three courses were open. 1. We could have sent our Havana division to San Juan, as before proposed, and the Flying Squadron direct to the same point; with the disadvantage, however, as compared with the disposition advocated last, that the distance to it from Hampton Roads is 400 miles more than from Cienfuegos. 2. We could have moved the Havana squadron to San Juan, sending the Flying Squadron to Key West to coal and await further orders. This is only a modification of No. 1. Or, 3, we could have ordered the Flying Squadron to Key West, and at the same moment sent the Havana division before Cienfuegos; a simultaneous movement which would have effected a great economy of time, yet involved no risk, owing to the distance of the Spanish division from the center of operations.

Of these three measures the last would have commended itself to the writer, had Cervera's appearance, reported at Martinique, left it all doubtful whether or not he were aiming for Havana or Cienfuegos. In our estimation, that was the strategic center, and therefore to be covered before all else. So long as Cervera's destination was unknown, and might, however improbable, be our coast, there was possible justification for keeping the Flying Squadron there; the instant he was known to be in the West Indies, to close the two Cuban ports became the prime necessity. But had he entered San Juan, without previous appearance, the first or the second should have been adopted, in accordance with the sound general principle that the enemy's fleet, if it can be probably reached,

is the objective paramount to all others ; because the control of the sea, by reducing the enemy's navy, is the determining factor in a naval war.

Without dogmatizing, however, upon a situation which did not obtain, it appears now to the writer, not only that the eastward voyage of our Havana division was unfortunate, viewed in the light of subsequent events, but that it should have been seen beforehand to be a mistake, because inconsistent with a well-founded and generally accepted principle of war, the non-observance of which was not justified by the conditions. The principle is that which condemns "eccentric" movements. The secondary definition of this word—"odd" or "peculiar"—has so dislodged all other meanings in common speech, that it seems necessary to recall that primarily, by derivation, it signifies "away from the center," to which sense it is confined in technical military phrase. Our center of operations had been fixed, and rightly fixed, at Havana and Cienfuegos. It was subject, properly, to change—instant change—when the enemy's fleet was known to be within striking distance ; but to leave the center otherwise, on a calculation of probabilities, however plausible, was a proposition that should have been squarely confronted with the principle, which itself is only the concrete expression of many past experiences. It is far from the writer's wish to advocate slavery to rule ; no bondage is more hopeless or more crush-

ing ; but when one thinks of acting contrary to the weight of experience, the reasons for such action should be most closely scrutinized and their preponderance in the particular case determined.

These remarks are offered with no view of empty criticism of a mistake—if such it were—in which the writer was not without his share. In military judgments error is not necessarily censurable. One of the greatest captains has said, "The general who has made no mistake has made few campaigns." There are mistakes and mistakes ; errors of judgment, such as the most capable man makes in the course of a life, and errors of conduct which demonstrate essential unfitness for office. Of the latter class was that of Admiral Byng, when he retired from Minorca. As instances of the former, both Nelson and Napoleon admitted, to quote the latter's words, "I have been so often mistaken that I no longer blush for it." My wish is to illustrate, by a recent particular instance, a lesson professionally useful to the future : the value of rules. By the disregard of rule in this case we uncovered both Havana and Cienfuegos, which it was our object to close to the enemy's division. Had the latter been more efficient, he could have reached one or the other before we regained the center. Our movement was contrary to rule ; and while the inferences upon which it was based were plausible, they were not, in the writer's present judgment, adequate to constitute the exception.

"OUT OF PRINT."

THIS phrase is equivalent to "Standing Room Only" as employed in the theaters. Although we are printing of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE 70,000 copies more a month than we printed a year ago, we are compelled each month to keep many new subscribers waiting.

The year 1898 was a most prosperous year for the Magazine, and the year 1899 opens with a much larger promise. We believe that the Magazine for the coming months will please our readers better than ever.

We are already making plans for next year, and we need one or two new staff writers. Mr. Moffet has sailed for Europe on a most important mission for the Magazine, and Mr. Baker, the author of the article on "Liquid Air" in this number, has more work than he can do. The latter joined our staff a year ago, as the result of an announcement

in these pages. Any one who feels qualified to write special articles for this Magazine is invited to suggest his ideas or contribute an article.

A THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR TWELVE IDEAS.

One thousand dollars will be paid for subjects or ideas for twelve articles for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE. The suggestions may be for a series of articles or for single articles. The only condition is that they prove available to the editors of the Magazine and are not on subjects already under consideration. The prize winners will be given the first opportunity to write the articles. For a smaller number of successful ideas a *pro rata* sum will be paid.

S. S. McCLURE.

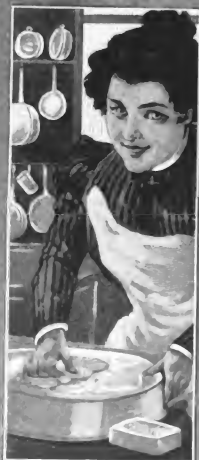
THE
SAPOLIO
CO.
CHICAGO
ILL.
MADE
IN
U.S.A.

IN DAYS OF OLD
YE WITCHES BOLD
SWEEPED COBWEBS
FROM THE SKY



BUT MODERN MAID
IS NOT AFRAID

SAPOLIO
TO TRY.



BAKER'S CHOCOLATE.

Imitations on the market!



TRADE-MARK

Housekeepers should examine what they buy, and make sure that every package bears our well-known

YELLOW LABEL

on the front, and our

**TRADE-MARK ON
THE BACK.**

Take only the genuine,

MADE BY

**WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.,
DORCHESTER, MASS.**

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

Made from most highly refined grape cream of tartar.

Makes pure, delicious, wholesome food.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

The Girl Who Loves Good Health

as well as physical perfection, finds in Ferris' Good Sense Corset Waist an ideal garment. It yields to every motion; it permits full respiration and is highly conducive to erectness and grace.

Ferris' Good Sense Corset Waists are in many styles to suit all forms. If you would like to see how they look on others, we will send you a book of photographic pictures—free.

FERRIS' Good Sense Waists

are sold by all leading retailers. Do not take substitutes. Ladies' \$1 to \$2.75; Misses' 50c. to \$1; Children's 25c. to 50c. Made only by

THE FERRIS BROS. CO., 341 Broadway, New York.



HALL'S *Vegetable Sicilian* Hair Renewer

Brings the old color back; no more faded or gray hair. Makes growth more rapid; short hair becomes long hair. Holds the hair firmly in place; the hair stops falling out. Completely removes dandruff; baldness is prevented. Feeds the hair bulbs; new hair grows on bald heads.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send one dollar to
R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

10 CENTS
A COPY

"At Ninety Miles an Hour"

\$1.00
A YEAR

MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE

FOR APRIL



Pears' Soap

A vintage advertisement for Pears' Soap. The top half of the image features a woman in a long, patterned dress standing amidst a dense field of white lilies. The lilies are in full bloom, and their long stems and leaves create a lush, textured background. The woman is looking slightly to her left with a gentle expression. The overall tone is soft and elegant, typical of early 20th-century advertising.

"Lilies of Easter"
are not too high a comparison to apply to the purity of

Pears' Soap

which is such that it may be used on the tenderest and most sensitive skin, even that of a new-born babe.

All sorts of people use it, all sorts of stores sell it.

Established over 100 years. 20 International Awards.



Drawn by L. Raven-Hill.

“‘PROPPED UP ON ONE ARM, BLAZING AWAY WITH A REVOLVER.’”

(SEE “A LITTLE PREP,” BY RUDYARD KIPLING, PAGE 572.)

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XII.

APRIL, 1899.

No. 6.

AT NINETY MILES AN HOUR.

SAVING A DAY BETWEEN THE ATLANTIC AND THE PACIFIC.—EXPERIENCES ON RACING LOCOMOTIVES IN RECORD-BREAKING RUNS.

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

Illustrated with drawings from life by W. D. Stevens, who, in order to make the drawings, accompanied Mr. Moffett, and took several journeys besides, on the engines and in the cars of the flying mail.



HEY call it a race for a million, but that gives small notion of what has been going on these recent months between Chicago and the Missouri River, ever since the great mail-hustling order was sent

out by long-headed managers on the first day of 1899. Huge locomotives, tearing through the night faster than locomotives ever before were driven; rival engineers keyed up beyond what human nerves can bear, but bound to "get there, or smash something;" superintendents, train-despatchers, and their kind lying awake of nights figuring out how the schedule may be shaved down ten minutes—all this is exciting enough; but the struggle now on between the Chicago and Northwestern and the C. B. & Q., or rather the struggle that each one of these roads is making against all records in the world, stands for much more than any paltry million-dollar mail contract that may be awarded from Chicago to Omaha. It stands for a business day saved in crossing the continent. It means that tons of mail from the Atlantic coast now reach California and Oregon so that bankers and business men there receive their drafts and other money papers before three o'clock on a certain day, instead of at noon on the following day. It means a day saved in steamer connections for China and

the Orient. And a very clever statistician were needed to say what that is worth.

Thanks to courtesies of railroad officials and post-office authorities, we may now watch the carrying of this transcontinental mail in the hottest, maddest part of its sweep between the oceans; we may journey with it across Illinois and Iowa, where level ground and keenest competition offer such a spectacle of flying mail service as has not been seen before since letters and engines came upon the earth.

It is 8.30 P.M., any night you please, and for miles through the yards of East Chicago lights are swinging, semaphore arms are moving, men in the clicking signal towers are juggling with electric buttons and pneumatic levers, target lights on a hundred switches are changing from red to green, from green to red; everything is clear, everything is all right; the Lake Shore Mail is coming, with eighty tons of letters and papers in its pouches. Relays of engines and engineers and firemen, the picked men of the road and the pet locomotives, have brought these messages, this news of the world thus far on their journey. Up the Hudson they have come and across the Empire State and along the shores of Lake Michigan, nearly a thousand miles in twenty-four hours, which is not so bad. Formerly this same mail reached Chicago at midnight, and did not go on again until three in the morning. Now

we shall see it start for Omaha in a single hour, and before that, it must be unloaded and piled into vans and hauled across the city, then loaded again. Only a local transfer here; but watch it if you would have some idea of the hurry involved in this business.

Outside the station ten of the largest mail-wagons wait, drawn up like fire-engines, two big horses for a wagon. The platform crew work like circus men packing the big tents away. There is a rumbling of trucks, a bumping and thudding of leather, and presently off go the horses west on Van Buren Street, north on Pacific Avenue, then, swinging into Jackson Boulevard (where no other heavy traffic is allowed), they make a dead run for the river, with the same right of way that ambulances have; and the drivers cease not

to ply their whips as they near the bridge: they know that a city ordinance holds the draw for the passage of this mail.

So six wagons reach the Burlington station at Canal Street, with horses in a lather. Meanwhile the others have dashed through Sherman Street and Fifth Avenue to the Wells Street station of the Chicago and Northwestern. This latter is the longer journey by some five minutes, but the Northwestern vans make compensating gain in backing right up to a platform near the waiting train, while the C. B. & Q. pouches must be slid down a chute, then handled on trucks. This whole operation of transfer is accomplished in half an hour, more or less (as the mail is heavy or light); and it is a thing to remember, like some giant foot-ball game, the way these steady-legged, quick-handed men send the



MAKING READY ENGINE 908 OF THE CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN ROAD.

Before going into the round-house the engine is dumped, watered, and coaled, and her fires are banked, after which she is put on the turn-table and sent into her stall. There she stands and blows while the wipers rub her down, for all the world like a thoroughbred after a race. Some time before she starts out on her run again the engineer comes and directs the last details of making her ready. Dan White, the engineer of 908, is standing in the foreground of the picture.



EIGHTY MILES AN HOUR. 590 OF THE BURLINGTON ROAD ON THE RUN OUT FROM CHICAGO.

Occasionally the warning shrieks of a whistle, or the signal lights ahead, put the engineer and firemen on the lookout. Our picture shows Bullard, the engineer, looking ahead while "hearing and smelling" for possible breaks in the engine, or for a hot box, or for oil burning. Behind him stands Dan, the fireman, looking ahead.

pouches flying out of the vans and into the cars, dragging and tossing and spinning them through the air, until all are stowed away.

And now begins the effort of steam and brain and skill of the hand; now start the trains. Perhaps some distant eye far above can watch them speed to the West, two fire-spots creeping through the darkness in pursuit of the setting stars, one might fancy. Side by side they go, with slight divergence, the Burlington keeping a little more southward; side by side they cross the Mississippi; then come together as the sun is rising, and pause on the Missouri's banks, this stretch over. Both trains cover the 500 miles in about ten hours, including stops, slow-downs, and delays of every kind: which means that both attain a velocity at times of eighty, ninety, or a hundred miles an hour; some claim as much as 120 miles an hour for short distances, but this cannot be verified, since no instrument has yet been devised that will make reliable record of these great bursts. The Northwestern route is ten miles shorter than the Burlington (489.9 against 500.2 miles). On the other hand, the Northwestern flyer leaves Chicago at ten o'clock, while the Burlington train leaves at 9.30.

By schedule time the two reach Omaha at about eight in the morning (the Northwestern at 8.15, the Burlington at 7.55), and no man can say that one is better or faster than the other. Yet this is true, that both do more than has ever been done by any other train in the world running daily.

It is a fine thing to know the men who drive the engines on these trains: just to see them is something, and to make them talk (if you can do it) is better business than interviewing most celebrities you have heard about.

To this end I set out one evening early in January for the great round-house of the Northwestern road that lies in the outskirts of Chicago. A strange place, surely, is this to one who approaches it unprepared; a place where yellow eyes glare out of deep shadows, where fire-dragons rush at you with crunching and snortings, where the air hisses and roars. It might be some demon menagerie, there in the darkness.

To this place of fears and pitfalls I came an hour or so before starting time, and here I found Dan White, one of the Northwestern crack-a-jacks, giving the last careful touches to locomotive 908 before the night's hard run. In almost our first words my heart was won by something White said. I had

mentioned Frank Bullard of the Burlington road, a rival by all rights, and immediately this bluff, broad-shouldered man exclaimed: "Ah, he's a fine fellow, Bullard is, and he knows how to run an engine." White would fight Bullard at the throttle to any finish, but would speak only good words of him.

"Tell me," said I, "about the great run you made the other night." From a dozen lips I had heard of White's tremendous dash from Chicago to Clinton, Iowa.

"Oh, it wasn't much; we had to make the time up, and we did it. Didn't we, Fred?"

This to the fireman, who nodded in silent assent, but said nothing.

"You made a record, didn't you?"

"Well, we went 138 miles in 143 minutes; that included three stops and two slow-downs. I don't know as anybody has beat that—much."

By dint of questioning I drew from this modest man some details of his achievement. The curve-bent stretch of seventeen miles between Franklin Grove and Nelson they did in fourteen minutes, and a part of this, beyond Nachusa, they took at an eighty-mile pace. They covered five miles between Clarence and Stanwood in three minutes and a half, and they made two miles beyond Denison at over a hundred miles an hour. As the mail rushed west, word was flashed ahead that a hair-raising run was being made, and crowds gathered at the stations to cheer and marvel. Lights burned late that night in farmers' houses, and at every signal station along the way a group of eager men were waiting.

"There must have been 500 people on the platform at Dixon," said White, telling the story, "and they looked to me like a swarm of ants, just a black, wriggling mass, and then they were gone. We came on to a bridge there after a big reverse curve with a down grade, and I guess no one will ever know how fast we were going that night, as we slammed her around one way and then slammed her around the other way. It was every bit of ninety miles an hour. You got all you wanted, didn't you, Fred?"

The fireman looked up, torch in hand, and remarked in a dry monotone: "Goin' through Dixon I said my prayers, and hung on, stretched out flat. That's what I done."

"Fred and I," continued White, "both got letters about the run from the superintendent. Here's mine, if you'd like to read it."

The pleasure of "two blackened men over



AT WORK IN A MAIL-CAR.

On the swaying floor of the mail-car the crew of six clerks work unceasingly for seventeen hours at a stretch, throwing the letters and papers—which go to some 18,000 different post offices—into the 500 letter pigeon-holes and the 120 mail-pouches with which the car is fitted. One of the mail-clerks, to the artist's question, "Do you know, fellows, how fast you have been going to-night?" laconically replied, "No, and we don't want to."

this graciousness of the superintendent was a thing to see. For a bit of crumpled paper such as that White showed me I believe they would have taken the Mississippi at a jump, engine, train, and all. Superintendent's orders, superintendent's praise, there is the beginning and end of all things for them.

It was only a short ride I took this night

"Listen!" he said; "you'll hear it hiss as the rail moves over. Look out for your feet; it would take one of them clean off if the jam caught it. And it's no fun to lose a foot; I tried it once with this one."

He held up his right foot.

"What's the matter with it?" said I.

"Nothing, only it's half gone. Shoe's



TIMING THE FAST MAIL.

During the greater part of the trip described by the author, General Manager Brown and Division Superintendent Rice of the C. B. & Q. sat, watches in hand, by an open door of the storage car. Once Mr. Brown turned to the artist, and closing his watch with a snap, said, "You can say that you have ridden in your life at a much higher rate than ninety miles an hour."

in the cab of 908, five miles through the yards to the Northwestern station, where the mail-cars were waiting. But I felt the power of the great creature, and thrilled with the throbbing of her brave heart. What splendid courage she has, I thought, as we moved along swiftly among the shadows. How kind she is to us, poor puny men!

As we lay by the platform waiting for orders, White took me down on the tracks, and explained how the switches are operated by compressed air from the towers.

stuffed with cotton. Engine driver rolled over it."

Then he told how a few years before he had been working under his locomotive when she had suddenly started forward (a cylinder cock not carefully closed), and how he managed to escape, all but his right foot.

"I was laid up for a good many months, but the company stood by me nobly; that's the way they always treat disabled men, and here I am to-day as sound as a dollar. Well, good-by, sir."

Five minutes later they are off for the

West, with various Northwestern officials waving encouragement. White's effort and the strength of 908 will take the train's 250 tons one third of the way to Omaha. Then a second engine and engineer and fireman will do a second stretch; then a third relay will finish the run. Three engines, three engineers, and three firemen—these are needed by either road for the journey one way.

The first long ride on one of these splendid locomotives was with the Burlington flyer, with 590 at her head and Frank Bullard at the throttle. It is said that the Baldwin Locomotive Works never turned out a faster engine than this 590. The man must be a giant whose head will top her drivers, and for all her seventy tons, there is speed in every line of her. She is a young engine, too, only four years old, and Bullard swears he will back her in the matter of getting over rails to do anything that steel and steam can do. "She's willing and gentle, sir, and easy running. You'll see in a minute."

These words to me from Bullard, first-class engine-driver of the C. B. & Q., a long, loosely jointed man with the eye and build of a scout. As he spoke they were coupling us to the mail-cars, in preparation for the start. In overalls and sweater I have come, with typewritten authority to make the run that night. This was in the first week in January, the second time Bullard had drawn the throttle for Burlington on the new fast schedule. Burlington lay off there in Iowa, on the Mississippi, with all the night and all the State of Illinois between us.

Now the train stands ready, three mail-cars and the engine, not a stick besides. No Pullman comforts here, no bunks for sleeping, no man aboard who has the right to sleep. Everything is hustle and business. Already the mail-clerks are swarming at the pouches, like printers on a rush edition. See those last bags swung in through the panel doors! Not even the president of the road may ride here without permit from the government.

Bullard takes up a red, smoking torch, and looks 590 over. He fills her cups and prods a two-foot oiler into her rods and bearings. Dan Cleary, the fireman, looks out of his window on the left, and chews complacently. Down the track beside him locomotive 1309 backs up, a first-class engine she, but 590 bulks over her as the king of a herd might over some good, ordinary working elephant.

As she stands here now, purring through her black iron throat, 590 measures sixteen feet three inches from rails to stack-top. Both engines blow out steam, that rolls up in silver clouds to the electric lights.

Bullard climbs to his place at the right, and a hiss of air tells that he is testing the brakes. Under each car sixteen iron shoes close against sixteen wheels, and stay there. Down the length of the train goes the repair man with his kit, and makes sure that every contact is right. He then pulls a rope four times at the rear, whereupon four hissing signals answer in the cab. Bullard shuts off the air.

"It's all there is to stop her with," says he, "so we take no chances with it. She's got high-speed brakes on her, 590 has—110 pounds to the inch. Twenty-four, Dan," he adds, and snaps his watch. "We start at thirty."

Dan chews on. "Bad wind to-night," he says; "reg'lar gale."

Bullard nods. "I know it; we're fifteen minutes late, too."

"Make Burlington on time?"

"Got to; you hit it up, and I'll skin her. Twenty-six, Dan."

Four minutes to wait. Two station officials come up with polite inquiries. The thermometer is falling, they say, and we shall have it bitter cold over the plains. They reach up with cordial hand-shakes. I pull my cap down, and take my stand behind Bullard. Our side of the cab is quite cut off from the fireman's side by a swelling girth of boiler, which leaves an alley-way on either side wide enough for a man's body and no wider. Bullard and I are in the right-hand alley-way. Bullard's back and black cap just before me. Dan with his shovel is out on a shaky steel shelf behind, that bridges the space between engine and tender. This is where he works, poor lad! We are breathing coal dust and torch smoke and warm oil.

"F-s-s-s-s-s," comes the signal, and instantly we are moving. Lights flash about us everywhere, green lights, white lights, red lights, a phantasmagoria of drug-store bottles. The tracks shine yellow far ahead. A steady jarring and pounding begins, and grows like the roar of battle. The cab heaves with the tugging of a captive balloon. Our speed increases amazingly. We seem constantly on the point of running straight through blocks of houses, and only escape by sudden and disconcerting sways around curves that all lead, one will vow, straight into black chasms under the dazzle. Who-

ever rides here for the first time feels that he is ticketed for sure destruction, understands that this plunging engine must necessarily go off the rails in two or three minutes, say five minutes at the latest; for what guidance, he reasons, can any man get from a million crazy lights, and who that is human can avoid a snarl in such a tangle of bumping switches? I am free to confess, for my own part, that I found the first half hour of my ride on 590 absolutely terrifying.

Thus, at break-neck speed, we come out of Chicago, all slow-going city ordinances to the contrary notwithstanding. We are chasing a transcontinental record schedule, and have fifteen minutes to make up. I breathe more freely as we get into open country. We are going like the wind, but the track is straighter, and the darkness comfortable. I begin to notice things with better understanding. As the lurches come, I brace myself against the boiler side without fear of burning: that is something learned; I find out later that I owe this protection to a two-inch layer of asbestos. I catch a faint sound of the engine-bell, and discover, to my surprise, that it has been ringing from the start; indeed, it rings without ceasing all the way to Burlington, the rope pulled by a steam jerking contrivance, but the roar of the engine drowns it.

Deep shadows enwrap the cab, all the deeper for the glare that flashes through them every minute or two as Ian, back there on his iron shelf, stokes coal in at the red-hot door. Two faint lights burn for the gages—a jumping water column in front, a pair of wavering needles on the boiler. These Bullard watches coolly, and from time to time reaches back past me to turn the injector cock, whereupon steam hisses by my head. For the most part he is quite still, like an Indian pilot, head forward at the look-out window, right hand down by the air-brake valve, left hand across the throttle lever, with only a second's jump to the reversing lever that rises up from the floor straight before him. As we race into towns and roar through them, he sounds the chime whistle, making its deep voice challenge the darkness. At curves he eases her with the brakes. And for grades and level stretches and bridges he notches the throttle up or down as the need is. Watch his big strong grip on the polished handles! Think of the hours he spends here all alone, this man who holds life and death in his quick, sure judgment!

Now he catches the window frame and

slides it open. A blast sweeps in like an Arctic hurricane. Bullard leans out into the night and seems to listen. "Try it," he cries, but his voice is faint. I put my head out, and come into a rush of air billows that strangle like breakers.

"Greggs—Hill—three—miles—long. Let—her—go—soon." He closes the window. And now, as we are clear of the grade, begins a burst of speed that makes the rest of small account. Faster and faster we go, until the very iron seems alive and straining underneath us. I am tossed about in hard pitches. The glow of the furnace lights up continuously. There is no sense of fear any longer. It is too splendid what we are doing. Of course it means instant death if anything breaks. Let the massive side rod that holds the two drivers snap, and a half-ton knife sweeping seventy miles an hour will slice off our cab and us with it like a cut of cheese. Did not an engineer go to his death that way only last week on the Union Pacific run? After all, why not this death as well as any other? Have we not valves and tubes in our bodies that may snap at any moment?

"How—fast?" I call out.

"Eighty—miles—an—hour," says Bullard close to my ear, and a moment later pulls the rope for a grade crossing. "Ooooo—Ooooo—Oo—Oo," answers the deep iron voice, two long and two short calls, as the code requires. "Year—ago—killed—two—men—here," he shouts as we whizz over the road. "Struck—buggy—threw—men—sixty—feet." I wonder how far we would throw them now.

In the 206 miles' run to the Mississippi we stop only twice—for water, at Mendota and at Galesburg—nine minutes wasted for the two, and the gale blowing harder. Our schedule makes allowance for no stops; every minute from our actual going is so much "dead time" that must be fought for, second by second, and made up. Drive her as he will, with all the cunning of his hand, Bullard can score but small gains against the wind. And some of these he loses. At Mendota we have made up seven minutes, but we pull out thirteen minutes late. At Princeton we are fifteen minutes late, at Galva fourteen minutes, at Galesburg eight minutes, but we pull out twelve minutes late. Then we make the last forty-three miles, including bridges, towns, grades, and curves, in forty-four minutes, and draw into Burlington at 1:22 A.M.—on time to the dot. This because Bullard had sworn to do it; also



DAN WHITE, THE ENGINEER, AT HIS POST.

In the cab of 908, of the Chicago and Northwestern Road, on the run.

because the road beyond Galesburg runs west instead of southwest, and it is easier for a train to bore straight through a gale, head-on, than to take it from the quarter. But be sure of this, that whoever covers forty-three miles of railroad in forty-four consecutive minutes travels much of the way at an eighty or ninety-mile pace.

We took the big, steady curve at Princeton, a down-grade helping us, at a hundred miles an hour, so Bullard declares, and what he says about engine-driving I believe. Indeed, these great bursts can be measured only by the subtle senses of an expert, since no registering instrument has been devised to make reliable record. Across the twin high bridges that span the Bureau creeks we shot with a rush that left the reverberations far back in the night like two short barks. And just as we rounded a curve before these bridges I saw a black face peering down from the boiler-top, while a voice called out: "Wahr—wahr—wahr—wahr." To this startling apparition Bullard, undisturbed, replied: "Wahr—wahr—wahr—wahr." Then the head disappeared. Dan was telling Bullard that he had seen the safety light for the bridges, first visible on his side, and Bullard was answering something about hitting it up harder. How these men understand one another in such tumult is a mystery to one with ordinary hearing, but somehow they manage it.

Half way between Kewanee and Galva a white light came suddenly into view far ahead. I knew it for the headlight of a locomotive coming toward us on the parallel track. Already we had met two or three trains, and swept past them with a smashing of sound and air. But this headlight seemed different from the others, paler in its luster, not so steady in its glare. The ordinary locomotive comes at you with a calm, staring yellow eye that grows until it gets to be a huge full moon. But it comes gradually, without much jumping or wavering. This light danced and flashed like a great white diamond. I watched it with a certain fascination, and, as it came nearer and nearer, realized that here was a train of different kind from the others, coming down on us at terrific speed. And Bullard shouted: "Number—Eight—with—the—mail." Then added as she passed like the gleam of a knife: "She's—going—too."

And going she certainly was, as I learned the next day at the company's office in Burlington. For sixty-two minutes they had held her at Council Bluffs, this train No. 8,

this East-bound flyer, waiting for the Union Pacific mail. She had started for Chicago one hour and two minutes late—and she made the time up. Her last relay from Burlington was done by big locomotive 1083, Sam Dove driving her, and they ran the 206 miles in 213 minutes, stops, slow-downs, everything counted; or 206 miles in 200 minutes actual running time. So when these sister trains came in sight, there near Kewanee, they were hurrying together at an easy rate of 180 miles an hour. No wonder the headlight danced!

At about half-past one this memorable night, with the Mississippi River at my back, I entered a little hotel that faces the Burlington station. My head rang as if I had been swinging on some great church bell. And when the night clerk saw me, he nearly laughed in my face, for I was black with smoke and coal dust. Here was a change of plan. I had thought to go straight through with the run to Omaha; but Bullard's personality, the charm and the mystery of it, had tempted me to linger for a talk with him. It was plain I might ride a lifetime on 590 and learn nothing for all the chance of conversation there would be: as well try to converse with an officer leading a charge of cavalry.

But the next day, with comfortable rocking chairs to sit in, and cigars to smoke, and a row of hotel windows before us, Bullard and I found time for engine chat, and I was well content. First I asked him about putting his head out of the cab window there at Greggs Hill—and elsewhere. "Was it to see better?" said I.

"No," said Bullard; "it was to hear better and to smell better!"

"Hear what? Smell what?"

"Hear the noises of the engine. If any little thing was working wrong, I'd hear it. If there was wear on a bearing, I'd hear it. Why, if a mouse squeaked somewhere inside of 590, and the mouse didn't belong there, I guess I'd hear it."

Then he went on to explain that the ordinary roar of the engine, which drowned everything for me, was to him an unimportant background of sound that made little impression and left his ears free for other sounds.

"I get so accustomed to listening to an engine," he added, "that often up home, talking with my wife and child, I find myself trying to hear the sounds from the round-house. And often, after a run, I talk to people as if they were deaf."

"You spoke about smelling better."

"That's right. I can smell a hot box in a minute, or oil burning. All engineers can. Why, there was——"

This led to the story of poor Giddings, killed in 590 three years ago, through this

the fireman. And probably you noticed those posts along the road that hold the tell-tale strings. They're to warn crews on freight-car tops when its time to duck for bridges. Well, Giddings was coming along



THE ARRIVAL IN CHICAGO.

A minute or two after Engine 1003 of the C. B. & Q. R.R. has brought the mail-train into the Chicago depot.

very necessity of putting the head out the cab window. Giddings had Bullard's place, until death came, and he was one of the most trusted men in the Burlington employ.

"You saw last night," said Bullard, "how the boiler in 590 shuts off the engineer from

one night between Biggsville and Gladstone—that's about ten miles before you get to the Mississippi. He was driving her fast to make up time, sixty miles an hour easy, and he put his head out to hear and to smell, the way I've explained it.

"There must have been a post set too near the track, and anyway 590's cab is extra wide; so the first thing he knew, and he didn't know that his head was knocked clean off, or as good as that, and there was 590, her throttle wide open, tearing along, with a fireman stoking for all he was worth, and a dead engineer hanging out the window.

"So they ran for eight miles, and Billy Maine—he was firing—never suspected anything wrong, for of course he couldn't see, until they struck the Mississippi bridge at full speed. You remember crossing the bridge just before we pulled in here. It's 2,200 feet long, and we always give a whistle of extra warning before we get to it, and then slow down. That's the law," he added, smiling, "and besides, there's a draw to look out for. When he heard no whistle this time, Billy Maine jumped around quick to where Giddings was, and then he saw he had a corpse for a partner."

Another question I asked was about stopping a train at great speed. "I've done it," said Bullard, "in 950 feet, pulling five cars, that were making about sixty-two miles an hour. I don't know what I could do with this new train, only three cars, and going ninety miles an hour. That's a hard proposition."

"Would you reverse her?"

"No, sir. All engineers who know their business will agree on that. I'd shut the throttle off, and put the brakes on full. But I wouldn't reverse her. If I did, the wheels would lock in a second, and the whole business would skate ahead as if you'd put her on ice."

Then we talked about the nerve it takes to run an engine, and how a man can lose his nerve. It's like a lion-tamer who wakes up some morning and finds that he's afraid. Then his time has come to quit taming lions, for the beasts will know it if he doesn't, and kill him. There are men who can stand these high-speed runs for ten years. But few go beyond that term, or past the forty-five year point. Slow-going passenger trains will do for them after that. Others break down after five years. Many engineers, skilled men, too, would rather throw up their jobs than take the run Bullard makes. Not that they feel the danger to be so much greater in pushing the speed up to seventy, eighty, or ninety miles an hour; but they simply cannot stand the strain of doing the thing. And even a man of Bullard's stoical temperament comes down from his cab so exhausted after a run like ours that he must

rest entirely for twenty-four hours before he can make another one. Thus an engineer of this special class draws full pay—\$185 a month—for working on alternate days. And for the three relays between Chicago and Omaha, six engineers are required to take the flyer West, and six engineers to take it East, twelve men, the flower of the road, for a round trip of a thousand miles, and twelve firemen to help them.

"This doubling up is what breaks my heart," said Bullard. "Since they've put on their new schedule, I have to divide 590 with another fellow. John Kelly takes her on the fast run East while I wait here and rest. And so I've lost my sweetheart, and I don't feel near as much interest in her as I did. You see, she ain't mine any more. And between you and me," he added, confidentially, "I don't think 590 likes it much herself; you see, engines are a good deal like girls after all."

We talked next of the coal and water consumed between Chicago and Burlington, seven tons of the one, and 5,000 gallons of the other. Then summing it all up, I asked Bullard what he really thought of the new fast schedule and the speed they have to make.

"It isn't for me to think," said Bullard; "but I'll tell you this, it's the hardest game I ever got up against. My wife says she hopes for just one thing: that they won't start me off some night too far behind time."

"What do you mean?"

"Why," he answered with modest hesitation, "my wife knows that if they do, I'll—I'll—why, she knows I'll make it up. And even as it is, she don't sleep any nights until she hears my long whistle over the bridge."

Good luck to Bullard, I say, and all men of his kind.

That night, in workman's garb again, I made my way to a gloomy round-house, ready for the run to Omaha. I was to ride the second relay, as far as Creston, on locomotive 1201, with Jake Myers in the cab, so I had been informed. Being hours ahead of time, I saw something of round-house life.

First, I followed a gaunt, black-faced Swede, with stubby beard, through his duties as locomotive hostler; saw him take the tired engines in hand, as they came in one after another from hard runs, and care for them as stable hostlers care for horses. There were the fires to be dropped in the clinker pit, coal and wood to be loaded in from the chutes, the water-tanks to be filled,

sand-boxes looked after, and, finally, there was the hitching fast of the weary monsters in empty stalls, whither they were led from the lumbering turn-table with the last head of steam left over dead fire-boxes. And now spoke the Swede:

"Dem big passenger engines can werry easy climb over dem blocks and go through the round-house." This from Gus Andersen, as he showed me past a great semicircle of cold engine-noses, ranged along not two feet from the brick wall.

Later on, in the dimly-lighted locker-room, I listened to round-house men swapping yarns about accidents, and to threats of a fireman touching a certain yardmaster set apart by general consent for a licking.

Finally an Irishman came in, James Byron, and for all his good-natured face he seemed in ill humor. It turned out that he had just received a hurry order to take 1201 out in Myers's place.

"Jake is sick," said he, "and they've sent for me. But I'm sick, too. Was in bed with grip. Just took ten grains of quinine. Say, I ain't any more fit to run an engine than I am to run a Sunday-school."

Then he began pulling on his overalls, while the others laughed at him, told him he was "scared" of the fast run, and said good-by with mock seriousness.

But Byron showed himself a good soldier, and soon was working over 1201 with a will, inspecting every inch of her, torch in hand, and he assured me he would take her through all right, grip or no grip.

And take her through he did. At 1.16 A.M., my old friend, locomotive 590, brought the flyer up from Chicago, six minutes ahead of the schedule. Kelly had done himself proud this time. And six minutes later, on time to the minute, we drew out behind 1201, with Byron handling her, and seventy tons of mail following after.

Our fireman was named Bellamy. He wore isinglass goggles against the heat, and, in his way, he was a humorist, as I discovered presently, when he came near me (we were running at a sixty-mile gait) and, grinning like a Dante demon, remarked slowly: "Say—if—we—go—in—the—ditch—will—you—come—along?"

The first feature of this run was some trouble with a feed pipe from the tank, which brought us to sudden standstill in the open night with a great hissing of steam.

"What is it?" I asked of Bellamy, while Byron, grumbling maledictions, hammered under the truck.

"Check-valve stuck; water can't get into the boiler."

"How did he know it?"

"Water-gage."

"What if he hadn't noticed it?"

Bellamy smiled in half contempt. "Say, if he hadn't noticed it for fifteen minutes, we'd have been sailing over them trees about this time—in pieces. She'd have bust her boiler."

Five minutes lost here, and we were off again, running presently into a thick fog, then into rain, and, finally, into a snow storm. Never shall I forget the illusion, due to our great speed, that the flakes were rushing at us horizontally, shooting upward in sharp curves over the engine's headlight. And, as we swept on, the shadow of 1201 advanced beside us over the stretch of white snow as smoothly and silently as the tail of an eclipse. The engine itself was a noisy, hurrying affair, but the engine's shadow was as calm and quiet as a cloud. And I recall that the swiftness of our rush this night caused in me neither fear nor any particular emotion. Yet this was practically the same experience that had stirred me so the night before on 590.

We reached Creston on time, as Byron said he would, and of what happened during the last relay from Creston on, or what engine drew us, or who the engineer was, I have no knowledge, for I passed the early morning hours in troubled sleep, curled up on a pile of pouches in the rear mail-car. I may add that my sleep was troubled for good and sufficient reasons: first, because there was need of changing my hard couch at intervals so that the crew could handle what I was sleeping on; also because the motion here is even more violent than on the locomotive. There were double curves in western Iowa that made those mail-cars look like a battlefield. It was bundles of newspapers flying through the air, and poor devils of mail-clerks stretched on the floor hugging the iron racks. Any one who, as a boy, has indulged in the noble sport of "cracking the whip" will understand why the mail-car at the tail of a train gets more swing on a hard fast curve than the engine at the head. And as for danger, there is really much more here than anywhere else, for the mail-cars rest light on their trucks, compared with the great mass of a locomotive. Besides that, a locomotive's weight is low, while tons of pouches in the mail-cars, often piled nearly to the roof, lift the center of gravity high.

Not on this ride, then, but on subsequent

ones, both on the Burlington and the Northwestern, I got an idea what duty it is a man undertakes in choosing the career of railway mail-clerk. And frankly, I can think of no occupation that puts harder tax upon mind and body. To begin with, the mail crew, during their "on days," which alternate with "off days," are called upon to work sometimes seventeen hours in twenty-four; one set of men, for instance, begin handling the mail at 3 P.M. in Chicago, and keep at it steadily until they reach Omaha at 8 A.M. the following day. Furthermore, they must remember and have literally at their fingers' ends such a mass of names, places, railroad routes, etc., as would cause the despair of a lightning calculator. Each clerk on this run must know the precise location of 1,079 separate post-offices in Nebraska, of 1,904 in Iowa, of 1,800 in Ohio (only a part), of 1,100 in Michigan (only a part), of 1,200 in Missouri (only a part), of 720 in Colorado, of 660 in South Dakota, of 705 in Illinois (only a part), of about 1,000 in Pennsylvania, and so on for Indiana, Wisconsin, and all the Western States.

In addition to these separate places, amounting to about 18,000 in all, each mail-clerk must know, and be able to say instantly, how any particular letter will reach its destination by the quickest and best connection: that is, must have an intimate knowledge of a labyrinth of large and small routes, spreading over the whole region. To test his readiness of information, I took up a handful of letters from one of the pouches and read off the towns to one of the men, who answered thus, in mail-clerk jargon:

Elk Creek—"Columbus and Atch. Lincoln south."

Nelson—"Neb. City and Superior. Number two."

Ainsley—"Lincoln and Bill. Train forty-one. Number two."

Liberty—"K. C. and Oa. Wymore east."

Carleton—"St. Jo and Grand Island, via Jotown."

Julian—"Omaha and K. C. Train ten. South of Neb. City."

Rock Bluff—"Goes to Plattsmouth (Dist.) no office."

Oak—"Lenwood and Superior. Seward east."

Friend—"Peajack and Denver. Number one."

And so on for letters and papers without end, all dealt out swiftly, hour-after hour, through the night, into some 500 pigeon-

holes, in ten letter-cases (this for a single car), and some 120 pouches packed in neatly through the car's length, with mouths held open by iron frames.

And the head man of the crew (six in all) must see to it that the mail is so assorted and classified that the Galesburg pouch for Santa Fé connections will be ready to throw off at Galesburg, and the two Burlington pouches ready to throw off at Burlington, and the five Ottumwa pouches ready at Ottumwa, and so on, the work being done stage by stage, as the flyer rushes westward. And every man of the crew must stand for his own mistakes—at the throat of each pouch being placed, before it is closed the name of the clerk who filled it. No wonder these young men require four or five "days off" after a like number of "days on" for the work of studying and memorizing. And right well do they earn their wages, which vary from \$900 to \$1,300 a year, and which stop (perhaps this is worth noting) on the very day when one of them is killed in the discharge of his duty, for the pension system of our government has never been extended to these obscure heroes of the pouches, who, nevertheless, are called upon to expose their lives continually.

So, every day of the year now, with weary clerks, but well-assorted mail, these wonderful rival flyers of the Northwestern and the Burlington draw into Council Bluffs at about eight o'clock in the morning, as their schedules require. Before January 1, 1899, this mail would have reached Council Bluffs at 2.45 P.M., nearly seven hours later, the start having been five hours and a half later. And within half an hour of its arrival at Council Bluffs it is carried to Omaha, shifted from train to train at the Union Pacific transfer, and is rushing westward once more, with fresh locomotive, engineer, and mail crew. And so it advances in its course, from relay to relay, from State to State, from railroad to railroad, until the through pouches land in San Francisco ninety-eight and one half hours after their departure from New York, which is a gain of from fifteen to eighteen hours over any previous mail record. Even so, this gives a transcontinental average of less than thirty-five miles an hour, counting all the time spent, which shows what a fine achievement it is in practical railroading, this run from Chicago to Omaha at a fifty-mile rate, counting everything. Were the same effort put forth all the way, we should have a regular three days' mail service between the oceans. And that is sure to come!



Karnak, January 2, 1896.

SKETCHES IN EGYPT.

TEXT AND PICTURES BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON.

II.

SOME Egypt-bound tourists decide to go up the Nile before they buy their tickets at the company's office in Bowling Green. Others, if they are good sailors, make up their minds before they reach Naples. Some are ill all the way to Port Saïd, and don't care. But most travelers are pretty sure to decide one way or the other soon after Mount Etna has been left behind, for the East begins for most people from that moment. If the guide-books fail to persuade you, there is pretty sure to be a fellow-passenger who will. The man who has once seen Upper Egypt does his best to make you dissatisfied with Lower Egypt. He can easily show you that your journey's end is not Cairo, but, at the very least, the first cataract. This is the shortest distance he will listen to. And after he has

your promise to go that far, he tells you of the wonders that can only be seen by going on to the second cataract.

My fellow-passenger was an old traveler. Others besides myself fell under the spell of his eloquence; so, before we had been at Shephard's a week, we were a party of six,

with the steam *dahabiyeh* "Nitocris" chartered for a month, beginning December 12th. There were growing plants, rugs, and a piano on her deck, and six staterooms below. Salem Ghesiri was our dragoman. He spoke good English, and knew the river by heart. Before we left, a few days were spent in buying cork hats and sun umbrellas, and by ten o'clock on the morning of the 12th the crew had unloaded the



A Karnak beggar.



Temple of Ti.

trucks that had brought our belongings down from Shephard's and we had started, with the wind and the current strong against us, and barely making six miles an hour against them.

On our left were the mud houses of Old Cairo, with ancient quarries in the distance, and on the right, far beyond a forest of slanting masts that belonged to the picturesque ships that lined the bank, were the tops of the pyramids that we were leaving for a month. As evening approached, the right bank seemed peopled with silhouettes of camels, donkeys, and men, while the figures on the opposite bank were rose color. To us the day was cool, but to the crew it must have been cold, for their heads were wrapped in shawls and they huddled together in groups about the deck. The awning over us had been removed, and Ali, the

pilot, looked like a partly unwrapped mummy as he sat at the wheel.

Those who go up the river in a *dahabiyeh* like to feel that they are in the same boat with the travelers whose books they read from New York to Port Said. This would be a very pleasant feeling, if it did not suggest the responsibility of keeping a record of days that, from all accounts, are sure to be of so much importance. There is a sentimental belief that each day on the river is to be of the greatest importance, just as if thousands of tourists on Cook's steamers were not taking the same journey each year. Even letters home seem to take the form of historic biographies, and sound like messages that are sometimes found floating in bottles thrown overboard by shipwrecked people.

The Nile seems to insist that all mention of it should be made in the form of a diary, for, with very few exceptions, all accounts adopt that mode of expression when they come to it. Cairo and

Upper Egypt may be treated in the form of essays, but the endless parallel banks of the river immediately suggest that all days will be very much alike and lose their identity, unless they are numbered and described. It seems to be of the greatest importance to find the best way to spell the name of the mud village where you tie up for the night, which name most of the guide-books spell differently, as if it made any difference to the people at home.

But the diaries on the "Nitocris" during that month were very conscientious and particular about these small things, and I think they will all agree in their spelling, for each one of us waited until the other two had agreed upon the most popular way to spell the name of a village before we wrote it down.

We soon made friends with our crew.

There were sixteen of them. They were from every part of Egypt, and of all colors, shading from the engineer, who was a cream-colored Turk—when his face was washed—to Ali, who must have been a Sûdanese. Our head steward was almost as black, and the second steward was another of the cream-colored variety. We seldom saw the cook. Sometimes he would put his head and shoulders out of the hatchway with his arms on the deck, and then we could see that he was a little, white-faced Turk with a large black mustache.

Salem was a Syrian Christian, and he had lost all his earnings in an unprofitable exhibit at the World's Fair in Chicago. His costumes were always elaborate, and he was very ornamental, with his silk sashes and fancy turbans. He superintended our meals, and always suggested the next day's programme during dinner; so with our coffee we would read aloud Charles Dudley Warner's and Miss Edwards's opinions of our next stopping-place.

After our first dinner we tied to the bank, by a little village: Salem said, just big enough to have a name. It was dark, and we could hear and see nothing; so we took his word for it.

We were off early the next morning, and all that day the river's banks were fringed with sugar-cane and sakiehs. The many boats we passed were loaded with natives, sometimes perched upon loads of grain, or mixed in with turkeys and cattle.

On December 14th, we made our first landing and had our first donkey ride, at Beni Hassan, 171 miles from Cairo. The Egyptian policemen who accompanied us to the tombs were out of keeping with the peaceful look of the place, and only succeeded in keeping at a distance the children, who were very pretty.

From the cliffs back of the village we had our first view of the valley of the Nile, with



Lunching in Karnak.

its delicate green fields, beginning immediately at the foot of the sun-baked hills on which we stood. I rode back before the rest to make a sketch, but the arrival of the post-boat put an end to that, and its passengers soon had our donkeys, beggars, naked children, policemen, and all, and were taking them back to the tombs we had just left. The post-boat was to us what the foot-prints in the sand must have been to Robinson Crusoe. Our frame of mind underwent a change. We finally became reconciled to the fact that we were not doing anything uncommon, and from that moment our diaries suffered. Then the most contagious of all Nile ambitions seized us, and our one desire was to find a mummy.

Most of the 15th was spent with Baedeker, preparing for Assiut, where we were to tie up for the night.

After an early breakfast, we climbed the bank, and found that it was chiefly inhabited by beggars. We visited the tombs, and came back to the *dahabiye* by way of the bazaars, where the natives were dyeing the dark blue cloth which they all dress in. That afternoon we came upon an army of pelicans on a mud flat in the middle of the river. At the sound of our whistle they got up, and we lost them far ahead in the twilight, and we thought of that tame pelican that waddles about in Shepherd's stable-yard.

The next day we went by mud villages at the foot of high mountains of white limestone, until we stopped at Farshut for coal, and tried to awaken some sign of friendliness in the natives, who were as dull



Ali, the pilot.

as the mud banks on which they sat.

On the afternoon of the 18th, we reached Keneh, and in fifteen minutes we were on donkeys, going by villages filled with barking dogs and children, on our way to the temple of Dendera. This was to be our first big temple, and Salem had made it his chief excuse for hurrying us away from Beni Hassan, Assiut, and the rest. Our donkeys raced along the edge of an empty canal, through herds of goats and buffalo, until we saw a low pile of stones in the distance, and then we reached the half-buried temple, and lit candles, and went down into it and looked up at the mighty columns. Salem repeated all that the guide-books knew, and then took us around to the back wall and



Most of the day was spent with Baedeker.

showed us the famous likeness of Cleopatra and her son Cæsarion.

Salem was pleased with the way we took our first temple, and rewarded us by saying it was only the beginning of what was to come. We complimented him on his choice of subjects, blew out our candles, picked the candle grease from our fingers, and reached the *dahabiye* by sundown.

By one o'clock, on December 19th, we were abreast of the promised Karnak, and could see the top of its pylons and obelisk. We had saved most of our enthusiasm for this place, and we were anxious to get ashore and expend it, and reluctantly went by it a few miles to Luxor for a better landing, where we were watched by a bank-load of natives until four o'clock. Then we walked



Our Christmas dinner, Eneh, December 23.

through them to the village and temple of Luxor, which served as a curtain raiser to the next day's visit to the greatest of all temples.

That evening a Cook's steamer arrived, and we were deserted by the crowd on the bank. After dinner Ghesiri entertained the sheiks of the donkey boys and made arrangements for our mounts for the next day. Two of us volunteered to go to the village and locate the dancing that the guide-books said could be found here, but we learned that, for some reason, there was to be none until the following Saturday.

The next day was spent at Karnak, where Ghesiri led us over its famous stones, until lunch was brought from the "Nito-cris," and served in a colonnade surrounded by columns resembling huge granite lozenges, piled at all angles one on top



Christmas, 1897.

of the other, like ancient friends, those who had fought successfully with time supporting those who had been less fortunate; and apart from the rest, requiring no support, and with no friends to be helped, stood the greatest column of them all, the lonely survivor of the great peristyle court, with its lotus capital, looking down on all but its lonely rival, an obelisk. It looks as though it had been polished and placed there the day before, in striking contrast to its unfortunate mate, which centuries ago gave up battling with earthquakes and wars and lay, a hopeless ruin, at its feet.

We spent the next three days at Karnak and Thebes, saving



On the bank at Komompos.

the Tombs of the Kings until we should stop again, on our way down from Assuan.

And now the important question was, where should we spend Christmas? The better we knew Karnak and Thebes, the more forbidding they had grown. They were too stiff and formal, and their great rigid Rameses too depressing, for a Christmas. We wanted a cheerful temple, and we found it at Komompos.

We left Karnak on the morning of December 24th, and spent Christmas Eve at Edfu. That night the deck was entirely housed in by canvas. The crew sat in a circle back of the smoke-stack, and while they divided the cigarettes we had bought for



Thebes, January 2, 1896.

them at Luxor, they listened to our "Down upon the Suwanee River."

Christmas morning we came on deck, and found that Ghesiri had transformed it into a bower of palm branches, sugar-cane, and oranges. The crew were all smiles, and when we presented them with the price of a sheep, they gave us three cheers and a merry Christmas. More cigarettes were distributed, and shortly after breakfast we started for Komombos.

There was little in the day to remind a New Englander of Christmas. In the lightest clothes, we sat about the deck and watched

pity, for Komombos' temple is dainty in comparison with Karnak, where great stiff Rameses stand with their arms folded across their breasts in very much the same manner in which the real arms are held in the glass case at the Gizeh Museum.

At Karnak there were miles of half-buried walls, and cut deep in them gigantic figures of Rameses, with one hand raised about to strike off the heads of enemies done up in bundles like asparagus and held by the hair of their heads, while armies are shown flying in confusion. The bas-reliefs at Komombos are more cheerful and cut with greater skill.



Guardians of the Temple.

the villages go by. It was good to see our old friends the water-wheels and cheerful sakihs again. They looked better to us after our somber stay at Karnak. Early in the afternoon we came to Komombos, the temple we were looking for, and tied to the river's bank just below it; and if you must be traveling on Christmas, there can be no better place to stop.

At Komombos the never-resting Nile has worked its way to the foot of the little hill on which the temple is making its last stand against time. Some kind friends have covered the bank with stones, but the river is slowly wearing them away, and sooner or later it will claim its own; and it will be a

They represent the ancient gods of Egypt in their more playful moods, floating down the Nile, spearing miniature hippopotamuses and crocodiles, with here and there a triumphant procession. The *débris* of the forgotten city that once covered Komombos has been removed, and the great hall, with its Holy of Holies now exposed to the light of day, is swept by the wind as clean as a Dutch kitchen; and yet the carvings are as fresh as the day they were made. From the "Nitocris" to the temple is only a few steps, through some sugar-cane. It was a novel experience finding no donkey-boys with their patient and sleepy donkeys.

But the natives were different from any

we had heretofore seen, and proved that we were getting into real Africa. They were mostly Nubians, and very black, and our preconceived idea of what an African should be.

Komombos and Philæ are the only temples we climbed up to, and it seems to me that they, above all others, lend themselves more readily to the sentimental tourist. It is easier for the imagination to people them; they are more like dwellings.

After tea had been brought from the "Nitocris" and served in its portals, we all decided that Komombos would be the temple to own. That evening the crew hung lanterns around the deck among the sugar-canes and palms, and after dinner they gave an exhibition, which started well enough with a dance by the first mate.

Since then I have found that all travelers on the Nile are likely to have this same experience. We were proof against the "Dhabir Devil" that the guide-books had warned us against, but "Baedeker" had

made no mention of the possibility of this entertainment happening to us; still the crew went at it as though it was an old story with them, and as I write this there may be some unsuspecting tourist about to go through with it. It sounds very good-natured on the part of the crew; and if the entertainment had stopped when the mate had finished the dance, it would have been well enough; but the dance was only to hold our attention while the others were getting ready, and then the dreary horse-play began. There was a barber-shop scene, in which flour paste was used and a door-mat acted as a towel. A crew that mutinies is tame compared with an Egyptian crew that act. We stopped them as soon as we could without hurting their feelings, and they later subsided and formed a circle back of the smoke-stack. The rest of the evening was spent in entertainment of our own choice, and we soon forgave the crew, and by midnight all was still but the river, that never rests.



Tombs of the Kings, Thebes.

THE TRAIL TO THE GOLDEN NORTH

By HAMLIN
GARLAND

During the summer of 1888, I made the trip from Ashcroft, British Columbia, to Glenora, on the Stikine River, by means of pack train. The trail as it runs is about one thousand miles in length. It was filled with men, lured into the wilderness by the hope of finding gold. Some were on the trail to prospect, some to hunt, but most of them were bound for Teslin Lake. They struggled forward, month after month, over a trail which drew upon the best energies of both man and beast, for a period ranging from seventy to ninety days. It was a journey in a forest, and, for the most part, under gloomy skies. It led to failure at the end, and suicide and murder marked it with tragic dashes of red.

In the midst of prose descriptions of this singular caravan, certain moods and scenes seemed to demand verse, and the following poems were written during the actual journey. Some were written on horse-back, as I plodded along at the head of my little pack train. I have left them pretty nearly in their original bluff, rude form, in order that the flavor of the actualities of the trail should not be lost.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

I.

I.—THE GOLDEN SEEKERS.

I SAW these dreamers of dreams go by,
I trod in their footsteps a space;
Each marched with his eyes on the sky,
Each passed with a light on his face.

They came from the hopeless and sad,
They faced the future and gold;
Some the tooth of want's wolf had made
mad,
And some at the forge had grown old.

Behind them these serfs of the tool
The rags of their service had flung;
No longer of fortune the fool,
This word from each bearded lip rung:

"Once more I'm a man! I am free!
No man is my master, I say.
To-morrow I fail, it may be—
No matter, I'm freeman to-day."

They go to a toil that is sure,
To despair and hunger and cold;
Their sickness no warning can cure,
They are mad with a longing for gold.

The light will fade from each eye,
The smile from each face;
They will curse the impassable sky,
And the earth when the snow torrents
race.

Some will sink by the way and be laid
In the frost of the desolate earth,
And some will return to a maid,
Empty of hand as at birth.
*But this out of all will remain—
They have lived and have tossed;
So much in the game will be gain,
Though the gold of the dice has been lost.*

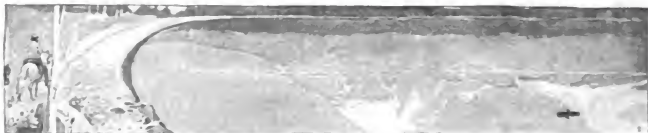
II.—THE LONG TRAIL.

WE tunneled miles of silent pines,
Dark forests where the stillness was so
deep
The scared wind walked a-tip-toe on the
spines,
And the restless aspen seemed to sleep.

We threaded aisles of dripping fir;
We climbed toward mountains dim and
far,
Where snow forever shines and shines,
And only winds and waters are.

Red streams came down from hillsides crissed
and crossed
With fallen firs: but on a sudden, lo!
A silver lakelet bound and barred
With sunset's clouds reflected far below.

These lakes so lonely were, so still and cool,
They burned as bright as burnished steel;
The shadowed pine branch in the pool
Was not less vivid than the real.



"These lakes so lonely were, so still."

We crossed the great divide, and saw
The sun-lit valleys far below us wind;
Before us opened cloudless sky; the raw,
Gray rain swept close behind.

We saw great glaciers grind themselves to
foam;

We trod the moose's lofty home,
And heard, high on the yellow hills,
The wildcat clamor of his ills.

The way grew grimmer day by day,
The weeks to months stretched on and on;
And hunger kept, not far away,
A never-failing watch at dawn.

We wallowed deep in mud and sand;
We swam swift streams that roared in
wrath;

They stood at guard, in that lone land,
Like dragons in the slender path.

Yet still we rode right on and on,
And shook our clenched hands at the sky.
We dared the frost at early dawn,
And the dread tempest sweeping by.

It was not all so dark. Now and again
The robin, singing loud and long,
Made wildness tame, and lit the rain
With sudden sunshine by his song.

Wild roses filled the air with grace,
The shooting star swung like a bell
From bended stem, and all the place
Was like to heaven after hell.

We watched the timid leaves out-thrust;
We saw the fruit grow from the flower;
We saw the wild goose mate and nest,
And the young duck grow to flight and
power.

We watched the mountains, robed in pride,
Shake off their kingly cloaks of snow;
We saw the streams unite, and slide
To granite gateways far below.

We lost all reckoning of season and of time;
Sometimes it seemed the bitter breeze
Of icy March brought fog and rime,
And next November tempests shook the
trees.

It was a wild and lonely ride.
Save the hid loon's mocking cry,
Or marmot on the mountain side,
The earth was silent as the sky.

All day through sunless forest aisles,
On cold dark moss our horses trod;
It was so lonely there for miles and miles,
The land seemed lost to God.

Our horses cut by rocks, by brambles torn,
Staggered onward, stiff and sore;
Or broken, bruised, and saddle-worn,
Fell in the sloughs to rise no more.

Yet still we rode right on and on,
And shook our clenched hands at the
cloud,
Daring the winds of early dawn,
And the dread torrent roaring loud.

So long we rode, so hard, so far,
We seemed condemned by stern decree
To ride until the morning star
Should sink forever in the sea.

Yet now, when all is past, I dream
Of every mountain's shining cap.
I long to hear again the stream
Roar through the foam-white granite gap.



"All day through sunless forest aisles."



"Do you fear the wind?"

The pains recede. The joys draw near.
The splendors of great Nature's face
Make me forget all need, all fear,
And the long journey grows in grace.

I crouch behind a rock and see
His storm of snows go by.
He too is subject of the sun,
As all things earthly are;
Where'er he flies, where'er I run,
We know our kingly star.

III.—THE FREEMAN OF THE HILLS.

I HAVE no master but the wind,
My only liege the sun;
All bonds and ties I leave behind,
Free as the wolf I run.
My master wind is passionless,
He neither chides nor charms;
He fans me or he freezes me,
And helps are quick as harms.

He never turns to injure me,
And when his voice is high,

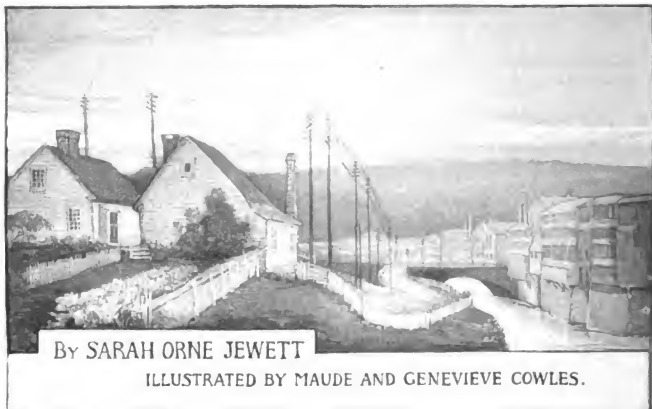
IV.—DO YOU FEAR THE WIND?

Do you fear the force of the wind,
The slash of the rain?
Go face them and fight them,
Be savage again.
Go hungry and cold like the wolf,
Go wade like the crane.
The palms of your hands will thicken,
The skin of your cheek will tan;
You'll grow ragged and weary and swarthy,
But you'll walk like a man!



"It was so lonely . . . the land seemed lost to God."

BOLD WORDS AT THE BRIDGE



By SARAH ORNE JEWETT

ILLUSTRATED BY MAUDE AND GENEVIEVE COWLES.

“WELL, now,” says I, “Mrs. Con’ly,” says I, “however you may tark, ’tis nobody’s business and I wantin’ to plant me a few pumpkins for me cow in among me cabbages. I’ve got the right to plant whatever I may choose, if it’s the devil of a crop of t’istles in the middle of me ground.” “No ma’am, you aint,” says Biddy Con’ly; “you aint got anny right to plant t’istles that’s not for the public good,” says she; and I being so hasty wit’ me timper, I shuk me fist in her face then, and herself shuk her fist at me. Just then Father Brady come by, as luck ardered, an’ recommended us would we keep the peace. He knew well I’d had my provocation; ’twas to herself he spoke first, you’d think she owned the whole corporation. I wished I’d t’rown her over into the wather, so I did, before he come by at all. ’Twas on the bridge the two of us were. I was stepping home by meself very quiet in the afternoon to put me tay-kittle on for supper, and herself overtook me—aint she the bold thing!

“How are you the day, Mrs. Dunfavy?” says she, so mincin’ an’ preenin’, and I knew well she’d put her mind on having words wit’ me from that minute. I’m one that likes to have peace in the neighborhood, if it wa’n’t for the likes of her, that makes the top of

me head lift and clat’ wit’ rage like a pot-lid!”

“What was the matter with the two of you?” asked a listener with simple interest.

“Faix indeed, ’twas herself had a thrifle of melons planted the other side of the fence,” acknowledged Mrs. Dunleavy. “She said the pumpkins would be the ruin of them intirely. I says, and ’twas thrue for me, that I’d me pumpkins planted the week before she’d dropped anny old melon seed into the ground, and the same bein’ already dwining from so many bugs. Oh, but she’s black-hearted to give me the lie about it, and say them poor things was all up, and she’d thrown lime on ’em to keep away their inemies when she first see me come out betune me cabbage rows. How well she knew what I might be doing! Me cabbages grows far apart and I’d plinty of room, and if a pumpkin vine gets attention you can entice it wherever you please and it’ll grow fine and long, while the poor cabbages ates and grows fat and round, and no harm to annybody, but she must pick a quarrel with a quiet ’oman in the face of every one.

“We were on the bridge, don’t you see, and plinty was passing by with their grins, and loitering and stopping after they were behind her back to hear what was going on betune us. Annybody does be liking to get the sound

of loud talk an' they having nothing better to do. Biddy Con'ly, seeing she was well watched, got the airs of a pr'acher, and set down whatever she might happen to be carrying and tried would she get the better of me for the sake of their admiration. Oh, but wa'n't she all drabbed and wet from the roads, and the world knows meself for a very tidy walker!

"Clane the mud from your shoes if you're going to dance;" 'twas all I said to her, and she being that mad she did be stepping up and down like an old turkey-hin, and shaking her fist all the time at me. 'Coom now, Biddy,' says I, 'what put you out so?' says I. 'Sure, it creeps me skin when I looks at you! Is the pig dead,' says I, 'or any little thing happened to you, ma'am? Sure this is far beyond the rights of a few pumpkin seeds that has just cleared the ground!' and all the folks laughed. I'd no call to have tark with Biddy Con'ly before them

idle b'ys and gerrls, nor to let the two of us become their laughing stock. I tuk up me basket, being ashamed then, and I meant to go away, mad as I was. 'Coom, Mrs. Con'ly!' says I, 'let bygones be bygones; what's all this whillalu we're afther having about nothing?' says I very pleasant.

"May the devil fly away with you, Mary Dun'avy!" says she then, 'spoiling me garden ground, as every one can see, and full of your bold talk. I'll let me hens out into it this afternoon, so I will,' says she, and a good deal more. 'Hold off,' says I, 'and remember what fell to your aunt one day when she sint her hins in to pick a neighbor's piece, and while her own back was turned they all come home and had every sprouted bean and potatie heeled out in the hot sun, and all her fine lettuces picked into Irish lace. We've lived neighbors,' says I, 'thirteen years,' says I; 'and we've often had words together above the fince,' says I,



"How

KE YOU THE DAY, MRS. DUN'AVY?"

'but we're neighbors yet, and we've no call to stand here in such spectacles and disgracing ourselves and each other. Coom, Biddy,' says I, again going away with me basket and remembering Father Brady's caution whin it was too late. Some o' the b'ys went off too, thinkin' 'twas all done.

"I don't want any o' your Coom, Biddy's," says she, stepping at me, with a black stripe across her face, she was that destroyed with rage, and I stepped back and held up me basket between us; she being bigger than I, and I getting no chance, and herself slipped and fell, and her nose got a clout with the hard edge of the basket, it would trouble the saints to say how, and then I picked her up and wint home with her to thry and quinch the blood. Sure I was sorry for the crathur an' she having such a timper boiling in her heart.

"Look at you now, Mrs. Con'ly," says I, kind of soft, 'you 'ont be fit for mass these two Sundays with a black eye like this, and your face arl scratched, and every bliguard has gone the lingsh of the town to tell tales of us. I'm a quiet 'oman,' says I, 'and I don't thank you,' says I, whin the blood was stopped, 'no, I don't thank you for disgracin' an old neighbor like me. 'Tis of our prayers and the graves we should be thinkin', and not be having bold words at the bridge.' Wisha! but I t'ought I was after sp'akin' very quiet, and up she got and caught up the basket, and I dodged it by good luck, but after that I walked off and left her to satisfy her foolishness with b'ating the wall if it pl'ased her. I'd no call for her company anny more, and I took a vow I'd never spake a word to her again while the world stood. So all is over since then between Biddy Con'ly and me. No, I don't look at her at all!"

II.

SOME time afterward, in late summer, Mrs. Dunleavy stood, large and noisy, but generous-hearted, addressing some remarks from her front doorway to a goat on the sidewalk. He was pulling some of her cherished foxgloves through the picket fence, and eagerly devouring their flowery stalks.

"How well you rache through an honest fince, you black pirate!" she shouted; but finding that harsh words had no effect, she took a convenient broom, and advanced to strike a gallant blow upon the creature's back. This had the simple effect of making him step a little to one side and modestly begin to nibble at a tuft of grass.

"Well, if I aint plagued!" said Mrs. Dunleavy sorrowfully; "if I aint throubled with every wild baste, and me cow that was some use gone dry very unexpected, and a neighbor that's worse than none at all. I've nobody to have an honest word with and the morning being so fine and pleasant. Faix, I'd move away from it if there was anny place I'd enjoy better. I've no heart except for me garden, me poor little crops is doing so well; thanks be to God, me cabbages is very fine. There does be those that over-looked me pumpkins for the poor cow; they're no size at all wit' so much rain."

The two small white houses stood close together, with their little gardens behind them. The road was just in front, and led down to a stone bridge which crossed the river to the busy manufacturing village beyond. The air was fresh and cool at that early hour, the wind had changed after a season of dry, hot weather; it was just the morning for a good bit of gossip with a neighbor, but summer was almost done and the friends were not reconciled. Their respective acquaintances had grown tired of hearing the story of the quarrel, and the novelty of such a pleasing excitement had long been over. Mrs. Connelly was thumping away at a handful of belated ironing, and Mrs. Dunleavy, estranged and solitary, sighed as she listened to the iron. She was sociable by nature, and she had an impulse to go in and sit down as she used at the end of the ironing table.

"Wisha, the poor thing is mad at me yet, I know that from the sounds of her iron; 'twas a shame for her to go picking a quarrel with the likes of me," and Mrs. Dunleavy sighed heavily and stepped down into her flower-plot to pull the distressed foxgloves back into their places inside the fence. The seed had been sent her from the old country, and this was the first year they had come into full bloom. She had been hoping that the sight of them would melt Mrs. Connelly's heart into some expression of friendliness, since they had come from adjoining parishes in old County Kerry. The goat lifted his head, and gazed at his enemy with mild interest; he was pasturing now by the roadside, and the foxgloves had proved bitter in his mouth.

Mrs. Dunleavy stood looking at him over the fence, glad of even a goat's company.

"Go 'long there; see that fine little tuft ahead now," she advised him, forgetful of his depredations. "Oh, to think I've nobody to spake to, the day!"

At that moment a woman came in sight round the turn of the road. She was a stranger, a fellow countrywoman, and she carried a large newspaper bundle and a heavy hand-bag. Mrs. Dunleavy stepped out of the flower-bed toward the gate, and waited there until the stranger came up and stopped to ask a question.

of the flat-iron had stopped when the traveler came to the gate, and it had not begun again. Mrs. Connelly had gone to her front door; the hem of her calico dress could be plainly seen, and the bulge of her apron, and she was watching the stranger quite out of sight. She even came out to the doorstep, and for the first time in many weeks looked



"THANKS BE TO GOD, ME CABBAGES IS VERY FINE."

"Ann Bogan don't live here, do she?"

"She don't," answered the mistress of the house with dignity.

"I t'ought she didn't; you don't know where she lives, do you?"

"I don't," said Mrs. Dunleavy.

"I don't know ayther; niver mind, I'll find her; 'tis a fine day, ma'am."

Mrs. Dunleavy could hardly bear to let the stranger go away. She watched her far down the hill toward the bridge before she turned to go into the house. She seated herself by the side window next Mrs. Connelly's, and gave herself to her thoughts. The sound

with friendly intent toward her neighbor's house. Then she also came and sat down at her side window. Mrs. Dunleavy's heart began to leap with excitement.

"Bad cess to her foolishness, she does be afther wanting to come round; I'll not make it too aisy for her," said Mrs. Dunleavy, seizing a piece of sewing and forbearing to look up. "I don't know who Ann Bogan is, any way; perhaps herself does, having lived in it five or six years longer than me. Perhaps she knowed this woman by her looks, and the heart is out of her with wanting to know what she asked from me. She can

sit there, then, and let her irons grow cold !

"There was Bogans when I first come here living down by the brick mill, neighbors to Flaherty's folks," continued Mrs. Dunleavy, more and more aggrieved. "Biddy Con'ly ought to know the Flahertys, they being her cousins. 'Twas a fine loud-talking 'oman; sure Biddy might well enough have heard her inquiring of me, and have stepped out, and said if she knew Ann Bogan, and satisfied a poor stranger that was hunting the town over. No, I don't know anny one in the name of Ann Bogan, so I don't," said Mrs. Dunleavy aloud, "and there's nobody I can ask a civil question, with everyone that ought to be me neighbors stopping their mouths, and keeping black grudges whin 'twas meself got all the offence."

"Faix 'twas meself got the whack on me nose," responded Mrs. Connelly quite unexpectedly. She was looking squarely at the window where Mrs. Dunleavy sat behind the screen of blue mosquito netting. They were both conscious that Mrs. Connelly made a definite overture of peace.

"That one was a very civil spoken 'oman that passed by just now," announced Mrs. Dunleavy, handsomely waiving the subject of the quarrel and coming frankly to the subject of present interest. "Faix, 'tis a poor day for Ann Bogans; she'll find that out before she gets far in the place."

"Ann Bogans was plinty here once, then, God rest them ! There was two Ann Bogans, mother and daughter, lived down by Flaherty's when I first come here. They died in the one year, too; 'tis most twenty years ago," said Bridget Connelly in her most friendly tone.

"'I'll find her,' says the poor 'oman as if she'd only to look; indeed, she's got the boldness," reported Mary Dunleavy, peace being fully restored.

"'Twas to Flaherty's she'd go first, and they all moved to La'rence twelve years ago, and all she'll get from anny one would be the address of the cime'try. There was plenty here knowing to Ann Bogan once. That 'oman is one I've seen long ago, but I can't name her yet. Did she say who she was ?" asked the neighbor.

"She didn't; I'm sorry for the poor 'oman, too," continued Mrs. Dunleavy in the same spirit of friendliness. "She'd the expectin' look of one who came hoping to make a nice visit and find friends, and herself lugging a fine bundle. She'd the looks as if she'd lately come out; very decent, but old-fashioned.

Her bonnet was made at home anny ways, did ye mind ? I'll lay it was bought in Cork when it was new, or may be 'twas from a good shop in Bantry or Kinnmare or some o' those old places. If she'd seemed satisfied to wait, I'd made her the offer of a cup of tay, but off she went with great courage."

"I don't know but I'll slip on me bonnet in the afternoon and go find her," said Biddy Connelly with hospitable warmth. "I've seen her before, perhaps 'twas long whiles ago at home."

"Indeed I thought of it myself," said Mrs. Dunleavy with approval. "We'd best wait, perhaps, till she'll be coming back; there's no trains now till three o'clock. She might stop here till the five, and we'll find out all about her. She'll have a very lonesome day whoever she is. Did you see that old goat ating the best of me fairy-fingers that all bloomed the day ?" she asked eagerly, afraid that the conversation might come to an end at any moment, but Mrs. Connelly took no notice of so trivial a subject.

"Me melons is all getting ripe," she announced with an air of satisfaction. "There's a big one must be ate now while we can; it's down in the cellar cooling itself, an' I'd like to be dropping it, getting down the stairs. 'Twas after picking it I was before breakfast, itself having begun to crack open. Himself was the by that loved a melon, an' I ain't got the heart to look at it alone. Coom over, will ye, Mary ?"

"Deed then an' I will," said Mrs. Dunleavy, whose face was close against the mosquito netting. "Them old pumpkin vines was no good anny way; did you see how one of them had the invintion, and went away up on the fince entirely wit' its great flowers, an' there come a rain on 'em, and so they all blighted ? I'd no call to grow such stramming great things in my piece anny way, ating up all the goodness from me beautiful cabbages."

III.

THAT afternoon the reunited friends sat banqueting together and keeping an eye on the road. They had so much to talk over and found each other so agreeable that it was impossible to dwell with much regret upon the long estrangement. When the melon was only half finished the stranger of the morning, with her large unopened bundle and the heavy hand-bag, was seen making her way up the hill. She wore such a weary and disappointed look that she was accosted and invited in by both the women,

and being proved by Mrs. Connelly to be an old acquaintance, she joined them at their feast.

"Yes, I was here seventeen years ago for the last time," she explained. "I was working in Lawrence, and I came over and spent a fortnight with Hanora Flaherty; then I wint home that year to mind me old mother, and she lived to past ninety. I'd nothing to keep me then, and I was always homesick afther America, so back I come to it, but all me old frinds and neighbors is changed and gone. Faix, this is the first welcome I've got yet from anny one. 'Tis a beautiful welcome too—I'll get me apron out of me bundle, by your l'ave, Mrs. Con'ly—You've a strong resemblance to Flaherty's folks, dear, being cousins. Well, 'tis a fine thing to have good neighbors. You an' Mrs. Dunleavy is very pleasant here so close together."

"Well, we does be having a hasty word now and then, ma'am," confessed Mrs. Dunleavy, "but ourselves is good neighbors this many years. Whin a quarrel's about noth-

ing betune friends, it don't count for much, so it don't."

"Most quarrels is the same way," said the stranger, who did not like melons, but accepted a hot cup of tea. "Sure, it takes two to make a quarrel, and but one to end it: that's what me mother always told me, that never gave anny one a cross word in her life."

"'Tis a beautiful melon," repeated Mrs. Dunleavy for the seventh time. "Sure, I'll plant a few seed myself next year; me pumpkins is no good afther all me foolish pride wit' 'em. Maybe the land don't suit 'em, but glory be to God, me cabbages is the size of the house, an' you'll git the pick of the best, Mrs. Con'ly."

"What's melons betune friends, or cabbages ayther, that they should ever make any trouble?" answered Mrs. Connelly handsomely, and the great feud was forever ended.

But the stranger, innocent that she was the harbinger of peace, could hardly understand why Bridget Connelly insisted upon her staying all night and talking over old times, and why the two women put on their bonnets



"IT TAKES TWO TO MAKE A QUARREL, AND BUT ONE TO END IT."

and walked, one on either hand, to see the town with her that evening. As they crossed the bridge they looked at each other shyly, and then began to laugh.

"Well, I missed it the most on Sundays going all alone to mass," confessed Mary

Dunleavy. "I'm glad there's no one here seeing us go over, so I am."

"'Twas ourselves had bold words at the bridge, once, that we've got the laugh about now," explained Mrs. Connelly politely to the stranger.

LINCOLN AND THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

By IDA M. TARBELL,

Author of "The Early Life of Lincoln."

STORY OF THE PROGRESS OF THE IDEA OF EMANCIPATION IN LINCOLN'S MIND, TOLD IN HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED REMINISCENCES BY CHARLES SUMNER, CARL SCHURZ, AND OTHER CLOSE FRIENDS OF LINCOLN.



HE first year of Abraham Lincoln's Presidential career closed on March 4, 1862. Practically all of this period he had spent in an effort to crush insurrection in the Southern States.

There were many people who felt that he was farther now from this end than he had ever been before, and he himself realized that he had undertaken a task so gigantic that with the one weapon he had employed so far, the army, he could finish it only after years of struggle.

Mr. Lincoln had another weapon against the South, the emancipation of the slaves. He did not want to use it. Throughout his political life he had disclaimed any desire to meddle with slavery in the States where the Constitution recognized it. He had undertaken the war not to free men, but to preserve the Union. Moreover, he feared that the least interference with slavery would drive from him those States lying between the North and South, which believed in the institution, and yet were for the Union. For many months, however, he had been coming to the conclusion that he must do something with his weapon, and he had been examining it much as a man in a desperate situation might a dagger which he did not want to unsheath, but feared he might be forced to. He was seeking a way to use it, if the time came when he must, that would accomplish all the ends he had in view and still would not drive the Border States from the Union. The plan upon

which he finally settled was a simple, just, and impracticable one—he would ask Congress to set aside money gradually to buy and free the negroes in those States that could be persuaded to give up the institution of slavery. Having freed the slaves, he proposed that Congress should colonize them in territory bought for the purpose.

According to Charles Sumner, Mr. Lincoln had this plan of compensated emancipation well developed by December 1, 1861. The Senator reached Washington on that day, and went in the evening to call on the President. Together they talked over the annual message, which was to be sent to Congress on the 3d. Mr. Sumner was disappointed that it said nothing about emancipation. He had been speaking in Massachusetts on "Emancipation as our Best Weapon," and he ardently desired that the President use the weapon. The President explained the plan he had developed, and Mr. Sumner urged that it be presented at once. Mr. Lincoln declined to agree to this, but as he rose to say good-by to his visitor, he remarked :

"Well, Mr. Sumner, the only difference between you and me on this subject is a difference of a month or six weeks in time."

"Mr. President," said Mr. Sumner, "if that is the only difference between us, I will not say another word to you about it till the long-set time you name has passed by."

"Nor should I have done so," continues Sumner in telling the story, "but about a fortnight after, when I was with him, he introduced the subject himself, asked my opinion on some details of his plan, and told me where it labored his mind. At that time he had the hope that some one of the Border States, Delaware, perhaps, if nothing better could be got, might be

brought to make a proposition which could be made use of as the initiation to hitch the whole thing to."*

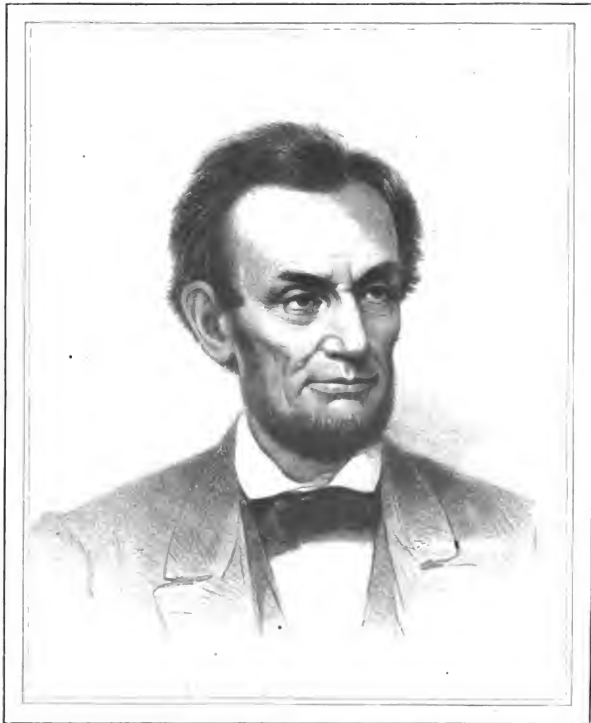
Sumner could not keep still after this about the plan. Almost every time he saw Lincoln he put in a word. Thus, when the

* The conversation between Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Sumner here reported is taken from an unpublished manuscript courteously put at my disposal by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale. Mr. Hale visited Washington in April, 1862, and called on Mr. Sumner, who entertained him with the history of the President's Message on Compensated Emancipation. He made the full notes of the story, which are here published for the first time.—I. M. T.

"Trent" affair was up, he took occasion to read the President a little lecture :

"Now, Mr. President," he said, "if you had done your duty earlier in the slavery matter, you would not have this trouble on you. Now you have no friends, or the country has none, because it has no policy upon slavery. The country has no friends in Europe, excepting isolated persons. England is not a friend. France is not. But if you had commenced your policy about slavery, this thing could and would have come and gone and would have given you no anxiety. . . .

"Every time I saw him, I spoke to him about it, and



ABRAHAM LINCOLN. A STUDY FROM LIFE.

Reproduced, by the courtesy of F. B. Carpenter, from an original study from life made by him for his large picture of the "Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation." For this study, painted in the state dining room of the White House (which was Mr. Carpenter's studio from February 5 to August 1, 1864), Mr. Lincoln gave six sittings to the artist. At the close of the last sitting, Mr. Lincoln stood in front of the portrait, viewed it for a moment in silence, and made this remark : " I feel that there is more of me in this portrait than in any representation which has ever been made." The fact is reported in a letter to the artist from the publisher of the New York "Tribune," Mr. Samuel Sinclair, who was a friend of President Lincoln and a guest at the White House at the time.



FIRST READING OF THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

From the original painting by F. B. Carpenter,

The original was painted in the state dining room of the White House between February 5 and August 1, 1864, under the eye and with the kindly help of President Lincoln. According to a letter of Secretary Chase to Mr. Carpenter, "Mr. Lincoln, before reading his manuscript of the proclamation, said, in substance: 'I have considered everything that has been said to me about the expediency of emancipation, and have made up my mind to issue this proclamation, and I have invited you to come together, not to discuss what is to be done, but to have you hear what I have written and to get your suggestions about form and style;' adding: 'I have thought it all over, and have made a promise that this should be done to myself and to God.'" Secretary Chase adds: "The picture well represents that moment which followed the reading of the proclamation. It puts the two members who thoroughly advised and heartily believed in the measure on the right of Mr. Lincoln, the others (who, though they all acquiesced, and Mr. Seward, who, particularly, made important suggestions, had hitherto doubted or advised delay or even opposed) on the left."

The artist, in his book, "The Inner Life of Abraham Lincoln, Six Months at the White House," speaking of the spirit in which he did his work, says that he had resolved to discard all appearance and tricks of picture-making and endeavor, as faithfully as possible, to represent the scene as it actually transpired. Rooms, furniture, accessories, as well as figures, were all to be painted from the actualities. Assenting heartily to what is called the realistic school of art when applied to historic events, he felt in this case he had no more right to



BEFORE THE CABINET, SEPTEMBER 20, 1862.

now in the Capitol at Washington.

depart from the facts than has the historian in his records. It was a scene second only in historical importance and interest to that of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and he felt assured that, if honestly and earnestly painted, it need borrow no interest from imaginary curtain or column, gorgeous furniture or allegorical statue.

Upon its completion, the painting was exhibited for two days in the East Room of the White House, where thousands of people came to see it. After having been exhibited through the country, it was purchased by a wealthy, patriotic lady of New York, Mrs. Daniel Thompson, and presented to the re-United States, both houses of Congress unanimously accepting the gift and voting Mrs. Thompson the "thanks of Congress," the highest honor ever paid a woman in our country, and setting apart Lincoln's birthday, February 12, 1868, for the acceptance of the painting. On that day both houses of Congress adjourned in honor of the occasion; the painting was elevated over the chair of the Speaker of the House of Representatives; Garfield, then a member of Congress, made the speech of presentation on behalf of Mrs. Thompson, while the Hon. Alexander Stephens, former vice-president of the Confederacy, who, in a famous speech at the beginning of the war, had declared, "Slavery is the cornerstone of the new Confederacy," made the speech sweeping, on behalf of Congress, this painting which commemorates the abolition of slavery.

I saw him every two or three days. At one time I thought he would send in the message on New Year's Day; and I said something about what a glorious thing it would be. But he stopped me in a moment; 'Don't say a word about that,' said he; 'I know very well that the name which is connected with this act will never be forgotten.' Well, there was one delay and another, but I always spoke to him till one day in January he said sadly that he had been up all night with his sick child. I was very much touched, and I resolved that I would say nothing to the President about this or any other business if I could help it till that child was well or dead. And I did not. . . . I had never said a word to him again about it—one morning here, before I had breakfast, before I was up indeed, both his secretaries came over to say that he wanted to see me as soon as I could see him. I dressed at once, and went over. 'I want to read you my message,' he said; 'I want to know how you like it. I am going to send it in to-day.'

It was on the morning of March 6, 1862, that Mr. Lincoln sent for Mr. Sumner to read his message. A few hours later, when the Senator reached the Capitol, he went to the Senate desk to see if the President had carried out his intention. Yes, the document was there.

As Mr. Sumner's history of the message given to Dr. Hale shows, Mr. Lincoln had been quietly preparing the way for his plan. One of his most adroit preparatory maneuvers, and one of which Mr. Sumner evidently knew nothing, was performed in New York city, through the Hon. Carl Schurz, who at that time was the American Minister to Spain.*

Mr. Schurz, who had gone to Madrid in 1861, had not been long there before he concluded that there would be great danger of the Southern Confederacy being recognized by France and England unless the aspect of the situation was speedily changed, either by a decisive military success, or by some evidence on the part of the Administration that the war was to end in the destruction of slavery. If the conflict were put on this high moral plane, Mr. Schurz believed the sympathy of the people in Europe would be so strong with the North that interference in favor of the South would be impossible. All of this he wrote to Mr. Seward in September of 1861, but he received no reply to his letter other than a formal acknowledgment.

After a little time, Mr. Schurz wrote to Mr. Lincoln, saying that he wanted to come to Washington and personally represent to the Administration what he conceived to be the true nature of public opinion in Europe.

* The following accounts of Mr. Schurz's interviews with Mr. Lincoln and the plan the two gentlemen arranged for introducing the subject of compensated emancipation to the public was given me by Mr. Schurz himself. The manuscript has been corrected by him, and is published with his permission.—I. M. T.

Mr. Lincoln wrote to him to come, and he arrived in Washington in the last week of January, 1862. He went at once to the White House, where he was received by the President, who listened attentively to his arguments, the same he had made by letter to Mr. Seward. When he had finished his presentation of the case, Mr. Lincoln said that he was inclined to accept that view, but that he was not sure that the public sentiment of the country was ripe for such a policy. It had to be educated up to it. Would not Mr. Schurz go to New York and talk the matter over with their friends, some of whom Mr. Lincoln named?

Mr. Schurz assented, and a few days afterwards reported to Mr. Lincoln that the organization of an "Emancipation Society," for the purpose of agitating the idea, had been started in New York, and that a public meeting would be held at the Cooper Union on March 6th.

"That's it; that is the very thing," Mr. Lincoln replied. "You must make a speech at this meeting. Go home and prepare it. When you have got it outlined, bring it to me, and I will see what you are going to say."

Mr. Schurz did so, and in a few days submitted to Mr. Lincoln the skeleton of his argument on "Emancipation as a Peace Measure."

"That is the right thing to say," the President declared after reading it, "and, remember, you may hear from me on the same day."

On March 6th the speech was delivered, as had been arranged, before an audience which packed Cooper Union. No more logical and eloquent appeal for emancipation was made in all the period. The audience received it with repeated cheers, and when Mr. Schurz sat down "the applause shook the hall," if we may believe the reporter of the New York "Tribune." Just as the meeting was adjourning, Mr. Schurz did hear from Mr. Lincoln, a copy of the message given that afternoon to Congress being placed in his hands. He at once read it to the audience, which, already thoroughly aroused, now broke out again in a "tremendous burst of applause."

EFFECT OF THE MESSAGE OF MARCH 6TH.

The first effect of the message was to unite the radical supporters of Mr. Lincoln with the more moderate. "We are all brought by the common-sense message," said

"Harper's Weekly," "upon the same platform. The cannon shot against Fort Sumter effaced three-fourths of our political lines; the President's message has wiped out the remaining fourth." But to Mr. Lincoln's of Liberia and Haiti, and completing a treaty with Great Britain to suppress slave trading. One of the most interesting of the acts which followed close on the message of March 6th. emancipated *immediately* all the



CARL SCHURZ.

From a war time photograph.

keen disappointment, the Border State representatives in Congress let the proposition pass in silence. Although the message failed to arouse the Border States, it did stimulate the anti-slavery party in Congress to complete several practical measures. Acts of Congress were rapidly approved forbidding the army and navy to aid in the return of fugitive slaves, recognizing the independence

slaves in the District of Columbia. One million dollars was appropriated by Congress to pay the loyal slaveholders of the District for their loss, and \$100,000 was set aside to pay the expenses of such negroes as desired to emigrate to Haiti or Liberia.

The Administration was now committed to compensated emancipation, but there were many radicals who grew restive at the slow



CHARLES SUMNER.

From a portrait in the War Department collection of Civil War photographs.

working of the measure. They began again to call for a more trenchant use of the weapon in Lincoln's hand. The commander of the Department of the South, General David Hunter, in his zeal, even issued an order declaring :

Slavery and martial law in a free country, are altogether incompatible ; the persons in . . . Georgia, Florida, and South Carolina heretofore held as slaves are, therefore, declared forever free.

Mr. Lincoln's first knowledge of this proclamation came to him through the news-

papers. He at once pronounced it void. At the same time he made a declaration at which a man less courageous, one less confident in his own policy, would have hesitated—a declaration of his intention that no one but himself should decide how the weapon in his hand was to be used :

I further make known that, whether it be competent for me, as commander-in-chief of the army and navy, to declare the slaves of any State or States free, and whether, at any time, in any case, it shall have become a necessity indispensable to the maintenance of the government to exercise such supposed power, are questions which, under my responsibility, I reserve to myself, and which I cannot feel justified in leaving to the decision of commanders in the field.

It was a public display of a trait of Mr. Lincoln of which the country had already several examples. He made his own decisions, trusted his own judgment as a final authority.

In revoking Hunter's order, Mr. Lincoln again appealed to the Border States to accept his plan of buying and freeing their slaves, and as if to warn them that the unauthorized step which Hunter had dared to take might yet be forced upon the Administration, he said :

I do not argue—I beseech you to make arguments for yourselves. You cannot, if you would, be blind to the signs of the times. I beg of you a calm and enlarged consideration of them, ranging, if it may be, far above personal and partisan politics. This proposal makes common cause for a common object, casting no reproaches upon any. It acts not the Pharisee. The change it contemplates would come gently as the dews of heaven, not rending or wrecking anything. Will you not embrace it? So much good has not been done, by one effort, in all past time, as in the providence of God it is now your high privilege to do. May the vast future not have to lament that you have neglected it.

LINCOLN OFFERS TO RESIGN.

The President's treatment of Hunter's order dissatisfied many who had been temporarily quieted by the message of March 6th. They were made still more critical by the slow advancement of McClellan and his army towards Richmond. Again they besought the President to emancipate and arm the slaves. The authority and magnitude of the demand became such that Mr. Lincoln fairly staggered under it. Still he would not yield. He could not give up yet his hope of a more peaceful and just system of emancipation. But while he could not do what was asked of him, he seems to have felt that it was possible that he was wrong, and that another man in his place would be able to see the way. In a remarkable interview held early in the summer with several

Republican senators, among whom was the Honorable James Harlan, of Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, the President actually offered to resign and let Mr. Hamlin, the Vice-President, initiate the policy.*

The senators went to Mr. Lincoln to urge upon him the paramount importance of mustering slaves into the Union army. They argued that as the war was really to free the negro, it was only fair that he should take his part in working out his own salvation. Mr. Lincoln listened thoughtfully to every argument, and then replied :

Gentlemen, I have put two hundred thousand muskets into the hands of loyal citizens of Tennessee, Kentucky, and Western North Carolina. They have said they could defend themselves, if they had guns. I have given them the guns. Now, these men do not believe in mustering in the negro. If I do it, these two hundred thousand muskets will be turned against us. We should lose more than we should gain.

The gentlemen urged other considerations, among them that it was not improbable that Europe, which was anti-slavery in sentiment, but yet sympathized with the notion of a Southern Confederacy, preferring two nations to one in this country, would be persuading the South to free her slaves in consideration of recognition. After they had exhausted every argument, Mr. Lincoln answered them.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I can't do it. I can't see it as you do. You may be right, and I may be wrong ; but I'll tell you what I can do ; I can resign in favor of Mr. Hamlin. Perhaps Mr. Hamlin could do it."

The senators, amazed at this proposition, "which," says Senator Harlan, "was made with the greatest seriousness, and of which not one of us doubted the sincerity," hastened to assure the President that they could not consider such a step on his part ; that he stood where he could see all around the horizon ; that he must do what he thought right ; that, in any event, he must not resign.

MR. LINCOLN APPEALS TO THE BORDER STATES.

As the spring passed into summer the military situation in Virginia grew more and more serious. Finally McClellan, after spending April and May in working his way up the Peninsula from Fort Monroe to within a few miles of Richmond, and spending June in heavy and disastrous fighting, fell back to Harrison's Landing, on the James River.

* The account of this interview is here published for the first time, as far as I know. It was given to me by the Hon. James Harlan of Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, and has been corrected by him.

"When the Peninsula campaign terminated suddenly at Harrison's Landing," Mr. Lincoln said once to a friend who asked him if he had ever despaired of his country, "I was as nearly inconsolable as I could be and live." McClellan's telegrams from Harrison's Landing were so discouraging that the President finally, early in July, visited the army there, to satisfy himself of the condition of things. He came away convinced that he was not going to have any military encouragement very soon to offer to his supporters. But he must show them some fruits of their efforts, some sign that the men and money they had poured into "McClellan's trap," as it was beginning to be called, were not lost; that the new call for 300,000 men just made was not to be in vain. There was nothing to do but use emancipation in some way as a weapon, and he summoned the representatives of the Border States to the White House on July 12th, and made an earnest, almost passionate, appeal to them to consider his proposition of March 6th.

It is doubtful if Mr. Lincoln in all his political career ever had a measure more at heart than his scheme for compensated emancipation. Isaac Arnold, who knew him well, says that rarely, if ever, was he known to manifest such solicitude as over this measure.

"Oh, how I wish the Border States would accept my proposition," he said to Arnold and Owen Lovejoy one day; "then you, Lovejoy, and you, Arnold, and all of us would not have lived in vain. The labor of your life, Lovejoy, would be crowned with success. You would live to see the end of slavery."

"Could you have seen the President," wrote Sumner once to a friend, "as it was my privilege often—while he was considering the great questions on which he has already acted—the invitation to emancipation in the States, emancipation in the District of Columbia, and the acknowledgment of the independence of Haiti and Liberia, even your zeal would have been satisfied."

"His whole soul was occupied, especially by the first proposition, which was peculiarly his own. In familiar intercourse with him, I remember nothing more touching than the earnestness and completeness with which he embraced this idea. To his mind it was just and beneficent, while it promised the sure end of slavery."

His address to the Border State representatives on July 12th is full of this conviction, but the majority of the representatives rejected the President's appeal.

MR. LINCOLN SUGGESTS EMANCIPATION BY PROCLAMATION.

Mr. Lincoln never came to a point in his public career where he did not have a card in reserve, and he never lacked the courage to

play it if he was forced to. "I must save this government if possible," he said, now that his best efforts for compensated emancipation were vain. "What I cannot do, of course I will not do; but it may as well be understood, once for all, that I shall not surrender this game leaving any available card unplayed." Just what his "available card" was he hinted to Secretary Seward and Secretary Welles the very day after his interview with the Border State representatives. He had about come to the conclusion, he said, that he must free the slaves by proclamation or be himself subdued.

It was probably very shortly after this that a curious interview took place between Mr. Lincoln and his old and intimate friend, Leonard Swett, which shows admirably the struggle in the President's mind. The story of this interview Mr. Swett used to tell often to his friends, and it is through the courtesy of one of them, the Hon. Peter Stenger Grosscup, United States Circuit Judge for the Seventh Judicial Circuit, that it is given here:

One day, during the course of the war, when Mr. Swett was at his home in Bloomington, Illinois, he received a telegram asking him to come immediately to the President. The second morning afterwards found him in Washington. Thinking that something unusual was at hand, he went to the White House upon arrival and before eating his breakfast. Mr. Lincoln asked him immediately into the cabinet room, and after making a few inquiries about mutual friends in Illinois, pulled up his chair to a little cabinet of drawers. Swett, of course, awaited in silence the developments. Opening a drawer, Lincoln took out a manuscript which, he said, was a letter from William Lloyd Garrison, and which he proceeded to read. It proved to be an eloquent and passionate appeal for the immediate emancipation of the slaves. It recalled the devotion and loyalty of the North, but pointed out, with something like preemption, that unless some step was taken to cut out by the roots the institution of slavery, the expectations of the North would be disappointed and its ardor correspondingly cooled. It went into the moral wrong that lay at the bottom of the war, and insisted that the war could not, in the nature of things, be ended until the wrong was at an end.

The letter throughout was entirely characteristic of Garrison.

Laying it back without comment, Mr. Lincoln took out another, which proved to be a letter from Garrett Davis, of Kentucky. It, too, treated of emancipation; but from the Border State point of view. It carefully balanced the martial and moral forces of the North and South, and pointed out that if the Border States, now divided almost equally between the belligerents, were thrown unitedly to the South, a conclusion of the war favorable to the North would be next to impossible. It then proceeded to recall that slavery was an institution of these Border States with which their people had grown familiar and upon which much of their prosperity was founded. Emancipation, especially emancipation without compensation, would, in that quarter of the country, be looked upon as a stab at prosperity and a departure from the original Union purposes of the war.

It begged Mr. Lincoln to be led by the Northern abolition sentiment into no such irremediable mistake.

Laying this back, Mr. Lincoln took out another, which turned out to be from a then prominent Swiss statesman, a sympathizer with the Northern cause, but whose name I can not recall. It breathed all through an ardent wish that the North should succeed. The writer's purpose was to call attention to the foreign situation and the importance of preventing foreign intervention. This he summed up as follows: The governing classes in England and Napoleon in France were favorable to the success of the confederacy. They were looking for a pretext upon which to base some sort of intervention. Anything that, in international law, would justify intervention would be quickly utilized. A situation justifying such a pretext must be avoided. The writer then pointed out that from the earliest times any interference with the enemy's slaves had been regarded as a cruel and improper expedient; that emancipation would be represented to Europe as an equivalent of inciting slave insurrection; and would be seized upon, the writer feared, as a pretext upon which forcibly to intervene. The letter went over the whole foreign situation, bringing out clearly this phase of the consequences of emancipation.

Laying this letter back, the President turned to Mr. Swett, and without a word of inquiry, took up himself the subject of emancipation, not only in the phases pointed out by the letters just read, but every possible phase and consequence under which it could be considered. For more than an hour he debated the situation, first the one side and then the other of every question arising. His manner did not indicate that he wished to impress his views upon his hearer, but rather to weigh and examine them for his own enlightenment in the presence of his hearer. It was an instance of stating conclusions aloud, not that they might convince another, or be combated by him, but that the speaker might see for himself how they looked when taken out of the region of mere reflection and embodied in words. The President's deliverance was so judicial, and so free from the quality of debate, or appearance of a wish to convince, that Mr. Swett felt himself to be, not so much a hearer of Lincoln's views, as a witness of the President's mental operations. The President was simply framing his thought in words, under the eye of his friend, that he might clear up his own mind.

When the President concluded, he asked for no comment, and made no inquiry, but rising, expressed his hope that Mr. Swett would get home safely, and entrusted to him some messages to their mutual friends. The audience thus ended.

Mr. Lincoln had, no doubt, determined at this time on the Emancipation Proclamation, perhaps had in his drawer, with the letters he read to Mr. Swett, the original draft which, as he afterwards told Mr. F. B. Carpenter, he prepared "without consultation with or the knowledge of the cabinet." It was on July 22d that, "after much anxious thought," he called a cabinet meeting to consider the subject.

"I said to the cabinet," the President told Mr. Carpenter, "that I had resolved upon this step, and had not called them together to ask their advice, but to lay the subject matter of a proclamation before them; suggestions as to which would be in order, after they had heard it read."

The gist of the proclamation which Mr. Lincoln read to the cabinet was that, on the first day of January, 1863, all persons held as slaves within any State or States wherein the constitutional authority of the United States should not then be practically recognized, should "then, thenceforward, and forever be free." He called his proclamation "a fit and necessary military measure," and prefaced it by declaring that, upon the next meeting of Congress, he intended to recommend a practical plan for giving pecuniary aid to any State which by that time had adopted "gradual abolishment of slavery."

The cabinet seems to have been bewildered by the sweeping proposition of the President. Nicolay and Hay quote a memorandum of the meeting made by Secretary Stanton, in which he says: "The measure goes beyond anything I have recommended." Mr. Lincoln, in his account of the meeting given to Mr. Carpenter, says:

Various suggestions were offered. . . . Nothing, however, was offered that I had not already fully anticipated and settled in my own mind, until Secretary Seward spoke. He said in substance: "Mr. President, I approve of the proclamation, but I question the expediency of its issue at this juncture. The depression of the public mind, consequent upon our repeated reverses, is so great that I fear the effect of so important a step. It may be viewed as the last measure of an exhausted government, a cry for help: the government stretching forth its hands to Ethiopia, instead of Ethiopia stretching forth her hands to the government." His idea was that it would be considered our last *shriek*, on the retreat. "Now," continued Mr. Seward, "while I approve the measure, I suggest, sir, that you postpone its issue, until you can give it to the country, supported by military success, instead of issuing it, as would be the case now, upon the greatest disasters of the war!" The wisdom of the view of the Secretary of State struck me with very great force. It was an aspect of the case that, in all my thoughts upon the subject, I had entirely overlooked. The result was that I put the draft of the proclamation aside, as you do your sketch for a picture, waiting for a victory. From time to time I added or changed a line, touching it up here and there, anxiously waiting the progress of events.

WAITING FOR VICTORY.

The victory Mr. Lincoln waited for was long in coming. Disaster after disaster followed. Each new delay or failure only intensified the radical anti-slavery sentiment, and made the demand for emancipation more emphatic and threatening. The culmination of this dissatisfaction was an editorial signed by Horace Greeley, and printed in the New York "Tribune" of August 20th, entitled, "The Prayer of 20,000,000"—two columns of bitter and unjust accusations and complaints addressed to Mr. Lincoln, charging

him with "ignoring, disregarding, and defying" the laws already enacted against slavery.

Mr. Lincoln answered it in a letter published in the "National Intelligencer" of Washington, August 23d. The document challenges comparison with the state papers of all times and all countries for its lucidity and its courage :

As to the policy I "seem to be pursuing," as you say, I have not meant to leave any one in doubt.

I would save the Union. I would save it the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be "the Union as it was." If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or to destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views.

The "Greeley faction," as it was called, not only pursued Mr. Lincoln through the press and pulpit and platform; an unending procession of radical committees and delegations waited upon him. Although he was at that time, by his own statement, adding or changing a line of the proclamation, "touching it up here and there," he seems almost invariably to have argued against emancipation with those who came to plead for it. There is every indication indeed that an incessant struggle against violent emancipation went on in his mind through the whole period. He regarded it as the act of a dictator. He feared it might be fruitless. He dreaded the injury it would do the loyal people of the South. He said once to a friend, that he had prayed to the Almighty to save him from the necessity of it, adopting the very language of Christ, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me."

LINCOLN'S IRRITABILITY IN THE SUMMER OF 1862.

In this awful summer of 1862, beset by enemies in front and in rear, with failure after failure crashing upon him, still sore from his great personal bereavement of the

spring before, the President displayed sometimes a sarcasm and irritability quite unlike the almost superhuman patience which was characteristic of him. Many committees which went to him with advice and warning were answered with bitterness; sometimes, they claimed, with sneers. The futility of their talk was no doubt unendurable to the overworked, despairing man. So far as documentary proof of Lincoln's irritability at this period exists, it is evident that it was aroused only by useless demands and delays. In a quantity of unpublished telegrams which have been collected recently by the War Department, there are a number which show this; as, for illustration, the two following :

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 12, 1862.

Governor ANDREW,

Boston, MASSACHUSETTS.

Your dispatch saying "I can't get those regiments off because I can't get quick work out of the United States disbursing officer and the paymaster" is received. Please say to these gentlemen that if they do not work quickly I will make quick work with them. In the name of all that is reasonable, how long does it take to pay a couple of regiments? We were never more in need of the arrival of regiments than now, even to-day.

A. LINCOLN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 23, 1862, 8 A.M.

Hon. R. YATES,

Springfield, ILLINOIS.

I am pained to hear that you reject the services of an officer we sent to assist in organizing and getting off troops. Pennsylvania and Indiana accepted such officers kindly, and they now have more than twice as many new troops in the field as all the other States together. If Illinois had got forward as many troops as Indiana, Cumberland Gap would soon be relieved from its present perils. Please do not ruin us on punctilio.

A. LINCOLN.

THE PRELIMINARY PROCLAMATION ISSUED.

The victory for which the President waited came on September 17th. McClellan had followed Lee into Maryland, and defeated him. The President was at his summer house at the Soldier's Home when the news of Antietam reached him. He at once finished the second draft of the Emancipation Proclamation, and called the cabinet together on Monday, September 22d. Secretary Chase recorded in his diary, that day, how, after reading his colleagues a chapter from Artemus Ward, the President "took a graver tone." The words he spoke, as recorded by Mr. Chase, are a remarkable revelation of the man's feeling at the moment :

I have, as you are aware, thought a great deal about the relation of this war to slavery; and you all remember that, several weeks ago, I read to you an order I

had prepared on this subject, which, on account of objections made by some of you, was not issued. Ever since then my mind has been much occupied with this subject, and I have thought, all along, that the time for acting on it might probably come. I think the time has come now. I wish it was a better time. I wish that we were in a better condition. The action of the army against the rebels has not been quite what I should have best liked. But they have been driven out of Maryland, and Pennsylvania is no longer in danger of invasion. When the rebel army was at Frederick, I determined, as soon as it should be driven out of Maryland, to issue a proclamation of emancipation, such as I thought most likely to be useful. I said nothing to any one, but I made the promise to myself and [hesitating a little] to my Maker. The rebel army is now driven out, and I am going to fulfil that promise. I have got you together to hear what I have written down. I do not wish your advice about the main matter, for that I have determined for myself. This I say without intending anything but respect for any one of you. But I already know the views of each on this question. They have been heretofore expressed, and I have considered them as thoroughly and carefully as I can. What I have written is that which my reflections have determined me to say. If there is anything in the expressions I use, or in any minor matter, which any of you thinks had best be changed, I shall be glad to receive the suggestions. One other observation I will make. I know very well that many others might, in this matter as in others, do better than I can; and if I was satisfied that the public confidence was more fully possessed by any one of them than by me, and knew of any constitutional way in which he could be put in my place, he should have it. I would gladly yield it to him. But, though I believe that I have not so much of the confidence of the people as I had some time since, I do not know that, all things considered, any other person has more; and, however this may be, there is no way in which I can have any other man put where I am. I am here; I must do the best I can, and bear the responsibility of taking the course which I feel I ought to take.

The proclamation appeared in the newspapers of the following morning.

There was no exultation in the President's mind; indeed there was almost a groan in the words which, the night after he had given it out, he addressed to a party of serenaders: "I can only trust in God that I have made no mistake." The events of the fall brought him little encouragement. Indeed, the promise of emancipation seemed to effect nothing but discontent and uneasiness; stocks went down, troops fell off. In five great States—Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York—the elections went against him. Little but menaces came from Europe. Many said that the President would not dare, in the face of the unrest of the country, fulfil his promise, and issue the proclamation. But when Congress opened on December 1st, he did submit the proclamation, together with the plan for compensated emancipation which he had worked out. Over one-half of the message, in fact, was given to this plan.

Mr. Lincoln pleaded with Congress for his measure as he had never pleaded before. He argued that it would "end the struggle and save the Union forever," that it would "cost no blood at all," that Congress could do it if they would unite with the executive, that the "good people" would respond and support it if appealed to.

"It is not," he said, "'Can any of us imagine better?' but, 'Can we all do better?' Object whatsoever is possible, still the question occurs, 'Can we do better?' The dogmas of the quiet past are inadequate to the stormy present. The occasion is piled high with difficulty, and we must rise with the occasion. As our case is new, so we must think anew and act anew. We must disenthrall ourselves, and then we shall save our country."

"Fellow citizens, we cannot escape history. We of this Congress and this Administration will be remembered in spite of ourselves. No personal significance or insignificance can spare one or another of us. The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down, in honor or dishonor, to the latest generation. We say we are for the Union. The world will not forget that we say this. We know how to save the Union. The world knows we do know how to save it. We—even we here—hold the power and bear the responsibility. In giving freedom to the slave, we assure freedom to the free—honorable alike in what we give and what we preserve. We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last, best hope of earth. Other means may succeed; this could not fail. The way is plain, peaceful, generous, just—a way which, if followed, the world will forever applaud, and God must forever bless."

Nothing ever came of it, for before any of the Border States had become willing to accept the measure, that necessity which Lincoln foresaw from the first had forced complete emancipation without compensation.

As the 1st of January drew near, many friends of the proclamation doubted that Mr. Lincoln would keep his promise. Among these was the Rev. Byron Sunderland, of Washington, at that time chaplain of the Senate and one of the most aggressively loyal ministers in the city. Dr. Sunderland feared that there was truth in the rumor that the President would withdraw, not issue, the proclamation on the 1st of January, and on the Sunday before the New Year he preached a sermon on the subject. Mr. Z. S. Robbins, of Washington, a friend of Mr. Lincoln, asked Dr. Sunderland to go with him to the President and urge him to keep his promise.

"We were ushered into the cabinet room," says Dr. Sunderland. "It was very dim, but one gas-jet burning. As we entered, Mr. Lincoln was standing at the farther end of the long table which filled the middle of the room. As I stood by the door, I am so very short, that I was obliged to look up to see the President. Mr. Robbins introduced me, and I began at once by saying: 'I have come, Mr. President, to an-

ticipate the New Year with my respects, and if I may, to say to you a word about the serious condition of this country.'

"Go ahead, Doctor," replied the President; 'every little helps.' But I was too much in earnest to laugh at his sally at my smallness. 'Mr. President,' I continued, 'they say that you are not going to keep your promise to give us the Emancipation Proclamation; that it is your intention to withdraw it.'

"Well, Doctor," said Mr. Lincoln, 'you know Peter was going to do it, but when the time came he didn't.'

"Mr. President," I continued, 'I have been studying Peter. He did not deny his Master until after his Master rebuked him in the presence of the enemy. You have a master, too, Mr. Lincoln, the American people. Don't deny your master until he has rebuked you before all the world.'

"My earnestness seemed to interest the President, and his whole tone change immediately. 'Sit down, Doctor Sunderland,' he said; 'let us talk.'

"We seated ourselves in the room, and for a moment the President was silent, his elbow resting on the table, his big, gnarled hands closed over his forehead. Then looking up gravely at me, he began to speak:

"Doctor, if it had been left to you and me, there would have been no war. If it had been left to you and me, there would have been no cause for this war; but it was not left to us. God has allowed men to make slaves of their fellows. He permits this war. He has before Him a strange spectacle. We, on our side, are praying Him to give us victory, because we believe we are right; but those on the other side pray Him, too, for victory, believing they are right. What must He think of us? And what is coming from the struggle? What will be the effect of it all on the whites and on the negroes?' And then suddenly a ripple of amusement broke the solemn tone of his voice. 'As for the negroes, Doctor, and what is going to become of them: I told Ben Wade the other day, that it made me think of a story I read in one of my first books, "*Æsop's Fables*." It was an old edition, and had curious rough wood-cuts, one of which showed four white men scrubbing a negro in a potash kettle filled with cold water. The text explained that the men thought that by scrubbing the negro they might make him white. Just about the time they thought they were succeeding, he took cold and died. Now, I am afraid that by the time we get through this war the negro will catch cold and die.'

"The laugh had hardly died away before he resumed his grave tone, and for half an hour he discussed the question of emancipation. He stated it in every light, putting his points so clearly that each statement was an argument. He showed the fullest appreciation of every side. It was like a talk of one of the old prophets. And though he did not tell me at the end whether the proclamation would be issued or not, I went home comforted and uplifted, and I believed in Abraham Lincoln from that day."*

THE PROCLAMATION IS ISSUED.

Mr. Lincoln had no idea of withdrawing the proclamation. On December 30th, he

* Interview with Dr. Sunderland for this magazine.

read the document to his cabinet, and asked the members to take copies home and give him their criticisms. The next day at cabinet meeting these criticisms and suggestions were presented by the different members. Mr. Lincoln took them all to his office, where, during that afternoon and the morning of January 1, 1863, he rewrote the document. He was called from it at eleven o'clock to go to the East Room and begin the customary New Year's handshaking. It was the middle of the afternoon before he was free and back in the executive chamber, where the Emancipation Proclamation, which in the interval had been duly engrossed at the State Department and brought to the White House by Secretary Seward and his son, was waiting his signature.

"They found the President alone," writes Frederick Seward, "in his room. The broad sheet was spread out before him on the cabinet table. Mr. Lincoln dipped his pen in the ink, and then, holding it a moment above the paper, seemed to hesitate. Looking around, he said:

"I never, in my life, felt more certain that I was doing right, than I do in signing this paper. But I have been receiving calls, and shaking hands since nine [eleven?] o'clock this morning, till my arm is stiff and numb. Now, this signature is one that will be closely examined, and if they find my hand trembled, they will say "he had some compunctions." But, any way, it is going to be done!"

"So saying, he slowly and carefully wrote his name at the bottom of the proclamation."

At last the Emancipation Proclamation was a fact. But there was little rejoicing in the heart of the man who had framed and given it to the world. In issuing it, all he had dared hope was that in the long run it would give greater gain than loss. He was not confident that this would be so, but he was willing to risk it. "Hope and fear and doubt contended over the new policy in uncertain conflict," he said months later. As he had foreseen, dark days followed. There were mutinies in the army; there was ridicule; there was a long interval of waiting for results. Nothing but the greatest care in enforcing the proclamation could make it a greater good than evil, and Mr. Lincoln now turned all his energies to this new task. "We are like whalers," he said one day, "who have been long on a chase; we have at last got the harpoon into the monster, but we must now look how we steer, or with one 'flop' of his tail he will send us all into eternity."

THE WAR ON THE SEA AND ITS LESSONS.

BY CAPTAIN ALFRED T. MAHAN,

Author of "The Influence of Sea Power upon History," "Life of Nelson," etc.

V.

THE GUARD SET OVER CERVERA AND THE WATCH KEPT ON CÁMARA.



THE result of the various movements narrated in our last article was to leave the Flying Squadron, on the 22d of May, off Cienfuegos, and Admiral Sampson's division off Havana, on the 21st. The latter was seriously diminished in mobile combatant force by the removal of the "Iowa," detached to the south of the island to join the ships under Schley. It was confidently expected that there, rather than at any northern port, the enemy would make his first appearance; and for that reason the Flying Squadron was strengthened by, and that off Havana deprived of, a vessel whose qualities would tell heavily in conflict with an active antagonist, such as a body of armored cruisers ought to be. Only by great good fortune could it be expected that the monitors, upon which Sampson for the moment had largely to depend, could impose an engagement upon Cervera's division, if the latter sought to enter Havana by a dash. By taking from the Admiral his most powerful vessel, he was exposed to the mortification of seeing the enemy slip by and show his heels to our sluggish, low-freeboard, turtled vessels; but the solution was the best that could be reached under the conditions. It was not till the 28th of the month that the junction of the "Oregon" put our division before Havana on terms approaching equality, as regards quickness of movement.

On the 19th of May, the Navy Department received probable, but not certain, information that the enemy's division had entered Santiago. This, as is now known, had occurred on the early morning of the same day. Singularly enough, less than twenty-four hours before, on the 18th, the auxiliary steamer

"St. Louis," Captain Goodrich, lately one of the American transatlantic liners, had been close in with the mouth of this port, which had hitherto lain outside our sphere of operations, and had made a determined and successful attempt to cut the telegraph cable leading from Santiago to Jamaica. In doing this the "St. Louis," which, like her sister ships (except the "St. Paul"), had not yet received an armament suitable to her size or duties, lay for three-quarters of an hour under the fire of the enemy, at a distance of little over a mile. Fortunately, a six-inch rifled gun on the Socapa battery, which was then being mounted, was not ready until the following day; and the "St. Louis" held her ground without injury until a piece had been cut out of the cable. In this work she was assisted by the tug "Wompatuck," Lieutenant-Commander Jungen. The two vessels then moved away to Guantanamo Bay, having been off Santiago nearly forty-eight hours. It may certainly be charged as good luck to Cervera, that their departure before his arrival kept our government long in uncertainty as to the fact, which we needed to know in the most positive manner before stripping the Havana blockade in order to concentrate at Santiago. The writer remembers that the captain of the "St. Louis," having soon afterwards to come north for coal, found it difficult to believe that he could have missed the Spanish vessels by so little; and the more so because he had spent the 19th off Guantanamo, less than fifty miles distant. By that time, however, our information, though still less than eye-witness, was so far probable as to preponderate over his doubts; but much perplexity would have been spared us, had the enemy been seen by this ship, whose great speed would have brought immediate positive intelligence that all, and not only a

part, had entered the port. On this point we did not obtain certainty until three weeks later.

In yet another respect luck, as it is commonly called, went against us at this time. The "Wompatuck" was sent by Captain Goodrich into the mouth of the harbor at Guantanamo, to attempt to grapple the cable there. The tug and the "St. Louis" were both forced to retire, not by the weight of fire from the coast, but by a petty Spanish gunboat, aided by "a small gun on shore." Could this fact have been communicated to Commodore Schley, when he decided to return to Key West on the 26th, on account of the difficulty of coaling, he would probably have seen the facility with which the place could be secured and utilized for a coaling station, as it subsequently was by Admiral Sampson, and that there thus was no necessity of starting back some 700 miles to Key West, with 4,000 tons of coal in a collier in company. When the lower bay was occupied, on the 8th of June, our attacking vessels were only the naval unprotected cruiser "Marblehead" and the auxiliary cruiser "Yankee," the former of which was with the Flying Squadron from Cienfuegos to Santiago, and before the latter port until Sampson arrived. No resistance was then offered by the Spanish gunboat, before which the vulnerable and inadequately armed "St. Louis" and "Wompatuck" had very properly retired.

Although the information received of Cervera's entering Santiago was not reliable enough to justify detaching Sampson's ships from before Havana, it was probable to a degree that made it imperative to watch the port in force at once. Telegrams were immediately sent out to assemble the four auxiliary cruisers—"St. Paul," "St. Louis," "Harvard," and "Yale"—and the fast naval cruiser "Minneapolis," before the mouth of the harbor. The number of these ships shows the importance attached to the duty. It was necessary to allow largely for the chapter of accidents; for, to apply a pithy saying of the Chief of the Naval Bureau of Equipment—"the only way to have coal enough is to have too much"—the only way to assemble ships enough, when things grow critical, is to send more than barely enough. All those that received their orders proceeded as rapidly as their conditions allowed, but the Department could not get hold of the "St. Louis." This failure illustrates vividly the remark made in the last paper concerning the importance of

knowing just where cruisers are to be found; for of all the five ships thus sought to be gathered, the "St. Louis" was, at the moment, the most important, through her knowledge of the weakness, for offence, of the enemy at Guantanamo, which she could have communicated to Schley. The latter, when he arrived off Santiago on the evening of the 26th, found the "Minneapolis," the "St. Paul," and the "Yale" on the station. The "Harvard" had already been there, but had gone for the moment to St. Nicolas Mole, with despatches that the Commodore had sent before him from Cienfuegos. She joined the squadron again early next day, May 27th.

On the morning of the 25th, the "St. Paul" had captured the British steamer "Restormel," with 2,400 tons of coal for the Spanish squadron. This vessel had gone first to Porto Rico, and from there had been directed to Curaçao, where she arrived two days after Cervera had departed. When taken, she reported that two other colliers were in Porto Rico when she sailed thence. This would seem to indicate that that port, and not Santiago, had been the original destination of the enemy, for it would have been quite as easy for the colliers to go to Santiago at once; probably safer, for we were not then thinking of Santiago in comparison with San Juan. This conjecture is strengthened by the fact that there were only 2,300 tons of Cardiff coal in Santiago, a condition which shows both how little the Spanish government expected to use the port and how serious the capture at this instant was to the enemy.

The intention of Commodore Schley to return to Key West precipitated the movement of Admiral Sampson, with his two fastest ships, to Santiago; but the step would certainly have been taken as soon as the doubt whether all the Spanish division had entered was removed. The Department, under its growing conviction that the enemy was there, had already been increasingly disturbed by the delay of the Flying Squadron before Cienfuegos, caused by the uncertainty of its commander as to whether or not Cervera was in the latter port; nor was there then known reason to censure the decision of the officer on the spot, whose information, dependent upon despatch vessels, or upon local scouting, was necessarily, in some respects, more meager than that of the Department, in cable communication with many quarters. Nevertheless, he was mistaken, and each succeeding hour made

the mistake more palpable and more serious to those in Washington; not, indeed, that demonstrative proof had been received there—far from it—but there was that degree of reasonable probability which justifies practical action in all life, and especially in war. There was not certainly enough to draw away our ships from before Havana—to the exposure also of Key West—but there was quite sufficient certainty to take the chance of leaving Cienfuegos and going off Santiago; for, to put the case at its weakest, we could not close both the last-named ports, and had to make a choice. Against the risk of the enemy trying to dash out of Santiago and run for some other point, provision was made by a telegram to the "Yale" to inform every vessel off Santiago that the Flying Squadron was off Cienfuegos, and that orders had been sent it to proceed with all possible despatch off Santiago. If, therefore, the enemy did run out before the arrival of Schley, our scouts would know how to look for the latter; that is, somewhere on the shortest line between the two ports.

The embarrassment imposed upon the Department, through the telegram that the Flying Squadron was returning to Key West, was increased greatly by the fact that the five cruisers ordered before the port were getting very short of coal. If the squadron held its ground, this was comparatively immaterial. It would be injurious, unquestionably, to the communications and to the lookout, but not necessarily fatal to the object in view, which was that Cervera should not get out without a fight and slip away again into the unknown. But, if the squadron went, the cruisers could not stay, and the enemy might escape unobserved. Fortunately, on second thoughts, the Commodore decided to remain; but before that was known to the Department, Sampson had been directed, on May 29th, to proceed with the "New York" and the "Oregon," the latter of which had only joined him on the 28th. The telegram announcing that the Flying Squadron would hold on came indeed before the two ships started, but it was not thought expedient to change their orders. Word also had then been received that two of the Spanish division had been sighted inside from our own vessels, and though this still left a doubt as to the whereabouts of the others, it removed the necessity of covering Key West, which had caused the Department, on the first knowledge of Schley's returning, to limit its orders to Sampson to be ready to set out for Santiago the instant the Flying

Squadron returned. By the departure of the "New York" and the "Oregon," the "Indiana" was left the only battleship to the westward. Her speed was insufficient to keep up with the two others, and it was determined to employ her in convoying the army when it was ready, a duty originally designed for Sampson's division as a whole.

Admiral Sampson with his two ships arrived off Santiago on the 1st of June, at 6 A.M., and established the close watch of the port which lasted until the sally and destruction of Cervera's squadron. "From that time on," says the Spanish lieutenant, Muller, who was in the port from the beginning, as second in command of the naval forces of the province, "the hostile ships, which were afterwards increased in number, established day and night a constant watch, without withdrawing at nightfall, as they used to do." Into the particulars of this watch, which lasted for a month, and effectively prevented any attempt of the enemy to go out by night, the writer does not purpose to enter, as his object in this series of papers is rather to elicit the general lessons derivable from the war than to give the details of particular operations. It is only just to say, however, that all the dispositions of the blockade—to use the common, but not strictly accurate, expression—from the beginning of June to the day of the battle were prescribed by the commander-in-chief on the spot; without controlling orders, and with little, if any, suggestion on the subject from the Department. The writer remembers none; but he does well remember the interest with which, during the dark nights of the month, he watched the size of the moon, which was new on the 18th, and the anxiety each morning lest news might be received of a successful attempt to get away on the part of the enemy, whose reputed speed so far exceeded that of most of our ships. It was not then known that, by reason of the methods unremittently enforced by our squadron, it was harder to escape from Santiago by night than by day, because of the difficulty of steering a ship through an extremely narrow channel with the beam of an electric light shining straight in the eyes, as would have been the case for a mile before reaching the harbor's mouth.

The office of the Navy Department at that moment, so far as the fleet before Santiago was concerned, was chiefly administrative; to maintain the number of ships and their necessary supplies of coal, ammunition, and healthy food at the highest point consistent with the

requirements of other parts of the field of war. During the month of June, being, as it was, the really decisive period of the campaign, these demands for increase of force naturally rose higher in every quarter. A numerous convoy had to be provided for the army expedition; the battle fleet had to be supplemented with several light cruisers; it became evident that the sphere of the blockade must be extended, which meant many more ships; and in the midst of all this Cámara started for Suez. All this only instances the common saying, "It never rains but it pours." Our battle fleet before Santiago was more than powerful enough to crush the hostile squadron in a very short time, if the latter attempted a stand-up fight. The fact was so evident that it was perfectly clear nothing of the kind would be hazarded; but, nevertheless, we could not afford to diminish the number of armored vessels on this spot, now become the determining center of the conflict. The possibility of the situation was two-fold. Either the enemy might succeed in an effort at evasion, a chance which required us to maintain a distinctly superior force of battleships, in order to allow the occasional absence of one or two for coaling or repairs, besides as many lighter cruisers as could be mustered for purposes of lookout; or, by merely remaining quietly at anchor, protected from attack by the lines of torpedoes, he might protract a situation which tended not only to wear out our ships, but also to keep them there into the hurricane season, a risk which was not, perhaps, adequately realized by the people of the United States.

It is desirable, at this point, to present certain other elements of the naval situation which rightly affected naval action at the moment, and which, also, were probably overlooked by the nation at large; for they give a concrete illustration of conditions which ought to affect our national policy, as regards the navy, in the present and immediate future. We had to economize our ships, because they were too few. There was no reserve. The Navy Department had throughout, and especially at this period, to keep in mind, not merely the exigencies at Santiago, but the fact that we had not a battleship in the home ports that could, in six months, be made ready to replace one lost or seriously disabled; as the "Massachusetts," for instance, has recently been, by running on an obstruction in New York Bay. Surprise approaching disdain was expressed, both before and after the destruction of Cer-

vera's squadron, that the battle fleet was not sent into Santiago either to grapple the enemy's ships there, or to support the operations of the army; in the same way, for instance, that Farragut crossed the torpedo lines at Mobile. The reply—and, in the writer's judgment, the more than adequate reason—was that the country could not, at that time, under the political conditions which obtained last summer, afford to risk the loss or disablement of a single battleship; unless the enterprise in which it was hazarded carried a reasonable probability of equal or greater loss to the enemy, leaving us, therefore, as strong as before relatively to the naval power which in the course of events might yet be arrayed against us. If we lost 10,000 men, the country could replace them; if we lost a battleship, it could not be replaced. The issue of the war, as a whole and in every locality to which it extended, depended upon naval force, and it was imperative to achieve, not success only, but success delayed no longer than necessary. A million of the best soldiers would have been powerless in face of hostile control of the sea. Dewey had not a battleship, but there can be no doubt that that capable admiral thought he ought to have one or more; and so he ought, if we had had them to spare. The two monitors would be something, doubtless, when they arrived; but, like all their class, they lacked mobility.

When Cámara started by way of Suez for Manila, it was no more evident than it was before that we ought to have battleships there. That was perfectly plain from the beginning; but battleships no more than men can be in two places at once, and until Cámara's movement had passed beyond the chance of turning west, the Spanish fleet in the Peninsula had, as regarded the two fields of war, the West Indies and the Philippines, the recognized military advantage of an interior position. In accepting inferiority in the East, and concentrating our available force in the West Indies, thereby ensuring a superiority over any possible combination of Spanish vessels in the latter quarter, the Department acted rightly and in accordance with sound military precedent; but it must be remembered that the Spanish navy was not the only possibility of the day. The writer was not in a position to know then, and does not know now, what weight the United States government attached to the current rumors of possible political friction with other states whose people were notoriously sympathizers with our enemy. The

public knows as much about that as he does; but it was clear that if a disposition to interfere did exist anywhere, it would not be lessened by a serious naval disaster to us, such as the loss of one of our few battleships would be. Just as in the maintenance of a technically "effective" blockade of the Cuban ports, so, also, in sustaining the tirelessness and vigor of the battle fleet, the attitude of foreign powers as well as the strength of the immediate enemy had to be considered. For such reasons it was recommended that the orders on this point to Admiral Sampson should be peremptory: not that any doubt existed as to the discretion of that officer, who justly characterized the proposition to throw the ships upon the mine fields of Santiago as suicidal folly, but because it was felt that the burden of such a decision should be assumed by a superior authority, which could better bear the idle imputations of ignorance, made at times by some who ought to have known better, but did not. "The matter is left to your discretion," the telegram read, "except that the United States armored vessels must not be risked."

When Cervera's squadron was once cornered, an intelligent opponent would, under any state of naval preparedness, have seen the advisability of forcing him out of the port by an attack in the rear, which could be made only by an army. As Nelson said on one occasion, "What is wanted now is not more ships, but troops." Under few conditions should such a situation be prolonged. But the reasons adduced in the last paragraph made it doubly incumbent upon us to bring the matter speedily to an issue, and the combined expedition from Tampa was at once ordered. Having in view the number of hostile troops in the country surrounding Santiago, as shown by the subsequent returns of prisoners and shrewdly suspected by ourselves beforehand, it was undoubtedly desirable to employ a larger force than was sent. The criticism made upon the inadequate number of troops engaged in this really daring movement is intrinsically sound, and would be wholly accurate if directed, not against the enterprise itself, but against the national shortsightedness which gave us so trivial an army at the outbreak of the war. The really hazardous nature of the movement is shown by the fact that the column of Escario, 3,000 strong, from Manzanillo, reached Santiago on July 3d; too late, it is true, abundantly too late, to take part in the defence of San Juan and El Caney, upon holding which the city depended for food and

water; yet not so late but that it gives a shivering suggestion how much more arduous would have been the task of our troops had Escario come up in time. The incident but adds another to history's long list of instances where desperate energy and economy of time have wrested safety out of the jaws of imminent disaster. The occasion was one that called upon us to take big risks; and success merely justifies doubly an attempt which, from the obvious balance of advantages and disadvantages, was antecedently justified by its necessity, and would not have been fair subject for blame, even had it failed.

The Navy Department did not, however, think that even a small chance of injury should be taken which could be avoided; and it may be said that while the man who, on emergency, is unable to run a very great risk for the sake of decisive advantage, is unfit for command, on the other hand he is only less culpable who takes even a small risk of serious harm when he can, by reasonable care, provide against it. It has been well said that Nelson took more care of his topgallant masts,* in ordinary cruising, than he did of his whole fleet when the enemy was to be checked or beaten; and this combination of qualities apparently opposed is found in all strong military characters. Where either is lacking, military strength cannot exist. It was determined, accordingly, to collect for the transports a numerous naval guard, or convoy, to secure them against possible attacks by the Spanish gunboats distributed along the north coast of Cuba, by which route the voyage was to be made. The care was probably thought excessive by many and capable men; but the unforeseen is ever happening in war; here or there a young Spanish officer might unexpectedly prove, not merely brave, as they all are, but enterprising, which few of them seem to be. The transport fleet had no habit of manœuvring together; the captains, many of them, were without interest in the war, and with much interest in their owners, upon whom they commonly depended for employment; straggling, and panic in case of attack, could be surely predicted; and finally, as we scarcely had men enough for the work before them, why incur the hazard of sacrificing even one shipload of our most efficient but all too small army? For such reasons it was decided to collect a dozen of the smaller cruisers, any one of which could handle a Spanish gunboat,

* The lighter upper masts, upon which speed much depended in moderate weather.

and which, in virtue of their numbers, could be so distributed about the transports as to forestall attack at all points. The mere notoriety that so powerful a flotilla accompanied the movement was protection greater, perhaps, than the force itself; for it would impose quiescence, even upon a more active enemy. As a further measure of precaution, directions were given to watch also the torpedo-destroyer in San Juan during the passage of the army. The "Indiana," as has been said, formed part of the convoy; the dispositions and order of sailing being arranged, and throughout superintended, by her commanding officer, Captain Henry C. Taylor.

On Saturday, June 4th, Commodore Remy, commanding the naval base at Key West, telegraphed that the naval vessels composing the convoy would be ready to sail that evening. It had been hoped that the army could sail on the 8th, but early that morning was received the report, alluded to in a previous paper, that an armored cruiser with three vessels in company had been sighted by one of our blockading fleet the evening before, in the Nicolas Channel, on the north coast of Cuba. Upon being referred back, the statement was confirmed by the officer making it, and also by another vessel which had passed over the same ground at nearly the same time. The account being thus both specific and positive, the sailing of the transports was countermanded; the naval vessels of the convoy being sent out from Key West to scour the waters where the suspicious ships had been seen, and Admiral Sampson directed to send his two fastest armored vessels to Key West, in order that the expedition might proceed in force. The Admiral, being satisfied that the report was a mistake, of a character similar to others made to him at the same time, did not comply; a decision which, under the circumstances of his fuller knowledge, must be considered discreet as well as fortunate. The incident was mortifying at the time, and—considering by how little Escario arrived late—might have been disastrous; but it is one of those in which it is difficult to assign blame, though easy to draw a very obvious moral for look-outs.

The expedition finally got away from Tampa on the 14th of June, and arrived off Santiago on the 20th. The process of collecting and preparing the convoy, the voyage itself, and the delay caused by the false report mentioned, constituted, together, a period of three weeks, during which the

naval vessels of the expedition were taken away from the general blockade of the Cuban coast. Some days more were needed to coal them and to get them again to their stations. Meanwhile, it was becoming evident that the limits of the blockade must be extended, in order that full benefit might be derived from it as a military measure. The southern ports of Cuba west of Santiago, and especially the waters about the Isle of Pines and Batabano, which is in close rail connection with Havana, were receiving more numerous vessels, as was also the case with Sagua la Grande, on the north. In short, the demand for necessities was producing an increasing supply, dependent upon Jamaica and Mexico in the south, and upon Europe and North American ports in the north. The whole was thus developing into a system which would go far to defeat our aims, unless counteracted by more widespread and closer knit measures on our part. It was decided, therefore, to proclaim a blockade of the south coast of Cuba from Cape Cruz, a little west of Santiago, to Cape Frances, where the foul ground west of the Isle of Pines terminates. The Isle of Pines itself was to be seized, in order to establish there a secure base, for coal and against hurricanes, for the small vessels which alone could operate in the surrounding shoal water; and an expedition, composed mainly of the battalion of marines, was actually on the way for that purpose when the protocol was signed. During the three weeks occupied by the preparation and passage of the Santiago expedition, the blockade had been barely "effective," technically; it could not at all be considered satisfactory from our point of view, although we were stripping the coast defence fleet of its cruisers, one by one, for the service in Cuba. Our utmost hope at the time, and with every available vessel we could muster, was so far to satisfy the claims of technicality as to forestall any charges of ineffectiveness by neutrals, whose cruisers at times seemed somewhat curious.

In the midst of all this extra strain Cámara's squadron left Cadiz and made its hurried rush eastward. One effect of this was to release, and instantly, all the patrol vessels on our northern coast. These were immediately ordered to Key West for blockade duty, Commodore Howell going in person to take charge of this work. On the other hand, however, uneasiness could not but be felt for Dewey in case Cámara actually went on, for, except the monitor

"Monterey," we could get no armored ship out before the two Spanish armored vessels arrived; and if they had the same speed which they maintained to Suez—ten knots—it was doubtful whether the "Monterey" would anticipate them. It may be mentioned here as an interesting coincidence that the same day that word came that Cámara had started back for Spain, a telegram was also received that the "Monterey" had had to put back to Honolulu, for repairs to the collier which accompanied her. This, of course, was news then ten days old, communication from Honolulu to San Francisco being by steamer, not by cable.

The strengthening of our blockade by the vessels of the northern patrol fleet was therefore the first, and, as it proved, the only lasting result of Cámara's move. What the object was of that singular "vagabondaggio," as it is not inaptly called by an Italian critic, is to the author incomprehensible, to use also the qualifying word of the same foreign writer. That the intention was merely to provoke us to some "eccentric" movement, by playing upon our fears about our forces at Manila, would be perfectly reconcilable with going as far as Port Said, and remaining there for some days, as was done, in difficulty, actual or feigned, about getting coal; but why the large expense was incurred of passing through the canal, merely to double the amount by returning, is beyond understanding. It may have been simply to carry bluff to the extreme point; but it is difficult not to suspect some motive not yet revealed, and, perhaps, never to be known.

Possibly, however, the measures taken by ourselves may have had upon the Spanish government the effect which, in part, they were intended to produce. A squadron of two battleships and four cruisers, drawn from Admiral Sampson's fleet, was constituted to go to Manila by way of Suez, under the command of Commodore Watson, until then in charge of the blockade on the north coast of Cuba. Colliers to accompany these were at the same time prepared in our Atlantic ports. Upon the representations of the Admiral, he was authorized to suspend the sailing of the detachment until all the armored vessels were fully coaled, in order to insure maintaining before Santiago for a considerable period the five that would be left to him. To this modification of the first order contributed also the darkness of the nights at that moment: for the moon, though growing, was still young. But, as

our object was even more to prevent Cámara from proceeding than to send the reinforcement, it was desired that these dispositions should have full publicity, and, to insure this the more fully, Watson was directed to go in all haste to Santiago with his flag-ship, the "Newark," to take over his new command, the avowed objective of which was the Spanish coast, then deprived of much of its defence by the departure of Cámara's ships, and most imperfectly provided with local fortifications. Had Cámara gone on to the East, Watson would have followed him; and, although arriving later, there was no insuperable difficulty to so combining the movements of our two divisions—Dewey's and Watson's—as to decide the final result, and to leave Spain without her second division of ships.

Cámara's delay at the Mediterranean end of the canal, which extended over several days, suggested either doubts as to the reality of his rumored destination, or a belief that the equipment and preparation—in coal especially—for so distant an expedition had been imperfect. This contributed to postpone Watson's departure, and the first passage of the canal (July 2d) by the Spaniards coincided in date very closely with the destruction of their other division under Cervera. After the action off Santiago the battleships needed to be again supplied with ammunition, and before that could be effected Cámara was on his way back to Spain.

This abandonment by the enemy of their projected voyage to Manila concurred with the critical position of the army before Santiago to postpone the project of reinforcing Dewey, who no longer needed battleships so far as his immediate operations were concerned. Besides, the arrival of both the "Monterey" and the "Monadnock" was now assured, even if the enemy resumed his movement, which was scarcely possible. When Santiago fell, however, it was felt to be necessary to reestablish our armored fleet in the Pacific, by way either of the Straits of Magellan or of the Suez Canal. The latter was chosen, and the entire battle fleet, except the "Texas," rejected on account of her small coal endurance, was directed to join the movement and to accompany some distance within the Straits the two battleships which, with their smaller cruisers and colliers, were to go to Manila. The preparations for this movement were kept secret for quite a time, under the cover of an avowed intention to proceed against Porto

Rico; but nothing, apparently, can wholly escape the prying curiosity of the press, which dignifies this not always reputable quality with the title of "enterprise." No great harm resulted; possibly even the evident wish of the government for secrecy, though thus betrayed, may have increased the apprehension of the enemy as to the damage intended to their coasts.

On the question of bombarding Spanish seacoast cities, the course open to our government, as understood by the writer, was perfectly simple. In case the enemy refused peace when resistance was obviously and utterly hopeless, bombardment of a seaport might be resorted to; but with the utmost reluctance, and merely to compel submission and acquiescence in demonstrated facts. Injury should never be wanton; but it is not possible to allow one's own people to be killed, and their substance wasted, merely because an adversary will not admit he is whipped, when he is. When our fleet reached the Spanish coast, that case might have arisen; but probably the unwillingness of our government so to act would have postponed its decision to the very last moment, in order to spare the enemy the final humiliation of yielding, not to reasonable acceptance of facts, but to direct threat of violence. The fixed purpose of bombardment, so freely asserted by the press, was one of the numerous baseless discoveries with which it enlightened its readers during the hostilities; mixtures of truth and error, so ingeniously proportioned as to constitute the best antidote against its numerous indiscretions that our government enjoyed.

The determining factor in this proposed movement of the battle fleet as a whole was the necessity, or at least the advantage, of reinforcing Dewey, and of placing two battleships in the Pacific. It was not thought expedient now to send them by themselves, as at first proposed, for the reason already given in another instance in this paper, *i.e.*, the impropriety of taking even a small risk, if unnecessary. Cámara's ships had now returned to Spain, and there were besides in the ports of the Peninsula other armored vessels, which, though evidently unfit for a distant voyage, might be good for some work in the Straits of Gibraltar, where our two ships must pass. That the latter would beat

them all, if assembled, we quite believed, as we had hoped that the "Oregon" might do had she met Cervera; but the "Oregon" could not be helped without neglecting more immediately pressing duties, whereas, at the end of July, there was nothing to detain our heavy ships in the West Indies. It was determined, therefore, to keep them massed and to send them across the ocean. It was probable, nearly to the extent of absolute certainty, that neither before nor after the separation of the division bound for Manila would the entire Spanish navy venture an attack upon the formidable force thus confronting its ports. To insure success without fighting is always a proper object of military dispositions; and, moreover, there were reasons, before alluded to, for maintaining in perfect integrity vessels whose organized fighting efficiency had now been fully vindicated to the world. Even during peace negotiations, one's position is not injured by the readiness of the battle fleet.

To this main reason, others less immediately important concurred. The ships would be taken out of a trying climate, and removed from the chance of hurricanes; while the crews would receive a benefit, the value of which is avouched by naval history, in change of scene, of occupation, and of interests. The possibility of the enemy attempting to divert us from our aim by sending vessels to the West Indies was considered, and, although regarded as wildly improbable, provision against it was made. As Nelson wrote to his commander-in-chief before the advance on Copenhagen: "There are those who think, if you leave the Sound open, that the Danish fleet may sail from Copenhagen, to join the Dutch or French. I own I have no fears on that subject; for it is not likely that whilst their capital is menaced with an attack, 9,000 of their best men should be sent out of the Kingdom." It was still less probable that Spain in the present case would attempt any diversion to the West Indies, and the movement of our heavy armored vessels to her shores could now justly be considered to cover all our operations on this side of the Atlantic. The arrangements made for frequent communication, however, would keep the Department practically in touch with our fleet throughout, and would enable us to counteract any despairing effort of the enemy.

A WOMAN WHO HESITATED.



BY WALTER BARR,

Author of "In the Third House."



SHACKLETT smiled when he saw the morning paper, and seemed especially amused at the "scare heads" in which the opposition press indulged. There had been some advance speculation, among the men gathered in the "Times" office the day before, as to how he would look when he read the article which the managing editor had just ordered the most vitriolic pen on the paper to write. But none of the predictions included a smile; for none of the men knew Shacklett.

It was the beginning of the second week of the fight in the legislative caucus over the election of a new senator. If the previous incumbent of the seat in the upper house at Washington had foreseen how extraordinarily bitter would be the fight over the toga he laid down, perhaps he would not have died just before the opening of the session that would have completed his term. At any rate, the new bills were still reposing in the breast pockets or the locked desks, while the daily sessions of the house and senate consisted of dispensing with the reading of the journal, wishing that the prayer could be dispensed with also, and adjourning. The few members who took the trouble to go up to the capitol to do this were looked upon as the best fellows in the world for their generous performance of what somebody had to do.

But there was no tendency to shirk attendance at the caucus. By one of the queer perversions of the theory of our government, the man who was to represent the greatest of the Rocky Mountain States in

the federal senate was to be selected by that caucus which met daily, fought continually, and refused admission to four-ninths of the members of the legislature. Such were the actual conditions—with some additional details of the fighting about which Shacklett knew more than anybody else and some of which he never told—as the first week passed with no choice and Shacklett gaining a little each day over his opponents.

Then came the big sensation. Everybody out West heard of it at the time, and every politician still remembers it. It was cunningly designed to kill off Shacklett, and seemed to have done so the day it appeared. But hardly anyone expected Shacklett to take it in the way he did, for every one supposed him to be a thoroughly practical politician, always fighting to a finish.

The result of the conference between Swart, the managing editor of the "Times"; Pickens, who was managing Sommers's campaign, and a man from Illinois, whose name was not mentioned at the time, was not known to another soul until the "Times" appeared the next morning. Part of the force of the publication lay in its unexpectedness; the rest of the momentum it had came from its boldness. People generally believe any charge that is made with sufficient energy and particularity, if it be something they never dreamed of before. They believed this one; but they expected Shacklett to deny it in a way that would keep things boiling for weeks at least.

Released from the thralldom of alliteration and debased from wood type, the headlines told quite as much as did the article below, lacking only a few minor details. They said that Shacklett had been a member of the lobby at Springfield before coming

West, and had been thoroughly mixed up with the notorious Chicago bills, the scandal of which had been carried even to the mountains. They also said that, in case of his election, the opposition party had arranged to begin prosecutions back in Illinois, and send a requisition for the new senator from the splendid State, the insignia of which was never sullied, and whose sun should not be sent down in disgrace for Shacklett's sin. But it was not the alliteration at which Shacklett smiled. His was the smile of a man who has a "straight flush" in his hand when the other side of the table displays four aces. He saw the humor in the situation and enjoyed being the only man who knew all about it.

Fletcher and Van Steen took it differently. They came in, with angry faces and flashing eyes, to tell Shacklett that the trick was the most dastardly ever seen and that they would shoot Swart at sight, if Shacklett thought it would not do further injury to their campaign. Before they were entirely through the door, Shacklett had banished the smile, and his face was the inscrutable mask that was the only one the Westerners knew. He had come out from Illinois five years before, and the rapidity of his rise had been phenomenal, except to the inner circle, which at once recognized that politics was an old play to the newcomer, and that legislatures were to him but as the collection of toy soldiers played with by boys. They had recognized the fresh finesse of Shacklett at once, and they took him up quickly. Incidentally, it may be said that they did not cease to profit by it for many years.

"I tell you men that I'm all right," Shacklett said to his two chief lieutenants, "and you know that when I say that, it ends it. If you fellows stick to me and let me play this thing out, we'll all win. I'm going to take you through fire and hot water; but, if you fall by the wayside, you'll miss the train that's going right into the station. The first thing I want you to do is to stay away from me till eleven o'clock; then I want you to come here."

When they had gone, Shacklett took a carriage down to a hotel, and as he got to his room, sent for a messenger. Next he wrote two notes, and told the messenger boy to hurry with them as fast as a dollar could make him go. Then he sat down, took a letter from his pocket, and read it over twice. There is no means of telling what he thought, for his face showed nothing; but

the letter was from the only girl that Shacklett ever even thought he loved. He had come West to gain money enough and position sufficiently high to marry her, and for five years the girl had been the object of all his work and the expected reward for all his successes. The fact that he might have married at any time cut no figure, since Shacklett knew perfectly well that he ought not to marry the girl until he was rich enough to give her the life she deserved. That had been all argued out and settled—by Shacklett—in spite of the views of the girl herself.

He had left what some of his friends had thought a very fine position back in Illinois to come West and take the chances of politics, and incidentally of the profession of law, with a well-worked-out plan in his head. He came determined to be senator from the State that had attracted him as affording the best opportunities for a skillful manipulator of politics; but that, after all, was only incidental to becoming able to marry the girl, with whom he had a complete understanding, withal one of his own creation.

When he had gone to bed at three o'clock that morning, Shacklett knew the senatorial dignity would be his within a week; but he did not feel the toga on his shoulders—he felt only the hand of the girl upon his hot forehead. He did not imagine the cheers of his party when the final vote should be declared. He heard only the words of the young Presbyterian minister back in the Illinois city saying the simple marriage service. When Shacklett arose, at seven o'clock the same morning, the first thing he picked up was the letter from the girl which he was reading in the room at the hotel while he was waiting for answers to his notes. It was a warm, carefully written letter, sensible enough, no doubt, and showed the greatest faith in Shacklett. It said:

I have just heard, from a man whom I shall hate to my dying day, that you were part of the gang which bought up the legislature for the notorious Chicago bills; that you were given twenty thousand dollars to get the vote of a senator named McNamara from down in the State, but he was so honest that even that fortune could not touch him, and you failed. Do not imagine that I believe this. If I did, I would not tell you. But the evidence is so strong that I must ask you about it. Did you approach Senator McNamara with a large sum of money in the interest of the bills in that legislature? If your answer is No, wire it to me quick, for I shall die if this state of mind continues much longer.

If you cannot answer No, you had best not answer at all. You will receive this on Monday morning. Your telegram can reach me by noon in any event. If it is not here by Monday noon, I shall know that you cannot say No, and—

I do not know just what will become of me, for unfortunately people do not die when they ought to. I suppose it will be like a bad wound that finally gets well, but always leaves a scar. I do not see how mine can ever heal, but they tell me that wounds do sometimes.

But the surgeon's knife sometimes is the least evil. If you are that kind of a man, I should feel at the altar like a woman going on a boat that the inspectors had condemned throughout. Of course some of them reach port again, but most of them do not, and it is only a matter of time when such a man wrecks his life.

It is not that I am afraid for myself entirely. The essential question is whether I could love you then. I love the man I learned to know here; but could I love

in his mind. The thought of telling the truth, which would place him on a pedestal, never entered his head. And although this fight was finished, he began to plan for the next one as naturally as a clerk takes up another letter when the first is written. Everything that he had considered to be two weeks ahead was pushed forward two years. But life was longer than the two years, and this was a case of having to win. These things were not thoughts in his mind; they were perceptions, coming to him apparently exactly as did the fact that the door was between him and the hall.

A few taps on the door changed the trend of his mind instantly. Shacklett called out an invitation to enter, without taking his leg off the arm of the chair or looking up. Not until the door was fully open did he slowly rise and greet his visitor. He had none of the air of a host; he was rather the man who has casually met another on the curb and stopped for a moment to chat about a little matter still unfinished.

It was Calloway who entered, and before he had closed the door, Sommers arrived, looking furtively up and down the hall. Both had been followed by the reporters for some distance; but Calloway had dropped his squad in the mazes of the park through which he drove slowly, greatly enjoying the freshness of the morning, while Sommers had passed through one of the other hotels too swiftly for his shadows. Nothing ever happened out West of so much moment to the writers on the newspapers as this meeting of the three candidates for senator who had been fighting so bitterly

for so long; but this is the first authentic account of what occurred, and indeed the first direct statement of the fact that such a conference occurred at all. Once in a while something escapes the reporters.

Shacklett had arranged the chairs and the table, and when he motioned each to a seat and sat down in the only remaining chair, it happened that they were seated with the table between them. Shacklett began to speak at once, and his tone was low and clear, his words clear-cut, but with an apparent slight drawl on each that indicated little genuine interest in the first sentences spoken.



"HE . . . TOOK A LETTER FROM HIS POCKET, AND READ IT OVER TWICE."

the other man I found later on I had married, as development would come along the lines of character he chose? That is the great thing, for, if I did not love my husband, both of us would be driven farther into the whirlpool and both of us be more unhappy than if we separate now.

It seems a sensible letter, but Shacklett had another view-point. "When the police have nabbed the stakes, what's the use of keeping on playing the game?" were his first words after reading the letter. His next thought was being worked out by his presence at this downtown hotel, where he was seldom seen; now as he read the letter over yet again, he was revolving other plans

"Gentlemen," he began, "before I saw the 'Times' this morning, I had made up my mind to a certain line of action, and I do not feel like having my plans disturbed by a little thing like that. So I've thus far kept on the route I had chosen. I've the game we've been playing in my own hands. I drew the card last night that made me winner; after I've smashed to smithereens the lies in the 'Times,' which I can do by three o'clock, nothing can beat me. I'm keeping off of debatable ground; I didn't invite you here for an argument." And his eyes twinkled with that sparkle that won over people at whom it was directed.

"But some of my private affairs have gone wrong back where my brother lives," he went on, without a pause or change of manner, "and I'll lose a pot if I stay here and fool any longer with this fight. I'm going to quit, gentlemen, and leave the game with you, with your permission, and lay down my royal flush, so that you can continue to back your full house and your two pair."

The other men were so taken off their guard that they made little attempt to keep their feelings from showing in their faces. Shacklett saw the look of alarm in Sommers's eyes: it was quickly followed by the one that shows in the pupils of cornered, desperate men. He also noted the relief in the face of Calloway; though the old politician quickly hid it under a look merely of surprise and polite interest. Shacklett kept on talking smoothly.

"Sommers, you don't know me a little bit. I don't punish my enemies that way. I'm not going to throw you over the cliff, and until just now I didn't know which of you was the several kinds of idiot that was behind the 'Times.' And, Calloway, I know I ought to send Sommers back to his justice shop in La Jara and let you hold a wake here on his political remains, but I don't do those things; it isn't my way.

"What I'll do, under certain easy conditions, is to get out bag and baggage and let you two grab whatever each of you can of my estate in the legislature. I won't throw a vote to either of you. I'll say to my people, 'Go where you please,' and I'll stick to that. Each of you get what you can, understand? That is, if you meet my terms. If you don't both come in, the one that does will get votes enough to elect him on the next ballot. If neither of you sees fit to accept my generous offer, I'll let the private business go, and tomorrow morning will see the game over and the pot in my pocket—I can wait over here that long, I guess.

"My terms are these: Whoever is elected, and regardless of how they vote, my friends must be taken care of for the six years. I'll give you a list of them and of how big a graft each is to have. If one of them goes to Sommers, and you, Calloway, are elected, you must take care of him just the same. You, too, catch the point, Sommers? The same thing goes if you are elected and some of the men fight for Calloway.

"The only other thing is that the 'Times' must come out in the morning with three columns on its first page taking back everything it said this morning. I don't care how it gets out of the hole itself. It can say that the man that brought the stuff from Illinois turns out to be an escaped convict or something of that kind, if it wants to; but it must say that the 'Times' and Sommers and Calloway have investigated the rumors and found them all to be infernal rot which imposed on the paper and the State. I know, Calloway, that you can't turn that trick; but if Sommers don't do it, he goes back to the mines and you get the best thing I have to hand out after I get to Washington.

"Now, gentlemen, I want an answer, and I'm sorry I can't give you better opportunity for consideration. We'd better all stay here until the decision's made, and I don't think it is necessary for you two to consult. I'm to meet my men at eleven o'clock to give them final directions, and it lacks ten minutes of that hour now. What do you say?"

Shacklett saw Sommers's thoughts in his sharp eyes, that had just the faintest glitter in them. He knew that Sommers needed still another blow, so he kept on: "Calloway, suppose you speak first. Is it a go?"

Neither Calloway nor Sommers could see much of the face of the other. Both had from habit looked around for a mirror that would help them out, but that was the one hotel suite in the city without a mirror on the wall. Now each furtively tried to glance at the other out of the corner of his eye; but it could not be accomplished. If one accepted, the other was lost if he refused Shacklett's plan. Calloway gave up the effort to seem cool. He exclaimed: "Of course I'll do it, Shacklett. Do you imagine that I'm a degenerate idiot? I'll tell you frankly now that I was scared to death when I saw that thing in the 'Times,' for I figured that you'd make it a boomerang to elect you. I've not enjoyed this fight against you, and I'm only too glad to be able to talk to you again in the corners of the corridors."

"Judge Sommers?" Shacklett let out the

words with all the suavity of gesture of which a mendicant is capable, and with all the modulation of tone that a long lesson in elocution might have given. There were but two words uttered, but they stood for "If you dare—be a dead duck, or acknowledge you're a rascal! You have to—and you know it; take your punishment like a man."

"It's a go," said Sommers.

"Now, gentlemen, each two of us stand as witnesses to the pledge of the other. You'll want to go to arrange for bag-

talk to. He seldom talked education, missions, or purity in politics outside of the pulpit of the church in Warsaw, his first charge. He felt his responsibilities, but he also remembered the world he had known before he donned the cloth. Miss Stoddard just now desired most of all to get a breath of the air of the real world, and the spiritualities of the lovers of Beethoven and Dargomijsky did not appeal to her.

"That river," she said, when they reached the promontory where the flagstaff of the



"IF ONE ACCEPTED, THE OTHER WAS LOST. . . ."

ging my men, and as I said, I go to tell them to fly to either coop they please. I also tell them that they have lost nothing by sticking to Shacklett. Sommers, you can take the front door, the way you came in. Calloway, you pass into that adjoining room and turn to the right; you'll get to the ladies' entrance. I'll go through that other room, and see my friend the chef as I go out the back way."

The State music-teachers' association had come en masse to accept the invitation to an excursion on the river, with tea on the lawn of The Heights. Mary Stoddard had talked of Chopin and Rimsky-Korsakow to bespectacled young men and rotund Germans until she had been called to assist a young girl with an old face who had become entangled in the shrubbery; then she called Mr. Bradbury, and went out on the Point. She felt tired of the compliments to the place in all keys by the musicians, and said to herself that she liked crowds less every day. Mr. Bradbury was a restful man to

geodetic survey had been, "has two mouths, you see. They have changed locations several times since I was a little girl, and sometimes there is but one. But whatever the situation there, the Des Moines empties into the Mississippi in some way or other. I admire the certainty of its accomplishment regardless of means and obstructions. It is a case of the end justifying the means, and the more I look at it the more apt I am to adopt that theological tenet."

The Rev. Mr. Bradbury only smiled. He had no fears of this sheep of his flock straying even the least distance from the creed held by her forefathers and herself. After a little he said, "But there is only one means used—the natural tendency to flow down hill. Men and women move upward or downward with the same certainty according to the direction in which they are traveling."

A party of the music-teachers strolled up and interrupted whatever she was about to reply. Talking to a thin-faced girl was a young reporter from one of the Chicago

papers, sent down to cover his first assignment out of the city and duly impressing the people he met with his journalistic importance. Just now he was recounting as his own the experiences of a man who did the legislative work for his paper.

"Now, there was the king of the lobby, Shacklett," he rattled off, and the name made Miss Stoddard listen to him instead of to what Mr. Bradbury was saying in an attempt to continue their own conversation. "Now, there was Mr. Shacklett; he had a cool million dollars to spend to buy members with, and he took old Senator McNamara up in a room, and spread out twenty thousand in bills before him, and told him it was all his if he would vote for the Chicago bills. But old Mac was too honest or too smart or too badly scared—he refused. Then there was Cantwell; he was a nervy one, too——"

But Miss Stoddard turned back to Mr. Bradbury with new interest. "Now take that boy, for instance," the minister said, seizing an opportunity to attract her wandering thoughts. "He is starting down hill by his very association with such schemes as he has been telling of. But the man he spoke of—the man who offered the other a fortune to sell his vote for corrupt measures—that man will continue to go downward exactly as the Des Moines does. He is certain to get to his level finally—as certain as the river is to flow into the Mississippi. If not by one channel, then by another, or by both together."

"But because he did that one thing, does that make it a necessity for him to do more like it? May he not do such a thing once in his life without its determining the trend of his character?" As Miss Stoddard said this, she tried not to show too much interest.

"But this man was already the king of the lobby, you see. That was the level to which he descended by a gradual evolution of character, you know."

"Yes; that is true," she replied. "Let us go back and discuss the chord of the diminished seventh in the minor scale."

As soon as the adieus of the musicians had been said and the guests from Warsaw had departed, Mary Stoddard went out again upon the Point and looked at the rivers. Beyond the tops of the stunted trees growing on the high bluff, the Mississippi lay at her feet like a lake of narrow width and indefinite length. After its rush over the rapids above Keokuk, it moved along so sedately that it could not be seen to flow, but seemed to be a stationary body of water,

the two ends of which reached out into the unknown. Its one suggestion was the inconceivable. To the right it reached out into the tree tops, and to the left it extended past the big elm that cut off the picture. Beyond these one knew it was drawn through a great nation from top to bottom; but one had to reason this out, just as one had to make an appreciable effort to grasp the fact of the nation. For all that one actually felt, it came from the unknown, and went into the unknowable.

On the other side was something hardly more definite. Directly in front, the Des Moines was drawn under the railroad bridge down to the water's edge. Of course, when one comes to think of it, the Des Moines traverses a great State, and is a very respectable river; but in the picture that Mary Stoddard saw it was only one of the lines, lying like a forked stick on a dirty table. A little further down nestled the village of Alexandria, seen only when looked for and indefinite always. Beyond the brown plain of corn in the bottom lands were the Missouri bluffs, ten miles away, making a hazy sky line that served to separate the fields from the clouds and, by their distance, to add the quality of impressiveness to the view. The one thing with definition was the Mississippi, cutting the ground from under one's feet.

As Mary Stoddard sought the one tangible thing to grasp, one definite axiom on which to build a proposition, the only thing that came to her was the memory of the words of Mr. Bradbury. They had seemed easy to overcome at the time; but they continued to stand out like the Mississippi in the view before her, and she felt that, however stagnant they appeared in themselves, they had force enough to change the drift of her life. It was not yet dark when she walked to her room and wrote the letter to Shacklett which, indirectly, caused the greatest political surprise one of the American capitals had ever seen. When Monday came, she drove to Warsaw for the mail. Incidentally she passed the depot, and stopped to talk to the telegraph operator about the Sunday-school picnic. It was quite casually that she mentioned that she would spend some time on her way back with Inez Roberts.

Miss Stoddard did not reply meekly when old Barbara chided her for keeping dinner waiting until nearly two o'clock. She led the gardener a merry chase the rest of the afternoon, showing him contemplated changes in the flower beds, and at evening she went to her room instead of

coming to supper. When the electric lights in her room flashed up, as the dynamo station in the town started for the night, she turned them off at the lamps. She was born twenty years too late to cry, under the circumstances, and she thought more of the past than of the present.

When the moon shining through the window made the room as light as a poor lamp would have made it, she petulantly remembered that the moon could not be extinguished as an electric light, and wondered whether the time would ever come when men of science could accomplish even that. A little later she was on the settee where the bluff fell away from the edge of the lawn down into the indefinite depths, at the bottom of which the river shone out strong and clear, and more mighty because of the moonlight tipping the tops of the waves and making them each recognizable. There was nothing now to suggest man; all spoke of the God who wrote his character in His work. The very essence of peace pervaded everything—the sweet, beautiful peace that passeth understanding, and is fairly tangible from a Mississippi bluff when all is still.

Then a note of discord was struck when into view came a steamboat with its red signal

light high in the air and its dim yellow lights shining through the openings of its cabin and engine-room. Slowly it crept over the burnished river, like a planet over the disk of the sun, and suddenly Mary Stoddard started.

After all, what had made the river what it was? Millions of years of labor had left it only a peaceful picture, with savages in the foreground and heathen monuments in the middle distance. But a hundred years of burning hot steam had brought churches and colleges and civilization to an empire.

What came with the steamboat was injustice, oaths, the violation of each and every one of the commandments—and what men call modern conditions. Did it pay? Would it have been better to have left the river to flow on in peace than to have stirred up the mud from its bottom with the revolving paddle-wheels of selfish strife after cutting the line that for so long held men fast to the old, godly ideas?

The boat passed on into the night. The girl did not see it disappear. The thing she saw was the line of flat tombstones marking the graves of her ancestors, each of whom had lived a godly life of peace, and slipped out of view as the boat had done. They had without doubt saved their own souls, but what



"WE'RE TO BE MARRIED SOME TIME."

else had they done? Her father had become county clerk, and her grandfather had built the old stone church. Her brother had had some hope of becoming county superintendent of schools, and his real ambition was to make the address of welcome at the old settlers' meeting. Her grandfather, she remembered, had made the pleasures of this home possible by venturing out upon the furthestmost edge of the frontier, and stopping only where the river made the boundary of settlement. . . . She had chosen the only right road—the road that leads to the peace of a clear conscience—she felt sure; but would it pay her to glide through life to the sea when the gain is in inertia and the loss in energy? It was four days before she decided that question for herself.

During these days there was no lack of energy in the fight for the senatorship. Shacklett had started East on the fastest train out of the capital, and at Council Bluffs was delighted to hear of the phenomenal runs made to Burlington. At the latter city, he felt he was nearly home again, and from the very station the railroad ran so near the river that he threw a cigar stump into the water from the car window. Above Keokuk he took a long look at the hills of Illinois, less than a mile away, but yet belonging to that other world that the river cut off so thoroughly that it seemed to have been moved over a little, leaving a crack like the space between great stepping-stones. He had left his office back there determined to induce the girl to change her mind. When he saw the road across the river, so near that he could distinguish the different kinds of vehicles, and so far that it seemed in another hemisphere, the road over which they had driven so often, he said to himself that this was a case of absolute necessity, and that he never before really knew what necessity meant.

He left the train at the little depot at Alexandria, and the driver of the carryall drawn up at the platform seemed to take it as a personal injury that Shacklett ignored him and started to walk briskly toward the ferry. He crossed the river to Warsaw, and jumped into the first hack, but not before the boy in the railroad telegraph office had caught sight of him. With the prescience of telegraph office boys, this one had reasoned that a well-dressed gentleman coming off the down K-Line train and hurrying over the river into a hack must be the great man from out West for whom the telegram was meant.

Shacklett differed from the townspeople

who got telegrams in that he signed the book and tipped the boy before he tore open the envelope. The telegram did not seem to be of much interest to him, and the office boy wondered how it would affect such a man to be elected general manager or trainmaster of the universe. In fact, he made a remark of this kind to the agent, when he got back to the office. The telegram was this:

HON. N. C. SHACKLETT, WARSAW, ILL.:

Deadlock between Sommers and Calloway broken by election of yourself as senator. We sprung it right without hearing from you. Wires strung all along the road for you. Why don't you answer?

VAN STEEN.

Shacklett thought it just as well to delay answering now until he had seen the girl who had the decision to make. He might be able to telegraph Van Steen yet to-night that the unexpected honor was accepted as a duty that he owed to the State of his adoption and one that he could not shirk. He might have to stay back here for ten or twelve years before he could induce the girl to see things in the right way; and by that time it would be another term and he should have to make a keen contest for the honor.

"Dash the office without the girl," he exclaimed aloud, and the hackman looked back and said, "Beg pardon?"

"Dash the slowness of this hill," exclaimed Shacklett. The hackman said he would hurry as soon as he got to the top.

The shadows were creeping up the bluff from the river when Shacklett arrived at The Heights. The girl came to the door when he rang. She started back so suddenly when she saw Shacklett, whom she thought a thousand miles away, that she trod on the toes of the Rev. Mr. Bradbury. She introduced the two men, and the light of amusement in her eyes at the evident disapproval of the minister was still there when she turned to Shacklett and said: "Your coming East is somewhat of a surprise."

"I did not wire you," said Shacklett, "because I wanted to begin the conversation when I could talk directly at you. I came to make an argument, and I'm going to start it in person. It'll be to your benefit to assist me, Mr. Bradbury, and I hope you'll help me out if I call upon you."

Mary Stoddard spoke up quickly and a little coquettishly: "Mr. Bradbury would assist me, I am sure, if I desired to argue with you, but I don't. I can do that later, you know, Mr. Bradbury, for we're to be married some time."

"Yes; next week, in fact," said Shacklett.



A twelve-foot kite.

THE WAR KITE.

STORY OF THE EVOLUTION OF A KITE THAT WILL LIFT A MAN.

BY CAPTAIN B. BADEN-POWELL, OF THE SCOTS GUARDS.

Illustrated from photographs taken especially for *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE*, under the direction of the author, at Whitton Park Club, Hounslow, England.

IT is very remarkable how people pass by good inventions and good ideas and won't take to them. Kites, for instance, have been known for hundreds of years. Everyone knows of them all the world over, yet till a few years ago no one thought of putting them to any use. When I say no one, I do not mean that exactly, for Franklin and others, of course, used kites for meteorological experiments; Pocock drew a little carriage along with them, and several others suggested their use for life-saving at sea. But it has been only during the last three or four years that inventors have taken up this long neglected contrivance, and now we hear of remarkable kite experiments in many different countries. It is, however, of my own particular improvements that I am asked to write.

My first object was to get an idea of the capabilities of a kite for lifting weights. Naturally the lift depends on the strength of the wind; and I soon found that the wind varies so greatly in strength, that it is very difficult to get accurate working figures. One day I had a kite of some twenty square

feet up, and found that I could put stone after stone into the little bag hanging beneath, up to a total weight of six pounds, and not overweight the kite. I felt quite triumphant. On this basis, three-tenths pound per square foot, a kite of 500 square feet should lift a man. Thus encouraged, I worked all the harder. But I soon found that the kite is an awkward customer to deal with when you get on the wrong side of him. He can be very bad tempered, and often refuses to do what he is told. I had to devise new methods of construction in order to keep portable so huge an apparatus as I required. First, the tail required consideration (for I had been brought up to believe that a kite must have a long appendage of string with bits of paper tied along it at intervals). This tail was the bother of my life. The papers got wet and tore off. I substituted bits of stick. Then I thought it was not heavy enough, and added weights. Next, I imagined it did not offer enough resistance to the wind, and I put on canvas cones. And, then, oh dear! the bother when that tail became entangled. Well, one day it was

*The start.*

blowing very hard, and the kite would not fly steadily. I added more and more to the tail, till finally I put a great bush on the end of it. The kite went up, then dived over, and then circled round and round, the bush alternately sweeping the ground and the sky, until it nearly swept me off the face of the earth. At last I got the kite down, and sorrowfully took the whole tail off, determined to add still more length and weight. But a sudden gust came, and took the kite right out of my hands. Up it went, indecently tailless, and flitted about like a bat, though

course, I hit upon the plan of having two flying lines, one on each side of the center. In this way, I found, I could not only steer my kite to a remarkable extent on either side of the wind course; but in a gusty, variable wind, I could, by fastening the two lines at a distance apart, keep the kite floating perfectly steady. I then returned to weight-lifting. After many trials, I was one day delighted to get a kite of about one hundred square feet to lift a weight of fifty-six pounds clear off the ground. I now made the kites bigger and bigger until, in May,

1894, I had a huge contrivance of bamboo and canvas, thirty-six feet high, with an area of about 500 square feet. To get a sailmaker to piece together the lightest canvas for the cover was easy enough, but how to make the frame was the difficulty. To calculate the strain would be a very nice way to begin, but what wind was I to allow for? If

*A lull in the wind. Captain Baden Powell in the basket.*

I made provision for a gale, my apparatus would weigh so much that no light breeze could lift it. So I began the other way. I got some light bamboos, lashed them together, and stretched the canvas on the framework. It rose majestically, quietly doubled up and collapsed, and sank to the ground a wreck. So I made a stronger framework, and sent the kite up by two cords, with a basket suspended between them: the same device as that shown in the two pictures on this page.

The result was satisfactory as far as it went, but that wasn't far. I smashed dollars' and dollars' worth of bamboo. Again and again, when I thought I had made a really good piece of apparatus, some little detail would go wrong; the kite would rise up in the wind, turn sideways, and come plump down against the ground, smashing every bone in its body. To me it was heart-rending to see, but to mere spectators it proved most entertaining. They roared with laughter.

However, we progressed; and so satisfactory did our work at last become that one day—it was June 27, 1894—we decided on putting it to the crucial test. The question, not so much with me, for I was very confi-

dent, but with the assistants and lookers-on, was, "Will it lift a man?" The weather was not favorable. The wind came and went: a strong puff, and then a lull. As it seemed so light, I was kind enough to allow my youngest and lightest brother officer to take the seat of honor in the basket, and see if he could be lifted. The kite was meanwhile flying perhaps fifty feet overhead.



"Will it lift a man?"



"Up it went, man and all."



In the basket leaving the ground, but still held by bystanders.

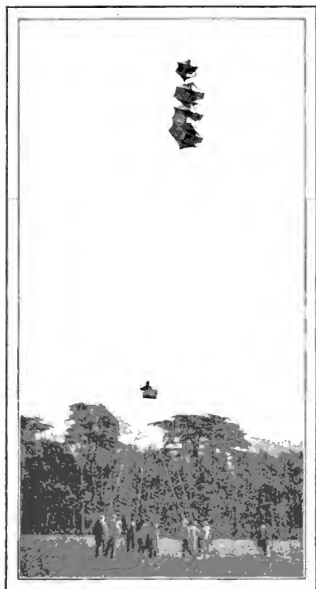
Suddenly the wind freshened. There was a creak of the basket, and up it went, man and all, while we retained hold of the cords to prevent his being carried too high. My machine had really lifted a man. I then got into the basket. It lifted me, too!

Again we persevered, and gradually the kite improved and grew more tractable. I now found that numerous difficulties arose from having so big an apparatus, not the least being that it proved much too powerful in a strong wind. So I returned to smaller kites, and fixed several together, their number depending on the wind force.

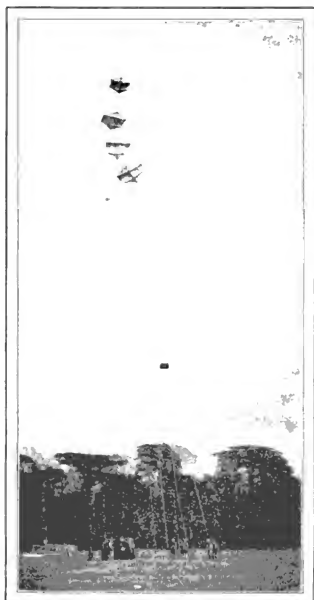
I had come to the conclusion that the best shape, considering lightness, convenience of folding up, power to lift, and ease of mak-

ing, was one in which the frame consisted of three poles of equal length, one placed upright and called the "backbone," the other two put across the "backbone" at right angles, at a distance from either end of it equal to about one-sixth of its length. The shape was thus nearly hexagonal. This form, for want of a better name, I christened "Levitor." The most convenient size was that in which poles not more than twelve feet long were used. This made the area of the kite about 120 square feet.

From just lifting a man, I got to lifting him easily. Once a kite takes hold of a man, it may lift him to any height. If it was capable of lifting a man during the puffs ten or twelve feet (in the intervals letting



In the basket, forty feet from the ground.



Empty basket about twenty five feet from the ground.

him down with a bump), why not 300 or 400 feet? But what about that bump? At first I took care that no one should ascend to a greater height than he could safely fall, however much the kite might want to take him higher. I tried to arrange that the lowest kite should act as a parachute in the event of the wind's dropping or the rope's breaking. This I tested while a good fat sand-bag was the occupant of the car. All I can say is that I am glad it *was* a sand-bag, and not a man. I thenceforward adopted a regular parachute, but the objection to this was that it wouldn't open until it had fallen about fifty feet; so if my man chanced to be up no more than that height, and an accident occurred, the parachute was not of much use, and even such a detail as a drop of fifty feet I didn't care to leave unprovided for. I next arranged a framework to the parachute to keep it permanently distended.

Things were now going so well that I de-

cided on a public exhibition, and I took the apparatus down to Ipswich to show to the *savants* of the British Association. There were many delays at starting. I had no experienced assistant. But when we got to business, the five kites did their work well. With the parachute spread above my head and a balloon-like car to stand in, I went up to the end of the tether, one hundred feet. Numerous trips to this height were also made by others. Since then a number of satisfactory ascents have been made.

Anybody can understand a kite's lifting in a strong wind, but to be really useful it ought to lift also in a calm. You may say that the whole principle of a kite depends upon wind; but does not the smallest school-boy know otherwise? If he wants his kite to go up, what does he do? Why, he *runs* with it. So I got about twenty men, one very calm day, and set them to run, but the difficulty was that the men got out of breath and couldn't

go for more than a few seconds—though in this time a man was actually lifted off the ground. Then I tied the rope to the back of a cab, and set *that* going, but the old horse was too lazy to get up speed. Next I fixed a kite directly to a horse. This did very well for one kite, but one was not enough to lift a man; so one day we arranged a number of kites in tandem, laid them on the ground, fixed the car in place, and laid out a rope about a thousand feet long, and attached it to the horse. In order to get the desired space, this rope was carried over an oak fence.

When all was ready, the signal was given, and off went the horse. Just as the kites were going to lift, I noticed something wrong with one of them. I shouted to stop the horse, but the groom did not hear. I ran forward to set the kite right if possible, but I only pulled it over so that it turned turtle and scraped along the ground. The other kites followed. I yelled out to stop the horse, but he became frightened and went tearing across the field, the car dragging and bumping along, and the kites continually catching in the ground and breaking. Soon the car came to the fence. There was a crash and a bang, some yards of fencing were hurled to the ground, and the horse, thus suddenly checked, turned a somersault and threw his rider like an arrow from a bow.

Another day I very nearly experienced a new sensation. There was a set of kites flying low. A long light line was suspended from the cable, and the greater part of this lay entangled on the ground. I was

busy trying to get it disentangled when, for some reason, up went the kites, up went my foot, and down I fell on my back. I had been dragged along thus for some yards, and was just about to be lifted a few hundred feet by my ankle, when a bystander rushed up and cut the cord.

To sum up, we have, as the result of our experiments thus far, an apparatus that can lift a man several hundred feet. This can be done safely and surely, so as not to risk life or limb, and even without wind. As compared with a balloon equipment, this apparatus presents important advantages. My entire "kiteage," with ropes and all, weighs only a little over a hundred pounds, and can be carried by two men. When the order is given to ascend, I can unpack, set up, and send up the kites in about five minutes. I now require no manual labor to haul down, as the kites can be lowered by a gentle pull on the "regulating line," which determines the angle they present to the wind. If the apparatus catches in a tree and gets torn, it makes but little difference, and the injury is easily remedied. If it were a balloon to which the mishap befel, the gas would be lost, three wagon loads more would be required to refill it, and it would need very careful patching before it could be used again. The same advantage would be held by the kite if a hostile bullet had penetrated either apparatus. And then, finally, the kite would involve, originally, probably not the twentieth part of the cost of the balloon; perhaps not a hundredth part.

Captain Baden-Powell folding up a kite.





From a photograph taken in 1891, by T. & R. Annan, Glasgow.

HENRY DRUMMOND.

HENRY DRUMMOND AS HIS FRIENDS KNEW HIM.

BY GEORGE ADAM SMITH, D.D., LL.D.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The introductory chapter to the authorized life of Professor Drummond, by Dr. George Adam Smith (recently published by the Doubleday and McClure Company), is such a beautiful survey and presentation of the character of the man, that we venture to reproduce the following pages. Dr. Smith is one of eight or ten friends who, in their student days and with Professor Drummond as the uniting spirit, came into a special intimacy which continued unimpaired to the time of Professor Drummond's death. The chapter is, therefore, truly a portrayal of the man "as his friends knew him," and a worthy introduction to a noble biography.

IT is now eighteen months since Henry Drummond died—time enough for the fading of those fond extravagances into which fresh grief will weave a dead friend's qualities. And yet, I suppose, there are hundreds of men and women who are still sure—and will always be sure—that his was the most Christlike life they ever knew. In that belief they are

fortified not only by the record of the great influence which God gave him over men, for such is sometimes misleading; but by the testimony of those who worked at his side while he wielded it; and by the evidence of the friends who knew him longest and who were most intimately acquainted with the growth of his character.

In his brief life we saw him pass through

two of the greatest trials to which character can be exposed. We watched him, our fellow-student and not yet twenty-three, surprised by a sudden and a fierce fame. Crowds of men and women in all the great cities of our land hung upon his lips, innumerable lives opened their secrets to him, and made him aware of his power over them. When his first book was published, he, being then about thirty-three, found another world at his feet; the great of the land thronged him; his social opportunities were boundless; and he was urged by the chief statesman of our time to a political career. This is the kind of trial which one has seen wither some of the finest characters, and distract others from the simplicity and resolution of their youth. He passed through it unscathed; it neither warped his spirit nor turned him from his accepted vocation as a teacher of religion.

Again, in the end of his life, he was plunged to the opposite extreme. For two long years he not only suffered weakness and excruciating pain, but, what must have been more trying to a spirit like his, accustomed all his manhood to be giving, helping, and leading, he became absolutely dependent upon others. This also he bore unspoiled, and we who had known him from the beginning found him at the end the same humble, unselfish, and cheerful friend whom we loved when we sat together on the benches at college.

Perhaps the most conspicuous service which Henry Drummond rendered to his generation was to show them a Christianity which was perfectly natural. You met him somewhere, a graceful, well-dressed gentleman, tall and lithe, with a swing in his walk and a brightness on his face, who seemed to carry no cares and to know neither presumption nor timidity. You spoke, and found him keen for any of a hundred interests. He fished, he shot, he skated as few can, he played cricket; he would go any distance to see a fire or a foot-ball match. He had a new story, a new puzzle, or a new joke every time he met you. Was it on the street? He drew you to watch two message boys meet, grin, knock each other's hats off, lay down their baskets, and enjoy a friendly chaffer of marbles. Was it in the train? He had dredged from the book-stall every paper and magazine that was new to him; or he would read you a fresh tale of his favorite, Bret Harte. "Had you seen the 'Apostle of the Tules'; or Frederic Harrison's article in the 'Nineteenth Century' on 'Ruskin as a Master of English Prose,' or Q's 'Conspiracy aboard the Midas,' or the Badminton

'Cricket'?' If it was a rainy afternoon in a country house, he described a new game, and in five minutes everybody was in the thick of it. If it was a children's party, they clamored for his sleight-of-hand. He smoked, he played billiards; lounging in the sun, he could be the laziest man you ever saw.

If you were alone with him, he was sure to find out what interested you and listen by the hour. The keen brown eyes gazed at your heart, and you felt you could speak your best to them. Sometimes you would remember that he was Drummond the evangelist, Drummond the author of books which measured their circulation by scores of thousands. Yet there was no assumption of superiority nor any ambition to gain influence—nothing but the interest of one healthy human being in another. If the talk slipped among deeper things, he was as untroubled and as unforced as before; there was never a glimpse of a phylactery nor a smudge of unction about his religion. He was one of the purest, most unselfish, most reverent souls you ever knew, but you would not have called him saint. The name he went by among younger men was "The Prince"; there was a distinction and a radiance upon him that compelled the title.

That he had "a genius for friendship" goes without saying, for he was rich in the humility, the patience, and the powers of trust which such a genius implies. Yet his love had, too, the rarer and more strenuous temper which requires "the common aspiration," is jealous for a friend's growth, and has the nerve to criticise. It is the measure of what he felt friendship to be that he has defined religion in the terms of it. With such gifts, his friendship came to many men and women—women, to all of whom his chivalry and to some his gratitude and admiration were among the most beautiful features of his character. There was but one thing which any of his friends could have felt as a want—others respected it as the height and crown of his friendship—and that was this:

The longer you knew him, the fact which most impressed you was that he seldom talked about himself, and no matter how deep the talk might go, never about that inner self which, for praise or for sympathy, is in many men so clamant, and in all more or less perceptible. Through the radiance of his presence and the familiarity of his talk there sometimes stole out, upon those who were becoming his friends, the sense of a



GROUP, SHOWING PROFESSOR DRUMMOND, WITH LORD AND LADY ABERDEEN, AND MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE.

From a copyrighted photograph taken in 1888 at Lord Aberdeen's place, Dollis Hill, London, by Lombardi and Co., London.

great loneliness and silence behind, as when you catch a snow-peak across the summer fragrance and music of a Swiss meadow. For he always kept silence concerning his own religious struggles. He never asked even his most intimate friends for sympathy nor seemed to carry any wound, however slight, that needed their fingers for its healing.

Now many people, seeing his enjoyment of life and apparent freedom from struggle—seeing also that spontaneousness of virtue which distinguished him—have judged that it was easy for the man to be good. He

appeared to have few cares in life and no sorrows; till near the end he never, except in Africa, suffered a day's illness, and had certainly less drudgery than falls to most men of his strength and gifts. So they were apt to take his religion to be mere sunshine and the effect of an unclouded sky. They classed him among those who are born good, who are good in their blood.

We may admit that, by his birth, Henry Drummond did inherit virtue. Few men who have done good in the world have not been born to the capacity for it. It takes more than one generation to make a consummate

individual, and the life that leaps upon the world like a cataract is often fed from some remote and lonely tarn of which the world never hears the name. Henry Drummond's forbears were men who lived a clean and honest life in the open air, who thought seriously, and had a conscience of service to the community. As he inherited from one of them his quick eye for analogies between the physical and the spiritual laws of God, so it was his parents and grandparents who earned for him some, at least, of the ease and winsomeness of his piety.

But such good fortune exempts no man from a share of that discipline and temptation without which neither character is achieved, nor influence over others. Our friend knew nothing of poverty or of friendlessness; till his last illness he never suffered pain; and death did not enter his family till he was thirty-six. And, as we have said, he was seldom overworked. Yet at twenty-two he had laid upon him the responsibility of one of the greatest religious movements of our time, and when that was over there followed a period of uncertainty about his future vocation of which he wrote: "I do not know what affliction is, but a strange thought comes to me sometimes that 'waiting' has the same kind of effect upon one that affliction has." Nor can we believe that he was spared those fiercer contests which every son of man has to endure upon the battlefield of his own heart. No one who heard his addresses upon Temptation and Sin can doubt that he spoke them from experience. We shall find one record, which he has left behind, of his sense of sin and of the awful peril of character.

We must look, then, for the secret of his freedom from himself in other directions, and I think we find it in two conspicuous features of his life and teaching.

The first of these was his absorbed interest in others—an interest natural to his unselfish temper, but trained and fed by the opportunities of the great mission of his youth, which made him the confidant of so many hundreds of other lives. He had learned the secret of St. Paul—"not to look upon his own things, but also upon the things of others"—that sovereign way of escape from the self-absorption and panic which temptation so often breeds in the best of characters. No man felt temptation more fiercely, or from the pressure of it has sent up cries of keener agony, than St. Paul, who buffeted his own body and kept it under. But how did he rise above the despair? By

remembering that "temptation is common to man," by throwing his heart upon the fight which men were everywhere waging about him, and by forgetting his own fears and temptations in interest and sympathy for others. Such souls are engrossed spectators of the drama of life; they are purged by its pity, and ennobled by the contemplation of its issues. But a great sense of honor, too, is bred within them, as they spring shoulder to shoulder with so many struggling comrades—a sense of honor that lifts them free of the baser temptations—and they are too interested in the fate of their fellows, and too busy with the salvation of others, to brood or grow morbid about themselves. Of such was our friend.

But Drummond had been taught another secret of the Apostle. St. Paul everywhere links our life in Christ to the great cosmic processes. "For by Him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible; all things were created by Him and for Him . . . and ye are complete in Him who is the head of every principle and potency." To Henry Drummond, Christianity was the crown of the evolution of the whole universe. The drama which absorbed him is upon a stage infinitely wider than the moral life of man. The soul in its battle against evil, in its service for Christ, is no accident or exception thrown upon a world all hostile to its feeble spirit. But the forces it represents are the primal forces of the Universe; the great laws which modern science has unveiled sweeping through life from the beginning work upon the side of the man who seeks the things that are above. I think it is in this belief, informed by a wide knowledge of science, but still more indebted to an original vision of nature, that, at least in part, we find the secret of the serenity, the healthy objectiveness, and the courage of Henry Drummond's faith.

It was certainly on such grounds that in the prime of his teaching he sought to win the reason of men for religion. This was always his first aim. He had an ill-will—one might say a horror—at rousing the emotions before he had secured the conviction of the intellect. I do not mean that he was a logician, for his logic—witness the introduction to his first book—was often his weak point. But he always began by the presentation of facts, by the unfolding of laws; and trust in these and obedience to them was, in his teaching, religion. He felt that they lay open to the common sense and natural conscience of man. Those were

blind or fools who did not follow them. Yet he never thought of these laws as impersonal, for the greatest were love and the will that men should be holy, and he spoke of their power and of their tenderness as they who sing, "Underneath are the everlasting arms." He had an open vision of love wrought into the very foundation of the world; all along the evolution of life he saw that the will of God was our sanctification.

In these two, then, his interest in other men, and his trust in the great laws of the universe, we find the double secret of the detachment—that distance from self at which he always seemed to stand.

But we should greatly mistake the man and his teaching if we did not perceive that the source and the return of all his interest in men and of all his trust in God was Jesus Christ. Of this his own words are most eloquent:

The power to set the heart right, to renew the springs of action, comes from Christ. The sense of the infinite worth of the single soul, and the recoverableness of a man at his worst, are the gifts of Christ.

The freedom from guilt, the forgiveness of sins, come from Christ's cross; the hope of immortality springs from Christ's grave. Personal conversion means for life a personal religion, a personal trust in God, a personal debt to Christ, a personal dedication to His cause. These, brought about how you will, are supreme things to aim at, supreme losses if they are missed.

That was the conclusion of all his doctrine. There was no word of Christ's more often upon his lips than this: "Abide in Me and I in you, for without Me ye can do nothing."

The preceding paragraphs have passed imperceptibly from the man himself to his teaching. And this is right, for with Henry Drummond the two were one. So far as it be possible in any human being, in him they were without contradiction or discrepancy. He never talked beyond his experience; in action he never seemed to fall behind his faith. Mr. Moody, who has had as much opportunity as, perhaps, any man of our generation in the study of character, especially among religious people, has said: "No words of mine can better describe his life or character than those in which he has presented to us 'The Greatest Thing in the World.' Some men take an occasional journey into the thirteenth of First Corinthians, but Henry Drummond was a man who lived there constantly, appropriating its blessings and exemplifying its teachings. As you read what he terms the analysis of love, you find that all its ingredients were interwoven into his daily life, making him one of the most lovable men

I have ever known. Was it courtesy you looked for, he was a perfect gentleman. Was it kindness, he was always preferring another. Was it humility, he was simple and not courting favor. It could be said of him truthfully, as it was said of the early apostles, 'that men took knowledge of him that he had been with Jesus.' Nor was this love and kindness only shown to those who were close friends. His face was an index to his inner life. It was genial and kind, and made him, like his Master, a favorite with children. . . . Never have I known a man who, in my opinion, lived nearer the Master or sought to do His will more fully." And again: "No man has ever been with me for any length of time that I did not see something that was unlike Christ, and I often see it in myself, but not in Henry Drummond. All the time we were together he was a Christ-like man and often a rebuke to me."

With this testimony let us take that of Sir Archibald Geikie, D.C.L., F.R.S., the Director-General of the Geological Survey of the United Kingdom. When he became the first Professor of Geology in Edinburgh, Drummond was his first student. They traveled together in Great Britain, and on a geological expedition to the Rocky Mountains, and in later years they met at intervals. Sir Archibald had, therefore, every opportunity of judging his friend's character, and this is what he writes of him:

In later years, having resigned my Professorship for an appointment in London, I met him much more seldom. But he came to see me from time to time, always the same gentle and kindly being. His success never spoiled him in the very least degree. It was no small matter to be able to preserve his simplicity and frankness amidst so much that might have fostered vanity and insincerity in a less noble nature than his. I have never met with a man in whom transparent integrity, high moral purpose, sweetness of disposition, and exuberant helpfulness were more happily combined with wide culture, poetic imagination, and scientific sympathies than they were in Henry Drummond. Most deeply do I grieve over his early death.

Now there was one portion of Christ's spirit and Christ's burden which those who observed Henry Drummond only in his cheerful intercourse with men, upon the ways of the world, would, perhaps, deem it impossible that he should have shared. His first religious ministry was neither of books, nor of public speech. As we shall see, soon after he had read to his fellow-students his paper on "Spiritual Diagnosis," in which he blamed the lack of personal dealing as the great fault of the organized religion of his time, he was drawn to work in the inquiry rooms

of the revival of 1873-75. And in these he dealt, face to face, with hundreds of men and women at the crises of their lives. When that work was over, his experience, his fidelity, and his sympathy continued to be about him, as it were, the walls of a quiet and healing confessional, into which wounded men and women crept from the world, dared

To unlock the heart and let it speak,

dared to tell him the worst about themselves. It is safe to say that no man in our generation can have heard confession more constantly than Drummond did. And this responsibility, about which he was ever as silent as about his own inner struggles, was a heavy burden and a sore grief to him. If some of the letters he received be specimens of the confidence poured into his ears, we can understand him saying, as he did to one friend: "Such tales of woe I've heard in Moody's inquiry-room that I have felt I must go and change my very clothes after the contact;" or to another, when he had come from talking privately with some students: "Oh, I am sick with the sins of these men! How can God bear it!" And yet it is surely proof of the purity of the man and of the power of the gospel he believed in that, thus knowing the human heart, and bearing the full burden of men's sins, he should, nevertheless have believed (to use his own words) "in the recoverableness of a man at his worst," and have carried with him wherever he went the air of health and of victory.

To such love and such experience there naturally came an influence of the widest and most penetrating kind. Very few men in our day can have touched the springs of so many lives. Like all his friends, I knew that hundreds of men and women had gone to him, and by him had been inspired with new hope of their betterment and new faith in God. But even then I was prepared neither for the quality nor for the extent of influence which his correspondence reveals. First by his addresses and his conversation, and then with the vastly increased range which his books gave him, he attracted to himself the doubting and the sinful hearts of his generation. . . . Men and women sought him who were of every rank of life and of almost every nation under the sun. They turned instinctively to him, not for counsel merely, but for the good news of God and for the inspiration which men seek only from the purest and most loving of their kind. He was prophet and he was priest to hosts of individuals. Upon the strength of

his personality or (if they did not know him) of the *spirit* of his writings, they accepted the weakest of his logic, the most patent of his fallacies. They claimed from him the solution of every problem. They brought him alike their mental and their physical troubles. Surest test of a man's love and holiness, they believed in his prayers as a remedy for their diseases and a sure mediation between their sinful souls and God. It is with a certain hesitation that one asserts so much as this, yet the evidence in his correspondence is indubitable: and as the members of some great churches are taught to direct their prayers to the famous saints of Christendom, so untaught and naturally, as we shall see, more than one have, since his death, found themselves praying to Henry Drummond.

To write an adequate life of such a man is, of course, an impossibility; a friend has said it would be "like writing the history of a fragrance." One can describe and make assertions about his influence, but those can hardly appreciate who did not know himself.

Nor can his biographer hope to satisfy his intimate friends, men and women of all stages of religious experience, of many schools of thought, and of all ranks and callings in life, to whom his sympathy and versatility, as well as the pure liberty of his healthy spirit, must necessarily have shown very different aspects of his character and opinions. For such, all that a biographer can do is to provide pegs, on which they may hang, and perhaps, render somewhat more stable and balanced, their own private portraits of their friend.

But the biographer of Henry Drummond can, at least, describe the influences which molded him, trace the growth of his character and the development of his opinions, and give a record of the actual work he did, and of the movements which he started or enforced. Among the first of these the religious movement in Great Britain from 1873 to 1875 stands supreme, and deserves the most thorough treatment. The history of this has never been written. The present generation do not know how large it was, and with what results upon the life of our nation. As for Drummond, it made him the man he was in his prime: in his expertness in dealing with men, in his power as a speaker, nay, even in some principles of his faith, he is inexplicable without it.

As to the growth or change of his opinions.

that also it is needful to trace in detail, not only that we may do justice to himself, but because certain of the lines of that growth follow some of the most interesting religious and intellectual developments of our time. Here was a young man trained in an evangelical family, and in the school of the older orthodoxy, who consecrated his youth to the service of Christ, and never all his life lost his faith in Christ as his Lord and Saviour, or in Christ's Divinity, or in the power of His Atonement, but who grew away from many of the doctrines which, when he was young, were still regarded by the churches as equally well assured and indispensable to the creed of a Christian: such as, for instance, belief in the literal inspiration and equal divinity of all parts of the Bible. In his later life Drummond so explicitly avowed his adherence to an interpretation of Scripture very different from this, that it is not only right that the latter should be described in his own words, but that also the narrower positions from which he started on his career should be set plainly before us.

Parallel to this change in his views of Scripture and contributory to it, is the very interesting growth of the influence wrought upon his religious opinions by physical science and that discovery of natural laws in which his generation has been so active. But besides these two developments there is a third, which is also characteristic of our time. To Drummond, in his youth, religion was an affair of the individual; he was impatient (if such a temper could, at any time, be imputed to him) with the new attempts in Scotland and England to emphasize its social character. It is true he never abated by one jot his insistence upon the personal origin of all religion; yet he so greatly extended his sympathy and his experience, he so developed the civic conscience, as to become one of the principal exponents in our day of the social duties of religion. Thus his career is typical of the influence upon the older Christian orthodoxy of the three great intellectual movements of our time—historical criticism, physical science, and socialism (in the broad and unsectarian meaning of that much-abused term).

Again, Henry Drummond was a traveler, with keen powers of observation; a scientific training, and a great sympathy with human life on its lowest levels and outside edges. He visited the Far West of America at a

time when Indian wars were still common and the white man was represented only by soldiers, hunters, and miners of gold. He visited Central Africa at a time when the only white men there were missionaries and a few traders, and of that region he made practically the first detailed scientific examination. He visited the New Hebrides, when the effects of Christianity upon the savages of these islands were beginning to be obvious; he bought clubs and poisoned spears from men who were still cannibals; he worshiped with those who had been cannibals and were now members of his own church.

Finally, Henry Drummond was a writer of books, which brought him no little fame in the world. This biography is written by one of a circle of life-long friends, and with their affections upon its words; yet it was among them that some of his books received the most severe criticism, and therefore I have deemed it not inconsistent with the spirit of the biography to introduce an adverse judgment upon the substance of one of his volumes. As to the style in which all are written, if the saying be anywhere true that the style is the man, it is true here. The even and limpid pages of his books are the expression of his equable and transparent temper. And as we have seen that his character was the outcome of a genuine discipline, so we shall find evidence that his style was the fruit of hard labor and an unsparing will.

But all these talents and experiences were only parts of a rare and radiant whole, of which any biography, however fully it may record them, can with them all offer only an imperfect reflection. So complete a life happens but once in a generation. "It is no very uncommon thing in the world," says Sir Richard Steele, "to meet with men of probity; there are likewise a great many men of honor to be found. Men of courage, men of sense, and men of letters are frequent; but a true fine gentleman is what one seldom sees. He is properly a compound of the various good qualities that embellish mankind. As the great poet animates all the different parts of learning by the force of his genius, and irradiates all the compass of his knowledge by the lustre and brightness of his imagination, so all the great and solid perfections of life appear in the finished gentleman, with a beautiful gloss and varnish; everything he says or does is accompanied with a manner, or rather a charm, that draws the admiration and good-will of every beholder."

SHERIFF OF ELBERT.

By CHAUNCEY THOMAS.



KIOWA is the county-seat of Elbert County, Colorado. It is on the divide, about fifty miles southeast of Denver. It is six miles east of the rails of the "Gulf" line. Twenty years ago the stage coach left Denver every morning, and rolled away over the Smoky Hill stage road up the valley of famous Cherry Creek to the Twenty-Mile House. From here it went on to Kiowa, where there was another stage station. The "bull-whackers" and "mule-skinners" who navigated the prairie "schooners" of the days of "Pike's Peak, or Bust" always stopped at Kiowa to wash the alkali dust down their throats with many a glass of villainous "bug-juice." That was in the long ago. To-day, Kiowa is the center of a cattle and potato raising country. Butter, beef, and "spuds" now take the place of the canned goods, buffalo hump, and whisky of the days of Indians and stage coaches. Kiowa twenty years ago was one great saloon. To-day, the county-seat of Elbert County has but one place of liquid enjoyment, the White Dog, owned by Paddy Maloney, an old ex-"mule-skinner."

It was the night of November 5, 1898. In the White Dog were all the male population of Kiowa then awake. It was about nine o'clock in the evening. Those in the White Dog numbered some twenty men and half-grown boys. In the center of the room was a roaring stove. November nights are cold on the divide. Over in one corner, around the only table in the room, were four of the party playing seven-up. Around the stove the rest of the crowd were seated.

Only two subjects were under discussion that evening, the coming election, and "Lone Jim, the hold-up." The latter had been making a record for himself in Denver. The evening papers from the city said that he had left the scenes of his daring, single-handed crimes on a "Gulf" blind baggage. Being off the railroad, the male population of Kiowa felt reasonably safe. The subject led the graybeards to telling stories of "Black Bart, the po-S," and his memorable

lone-hand stage robberies. The younger generation, whose experiences had been confined to stealing watermelons, satisfied themselves, if not their elders, by stoutly telling of the desperate resistance such characters would meet with if any of them should be so foolhardy as to attack the speakers. Then rival sides hotly discussed the pro's and con's as to which man, in the chase of Lone Jim, would do the best work, if called upon, "Curly," "Ten Cent Charlie," or Bob Steele, the three candidates for sheriff of Elbert County, at the near-by election. Curly and Ten Cent Charlie, being known in Kiowa, had the most friends in the White Dog. Bob Steele, however, had a reputation that went even beyond the boundaries of Elbert County. Some loudly claimed that the man lacked nerve, and was a coward, and a bluff at heart. On the other hand, some few favored the unknown, because it was said of him that "he was a clean man, cool as a cucumber, a dead shot, and no man could buy him, or make him run." The election would be close. Kiowa's vote would decide it. Curly was Kiowa's favorite, and his election was considered to be practically certain.

The clatter of hurrying hoofs came faintly from the distance, rapidly growing nearer. A galloping horse was brought to a standstill before the White Dog. "Spud Tommie," eighteen years old, arose to open the door, but before his lazy actions resulted in anything definite, the door opened, and a man stood in the doorway. He was of medium height, heavy set, and had very square shoulders, and the bowed legs of a cow-boy. A pair of worn, high-heeled boots, armed with a pair of heavy spurs, a pair of corduroy trousers tucked into the boots, a brown sweater, a black leather sheepskin lined coat, a typical cow-man's white hat, and a pair of buckskin gauntlets made the stranger's costume. A plain leather belt held up the corduroys. The man was apparently unarmed. From his right wrist hung a rawhide quirt. Coming so suddenly from the outer darkness into the comparative brilliancy of the three kerosene lamps of the White Dog, the stranger shaded his eyes with his right hand as he closed the door with his left. While he held his hand thus

to his face the quirt swung to and fro like a pendulum. Walking to the stove, and turning his back to the lights, he rested one foot on the edge of the box of sawdust in which stood the stove.

"Cold out, Pardner?" inquired Paddy, his commercial instincts aroused as he scented a probable customer.

"Rather."

The sudden coming of the stranger had cast a strange influence over the group in the White Dog. The old-timers and boys eyed him with interest not without suspicion. Standing as he did, the man seemed to be posing for Remington. His face was a typical Western one. The eyes were large, gray in color, very keen and restless, and deeply shaded by straight brows and long lashes. The jaws were wide and heavy, the chin and thin straight nose were prominent, the cheek bones were high, as was the forehead; the ears and lips were thin and fine, while heavy brown locks escaped from the confining hatband. The face was a strong one, but one not to be easily read. It was clean-shaven and darkly tanned. The hands and feet were small and womanish.

The single word thus far spoken by the stranger had been uttered hardly above a whisper. "Gentlemen, have something," suddenly came from him now.

Paddy flew to his place behind the bar, and beamed. Such orders were rare in the White Dog. Those around the stove made a rush for the bar equaled only by the stampede of the four card-players from the corner. The stranger was the last one to face Paddy, and took his place at the end of the line. Glass after glass, some filled and some empty, accompanied by uncorked bottles, were placed upon the bar before grinning Kiowa. All the glasses remained untouched until the stranger, the last to be served, gave the signal by picking up his own glass. Etiquette as is strict in Kiowa, in some things, as it is at the court of Peking.

"Here goes, gentlemen," murmured the stranger as he emptied his glass of whisky at a gulp, entirely ignoring the soothing water. Every one in the White Dog, except the stranger, smiled, then simultaneously raised his glass to his lips, threw back his head, and gazed at the smoky rafters like one of a well-drilled squad of soldiers.

"Hands up!"

The words came like rifle shots. The voice was low and cat-like; there was almost a purr in it, but cleaving through it was an icy, steel-like chill that meant business. The

men of Kiowa could not believe their own ears. Down came the glasses, the heads, and the eyes of the men and boys of Kiowa. The stranger stood several feet away from the crowd on a beer keg, around the corner of the bar. In each white hand was a short barreled, 45-Colt's six-shooter at full cock. Kiowa looked, could not believe, and remained motionless and dumb.

"Quick, I tell you. Put up your paws. I'll bore the first man who makes a break."

Up went every hand in the White Dog, except one of Paddy's. The plucky Irishman was covertly reaching for his 38-Smith and Wesson under the bar.

"Stop that; want to die?" snarled the stranger, and Paddy had one of the ugly revolvers shoved under his nose. The muzzle smelt of burnt powder. Paddy promptly raised his other hand almost a yard above his bald head.

"Are you Lone Jim?" chattered the ashen and trembling Spud Tommie.

"Dry up," was the laconic response as the second six-shooter revolved until the frightened youngster was unconsciously counting the bullets in the cylinder.

"Take it away! Don't shoot! I'll give up," sputtered Spud.

The stranger laughed. So did Old Man Mitch, who used to drive the Leadville stage. This was the first hold-up he had enjoyed for many a year.

"Now then, Mr. Bartender, get out there at the end of the line with the rest of them, and face the bar. Every one stand still and keep quiet." Paddy promptly lined up, being careful not to lower his hands.

Stepping lightly behind the silent and motionless line, the stranger slipped one revolver into his side coat pocket, and with his free hand rapidly patted each hip and coat pocket, each waistband, and under the left arm-pit of every man in the line. From Spud Tommie he took a vicious-looking nickel-plated, cheap bulldog revolver, and a home-made slung-shot. With a snort of contempt he tossed them under the deserted card-table. Poor Spud almost fainted. It had been Spud who had told just what Lone Jimmy might expect if he attacked him. All the rest of the line were unarmed.

"Now then, turn around, lower your arms, and march. Go out that door in single file. I'll kill the first one who turns, remember!" said the stranger with a grim smile.

Out of the door and up the main street, now deserted, with Paddy in the lead and Spud in the rear, marched the wondering line. "Going to take us out of town so he

can get away all right. Good head he's got," said Old Man Mitch to himself. For ten minutes did the stranger parade the sleeping town with the habits of the White Dog.

"Curse it, I've forgotten the cash drawer," the line heard the stranger mutter suddenly. Then back through the town and into the saloon he marched them, and lined them up as before in front of the bar. Those two ugly (recently fired) six-shooters still covered the crowd.

"Gentlemen, have something," once more said the stranger.

A faint, doubtful smile crept into Paddy's eyes. Then he remembered that properly he, Paddy, was paying for all this himself, and the ghost of a smile instantly vanished.

"Quick, Paddy, give 'em the same as be-

fore." Paddy was too badly frightened to do that exactly, but he managed to serve each one with whisky straight, forgetting the water. "Wish this was strychnine dope," was his mental comment as he filled the stranger's glass.

To the astonishment of every one in the White Dog, the stranger laid his artillery on the bar, and handed Paddy a five-dollar gold piece. "Gentlemen, a thousand pardons. I don't want your money, your watches, nor your jewels so rich and rare. I'm not Lone Jimmy. I want your votes. My opponents have been telling you that I lacked nerve enough to be sheriff of this county. Gentlemen, drink to the health of Bob Steele, as the next sheriff of Elbert County."

Bob Steele is sheriff of Elbert.

THE NEW STRUGGLE FOR LIFE AMONG NATIONS.

BY BROOKS ADAMS.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mr. Brooks Adams's predilection for political studies is particularly interesting as marking the persistence of a long ancestral tendency. He is the youngest of the four sons of Charles Francis Adams, Minister of the United States to the Court of St. James throughout the trying time of the Civil War; and, by consequence, is the grandson of President John Quincy Adams and the great-grandson of President John Adams. He was born at Quincy, Massachusetts (the family seat of the Adames since about 1636), in 1848; graduated from Harvard in 1870; and for some years thereafter practiced law at Boston.



THE phase of civilization through which mankind is now passing opened in 1870. For many years previous to the German victory a regular quickening of competition, caused by a steady acceleration of movement, had been undermining the equilibrium reached at Waterloo; but the new era only began after the collapse of France. Within the generation which has followed that catastrophe the same forces, acting with gathering energy, have profoundly altered the conditions of life, and promise portentous changes in the future. Everywhere society tends to become organized in greater and denser masses, the more vigorous and economical mass destroying the less active and the more wasteful. Thus Latin Europe has rotted from end to end of the Continent, China is disintegrating, and England seems destined to lose her preëminence as the heart of the world's industry and finance. On the other hand, Germany has grown to be the center of an entirely new economic system, Russia is rapidly absorbing all northern Asia as far as the

Yangtse River, and the United States has been converted from the most pacific of nations into an armed and aggressive community.

Where these changes will lead is beyond prediction, but their advance may be followed from year to year, and, judging by the past, some estimate may be formed of the difficulties which confront America, and of the power of the combination of adversaries who may possibly assail her.

Up to 1873, England as a manufacturer stood without a rival, and she sold her wares at such a profit that, after exhausting domestic investments, a large surplus remained, which she placed abroad, chiefly in Argentina, Australia, India, and America. The money so placed served in no small degree as the basis for the development of these countries. The first and most striking effect of the sharpened competition which followed 1870 was the advent of a period of falling prices, which soon began to work extensive complications. Agriculture suffered first, and in Great Britain, by 1879, farming had ceased to pay. Thenceforward the islands produced less and less food, the population buying their provisions abroad. Thus it

happened that at the moment when the profit on exports withered under competition, a drain set in to pay for bread and meat, which increased with the growth of the nation. Apparently the balance of trade, which England still held on other commodities, and the income from foreign investments proved insufficient to meet this drain; for, to pay their debts, the British proceeded to realize on their loans, and the liquidation which followed precipitated a crisis probably without a parallel. Its course seems to have been somewhat as follows:

Until 1876, the United Kingdom easily imported all the gold she needed both to maintain an expanding currency and to supply her arts; but in 1877 the tide turned, and the next decade showed a net export of upward of \$11,000,000, to say nothing of what went into the melting pot. This loss represented coin directly withdrawn from circulation. A severe contraction followed, prices fell nearly forty per cent., and by 1886 distress had grown so sharp that, to obtain relief, sales were made of foreign securities. As these progressed, gold imports began again; in 1890 they even reached \$45,000,000; but the strain of payment ruined the debtors. In 1890, Argentina collapsed, and carried down the Barings; in 1891, Australia followed; while in 1893, the United States was shaken to its center. Last of all has come the turn of India. There, within three years, society has seemed at moments on the brink of dissolution.

To speculate upon the final consequences of this financial revolution would be futile; but one of its immediate effects seems to be the displacement of the economic center of the world, thus engendering an unstable equilibrium which threatens war. All the energetic races have been plunged into a contest for the possession of the only markets left open capable of absorbing surplus manufactures, since all are forced to encourage exports to maintain themselves. A good illustration is the case of the United States. The pressure of creditors has acted like a bounty on exports.

From 1848 to 1876, with the exception of three years—1858, 1862, and 1874—the imports of the United States exceeded the exports. The total excess of exports of those three years amounted only to about \$29,000,000, while the excess of imports of the single year 1869 reached \$131,000,000. In 1876, England began contraction, and instantaneously the figures were reversed. Of the last twenty-two years, but three—1888,

1889, and 1893—have shown an excess of imports, which altogether came, in round numbers, to \$50,000,000, while the excess of exports mounted forthwith to prodigious figures: in 1877 to \$151,000,000, in 1878 to \$257,000,000, in 1879 to \$264,000,000, and for the first eleven months of 1898, without reckoning silver, the balance touched the huge sum of \$538,000,000, or, taken altogether, nearly \$2,000,000 for every working day of the year.

A change so vast and so sudden is, perhaps, without precedent. Meanwhile the needs of Great Britain appear to increase. Last year her trade deficit reached £157,000,000 (a sum larger than any one has ever computed as the return of her foreign investments and the earnings of her shipping), and the first ten months of this year (1898) exceed the corresponding months of last by upward of £17,000,000. For the first time, the sale of our securities has not sufficed to balance the account, and the recent large inflow of gold may possibly foreshadow the exhaustion of the American floating debt abroad.

Be this as it may, no one can fail to perceive how the pressure of creditors has stimulated the export of manufactures from the United States. About the year 1887, our people were peremptorily called upon to pay their debts at a faster rate than their yearly earnings permitted. The decrease in the value of agricultural products made it impossible for these to be sold in sufficient quantities to fill the gap; enough gold to cover the deficit was not to be had; nothing remained but insolvency or forcing down the price of manufactures until we could undersell our creditors on their own ground. Impossible as such a feat once seemed, this has been done. Our iron and steel, in particular, are now the cheapest in the world, and, accordingly, are received even in London in payment of balances. India has been subjected to the same suction, and the growth of the Indian exports is almost as remarkable as the growth of the exports of the United States.

How long English accumulations will last is immaterial, since, in one form or another, they will doubtless suffice for the immediate future. The upshot of the whole matter, therefore, is that America has been irresistibly impelled to produce a large industrial surplus—a surplus, should no change occur, which will be larger in a few years than anything ever before known. Upon the existence of this surplus hinges the future, for the United States must provide sure and adequate outlets for her products, or be in

danger of gluts more dangerous to her society than many panics such as 1873 and 1893.

Although falling prices may discourage new enterprises, they certainly stimulate production in factories already established, until they have to be closed by actual loss. A cotton mill, for example, which clears but a mill a yard must, roughly speaking, sell, to earn its dividend, double the number of yards that would be necessary were its profit two mills. Accordingly, large sales and small returns are accepted as an axiom of modern trade. A fall in prices, therefore, stimulates production, and production reacts on prices; the tendency being to dislocate the whole social system of any people where a surplus exists, unless a vent can be found abroad to sustain the market. The decline of the West India Islands offers a striking example of the operation of this process.

Even before the Franco-German War, Prussia tried to foster the export of beet sugar by drawbacks which amounted to a bounty; but the effect on commerce only became marked after the consolidation of the empire, and serious about the year 1881. Between 1881 and 1896, however, unrefined cane sugar fell, in London, from 21.09 shillings to 10.85 shillings the hundredweight, and refined suffered in proportion. The supply, on the other hand, swelled enormously. The total production of raw sugar was 3,799,000 tons in 1882, and 7,278,000 tons at the outbreak of the Cuban insurrection in 1894. The chief outlet for the cane sugar of the British West Indies had always been England, and when the Germans flooded the English market, so grave a glut ensued that Lord Salisbury's government sent a commission to the islands to examine their condition. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the report which followed is among the most interesting public documents of modern times.

The commissioners found that, as the price of sugar sank, the production grew until the outbreak in Cuba, when the cane fell off a million tons; yet this shrinkage of the cane only encouraged fresh exports of beet, and values continued to diminish until, in 1896, Germany doubled her bounties. The effect of this policy upon the West Indies was disastrous. From prosperity the islands sank into misery.

The report states that, in view of all the circumstances attending the production of sugar, "the West Indies is threatened with such a reduction" of the industry "in the immediate future as may not, in some of the colonies, differ very greatly from extinction,

and must seriously affect them all," with the exception of such as no longer plant the cane. "The consequences are likely to be of a very serious character. The immediate result would be a great want of employment for the laboring classes, and the rates of wages, which have already fallen, would in all probability be still further reduced. The public revenue would fall off, and the governments of some of Your Majesty's possessions would be unable to meet the absolutely necessary public expenditure, including interest on debt." * The Chairman, Sir Henry Norman, went much further. The inhabitants of British Guiana and of the Barbados would "be without the means of purchasing imported articles of food, or of paying taxes." "The planters would be ruined: . . . the tradesmen, artisans, and labouring classes will suffer privation, and probably become discontented and restless, and the revenue will be so crippled as to render it impossible to carry on the government, even on the most economical scale, in any condition at all approaching to efficiency." † Even in the case of Jamaica, with other industries to fall back on, "there will be much distress, and (her) resources . . . will be severely taxed." When a man like General Norman could write thus of some of the best administered communities in the world, the condition of Cuba may be imagined.

In Cuba the crisis became acute in 1894, when sugar fell in London from fourteen to twelve shillings the hundredweight, followed the next year by a fall of two shillings more. The old system of planting collapsed, the relations of capital and labor were dislocated, the exactions of Spain made the life of the agriculturists impossible, and the revolt, which had long been expected, began. The revolt involved the United States with Spain, and thus the inroads of Germany on the London sugar market precipitated the recent war.

If, however, the stoppage of the outlet of the export trade of so petty a portion of the earth's surface as the West Indies produced the catastrophes of the last four years, the future course of the United States, with its vast and growing surplus, becomes the most momentous question of the age. No theory has ever proved more fallacious than the dogma that the cheapest goods command the world's market. The whole protective system of modern times demonstrates the contrary, for this system is principally designed to control international commerce. No coun-

* Report of the West India Royal Commission, page 7.

† *Ibid.*, page 73.

try has gone further in this direction than America, and, doubtless, exclusion has proved effective as long as home consumption has exceeded home production. From the moment, however, that production exceeds consumption all conditions are changed. Then the surplus must seek a vent abroad, and there are clear indications that a great coalition is coming into being whose aim is to exclude the United States from those countries which should be her natural outlet.

From the dawn of time, commerce has flowed from east to west in the track of the migrations of the races. The last of these great migrations began at the close of the Middle Ages, when Europeans succeeded in crossing the ocean which had theretofore stopped them. Of the four chief nations bordering the Atlantic, the Spanish, French, Dutch, and English, the advantage at first lay with the Spanish. Spain, however, lacked energy; her fate was sealed in the maritime wars which culminated with the Armada, since when she has served as a prey to her rivals. The French proved more determined. For three generations they fought stubbornly, though fruitlessly. They lost Canada on the Heights of Abraham, their navy at the Nile and Trafalgar, and from 1805 transit by sea to them was closed. In that age water offered the only ready path toward expansion; but the French persevered even when driven from the ocean. Turning suddenly to the eastward, they marched toward Asia. They reached Moscow. There they halted, and from that day their decline began. They were forced slowly back within their own borders, and since Waterloo the Anglo-Saxons have taken what pleased them of the vacant portions of the world.

For nearly half a century continental Europe, shut in between the sea and the impassable wastes of Asia, lay stifling, until at length the railroad made communication by land relatively practicable. Then prodigious changes set in. As the railroad system approached maturity Paris ceased to be the chief seat of continental energy, and the convulsion of 1870 marked the passage of the Rhine by the focus of industry and finance. The war indemnity exacted by Germany of France transported beyond the Rhine, almost in a mass, 1,000 millions of dollars (5,000 millions of francs). This alone was almost enough to establish in Germany a financial preponderance, and other causes operated to the same end. The march eastward cannot be mistaken. Perhaps pig-iron is as good as any gage of industrial activity, and in the

production of pig-iron France has not held her own.

Between 1880 and 1896, the French output of pig advanced from 1,725,290 tons to 2,333,702, or at the rate of about two per cent. a year. The German, on the other hand, swelled from 2,729,038 tons to 6,372,816, an annual increment of fourteen per cent., while the Russian rose from 80,144,000 pounds in 1894 to 113,982,000 in 1897, an average of ten and one-half per cent.

A like phenomenon has appeared in transportation. In 1870, Cologne was doubtless the chief railway base for northern Europe east of the Rhine; now Breslau is its rival; and the railway system which then ended at Nizhni-Novgorod approaches Peking, and is projected as far as Han-kau.

A displacement of energy has occurred proportionate to this movement. France alone is estimated to have lent Russia upwards of \$400,000,000 for the Siberian railroad and other enterprises within the last ten years. All that Germany can spare of money, ability, and enterprise is swept into the current; and thus northern Europe and Asia, from the Bay of Biscay to the Yellow Sea, is solidifying into an economic mass whose heart lies at Berlin.

The capacity of this mass for absorbing adjacent populations is, seemingly, limitless. A few years ago Manchuria was pure Chinese; now it is Russian; Peking is following Manchuria, and with Peking goes Shan-si, with the richest coal and iron deposits of the world. Already the vast monster, stretching its tentacles far southward, is grasping Han-kau, the Chicago of the Yangtse valley.

Whether it be upon the Rhine or the Amur, the policy of this eastern civilization is the same. It is the old policy of Napoleon—the policy of exclusion. No better example could be found than the aggressions of Germany, who, since the consolidation of 1870, has deliberately ruined the West Indies by forcing her bounty-fed sugar on foreigners, while seeking by every device to exclude foreign products from her markets. Had the West Indies themselves, or Great Britain, their protector, been able to coerce Germany into abandoning her abnormal exports, the islands of the Gulf of Mexico would be as rich and happy as of yore. The same danger, on a vaster scale, threatens every exporting nation which allows its outlets to be closed, and a little consideration will suffice to show that, in the case of the United States, this danger is both real and near.

Speaking broadly, a century ago, the

whole earth, outside of Europe and portions of Asia, lay open to colonization or conquest. In 1757, Clive won the battle of Plassey, and in 1760, the "industrial revolution" began in England. From 1760 to 1870, an expansion took place without a parallel in human experience, and after the defeat of France the Anglo-Saxons were substantially unopposed. This movement reached its limit between 1850 and 1870, with the opening up of California and Australia; but during the whole period all the originality and energy of mankind failed to meet the demand caused by the creation of the gigantic system of manufactures, of mining, and of credit which then came into being. Consumption outran production, men seriously believed that a general glut was impossible, the margin of profit was broad, and waste counted for less, in the success or failure of enterprises, than activity and daring.

By 1870 the most tempting regions of the earth had been occupied, for the Anglo-Saxons had reached the Pacific. The rate of expansion accordingly began to decline, and as it declined masses grew denser, competition sharpened, and prices fell. At length, as the century draws to a close, it is recognized that the survival of individuals, corporations, and governments is determined by an economic struggle which tests their administrative efficiency more severely than private war ever tested courage. The last step of the advance was taken in the war with Spain. Then the Americans crossed the Pacific, and the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race met on the coast of China, having girdled the earth.

In the favored line, running from east to west, all the choicest territory has been occupied, besides most of what is accessible in the southern hemisphere. Eastern Asia now appears, without much doubt, to be the only district likely soon to be able to absorb any great increase of manufactures, and accordingly eastern Asia is the prize for which all the energetic nations are grasping. If the continental coalition wins, that coveted region will be closed to its rivals.

Should it be so closed, the pressure caused by the stoppage of the current which has so long run westward might shake American society to its foundation, and would probably make the scale of life to which our people are habituated impossible.

From its infancy civilization has advanced by two processes — the individual and the collective. In a very general way the Eastern races have tended toward collective systems,

and the Western toward individual. The effect of these instincts is plainly visible in architecture. For example, there has never been a magnificent palace or tomb in England, while the remains of the royal dwellings of Assyria and Susiana are stupendous, the dwelling of a Byzantine emperor resembled a city in itself, and the Egyptian pyramids continue wonders of the world.

The Anglo-Saxon has been the most individual of races, and it reached high fortune under conditions which fostered individuality to a supreme degree. Such conditions prevailed when the world was vacant and steam began to make rapid movement possible; but all must perceive that, as masses solidify, the qualities of the pioneer will cease to be those that command success.

As expansion ceases, as competition quickens, and as prices fall, men consolidate in larger and denser masses, because, other things being equal, the administration of the largest mass is the cheapest. This tendency is already marked in every walk of life, particularly in those huge agglomerations called trusts. Hitherto the effect of the trust has not been to raise prices to the consumer, nor has it been to stimulate production. On the contrary, the trust has been organized to adjust the supply to the demand. Trusts must be profitable, therefore, because they economize wages and rent; and it is this economy of labor and elimination of waste which is the characteristic of modern civilization. But the concentration whose result is an elimination of waste is nothing but a movement toward collectivism, and the relative rise of the peoples who excel in the collective methods has been accordingly contemporaneous with the advent of the great trusts in the West.

Perhaps the best example of the success of the collective method is the centralization of Germany and the organization of Russia. From its very birth, the Prussian Kingdom has been subjected to a pressure seldom equaled. Under this pressure the people consolidated in a singularly compact mass, developing a corporate administration powerful enough to succeed very generally in subordinating individual to general interests. It is to this quality that Prussia has owed her comparative gain on England.

All agree that the industrial success of Germany is largely due to the establishment of cheap and uniform rates of transportation, through state ownership of railways; while the industrial progress of Russia would have been impossible had not the government

been both railroad and mine owner, besides being banker and money-lender, and ready at any moment to promote industries, such as iron works, whenever individuals could not act advantageously.

England, on the other hand, has held her own neither as a manufacturer, as an exporter, nor as an agriculturalist. Whereas in 1873 her exports amounted to £255,000,000, in 1897 they reached only £234,350,000. The loss on her agriculture has been estimated at \$250,000,000 yearly. It is probably larger. The British adverse trade balance is chiefly due to importations of food which might be raised at home. That adverse balance has grown from £60,282,000 in 1873 to £157,055,000 in 1897.

If the English farmers be asked why their farms do not pay; why grazing, for which their pastures are peculiarly adapted, proves unprofitable, they have but one answer. They explain that high and unequal railroad rates make it possible to transport produce more cheaply from Chicago to London than from Somersetshire or Yorkshire to London. The same complaint is made by the iron trade. The inference is that, had England been able to act as energetically in her corporate capacity as Germany, had she subdued the opposition of individual interests and secured the German rates of transportation, her position as a competitor would be changed.

Applying the same measure to the United States, the same weak spot appears. The national characteristic is waste, and each year, as the margin of profit narrows, waste grows more dangerous. Under an exact administration one corporation will prosper, while its neighbor is ruined by slight leakage; and what holds true of the private enterprise holds equally true of those greatest of human ventures called governments.

Our national corporation was created to meet the wants of a scanty agricultural population at a time when movement was slow. It has now to deal with masses surpassing, probably, in bulk, any in the world. In consequence it operates slowly and imperfectly, or fails to operate at all. The Pennsylvania Railroad might as reasonably attempt to handle the traffic of 1898 with the staff of 1860 as the United States to deal with its affairs under Mr. McKinley with the appliances which barely sufficed for Jefferson or Jackson. We have just seen our army put in field without a general staff, much after the method of 1812, and we have witnessed the consequences. We know what would have

happened had we been opposed by a vigorous enemy. We wonder daily at our treasury struggling with enormous banking transactions, without banking facilities; while our foreign service is so helpless, in its most important function of obtaining secret information, that the government relied on daily papers for news of the Spanish fleet.

In short, in America there is no administration in the modern sense of the word. Every progressive nation is superior to us in organization, since every such nation has been reorganized since we began. That America has prospered under these conditions is due altogether to the liberal margin of profit obtainable in the United States, which has made extreme activity and individuality counterbalance waste. This margin of profit, due to expansion caused by the acquisition of Louisiana and California, carried the country buoyantly until, under the pressure of English realization, it was stimulated into producing an industrial surplus. The time has now come when that surplus must be sold abroad, or a glut must be risked like that which has overtaken the West Indies. To-day the nation has to elect whether to continue to expand, cost what it may, or to resign itself to the approach of a relatively stationary period, when competition will force it to abandon the individual for the collective mode of life. Here the experience of the French is instructive. When defeated in their attempts at expansion, they betook themselves to economizing as few Western peoples have ever done. They relieved competition in the wage market by reducing the birth-rate until the population ceased to multiply; while in their families they habitually practised a frugality unknown to Anglo-Saxons. They succeeded in preserving their physical well-being, but at the cost of their national vitality. As a nation they have grown old, and are devoured by the gangrene which attacks every stagnant society and from which no patient recovers.

Parsimony is alien to our habits, and would hardly become a national trait under pressure less severe than that under which Germany slowly consolidated after Jena, or under which France began to sink after Moscow. But if we are not prepared to reduce our scale of life to the German or perhaps the Russian standard, if we are not prepared to accept the collective methods of administration with all that they imply, we must be prepared to fight our adversary, and we must arm in earnest.

Whether we like it or not, we are forced

to compete for the seat of international exchanges, or, in other words, for the seat of empire. The prize is the most dazzling for which any people can contend, but it has usually been won only by the destruction of the chief competitor of the victor. Rome rose on the ruins of Carthage, and England on the collapse of Spain and France.

For upwards of a thousand years the tendency of the economic center of the world has been to move westward, and the Spanish war has only been the shock caused by its passing the Atlantic and seeking a new equilibrium. Probably, within a generation, the United States will have faced about, and its great interests will cover the Pacific, which it will hold like an inland sea. The natural focus of such a Pacific system would be Manila. Lying where all the paths of trade converge, from north and south, east and west, it is the military and commercial key to eastern Asia. Entrenched there, and backing on Europe, with force enough to prevent our competitors from closing the Chinese mainland against us by discrimination, there is no reason why the United States should not become a greater seat of wealth and power than ever was England, Rome, or Constantinople.

But to maintain such an empire presupposes an organization perfect in proportion to the weight it must support and the friction it must endure; and it is the perfecting of this organization, both military and civil, which must be the task of the next fifty

years. For there is no possibility of self-deception. Our adversary is deadly and determined. Such are his jealousy of our power and his fear of our expansion, that to cripple us he would have gladly joined with Spain. But for the victory of Manila and the attitude of England, his fleets would last spring have been off our coasts. If we yield before him, he will stifle us.

If the coalition of France, Germany, and Russia succeeds in occupying and organizing the interior of China, if this coalition can control its trade and discriminate against our exports, it will have good prospects of throwing back a considerable surplus on our hands, for us to digest as best we can. In that event, America's possible destiny might be to approach the semi-stationary period of France, meanwhile entering into a competition with our rivals in regard to the cost of domestic life, of industrial production, and of public administration. In such a competition success can only be won by surpassing the enemy in his own method, or in that concentration which reduces waste to a minimum. Such a concentration might, conceivably, be effected by the growth and amalgamation of great trusts until they absorbed the government, or it might be brought about by the central corporation, called the government, absorbing the trusts. In either event, the result would be approximately the same. The Eastern and Western continents would be competing for the most perfect system of state socialism.

STALKY AND CO.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING,

Author of "In Ambush," "Captains Courageous," "The Day's Work," etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY L. RAVEN-HILL.

V.

A LITTLE PREP.



THE Easter term was but a month old when Stettson major, a day-boy, contracted diphtheria, and the Head was very angry. He decreed a new and narrower set of bounds—the infection had been traced to an outlying farmhouse—urged the prefects

severely to lick all trespassers, and promised extra attentions from his own hand. There were no words bad enough for Stettson major, quarantined at his mother's house, who had lowered the school average of health. This he said in the gymnasium after prayers. Then he wrote some two hundred letters to as many anxious parents and

guardians, and bade the school carry on. The trouble did not spread, but, one night, a dog-cart drove to the Head's door, and in the morning the Head had gone, leaving all things in charge of Mr. King, senior house-master. The Head often ran up to town, where the school devoutly believed he bribed officials for early proofs of the Army Examination papers; but this absence was unusually prolonged.

"Downy old bird," said Stalky to the Allies, one wet afternoon, in the study. "He must have gone on a bend an' been locked up, under a false name."

"What for?" Beetle entered joyously into the libel.

"Forty shillin's or a month for—hackin' the chucker-out of the Pavvy on the shins. Bates always has a spree when he goes to town. Wish he was back, though. I'm about sick o' King's 'whips an' scorpions' an' lectures on public-school spirit—yah!—and scholarship!"

"Crass an' materialized brutality of the middle-classes—readin' solely for marks. Not a scholar in the whole school," McTurk quoted, pensively boring holes in the mantelpiece with a hot poker.

"That's rather a sickly way of spending an afternoon. Stinks, too! Let's come out an' smoke. Here's a treat." Stalky held up a long cheroot. "Bagged that from my pater last holidays. I'm a bit shy of it, though: it's heftier than a pipe. We'll smoke it palaver-fashion. Hand it round, eh? Let's lie up behind the old harrow on the Monkey-farm Road."

"Out of bounds. Bounds beastly strict these days, too. Besides, we shall cat." Beetle sniffed the cheroot critically. "It's a regular Pomposo Stinkadore."

"You can; I shan't. What d'you say, Turky?"

"Oh, may's well, I s'pose."

"Chuck on your cap, then. It's two to one. Beetle, out you come!"

They saw a group of boys by the notice-board in the corridor; little Foxy, the school sergeant, among them.

"More bounds, I expect," said Stalky. "Hullo, Foxibus, who are you in mournin' for?" There was a broad band of crape round Foxy's arm.

"He was in my old regiment," said Foxy, jerking his head towards the notices, where a newspaper cutting was thumb-tacked between call-over lists.

"By gum!" quoth Stalky, uncovering as he read. "It's old Duncan—Fat-Sow Dun-

can—killed on duty at something or other Kotal. 'Rallyin' his men with conspicuous gallantry!' He would, of course. The body was recovered. That's all right. They cut 'em up sometimes, don't they, Foxy?"

"Horrid," said the Sergeant briefly.

"Poor old Fat-Sow! I was a fag when he left. How many does that make to us, Foxy?"

"Mr. Duncan, he is the ninth. He come here when he was no bigger than little Grey tertius. My old regiment, too. Yiss, nine to us, Mr. Corkran, up to date."

The boys went out into the wet, walking swiftly.

"Wonder how it feels—to be shot and all that," said Stalky, as they splashed down a lane. "Where did it happen, Beetle?"

"Oh, out in India somewhere. We're always rowin' there. But look here, Stalky, what is the good o' sittin' under a hedge an' catten' ? It's be-eastly cold. It's be-eastly wet, and we'll be collared as sure as a gun."

"Shut up! Did you ever know your Uncle Stalky get you into a mess yet?" Like many other leaders, Stalky did not dwell on past defeats.

They pushed through a dripping hedge, landed among water-logged clods, and sat down on a rust-coated harrow. The cheroot burned with sputterings of saltpeter. They smoked it gingerly, each passing to the other between closed forefinger and thumb.

"Good job we hadn't one apiece, ain't it?" said Stalky, shivering through set teeth. To prove his words he immediately laid all before them, and they followed his example.

"I told you," moaned Beetle, sweating clammy drops. "Oh, Stalky, you are a fool!"

"*Je cat, tu cat, il cat. Nous cattons!*" McTurk handed up his contribution and lay hopelessly on the cold iron.

"Something's wrong with the beastly thing. I say, Beetle, have you been droppin' ink on it?"

But Beetle was in no case to answer. Limp and empty, they sprawled across the harrow, the rust marking their ulsters in red squares and the abandoned cheroot-end reeking under their very cold noses. Then—they had heard nothing—the Head himself stood before them—the Head who should have been in town bribing examiners—the Head fantastically attired in old tweeds and a deer-stalker!

"Ah," he said, fingering his moustache. "Very good. I might have guessed who it was. You will go back to the College and

give my compliments to Mr. King and ask him to give you an extra-special licking. You will then do me five hundred lines. I shall be back to-morrow. Five hundred lines by five o'clock to-morrow. You are also gated for a week. This is not exactly the time for breaking bounds. *Extra special, please.*"

He disappeared over the hedge as lightly as he had come. There was a murmur of women's voices in the deep lane.

"Oh, you Prooshian brute!" said McTurk as the voices died away. "Stalky, it's all your silly fault."

"Kill him! Kill him!" gasped Beetle.

"I ca-an't. I'm going to cat again . . . I don't mind *that*, but King'll gloat over us horrid. *Extra special, ooh!*"

Stalky made no answer—not even a soft one. They went to College and received that for which they had been sent. King enjoyed himself most thoroughly, for by virtue of their seniority the boys were exempt from his hand, save under special order. Luckily, he was no expert in the gentle art.

"Strange, how desire doth outrun performance," said Beetle irreverently, quoting from some Shakespeare play that they were cramming that term. They regained their study and settled down to the imposition.

"You're quite right, Beetle." Stalky spoke in silky and propitiating tones. "Now, if the Head had sent us up to a prefect, we'd have got something to remember!"

"Look here," McTurk began with a cold venom, "we aren't going to row you about this business, because it's too bad for a row; but we want you to understand you're jolly well excommunicated, Stalky. You're plain ass."

"How was I to know that the Head 'ud collar us? What was he doin' in those ghastly clothes, too?"

"Don't try to raise a side-issue," Beetle grunted severely.

"Well, it was all Stettson major's fault. If he hadn't gone an' got diphtheria 'twouldn't have happened. But don't you think it rather rummy—the Head droppin' on us that way?"

"Shut up! You're dead!" said Beetle. "We've chopped your spurs off your beastly heels. We've cocked your shield upside down and—and I don't think you ought to be allowed to brew for a month."

"Oh, stop jawin' at me. I want——"

"Stop? Why—why, we're gated for a week." McTurk almost howled as the agony of the situation overcame him. "A lickin'

from King; five hundred lines; and a gatin'. D'you expect us to kiss you, Stalky, you beast?"

"Drop rottin' for a minute. I want to find out about the Head bein' where he was."

"Well, you *have*. You found him quite well and fit. Found him making love to Stettson major's mother. That was her in the lane—I heard her. And so we were ordered a licking before a day-boy's mother. Bony old widow, too," said McTurk. "Anything else you'd like to find out?"

"I don't care. I swear I'll get even with him some day," Stalky growled.

"Looks like it," said McTurk. "Extra special, week's gatin' and five hundred . . . and now you're goin' to row about it! Help scrag him, Beetle!" Stalky had thrown his Virgil at them.

The Head returned next day without explanation, to find the lines waiting for him and the school a little relaxed under Mr. King's vicereignty. Mr. King had been talking at and round and over the boys' heads, in a lofty and promiscuous style, of public-school spirit and the traditions of ancient seats; for he always improved an occasion. Beyond waking in two hundred and fifty young hearts a lively hatred of all other foundations, he accomplished little—so little, indeed, that when, two days after the Head's return, he chanced to come across Stalky and Co., gated but ever resourceful playing marbles in the corridor, he said that he was not surprised—not in the least surprised. This was what he had expected from persons of their *morale*.

"But there isn't any rule against marbles, sir. Very interestin' game," said Beetle, his knees white with chalk and dust. Then he received two hundred lines for insolence, besides an order to go to the nearest prefect for judgment and slaughter.

This is what happened behind the closed doors of Flint's study, and Flint was then Head of the Games:—

"Oh, I say, Flint. King has sent me to you for playin' marbles in the corridor an' shoutin' 'alley tor' an' 'knuckle down.'"

"What does he suppose I have to do with that?" was the answer.

"Dunno. Well?" Beetle grinned wickedly. "What am I to tell him? He's rather wrathful about it."

"If the Head chooses to put a notice in the corridor forbiddin' marbles, I can do something; but I can't move on a house-master's report. He knows that as well as I do."

The sense of this oracle Beetle conveyed.

all unsweetened, to King, who hastened to interview Flint.

Now Flint had been seven and a half years at the College, counting six months with a London crammer, from whose roof he had returned, homesick, to the Head for the final Army polish. There were four or five other seniors who had gone through much the same mill, not to mention boys, rejected by other establishments on account of a certain overwhelmingness, whom the Head had wrought into very fair shape. It was not a Sixth to be handled without gloves, as King found.

"Am I to understand it is your intention to allow board-school games under your study windows, Flint? If so, I can only say——" He said much, and Flint listened politely.

"Well, sir, if the Head sees fit to call a prefects' meeting we are bound to take the matter up. But the tradition of the school is that the prefects can't move in any matter affecting the whole school without the Head's direct order."

Much more was then delivered, both sides a little losing their temper.

After tea, at an informal gathering of prefects in his study, Flint related the adventure.

"He's been playin' for this for a week, and now he's got it. You know as well as I do that if he hadn't been gassing at us the way he has, that young devil Beetle wouldn't have dreamed of marbles."

"We know that," said Perowne, "but that isn't the question. On Flint's showin' King has called us names enough to justify a first-class row. Crammers' rejections, ill-regulated hobble-de-hoys, wasn't it? Now it's impossible for prefects——"

"Rot," said Flint. "King's the best classical cram we've got; and 'tisn't fair to bother the Head with a row. He's up to his eyes with extra-tu. and army work as it is. Besides, as I told King, we *aren't* a public school. We're a limited liability company payin' four per cent. My father's a shareholder, too."

"What's that got to do with it?" said Venner, a red-headed boy of eighteen.

"Well, seems to me that we should be interferin' with ourselves. We've got to get into the Army or—get out. Haven't we? King's hired by the Council to teach us. All the rest's flumdidle. Can't you see?"

It might have been because he felt the air was a little thunderous that the Head took his after-dinner cheroot to Flint's study; but he so often began an evening in a pre-

fect's room that nobody suspected when he drifted in pensively, after the knocks that etiquette demanded.

"Prefects' meeting?" A cock of one wise eyebrow.

"Not exactly, sir; we're just talking things over. Won't you take the easy chair?"

"Thanks. Luxurious infants, you are." He dropped into Flint's big half-couch and puffed for awhile in silence. "Well, since you're all here, I may confess that I'm the mute with the bowstring."

The young faces grew serious. The phrase meant that certain of their number would be withdrawn from all further games for extra-tuition. It might also mean future success at Sandhurst; but it was present ruin for the First Fifteen.

"Yes, I've come for my pound of flesh. I ought to have had you out before the Exeter match; but it's our sacred duty to beat Exeter."

"Isn't the Old Boys' match sacred, too, sir?" said Perowne. The Old Boys' match was the event of the Easter term.

"We'll hope they aren't in training. Now for the list. First I want Flint. It's the Euclid that does it. You must work deductions with me. Perowne, extra mechanical drawing. Dawson goes to Mr. King for extra Latin, and Venner to me for German. Have I damaged the First Fifteen much?" He smiled sweetly.

"Ruined it, I'm afraid, sir," said Flint. "Can't you let us off till the end of the term?"

"Impossible. It will be a tight squeeze for Sandhurst this year."

"And all to be cut up by those vile Afghans, too," said Dawson. "Wouldn't think there'd be so much competition, would you?"

"Oh, that reminds me. Crandall is coming down with the Old Boys—I've asked twenty of them, but we shan't get more than a weak team. I don't know whether he'll be much use, though. He was rather knocked about, recovering poor old Duncan's body."

"Crandall major—the Gunner?" Perowne asked.

"No, the minor—'Toffee' Crandall—in a native infantry regiment. He was almost before your time, Perowne."

"The papers didn't say anything about him. We read about Fat-Sow, of course. What's Crandall done, sir?"

"I've brought over an Indian paper that his mother sent me. It was rather a—hefty, I think you say—piece of work. Shall I read it?"

The Head knew how to read. When he had finished the quarter-column of close type everybody thanked him politely.

"Good for the old Coll.!" said Perowne. "Pity he wasn't in time to save Fat-Sow, though. That's nine to us, isn't it, in the last three years?"

"Yes . . . And I took old Duncan off all games for extra-tu. five years ago this term," said the Head. "By the way, who do you hand over the Games to, Flint?"

"Haven't thought yet. Who'd you recommend, sir?"

"No, thank you. I've heard it casually hinted behind my back that the Prooshian Bates is a downy bird, but he isn't going to make himself responsible for a new Head of the Games. Settle it among yourselves. Good night."

"And that's the man," said Flint, when the door shut, "that you want to bother with a dame's school row."

"I was only pullin' your fat leg," Perowne returned, hastily. "You're so easy to draw, Flint."

"Well, never mind that. The Head's knocked the First Fifteen to bits, and we've got to pick up the pieces, or the Old Boys will have a walk-over. Let's promote all the Second Fifteen and make Big Side play up. There's heaps of talent somewhere that we can polish up between now and the match."

The case was represented so urgently to the school that even Stalky and McTurk, who affected to despise football, played one Big-Side game seriously. They were forthwith promoted ere their ardor had time to cool, and the dignity of their Caps demanded that they should keep some show of virtue. The match-team was worked at least four days out of seven, and the school saw hope ahead.

With the last week of the term the Old Boys began to arrive, and their welcome was nicely proportioned to their worth. Gentlemen cadets from Sandhurst and Woolwich, who had only left a year ago, but who carried enormous side, were greeted with a cheerful "Hullo! What's the Shop like?" from those who had shared their studies. Militia subalterns had more consideration, but it was understood they were not precisely of the true metal. Recreants who, failing for the Army, had gone into business or banks were received for old sake's sake, but in no way made too much of. But when the real subalterns, officers and gentlemen full-blown—who had been to the ends of the earth and back again and so carried no side—came on the scene strolling about with the Head, the school

divided right and left in admiring silence. And when one laid hands on Flint, even upon the Head of the Games, crying, "Good Heavens! What do you mean by growing in this way? You were a beastly little fag when I left," visible haloes encircled Flint. They would walk to and fro in the corridor with the little red school-sergeant, telling news of old regiments; they would burst into form-rooms sniffing well-remembered smells of ink and whitewash; they would find nephews and cousins in the lower forms and present them with enormous wealth; or they would invade the gymnasium and make Foxy show off the new stock on the bars.

Chiefly, though, they talked with the Head, who was father-confessor and agent-general to them all; for what they shouted in their unthinking youth, they proved in their thoughtless manhood—to wit, that the Prooshian Bates was "a downy bird." Young blood who had stumbled into an entanglement with a pastry-cook's daughter at Plymouth; experience who had come into a small legacy but mistrusted lawyers; ambition halting at cross-roads, anxious to take the one that would lead him farthest; extravagance pursued by the money-lender; arrogance in the thick of a regimental row—each carried his trouble to the Head; and Chiron showed him, in language quite unfit for little boys, a quiet and safe way round, out or under. So they overflowed his house, smoked his cigars, and drank his health as they had drunk it all the earth over when two or three of the old School had foregathered.

"Don't stop smoking for a minute," said the Head. "The more you're out of training the better for us. I've demoralized the First Fifteen with extra-tu."

"Ah, but we're a scratch lot. Have you told 'em we shall need a substitute even if Crandall can play?" said a Lieutenant of Engineers with a D.S.O. to his credit.

"He wrote me he'd play, so he can't have been much hurt. He's coming down to-morrow morning."

"Crandall minor that was, and brought off poor Duncan's body?" The Head nodded. "Where are you going to put him? We've turned you out of house and home already, Head Sahib." This was a Squadron-Commander of Bengal Lancers, home on leave.

"I'm afraid he'll have to go up to his old dormitory. You know old boys can claim that privilege. Yes, I think leetle Crandall minor must bed down there once more."

"Bates Sahib"—a Gunner flung a heavy

arm round the Head's neck—"you've got something up your sleeve. Confess! I know that twinkle."

"Can't you see, you cuckoo?" a Submarine Miner interrupted. "Crandall goes up to the dormitory as an object-lesson, for

executed a public "gloat" up and down the enemy's big form-room, departing in a haze of ink-pots.

"What d'you take any notice of these rotters for?" said Stalky, playing substitute for the Old Boys, magnificent in black jersey,



"SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH THE BEASTLY THING."

moral effect and so forth. Isn't that true, Head Sahib?"

"It is. You know too much, Purvis. I licked you for that in '79."

"You did, sir, and it's my private belief you chalked the cane."

"N-no. But I've a very straight eye. Perhaps that misled you."

That opened the flood-gates of fresh memories, and they all told tales out of school.

When Crandall minor that was—Lieutenant R. Crandall of an ordinary native corps—arrived from Exeter on the morning of the match, he was cheered along the whole front of the College, for the prefects had repeated the sense of that which the Head had read them in Flint's study. When Prout's house understood that he would claim his Old Boy's right to a bed for one night, Beetle ran into King's next door and

white knickers, and black stockings. "I talked to *him* up in the dormitory when he was changin'. Pulled his sweater down for him. He's cut about all over the arms—horrid purply ones. He's goin' to tell us about it to-night. I asked him to when I was lacin' his boots."

"Well, you *have* got cheek," said Beetle, enviously.

"Slipped out before I thought. But he wasn't a bit angry. He's no end of a chap. I swear I'm goin' to play up like beans. Tell Turkey!"

The technique of that match belongs to a bygone age. Scrimmages were tight and enduring; hacking was direct and to the purpose; and around the scrimmage stood the School, crying, "Put down your heads and shove!" Toward the end everybody lost all sense of decency, and mothers of

day-boys too close to the touch-line heard language not included in the bills. No one was actually carried off the field, but both sides felt happier when time was called, and Beetle helped Stalky and McTurk into their overcoats. The two had met in the many-legged heart of things, and as Stalky said had "done each other proud." As they swaggered woodenly behind the teams—substitutes do not rank as equals of hairy men—they passed a pony-carriage near the wall, and a husky voice cried, "Well played. Oh, played indeed!" It was Stettson major, white-cheeked and hollow-eyed, who had fought his way to the ground under escort of an impatient coachman.

"Hullo, Stettson," said Stalky, checking. "Is it safe to come near you yet?"

"Oh, yes. I'm all right. They wouldn't let me out before, but I had to come to the match. Your mouth looks pretty plummy."

"Turkey trod on it accidental-done-a-purpose. Well, I'm glad you're better, because we owe you something. You and your membranes got us into a sweet mess, young man."

"I heard of that," said the boy, giggling. "The Head told me."

"Dooce he did! When?"

"Oh, come on up to Coll. My shin'll stiffen if we stay jawin' here."

"Shut up, Turkey. I want to find out about this. Well?"

"He was stayin' at our house all the time I was ill."

"What for? Neglectin' the Coll. that way? Thought he was in town."

"I was off my head, you know, and they said I kept on callin' for him."

"Cheek! You're only a day-boy."

"He came just the same, and he about saved my life. I was all bunged up one night—just goin' to croak, the doctor said—and they stuck a tube or somethin' in my throat, and the Head sucked out the stuff."

"Ugh! Shot if I would!"

"He ought to have got diphtheria himself,

the doctor said. So he stayed on at our house instead of going back. I'd ha' croaked in another twenty minutes, the doctor says."

Here the coachman, being under orders, whipped up and nearly ran over the three.

"My Hat!" said Beetle. "That's pretty average heroic."

"Pretty average!" McTurk's knee in the small of his back cannoned him into Stalky, who punted him back. "You ought to be hung!"

"And the Head ought to get the V.C.," said Stalky. "Why, he might have been dead and buried by now. But he wasn't. But he didn't. Ho! ho! He just nipped through the hedge like a lusty old blackbird. Extra-special, five hundred lines an' gated for a week—all sereno."

"I've read o' somethin' like that in a book," said Beetle. "Gummy, what a chap! Just think of it!"

"I'm thinking," said McTurk; and he delivered a wild Irish yell that made the team turn round.

"Shut your fat mouth," said Stalky, dancing with impatience. "Leave it to your Uncle Stalky, and he'll have the Head on toast. If you say a word, Beetle, till I give you leave, I swear I'll slay you. *Habeo Capitem crinitus minimis*. I've got him by the short hairs! Now look as if nothing had happened."

There was no need of guile. The School was too busy cheering the drawn match. It hung round the lavatories regardless of muddy boots while the team washed. It cheered Crandall minor whenever it caught sight of him, and it cheered more wildly than ever after prayers, because the Old Boys in evening dress, visibly twirling their mustaches, attended, and instead of standing with the masters, ranged themselves along the wall immediately before the prefects; and the Head called them over, too—majors, minors, and tertiuses, after their old names.

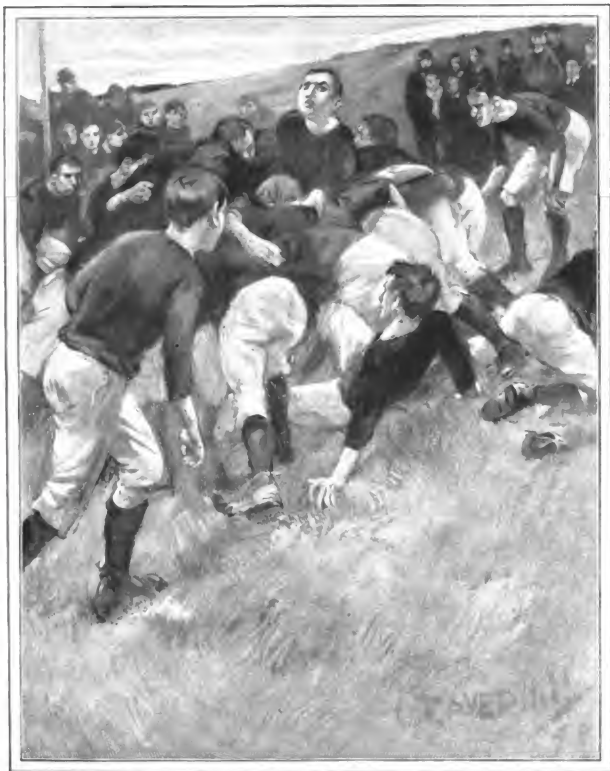
"Yes, it's all very fine," he said to his guests after dinner, "but the boys are



"The Head fantastically attired."

getting a little out of hand. There will be trouble and sorrow later, I'm afraid. You'd better turn in early, Crandall. The dormitory will be sitting up for you. I don't

bed attic dormitory, communicating through doorless openings with three others. The gas flickered over the raw pine washstands. There was an incessant whistling of drafts,



THE OLD BOYS' MATCH.

know to what dizzy heights you may climb in your profession, but I do know you'll never get such absolute adoration as you're getting now."

"Confound the adoration. I want to finish my cigar, sir."

"It's all pure gold. Go where glory waits, Crandall—minor."

The setting of that apotheosis was a ten-

and outside the blindless windows the sea beat on the Pebbleridge.

"Same old bed—same old mattress, I believe," said Crandall, yawning. "Same old everything. Oh, but I'm lame! I'd no notion you chaps could play like this." He caressed a battered shin. "You've given us all something to remember you by."

It needed a few minutes to put them at

their ease; and, in some way they could not understand, they were more easy when Crandall turned round and said his prayers—a ceremony he had neglected for some years.

"Oh, I am sorry. I've forgotten to put out the gas."

"Please don't bother," said the prefect of the dormitory. "Worthington does that."

A nightgowned twelve-year-old, who had been waiting to show off, leaped from his bed to the bracket and back again, by way of a washstand.

"How d'you manage when he's asleep?" said Crandall, chuckling.

"Shove a cold cleek down his neck."

"It was a wet sponge when I was junior in the dormitory. . . . Hullo! What's happening?"

The darkness had filled with whispers, the sound of trailing rugs, bare feet on bare boards, protests, giggles, and threats such as:

"Be quiet, you ass! . . . Squattez-vous on the floor, then! . . . I swear you aren't going to sit on my bed! . . . Mind the tooth-glass," etc.

"Sta—Corkran said," the prefect began, his tone showing his sense of Stalky's insolence, "that perhaps you'd tell us about that business with Duncan's body."

"Yes—yes—yes," ran the keen whispers. "Tell us."

"There's nothing to tell. What on earth are you chaps hoppin' about in the cold for?"

"Never mind us," said the voices. "Tell about Fat-Sow."

So Crandall turned on his pillow and spoke to the generation he could not see.

"Well, about three months ago he was commanding a treasure-guard—a cart full of rupees to pay troops with—five thousand rupees in silver. He was comin' to a place called Fort Pearson, near Kalabagh."

"I was born there," squeaked a small fag. "It was called after my uncle."

"Shut up—you and your uncle! Never mind him, Crandall."

"Well, ne'er mind. The Afridis found out that this treasure was on the move, and they ambushed the whole show a couple of miles before he got to the fort, and cut up the escort. Duncan was wounded, and the escort hooked it. There weren't more than twenty Sepoys all told, and there were any amount of Afridis. As things turned out, I was in charge at Fort Pearson. Fact was, I'd heard the firing and was just going to see about it, when Duncan's men came up. So we all turned back together. They told me something about an officer, but I couldn't get the

hang of things till I saw a chap under the wheels of the cart out in the open, propped up on one arm, blazing away with a revolver. You see, the escort had abandoned the cart, and the Afridis—they're an awfully suspicious gang—thought the retreat was a trap—sort of draw, you know—and the cart was the bait. So they had left poor old Duncan alone. Minute they spotted how few we were, it was a race across the flat who should reach old Duncan first. We ran, and they ran, and we won, and after a little hackin' about they pulled off. I never knew it was one of us till I was right on top of him. There are heaps of Duncans in the service, and of course the name didn't remind me. He wasn't changed at all hardly. He'd been shot through the lungs, poor old man, and he was pretty thirsty. I gave him a drink and sat down beside him, and—funny thing, too—he said, 'Hullo, Toffee!' and I said, 'Hullo, Fat-Sow! hope you aren't hurt,' or something of the kind. But he died in a minute or two—never lifted his head off my knees. . . . I say, you chaps out there will get your death of cold. Better go to bed."

"All right. In a minute. But your cuts—your cuts. How did you get wounded?"

"That was when we were taking the body back to the Fort. They came on again, and there was a bit of a scrimmage."

"Did you kill anyone?"

"Yes. Shouldn't wonder. Good night."

"Good night. Thank you, Crandall. Thanks awfully, Crandall. Good night."

The unseen crowds withdrew. His own dormitory rustled into bed and lay silent for a while.

"I say, Crandall"—Stalky's voice was tuned to a wholly foreign reverence.

"Well, what?"

"Suppose a chap found another chap croaking with diphtheria—all bunged up with it—and they stuck a tube in his throat and the chap sucked the stuff out, what would you say?"

"Um," said Crandall, reflectively. "I've only heard of one case, and that was a doctor. He did it for a woman."

"Oh, this wasn't a woman. It was just a boy."

"Makes it all the finer, then. It's about the bravest thing a man could do. Why?"

"Oh, I heard of a chap doin' it. That's all."

"Then he's a brave man."

"Would you funk it?"

"Ra-ther. Anybody would. Fancy dying of diphtheria in cold blood."



"'THERE WAS A BIT OF A SCRIMMAGE.'"

"Well—ah! Er! Look here!" The sentence ended in a grunt, for Stalky had leaped out of bed and with McTurk was sitting on the head of Beetle, who would have sprung the mine there and then.

Next day, which was the last of the term and given up to a few wholly unimportant examinations, began with wrath and war. Mr. King had discovered that nearly all his house—it lay, as you know, next door but one to Prout's in the long range of buildings—had unlocked the doors between the dormitories and had gone in to listen to a story told by Crandall. He went to the Head, clamorous, injured, appealing; for he never approved of allowing so-called young men of the world to contaminate the morals of boyhood. Very good, said the Head. He would attend to it.

"Well, I'm awfully sorry," said Crandall guiltily. "I don't think I told 'em anything they oughtn't to hear. Don't let them get into trouble on my account."

"Tck!" the Head answered, with the ghost of a wink. "It isn't the boys that make trouble; it's the masters. However, Prout and King don't approve of dormitory gatherings on this scale, and one must back up the house-masters. Moreover, it's hopeless to punish two houses only, so late in the term. We must be fair and include everybody. Let's see. They have a holiday task for the Easters, which, of course, none of them will ever look at. We will give the whole school, except prefects and study-boys, regular prep. to-night; and the Common-room will have to supply a master to take it. We must be fair to all."

"Prep. on the last night of the term. Whew!" said Crandall, thinking of his own wild youth. "I fancy there will be larks."

The school, frolicking among packed trunks, whooping down the corridor, and "gloating" in form-rooms, received the news with amazement and rage. No school in the world did prep. on the last night of the term. This thing was monstrous, tyrannical, subversive of law, religion, and morality. They would go into the form-rooms, and they would take their degraded holiday task with them, but—here they smiled and speculated what manner of man the Common-room would send up against them. The lot fell on Mason, new, credulous, and enthusiastic, who loved youth. No other master was anxious to take that "prep." for the school lacked the steady influence of tradition; and men accustomed to the ordered routine of ancient foundations found it occasionally

insubordinate. The four long form-rooms, in which all below the rank of study-boys worked, received him with thunders of applause. Ere he had coughed twice they favored him with a metrical summary of the marriage-laws of Great Britain, as recorded by the High Priest of the Israelites and commented on by the leader of the host. The lower forms reminded him that it was the last day, and that therefore he must "take it all in play." When he dashed off to rebuke them, the Lower Fourth and Upper Third began with one accord to be sick, loudly and realistically. Mr. Mason tried, of all vain things under heaven, to argue with them, and a bold soul at a back desk bade him "take fifty lines for not 'old-ing up 'is 'and before speaking." As one who prided himself upon the precision of his English this cut Mason to the quick, and while he was trying to discover the offender, the Upper and Lower Second, three form-rooms away, turned out the gas and threw ink-pots. It was a pleasant and stimulating "prep." The study-boys and prefects heard the echoes of it far off, and the Common-room at dessert smiled.

Stalky waited, watch in hand, till half-past eight.

"If it goes on much longer the Head will come up," said he. "We'll tell the studies first, and then the form-rooms. Look sharp!"

He allowed no time for Beetle to be dramatic or McTurk to drawl. They poured into study after study, told their tale, and went again so soon as they saw they were understood, waiting for no comment; while the noise of that unholy "prep." grew and deepened. By the door of Flint's study they met Mason flying towards the corridor.

"Gone to fetch the Head. Hurry up! Come on!"

They broke into Number Twelve form-room abreast and panting.

"The Head! The Head! The Head!" That call stilled the tumult for a minute, and Stalky leaping to a desk shouted, "He went and sucked the diphtheria stuff out of Stettson major's throat when we thought he was in town. Stop rotting, you asses! Stettson major would have croaked if the Head hadn't done it. The Head might have died himself. Crandall says it's the bravest thing any livin' man can do, and"—his voice cracked—"the Head don't know we know!"

McTurk and Beetle, jumping from desk to desk, drove the news home among the junior forms. There was a pause, and then, Mason behind him, the Head entered. It

was in the established order of things that no boy should speak or move under his eye. He expected the hush of awe. He was received with cheers—steady, ceaseless cheering. Being a wise man he went away, and the forms were silent and a little frightened.

"It's all right," said Stalky. "He can't do much. 'Tisn't as if you'd pulled the desks up like we did when old Carleton took prep. once. There's no damage except to Mason's feelin's. Keep it up! Hear 'em cheering in the studies!" He rocketed out with a yell, to find Flint and the prefects lifting the roof off the corridor.

When the Head of a limited liability company, paying four per cent., is cheered on his saintly way to prayers, not only by four form-rooms of boys waiting punishment, but by heads of games and prefects, he can either ask for an explanation or go his road with dignity, while the senior house-master glares like an excited cat and points out to a white and trembling mathematical master that certain methods—not his, thank God—usually produce certain results. Out of delicacy the Old Boys did not attend that call-over; and

it was to the school drawn up in the gymnasium that the Head spoke icily.

"It is not often that I do not understand you; but I confess I do not to-night. Some of you, after your idiotic performances at prep., seem to think me a fit person to cheer. I am going to show you that I am not."

Crash—crash—crash—came the triple cheer that disproved it, and the Head lowered under the gas.

"That is enough. You will gain nothing. The little boys (the Lower School did not like that form of address) will do me three hundred lines apiece in the holidays. I shall take no further notice of them. The Upper School will do me one thousand lines apiece in the holidays, to be shown up the evening of the day they come back. And further——"

"Gummy, what a glutton!" Stalky whispered.

"For your behavior towards Mr. Mason I intend to lick the whole of the Upper School to-morrow when I give you your journey-money. This will include the three study-boys I found dancing on the form-room desks



"'IT'S A WAY WE HAVE IN THE ARMY.'"

when I came up. Prefects will stay after call-over."

The school filed out in silence, but gathered in groups by the gymnasium door waiting what might befall.

"And now, Flint," said the Head, "will you be good enough to give me some explanation of your conduct?"

"Well, sir," said Flint desperately, "if you save a chap's life at the risk of your own when he's dying of diphtheria, and the Coll. finds it out, wha-what can you expect, sir?"

"Um, I see. Then that noise was not meant for—ah, cheek. I can connive at immorality, but I cannot stand impudence. However, it does not excuse their insolence to Mr. Mason. I'll forego the lines this once, remember; but the lickings hold good."

When this news was made public, the school, lost in wonder and admiration, gasped at the Head as he went to his house. Here was a man to be revered. On the rare occasions when he caned he did it very scientifically, and the execution of a hundred boys would be epic—immense.

"It's all right, Head Sahib. We know," said Crandall, as the Head slipped off his gown with a grunt in his smoking-room. "I found out just now from our substitute. He was gettin' my opinion on your performance last night in the dormitory. I didn't know it was *you* he was talkin' about. Crafty young animal. Freckled chap with eyes—Corkran, I think his name is."

"Oh, I know *him*, thank you," said the Head, and reflectively: "Ye-es, I should have included them even if I hadn't seen 'em."

"If the old Coll. weren't a little above themselves already, we'd chair you down the corridor," said the Engineer. "Oh, Bates, how *could* you? You might have caught it yourself, and where would we have been, then?"

"I always knew you were worth twenty of us any day. Now I'm sure of it," said the Squadron Commander, looking round for contradictions.

"He isn't fit to manage a school, though. Promise you'll never do it again, Bates Sahib.

We—we can't go away comfy in our minds if you take these risks," said the Gunner.

"Bates Sahib, you aren't ever goin' to cane the whole Upper School, are you?" said Crandall.

"I can connive at immorality, as I said, but I can't stand impudence. Mason's lot is quite hard enough even when I back him. Besides, the men in the golf-club heard them singing 'Aaron and Moses.' I shall have complaints about that from the parents of day-boys. Decency must be preserved."

"We're coming to help," said all the guests.

The Upper School were caned one after the other, their overcoats over their arms, the brakes waiting in the road below to take them to the station, their journey-money on the table. The Head began with Stalky, McTurk, and Beetle. He dealt faithfully with them.

"And here's your journey-money. Good-by, and pleasant holidays."

"Good-by. Thank you, sir. Good-by."

They shook hands.

"Desire don't outrun performance—*much*—this mornin'. We got the cream of it," said Stalky. "Now wait till a few chaps come out, and we'll really cheer him."

"Don't wait on our account, please," said Crandall, speaking for the Old Boys. "We're going to begin now."

It was very well so long as the cheering was confined to the corridor, but when it spread to the gymnasium, when the boys awaiting their turn cheered, the Head gave it up in despair, and the remnant flung themselves upon him to shake hands.

Then they seriously devoted themselves to cheering till the brakes were hustled off the premises in dumb-show.

"Didn't I say I'd get even with him?" said Stalky on the box-seat, as they swung into the narrow Northam street. "Now all together, takin' time from your Uncle Stalky:

It's a way we have in the Army,
It's a way we have in the Navy,
It's a way we have at the Public Schools,
Which nobody can deny!"

McCLURE'S ANNOUNCEMENTS—THE BOOK DEPARTMENT

"Infinite Riches for a Little Money"

SPECIAL EDITION SOLD ONLY TO OUR OWN SUBSCRIBERS

10 Handsome Volumes of

"Little Masterpieces"

and A Year's Subscription to

McClure's Magazine

For
\$1.00
a month



LITTLE MASTERPIECES

Edited by BLISS PERRY

A SERIES of ten volumes containing the best work of ten great authors who head the list of modern writers. The books are masterpieces of literature, and they are also masterpieces of bookmaking, the clear, readable type, the fine paper, the portrait frontispieces in photogravure, the tasteful strong cloth binding and leather, making up a series of which the *Philadelphia American* says:—"They are by far the most artistic and well-printed books issued at the price; they could hardly be better at any price." These dainty books give in the handiest form the most representative and characteristic work of authors to know whom is necessary to a liberal education; and they are at once a delight to the eye and the mind.

Vol. I. POE

Vol. VI. LINCOLN (including the Lost Speech)

Vol. II. HAWTHORNE

Vol. VII. MACAULAY

Vol. III. IRVING

Vol. VIII. RUSKIN

Vol. IV. FRANKLIN

Vol. IX. CARLYLE

Vol. V. WEBSTER

Vol. X. THACKERAY

These ten fine volumes, size 4 x 6, bound in silk cloth and strong leather, each with more than 200 pages and photogravure frontispiece,

Delivered Free and On Approval

Price of the set in cloth, \$1.00 a month for six months, or \$5.40 if the whole amount is paid at once AFTER EXAMINATION. FULL LEATHER, \$2.00 a month for six months, or \$10.80 in one payment.

EITHER OFFER INCLUDES A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO McCLURE'S MAGAZINE FREE

Doubleday & McClure Co., Publishers, 141-155 E. 25th St., N. Y.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s New Books

The Battle of the Strong

By GILBERT PARKER, author of "The Seats of the Mighty," etc. 12mo, \$1.50.

Few novelists now writing in America or England reach a larger or more attentive audience than that which welcomes a new story by Gilbert Parker. The scenes of "The Battle of the Strong" are principally in the Isle of Jersey. The story opens early in 1781, when a company of French soldiers is sent to capture the island from the British. Without giving the plot, it may be said that the time is one of great historical significance; the French Revolution casts its strong, fierce light on the scene; and war, loyalty, treason, love, and devotion lend a most truthful and often tragic variety to the tale. The story is of engrossing interest, and is told with a power and mastery which will add even to Mr. Parker's already great reputation as a novelist.

A Lover of Truth

By ELIZA ORNE WHITE, author of "Winterborough," "A Browning Courtship," etc. 16mo, \$1.25.

The scenes and characters of this novel belong to New England, which Miss White knows and describes so well. The story is named for a young man who insists on speaking the truth in season and out of season. Other characters are a young man of good sense, a pretty girl, a girl who is much more than pretty, and the story is told with much brightness and humor.

The Black Curtain

A Novel. By FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD, author of "The Man Who Was Guilty," "The Abandoned Claim," etc. Crown 8vo, \$1.50.

Among the foothills not far from San Francisco, the hero and the heroine, unknown to each other, simultaneously take possession of the same section of government land. The friendly contest for possession is admirably described, and the mystery of a black curtain in the hero's cottage adds to the zest of an uncommonly interesting story.

The Boys of Old Monmouth

A Story of Washington's campaign in New Jersey in 1778. By EVERETT T. TOMLINSON, author of "Guarding the Border," "Washington's Young Aids," etc. With illustrations. Crown 8vo, \$1.50.

This is another of Mr. Tomlinson's stirring stories of Revolutionary days. Two boys figure in important scenes, one taking a heroic part in the battle of Monmouth. Washington, Greene, Lee, "Mad Anthony" Wayne, "Captain" Molly Pitcher, and other prominent characters come into the story. The book is thoroughly interesting, and the historic background and atmosphere true to fact.

The Leather-Stocking Tales

By JAMES FENIMORE COOPER. New *Riverside Edition* from new plates. With a new Frontispiece illustration to each volume. 5 vols. 12mo, handsomely bound, \$6.25 a set. (Sold only in sets.)

An entirely new and very desirable library edition of Cooper's famous Leather-Stocking Tales: The Deerslayer, The Last of the Mohicans, The Pathfinder, The Pioneers, The Prairie. They have been carefully edited, are printed and bound in better style than heretofore, and merit a place in public and household libraries.

Poetical Works of Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Cambridge Edition, uniform with the Cambridge Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, Browning and Burns. With a Biographical Sketch and Notes by WILLIAM J. ROFFE, Indexes to Titles and First Lines, a portrait, and an engraved title-page with a vignette. Large crown 8vo, \$2.00.

The distinctive features of this edition are (1) accuracy of text, (2) ample equipment of notes, (3) numbering of the lines, (4) thin, opaque paper, making a convenient volume, and (5) type of good size. It is a remarkably satisfactory single-volume edition of Tennyson.

Corona and Coronet

By MABEL LOOMIS TODD. With many illustrations. Crown 8vo, \$2.50.

This is a sprightly account of the Amherst Eclipse expedition to Japan in the yacht *Coronet* in 1896. The voyage was from San Francisco to Honolulu, Yokohama, and the northern coast of Japan where the eclipse was observed. The incidents of travel are brightly told; the hairy Ainus of northern Yezo as well as the solar eclipse are described. Some chapters are devoted to the people, scenery, history, and volcanoes of Hawaii. The book is illustrated from numerous photographs taken by the expedition.

A World of Green Hills

By BRADFORD TORREY, author of "Birds in the Bush," "The Foot-path Way," "Spring Notes from Tennessee," etc. 16mo, gilt top, \$1.25.

Another of Mr. Torrey's books in which nature, especially bird nature, is treated with equal intelligence and enthusiasm. Here he confines himself mostly to the mountain region of Virginia and North Carolina, where he finds many birds which are old New England acquaintances. His genius for observation and his art in description are as fresh and delightful as ever.

A Corner of Spain

A fresh and attractive book of travel and observation in Spain, chiefly in Malaga and Seville. By MIRIAM COLES HARRIS, author of "Rutledge," etc. 16mo, \$1.25.

The Bibliotaph and Other People

By LEON H. VINCENT. 12mo, \$1.50.

Thoughtful essays on an eccentric book-collector, Thomas Hardy, The Letters of Keats, An Elizabethan Novelist (John Lyly), Priestley's Autobiography, and Gautier.

The Starlight Calendar

Compiled by KATE SANBORN, who compiled "A Year of Sunshine," and "The Rainbow Calendar." 16mo, \$1.25.

Miss Sanborn's previous books are quite above the average of their class in literary excellence and judgment. To these she now adds "The Starlight Calendar," crowning the earthly series with a heavenly conclusion.

A Child's History of England

By CHARLES DICKENS. *Holiday Edition*, with forty-eight full-page engravings of castles, cathedrals, battle-fields, and landscapes, from photographs by Clifton Johnson. Crown 8vo, handsomely bound, \$2.50.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS. SENT, POSTPAID, BY

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston; - - 11 East 17th Street, New York

THE MODERN STOVE POLISH



Enameline

**PASTE
CAKE OR
LIQUID.**

Every Package Guaranteed.

J. L. PRESCOTT & CO., NEW YORK.

Kenilworth Hall. Boarding School for Girls in Kenilworth, a beautiful North Shore suburb of Chicago. Delightful home, thorough instruction. Address, Mrs. MARY KEVES BARCOCK, Kenilworth.

New York, Sing-Sing-on-Hudson.

Mt. Pleasant Military Academy

with separate departments for small boys. 84th year. References: Hon. Joseph H. Choate, Hamilton W. Mabie, L.H.D., Charles B. Hubbell, Pres. Board of Education, New York City. For beautifully illustrated year book address THE PRINCIPALS.

Pennsylvania, Germantown, Philadelphia.

Walnut Lane School and Wellesley Preparatory. Prepares for all Colleges. Academic and special courses. Address Mrs. THEODORA R. RICHARDS, Prin., Miss SARA LOUISE TRACY, Associate.

Pennsylvania, Ogontz.

Cheltenham Academy, near Philadelphia. Pennsylvania's leading preparatory boarding school, under the military system. Represented by more than 30 of its graduates in 17 leading colleges and scientific schools. \$500 to \$600 per year, NO EXTRAS. Illustrated catalog. JOHN C. KICE, Ph.D., Prin., Ogontz, Pa.

New York, New York, 13 and 15 West 86th Street.

Mrs. Leslie Morgan's Boarding and Day School for Girls. Thorough English, from Kindergarten through college preparatory. Conversational French and German. English taught to *Foreigners*. Home and chaperone for special students.

New York, New York, 1440 Broadway, Cor. 40th St.

Stanhope Wheatcroft Dramatic School
Regular Course opened Oct. 17th. Tuition \$400. A complete practical stage training. Private lessons all the year. Prospectus on application. Address, Adeline Stanhope Wheatcroft, Directress.

NATIONAL DRAMATIC CONSERVATORY

F. F. MACRAY and ELEANOR GEORGE, Directors.
Special instruction for the stage, pupils, bar and platform.
Student performance. Special preparatory classes for teachers.
Prospectus mailed on application.
THE NATIONAL DRAMATIC CONSERVATORY,
Berkeley Springs, 17 West 44th Street, New York.

STUDY MEDICINE AT HOME

Individual instruction; both sexes. College Course. University methods. Modern organization. Highly endorsed. Students everywhere. Begin now, utilize spare time, save money. Write for full information. National Correspondence School of Medicine, 122 When Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

LAW COURSE BY MAIL

Leading to degree. Same course as our resident college. University methods. Eminent faculty, lifetime in the work. Five courses. Best proposition offered. National patronage. Begin now, utilize spare time, save money. Get catalogue and particulars. Indianapolis College of Law, 27 Penn. St.

UNITARIAN PUBLICATIONS SENT FREE.

Address, M. C., Arlington Street Church, Boston, Mass. Please mention McClure's.

FRANK G. DOSSERT

...Vocal Instructor

Carnegie Hall, New York, Studio 1205

SINGERS PREPARED FOR OPERA, CONCERT, ORATORIO, OR CHURCH WORK
VOICE BUILDING A SPECIALTY



DO YOU STAMMER

Write for our 145-pg. book, *The Origin of Stammering*, by Geo. Andrew Lewis, who stammered for more than 20 yrs. Sent FREE to any reader of this magazine for six cents in stamps to cover postage. Ask also for a free sample copy of *The Phono-Meter*, a monthly paper exclusively for persons who stammer. Address: **THE LEWIS SCHOOL FOR STAMMERS**, 21 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

Study Law at Home

Instruction by mail, adapted to every one. Methods approved by leading educators. Experienced and competent instructors. Takes spare time only. Three courses, preparatory, business, college. Adapted to better your condition and prospects. Students and graduates everywhere. *Eight years of success.* Full particulars free.
SPRAGUE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF LAW, 210 Tol. Bldg., Detroit, Mich.



FRENCH WITH OR WITHOUT MASTER, \$1.00
GERMAN WITH OR WITHOUT MASTER, \$1.00
SPANISH WITH OR WITHOUT MASTER, \$1.00
A PRACTICAL SMATTERING OF SPANISH, 30c
BERLITZ & CO., MADISON SQUARE, N. Y.



SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM

INSTRUCTION BY MAIL ONLY.
A THOROUGH AND SCIENTIFIC course adapted to the individual needs of writers. Long established. Responsible. Successful. Instructors experienced and competent. Students successful and pleased. Best of references. Write for descriptive catalogue. It is sent free. Address, **SPRAGUE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM**, No. 51 Telephone Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

OLD BOOKS SEND STAMP FOR LIST. Address A. J. Crawford, 312 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo.

HENRY F. MILLER

Pianofortes

BOSTON, MASS.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

SOROSIS

The
New Shoe
for
Women



TRADE-MARK
BRANDED INTO SOLE OF EVERY
SOROSIS SHOE

....The Masterpiece of the Shoemaker's Art and Standard of the World....

If you do not wear Sorosis Shoes you are missing a luxury within your reach that has no parallel in footwear. Worn by the leaders of fashion, and without question the most elegant in shape, the most beautiful in appearance, the most comfortable, and the best shoe ever offered womankind.

Sorosis Shoes support the instep and prevent flattening of the arch of the foot!

If possible, get them of your dealer. Provided he has only an imitation to offer,—and there are such,—write us, and we will forward, express paid, on receipt of retail price,

\$3.50

Send a postal for our handsomely illustrated catalogue containing testimonial letters from prominent women. It gives directions for ordering, and shows shapes and kinds for all occasions. 27 styles, including the new mannish models.

CAUTION!—Avoid disappointment by declining to accept substitutes.

A. E. LITTLE & CO., 62 Blake Street, LYNN, MASS.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

..Kirk's Plan..

Addressed to Churches of all Denominations, all Benevolent and Charitable Organizations, Hospitals and Societies organized for the public's benefit.

A new way to pay OLD DEBTS and a new way to keep OUT OF DEBT.

We herewith submit to your careful consideration a plan, by which it will be an easy matter for your church to raise a large sum of money without any extra trouble or expense on your part. We are desirous of largely increasing the sale of **WHITE CLOUD FLOATING SOAP**, and are willing to spend a large sum of money to have its superiority as a white floating soap more generally known. In fact, some time ago we decided to adopt the plan in question as one of our methods of advertising, and we thought it more advisable to spend our money in this way than in the usual manner now in vogue. Our offer is open to all churches of all denominations, all benevolent and charitable organizations, hospitals and societies organized for the public's benefit, that are desirous of raising money to assist in their good work. Remember it will be easy for you to collect White Cloud Soap wrappers, because Jas. S. Kirk & Co. are not only the most widely known soapmakers in the country, but have the reputation of making the best soaps.

OUR PROPOSITION IS AS FOLLOWS:

Which holds good during 1898 and 1899, or until Jan. 1, 1900, when this offer expires.

We will pay you for outside White Cloud Soap Wrappers, large size:

500 Wrappers.....	\$ 6.45
1,000 Wrappers.....	12.90
2,000 Wrappers.....	26.10
5,000 Wrappers.....	66.00
7,500 Wrappers.....	100.00
10,000 Wrappers.....	135.00
20,000 Wrappers.....	273.00
30,000 Wrappers.....	414.00
40,000 Wrappers.....	558.00
50,000 Wrappers.....	705.00
60,000 Wrappers.....	855.00
70,000 Wrappers.....	1,008.00
80,000 Wrappers.....	1,164.00
90,000 Wrappers.....	1,323.00
100,000 Wrappers.....	1,500.00

Will pay for outside White Cloud Soap Wrappers, small size:

500 Wrappers.....	\$ 2.15
1,000 Wrappers.....	4.30
2,000 Wrappers.....	8.70
5,000 Wrappers.....	22.00
7,500 Wrappers.....	33.38
10,000 Wrappers.....	45.00
20,000 Wrappers.....	91.00
30,000 Wrappers.....	138.00
40,000 Wrappers.....	186.00
50,000 Wrappers.....	235.00
60,000 Wrappers.....	285.00
70,000 Wrappers.....	336.00
80,000 Wrappers.....	388.00
90,000 Wrappers.....	441.00
100,000 Wrappers.....	500.00

How easy it will be for your congregation to raise a large sum of money when you take into consideration the fact that everybody uses soap. If all members of your church will, themselves, use **KIRK'S WHITE CLOUD SOAP** and urge their friends to do so, wrappers will soon commence to pour into your committee's hands by the thousand, and your members will not only be using the very best soap made but enriching your treasury at the same time.

White Cloud Soap, the Autocrat of all White Floating Soaps.

Now, all we ask is that you purchase **WHITE CLOUD SOAP** from your grocer, and urge your friends to do likewise; save the outside wrappers, turn them in to some one appointed to collect them. And when receiver has accumulated a sufficient number to be entitled to any of our offers, send them to us and we will immediately upon receipt mail a remittance covering amount due. However, you have until the end of the year before sending them to us.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO.,

ESTABLISHED, 1839.

CHEMISTS.

CHICAGO U. S. A.



"Appetite

comes with eating." And the hankering for **Pearline** comes from trying it. If you're sceptical about **Pearline's** washing, try it on coarse clothes, etc., first—things that you can't hurt much, and see how it saves work. Having seen **Pearline's** superior work you'll be ready to use it for fine, delicate, cobwebby things.

581

Millions NOW USE Pearline

Patented

RED STAR BRAND

Hygienic Underwear

Is constructed on the theory that two or more light but closely knitted fabrics, with the air confined between, are warmer than a single thick, heavy garment, and the **inter-air-space** prevents colds and relieves rheumatism. This constituting the true principle of hygiene or health in underclothing.

Over eleven hundred physicians, representing every state and territory in the Union, have united in testifying to the sanitary excellence of the **HARDERFOLD** system of underclothing. Two or more thin fabrics are lighter, warmer and in every way better than heavy single fabrics.

For illustrated catalogue, address
HARDERFOLD FABRIC COMPANY, TROY, N. Y.

A COLD WINTER HAS NO TERRORS FOR A MAN INSIDE OF OUR GENUINE IRISH FRIEZE ULSTER

Warm—Comfortable—Durable.



Best workmanship, perfect fitting, has raw edge and seams, all wool Cammere lining, never-wear-out hair cloth sleeve lining, double horn buttons, chain banger, extra strong pockets, deep storm collar. Comes in black, gray or brown. Worth \$95.00. **We ask \$10.50.** Orders should state chest measure, height and weight. Sizes from 34 to 44 chest. Extra \$2.50 \$1.50 extra.

Same in Youths sizes 30 to 36, \$8.50

Same in Boys 6 to 13 years, \$7.50

\$3.75 BUYS THIS BOYS' STRONG ALL WOOL SCOTCH CHEVIOT winter weight COMBINATION SUIT,

consisting of Jacket, two pair Pants, and Cap, in handsome gray, black and red mixed small check, serge lined.



Pants have elastic waist-band, double knees and seat. Samples furnished on request.

We guarantee all Goods to be as represented. If you are not perfectly satisfied, we will cheerfully refund money.

Write for our illustrated Fall and Winter Catalogue of men's, women's and children's wear and novelties, free.

STEWART & CO., MAIL ORDER BARGAIN HOUSE

54-60 FIFTH AVENUE, CHICAGO

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

"When you wish the latest Styles, write to us."

Suits and Cloaks, \$5

The costumes and cloaks which we make are exclusive in style and distinctly different from the ready-made garments. When wearing one of our styles you do not run the risk of meeting other ladies wearing garments which look exactly like yours. There are hundreds of firms selling ready-made suits and cloaks such as you see everywhere, but we are the only house making fashionable goods to order at moderate prices.



Our Catalogue illustrates an exclusive line of ladies' costumes and cloaks selected from the newest Paris models, and the fabrics from which we make our garments comprise only the very latest novelties.

Charming Costumes and Tailor-made Suits, faultless in cut and finish, \$5 up.

Handsome Jackets, lined throughout, entirely different from the ready-made ones, \$5 up.

Jaunty Capes, \$3 up.

Fur Collarettes, \$5 up.

New Skirts, cut according to the latest French models, \$4 up.

Golf Capes, Newmarkets, Bicycle Suits, Silk and Satin Skirts, Etc.

We pay express charges everywhere. Write to-day for Catalogue, and samples of the materials from which we make these garments; we will send them to you *free* by return mail.

Be sure to say whether you wish the samples for Cloaks or for Suits, and we will then be able to send you a full line of exactly what you desire.

THE NATIONAL CLOAK CO., 119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.



DANIEL LOW & Co.

The largest dealers in Solid Gold and Sterling

Our business is the selling of the better class of goods only, in large quantities, enabling us to make extremely moderate prices. Order one or more articles and they will be sent safely, prepaid. Should anything fail to please, we will promptly refund the money.

THE OPPOSITE PAGE

is taken from our Catalogue "L," which we send on request. It contains everything in *Sterling Silver*, *Solid Gold Jewelry*, *Cut Glass*, *Ebon* and *Leather*, with Sterling Mountings. 144 pages, all photographed direct from the articles, giving an accurate idea of their attractive designs and fine quality.

Special articles from Catalogue "L," shown actual size on this page.

STERLING SILVER

- | | | |
|---|--|--------|
| 995. Whistle | 1477. Match Box | \$1.00 |
| 996. Pocket Letter Opener, with knife blade | 1190. Bottle Opener | 1.35 |
| 1001. Stamp Box, glass, with sterling cover, \$1.00 | 1196. In ink gold, No. 460 | 2.00 |
| 9951. Scarf Pin, enamelled shield | 4054. Nail Polisher, same design, No. 1000 | 1.00 |
| 4054. Pumice | 5124. Hat Brush, soft bristles | 1.25 |
| 5124. Hat Brush, soft bristles | 5124. The American Father's Spoon | 1.00 |
| 5124. The American Father's Spoon | 5124. The American Eagle, beautifully executed in bold relief, is the principal feature of this design and one that will appeal to every American. | |
| Tea Spoons, as shown, \$1.25 each; \$12.50 a dozen. | Table Spoons, \$5.50 a pair; \$30.00 a dozen. | |
| 8053. Brush, white enamel, \$1.75 | 8053. Scarf Pin, green enamel, 5 pearls, \$4.75 | |

SOLID 14K GOLD
Send now for Catalogue "L." Address, 225 ESSEX ST.



Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.



SALEM, MASS.

Silver by mail in the United States



The illustrations are actual size.
 496 Set, 75c., Buttons, lever back, 50c., Studs 12c. ea.
 1271 Set, 60c., L 30c., S 10c. ea.
 3007 Set, 75c., L 50c., S 10c. ea.
 3026 Set, 50c., L 30c., S 8c. ea.
 3074 Set, enameled flowers, \$1.75, L \$1.00, S 25c. ea.
 3085 Set, French Grey finish, \$1.00, L 60c., S 15c. ea.
 3086 Set, black enamel, \$2.25, L \$1.50, S 25c. ea.
 3088 Set, 50c., L 30c., S 8c. ea.
 3090 Set, 50c., L 30c., S 10c. ea.
 3097 Set, 60c., L 45c., S 15c. ea.
 3098 Set, black enamel, \$1.25, L 75c., S 15c. each.

L. is for Links and S for Studs.
 3099 Set, dark blue enamel, \$1.35, L 75c., S 20c., ea.
 3100 Set, dark blue enamel, \$1.00, L 60c., S 12c. ea.
 3106 Set, dark blue enamel, \$1.00, L 55c., S 15c. ea.
 3113 Set, 90c., L 45c., S 15c. ea.
 3114 Set, \$1.25, L 75c., S 15c. ea.
 3122 Set, 60c., L 35c., S 8c. ea.
 3153 Set, enameled plaid, \$2.50, L \$1.34, S 35c. ea.
 3169 Set, 75c., Buttons, lever back, 45c., S 10c. each.
 3170 Set, extra weight, \$1.00, L 60c., S 15c. each.

Outing Sets include Sleeve Buttons.
 3171 Set, very heavy, \$1.75, L \$1.00, S 25c. each.
 3172 Set, \$1.25, L 75c., S 15c. ea.
 3173 Set, extra weight, \$1.00, L 60c., S 15c. each.
 3174 Set, extra weight, \$1.25, L 75c., S 15c. each.
 3175 Set, hand chased, \$2.00, L \$1.15, S 25c. each.
 3176 Set, dark blue and white enamel, \$1.75, L \$1.00, S 25c. each.
 3177 Set, dark blue enamel, \$1.25, L 75c., S 15c. each.
 3178 Set, green enamel, clover, \$1.50, L 90c., S 18c. ea.

three Studs and a Collar Button.
 3183 Set, 65c., L 40c., S 10c. ea.
 3184 Set, black and white enamel, \$1.75, L \$1.00, S 25c. ea.
 3185 Set, enameled flower, \$2.25, L \$1.50, S 25c. each.
 3186 Set, gilded, white enamel, \$1.75, L \$1.00, S 25c. ea.
 3187 Set, gilded, white enamel, \$1.25, L 75c., S 15c. ea.
 3188 Set, very heavy, \$1.75, L \$1.00, S 25c. each.
 3189 Set, \$1.25, L 75c., S 15c. ea.
 3190 Set, 90c., L 50c., S 12c. ea.
 3191 Set, 60c., L 35c., S 8c. ea.
 3192 Set, 75, L 40c., S 10c. ea.

Try them, and "for the first time in your life you will know what it means to wear comfortable clothing"; everybody says so. See Catalogue.

Cheaper at any Price



than any other style Union Suit for the comfort their perfect-fitting quality brings. The Georgian era of Underwear Luxury. The button-up-the front kind don't require a struggle to get into. Full regular fashioned, giving knit-to-form fit, not in name only, as there are no seams.

Lewis Union Suits

fit like a custom-tailored suit, beautifully tailored, perfect in finish, workmanship and material. Perfectly ventilating, though perfectly heat-retaining. Patent Elastic Yoke, giving perfect shape around the neck, prevents dragging from the shoulders, and a patented spliced seat provides for swell of hip, and prevents garment opening when stooping. Perfect fitting makes shape-retaining and lasting-well qualities. 2-cent stamp brings new illustrated (from life) catalogue, sample fabrics and testimonials that prove all our claims.

Ask your dealer for these suits. If he doesn't keep them don't risk your comfort by accepting any substitute he may offer you for his profit, but investigate.



LEWIS KNITTING COMPANY, 204 Main Street, Janesville, Wis.

EVOLUTION

OF

Wilbur's

High grade
Five Fold

TRADE
"DOUBLE
WEAR"

Collars

GRADUATE
3 1/2 IN.

EPOCH
4 IN TALL

WILBUR SHIRT & COLLAR CO. TROY, N.Y.

25¢
REG.
6 IN.

25¢
YANTIC
12 IN.

25¢
TOPAZ
2 7/8 IN.

25¢
ARGOSY
2 3/4 IN.

25¢
APEX
3 1/2 IN.

30¢
GRADUATE
3 1/2 IN.

30¢
EPOCH
4 IN TALL

New Book
Just Published



"EMBROIDERY LESSONS with COLORED STUDIES" 1899

Judging from the orders, almost every reader of our advertisement last month must have sent for our book.

The 15 new, full-page Colored Reproductions of MASTERPIECES OF ARTISTIC EMBROIDERY show clearly the exact shading of each flower, and manner of working each stitch. These 15 studies cannot be obtained elsewhere, and are alone worth several times the cost of the book. Over 150 other illustrations. Instructions for beginners by expert embroiderers. Stitches old and new described so plainly that any one can readily master them. Tells how to procure promptly the stamped linens, silks, needles and hoops required.

"Cross Stitch" and the "American Flag in Embroidery." Newest designs in Stamped Linens. Mailed for 16c in stamps.

Address THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG CO.
39 UNION STREET, NEW LONDON, CONN.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

THE HAIR MATTRESS FOUND WANTING



Tried and found wanting! The experience of fifty years of success is given in a very handsome book, "The Test of Time," which we ask the privilege of mailing to you. May we? Its purpose is to prevent you from ever buying another hair mattress. It will show you that the use of hair is out of date, unsanitary, comparatively uncomfortable, and outrageously expensive. It will convince you, with no financial risk, that the only kind for you to buy is the



Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt Mattress

Size, 4 feet 6 inches by 6 feet 3 inches, or any other size you desire. If made in two parts, 60 cents extra. Express charges prepaid anywhere—and back, if it does not suit.

\$15.

2 feet 6 inches wide, 25 lbs.,	\$8.35
3 feet wide, 30 lbs.,	10.00
3 feet 6 inches wide, 35 lbs.,	11.70
4 feet wide, 40 lbs.,	13.35
4 feet 6 inches wide, 45 lbs.,	15.00

All 6 feet 3 inches long.

NOT FOR SALE AT STORES ANYWHERE.

Wretched imitations are offered by unscrupulous dealers—our name and guarantee is on every mattress.

Thirty Nights Free Trial.

Sleep on it for a month, and if it isn't all you have hoped for in the way of a mattress; if you don't believe it to be the equal in cleanliness, durability and comfort of any \$50 hair mattress ever made, you can get your money back by return mail—"no questions asked."

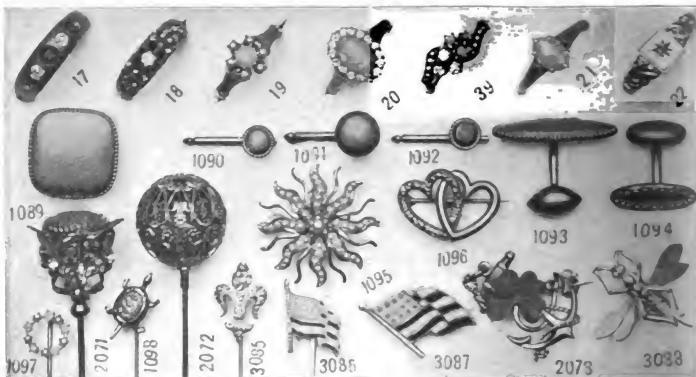
Don't forget to send for pamphlet today.

OSTERMOOR & CO.

112 Elizabeth St., New York.

We have cushioned 25,000 churches. Send for our book "Church Cushions."





STERLING SILVER AND SOLID GOLD BY MAIL.

Buy direct from Factory and save one-third. Every article will be found just as represented. All Diamonds are pure white first quality stones. Money will be returned if desired. Safe delivery guaranteed.

17—Solid Gold Ring, 2 Diamonds, 3 Crystalline Emeralds.	\$21.00	1090—Solid Gold Cuff Buttons.	\$2.75	1096—Solid Gold Bear Pin, Green Gold.	\$1.25
18—Solid Gold Ring, 1 Diamond.	8.50	1091—Solid Gold Spring Buck Steel, each.	.60	2011—Hat Pin, Fine Gold Plated, Large Amethyst, and White Stones.	6.00
19—Solid Gold Ring, 6 White Pearls, Fine Opal.	5.00	1092—Solid Gold Spring Buck Steel, each.	.60	2071—Hat Pin, Fine Gold Plated.	1.75
20—Solid Gold Ring, 10 Diamonds, Fine Opal.	62.50	1093—Solid Gold Link.	2.50	2072—Brooch, Fine Gold Plated, Enamelled Claret Leaf.	8.00
21—Solid Gold Ring, Fine Opal.	7.00	1094—Solid Gold Link.	2.00	2085—Sterling Silver Bear or Black Pin.	8.00
22—Solid Gold Ring, Rose Cut Diamond.	8.50	1095—Solid Gold, Pearl Sunburst, Brooch.	10.00	2086—Sterling Silver Bear Pin, Hard Enamel.	10.00
23—Solid Gold Ring, 3 Diamonds, 3 Fine Opals and Pearls.	18.50	1096—Solid Gold Brooch.	1.75	2089—Sterling Vell Chain.	1.25
		1097—Solid Gold Bear Pin, Pearls and Opals.	1.75		

Send Postal Card for our complete Catalogue V, containing everything in Gold and Silver.

BAIRD-NORTH CO., Gold and Silversmiths, Dept. B, 230 Essex Street, SALEM, MASS.

TRADE MARK

“1847”

Rogers Bros”


“Silver Plate that Wears.”

Half a century of continuous and successful manufacturing has made this brand of Spoons, Forks, etc., as near perfection as is possible. While making great advances, and equalling in design and finish sterling silver, at one-fourth to one-eighth the cost, the good old “Rogers” wearing quality, which it would be hard indeed to improve, has been maintained. In “1847” goods you get the genuine, the brand that made “Rogers” famous. Remember “1847.”

There are other “Rogers,” but, like all imitations, they lack the value of the original.

Made only by
MERIDEN
BRITANNIA CO.,
MERIDEN, CONN.
New York, 206 Fifth Ave.
Chicago, 147 State St.
San Francisco,
134 Sutter St.

Sold by
Leading Dealers
Everywhere.
Send for
Catalogue
No. 53 A.



WALTHAM WATCHES
ARE CARRIED ALL OVER THE WORLD

COPYRIGHT 1899 BY A. H. N. CO.

Ivers & Pond

Baby Grand Piano.

There is no piano like the Grand for artistic effect and there is no Grand like the new Ivers & Pond Baby Grand. It's a revelation in Grand-Piano building. It's the triumph of the piano-builder's art. It occupies but comparatively little floor space, being, so far as we know, the smallest Grand Piano in existence, and yet it possesses a volume and richness of tone and a range of expression that is really wonderful. The listener is captivated at once and falls in love with it at first sight.

The Price is an interesting feature. It's an unheard-of price in the history of Grand Pianos and places this Grand within the reach of every home of moderate income in the land. **Write** us for special prices and full description of our Easy-Payment Plan, giving one to three years to complete payments.

If no dealer sells them near you, we ship at our risk and expense on approval and pay railway freights both ways if unsatisfactory. We also make and sell the finest Upright Pianos in this country.

You can have our Catalogue for the simple asking.

IVERS & POND PIANO CO., 112 Boylston Street, BOSTON, MASS.



EXCEPTIONAL VALUES IN LADIES' CLOAKS.

Write for our magnificently illustrated Fall and Winter Catalogue No. 35. Every stylish lady should have one.



No 117
\$5.99



No 401
\$5.99



No 441
\$10.00



No 137
\$7.29

DESCRIPTIONS.

No. 401. Magnificent 20 in. ladies' p'ush cape, elaborately trimmed as shown, well lined. Only **\$5.00**
No. 441. Handsome 20 in. ladies' p'ush cape, trimmed with plated satin ruffles and bear fur and exquisitely beaded and braided. Only **\$10.00**
No. 117. Ladies' 24 in. jacket of fine black bottle cloth, inlaid velvet collar. Only **\$5.00**
No. 137. Ladies' 24 in. jacket of excellent black kersey cloth, strapped seams. Only **\$7.50**

EDWARD B. GROSSMAN & CO.
170-172 STATE ST. CHICAGO.

We Send Everything on Approval

The Great Mail Order Cloak House.

We Cheerfully Refund Money

Save \$8 to \$20

on Your Suit or Overcoat

If you want to be well dressed, wear our Merchant Tailor Made Clothes. Made to order in any style. Fit Guaranteed.

\$10 Suit or Overcoat
made to your measure, equal to any tailor's \$18 garment.

ALL WOOL COODS

SUITS AND OVERCOATS from \$10 to \$30 equal to those made elsewhere from \$18 to \$40.

TRICOT SUITS from \$3.50 to \$6.
FULL DRESS SUITS \$35 and upwards. On higher priced goods the saving is in proportion.

Have Your Clothes Made by Us

and save the difference. We do our business by mail for cash, saving expense of travelling

men, expensive store rent, and buying the finest selections of woolsens and trimmings in large lots. Sent C. O. D. with privilege of examination and trying on before you pay for them. We are the only exclusive merchant tailors in America that PREPAY EXPRESS CHARGES. WE DO NOT HANDLE READY-MADE CLOTHES OF ANY KIND. New Fall and Winter catalogue, with samples, fashion plate and tape measure sent free.

KRAMER & CO.

American Express Bldg.

Dept. 1 CHICAGO

We also desire a responsible local Representative in every city or town where we are not already represented. Full information on application.



A Bulging Shirt Bosom

Makes the swiftest attired man look ridiculous. There is but one full dress shirt made which will not bulge. It is the

Mac-Hurdle Full Dress Shirt.

Device which keeps it from bulging is patented, but the shirt costs no more than a full dress shirt which bulges.

Ask the best dealer in your town for it first. If he hasn't it in stock, send us size of your neckband, and length of your sleeve, for the shirt. Sent express prepaid.

Booklet "Proper Evening Dress" telling you what to wear sent free.

Prices: First Quality, \$2.00; Second Quality, \$1.50. At Retail and Wholesale by

D. B. MacMehan & Co., Shirt Makers, Mandan Block, CHICAGO.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

THE REGAL SHOE

The finest patent leather comes from Germany Cornelius Heyl, Worms, Germany produces invariably the best of the best. We use his patent leather exclusively in "Regal King Patent Calf" Shoes.



"KING CALF"

This patent calf has a more brilliant and lasting lustre, a richer color and a more superior finish than any other patent calf made.

ARGYLE

Made of patent calf on one of our latest custom flat lasts with medium wide toe and slight extension sole. A correct shoe for dress occasions. Also of black King Calf and Imported Enamel with double soles.

\$3.50 per pair delivered prepaid to any address in U.S. \$3.75.

SEND POSTAL FOR NEW CATALOGUE, AND BOOK "THE CARE OF SHOES."

L. C. BLISS & Co.

MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT

109 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

STORES

BOSTON
PROVIDENCE
NEW YORK
BROOKLYN
PHILADELPHIA

DALLAS
WASHINGTON
ATLANTA
RICHMOND
CINCINNATI
ST. LOUIS
DENVER
CLEVELAND
ALBANY N.Y.

UTICA, N.Y.
BUFFALO, N.Y.
CINCINNATI
WAGLA, WAGLA
WASH.

FACTORY: WHITMAN, MASS.





ROOT'S UNDERWEAR

Recommended by the highest medical authorities as the best safeguard of health in our climate. Recommended by those who have worn them as the best undergarments in the world. Honest as homespun and thoroughly tailor-made. Soft and agreeable to the most sensitive skin. See that the trade-mark "ROOT'S TIVOLI STANDARD UNDERWEAR" is on every garment before purchasing. Sold by leading dealers in New York and elsewhere. Illustrated booklet mailed free on application.

OFFICE, No. 1 GREENE ST., NEW YORK.

THE CLINTON Safety Pin



Has a larger sale than any other Safety Pin in the United States, on account of its

ABSOLUTE SUPERIORITY

A perfect guard prevents clothing catching in coil. Heavy tempered brass wire used prevents bending. Super nickel plate prevents turning brassy.

**LOOK
FOR
PROTECTED
COIL**

Look for colored lithograph of little Clinton Pin Girl at your dealer's

Made in Nickel Plate, Black, Rolled Gold, and Sterling Silver

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

Send Six Cents in stamps for 12 Clinton Safety Pins (assorted sizes) and a card of our new Sovran Pins. Their use will prove their value.

OAKVILLE CO., Waterbury, Conn.



THE BEST 8-16 SHIRT IN THE WORLD

THE ELGIN SHIRT
PERFECT FITTING
GUARANTEED
WASHABLE, MASON'S
& PURE LINEN

WHITE LAUNDERED SHIRTS

LONG BOSOMS
SHORT BOSOMS
OPEN BACK
OPEN BACK AND FRONT
COAT SHIRTS
FANCY BOSOMS
AND CUFFS

**Price \$1.00 each
IN ALL STYLES**

Sold by first-class dealers throughout the United States. If you cannot buy these shirts of your furnisher, the manufacturers

Cutter & Crossette

CHICAGO

Will deliver free of expense to any address in the United States. Six Shirts on receipt of Six Dollars.
SEND SIZE NECK-BAND AND SLEEVE. ALSO STYLE BOWEN DESIRED.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

Before you have walked a block in leather shoes made DOLGE-fashion you become conscious of an elasticity of step at once delightful and surprising

ATREAT FOR "YOUR FEET" **DOLGE** "CUSHION SOLES"

"ON A FELT FOOTING"

*has made life brighter and sweeter to thousands
Write for it to-day. You'll never regret it. It's Free*

No. 434. Women's Street Boot

Dolge Beaver Top, Kid Foxed or All Kid, Button and Lace—Warm, Light and Flexible. Round or Square Toe. All Sizes.

**THE HANDSEWED
STORMPROOF
SHOES FOR
MEN AND
WOMEN
ARE
\$5.**



\$3⁰⁰
DELIVERED

DANIEL GREEN FELT SHOES

119 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, - - NEW YORK

Winter Overcoats



We make 400 styles of Winter Overcoats, Ulsters and Ulsterettes in Beaver, Kersey, Chin-chilla, Frieze and Montagnac. These garments are all cut in the latest fashion from the finest Overcoatings that money will buy. For elegance of fabric and linings, style, fine appearance and durability the H. S. & M. coats are not equaled except by a very few of the highest priced Custom Tailors. Every coat is guaranteed and the silk and satin linings warranted for two seasons. No man should buy a Winter overcoat until he has seen these garments.

PRICES:—

\$12.00

TO

\$28.00

Copyright
1908
Hart,
Schaffner
& Marx

Sold only through the dealer. Ask for "Hart Schaffner & Marx Guaranteed Overcoats." If your dealer does not keep them, write to us for the address of one who does. Send to-day for our

Be sure to look
for this trade-mark



Inside the collar
of the coat.

NEW STYLE BOOK "D,"

showing what well-dressed men will wear this Fall. Beautifully illustrated in half-tone. It is free.

**HART, SCHAFFNER & MARX,
CHICAGO,**

Largest Makers in the World of Fine Clothing for Men.



STUTTGARTER



Sanitary **Woolen**

[NOTE LADY IN CENTRE.]

Underwear

World-renowned as
HYGIENICALLY PERFECT
Made in **STUTTGART**, Germany
of the finest Australian Sheep's Wool, into
HEALTH AND COMFORT-GIVING
Garments, suitable in all climates for
Men, Women and Children.
At leading Dry Goods Stores and Men's Outfitters
everywhere. Illustrated catalogue, samples of mater-
ials and prices sent free.

Wholesale depot **A. N. LOEB & CO.**
Sole Manufacturers and Importers.
576 & 578 Broadway, New York.
The T. Eaton Co., Toronto, Agts. in Canada.



*Thou' love be cold
Do not despair—
There's Ypsilanti
Underwear.*

YPSILANTI HEALTH UNDERWEAR

Is made in all sizes and
all weights. Fits the form
perfectly. Helps clothes
fit. Sold in cities and
larger towns. Booklet free.
HAY & TODD MFG. CO.,
Ypsilanti, Mich.

COPYRIGHT 1908 BY HAY & TODD MFG. CO.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

SINGER National Costume Series

AUSTRIA (VIENNA).

THE city of Vienna is one of the most beautiful and interesting in Europe. It is essentially a city of music and musicians, having been the home of many of the greatest composers. It also ranks with Paris as the creator of fashions, dress being cultivated as a fine art by the Viennese women.

Thus, Singer Sewing Machines are preferred by Vienna modistes, and the number of Singers used there exceeds all others. Its simplicity of parts, easy operation, great range and excellence of its work specially commend the Singer to the artistic dressmaker.

The population of Vienna is made up of many nationalities, so that the original Viennese type no longer exists.

The two young women pictured were photographed in Vienna by an agent of *The Singer Manufacturing Co.*

They wear their usual holiday dress, similar, in the case of the one seated at a "Singer" Sewing Machine, to the costume worn in Egra.

The dress of the woman beside her is a combination of the Swiss and Austrian (Tyrol) costume.

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.,
Offices in every city in the world.



It's a *Shawknit* the stocking
for gentlemen that never fades, cracks,
or stretches. Fits as no other stocking
can. No bunches, seams or wrinkles.
Made from Double threads of best yarns
spun. Will out-wear any stocking made.

Shawknit
TRADE MARK

SOLD BY DEALERS—
Made only by
THE SHAW STOCKING CO.
Smith St. Lowell, Mass.

If your dealer does not
carry the *Shawknit*
line, send us his name
and order direct
from us.

This is a Photo reproduction
of our new style, 3rd 8
Extra fine cotton, medium weight,
made in Dark Navy Blue, also
Cadet Blue, 25¢ a pair.

We furnish **FREE**
for the asking, our new
catalogue, showing
colors, weights and prices.

Well-Kept Clothes means neatness.

Is the NEATNESS not the NEW-NESS which makes good appearance.



GOOD FORM CLOSET SETS

preserve the form and fit of every garment, stretch the bagging out of trouser knees, wrinkles out of everything worn by man, woman, or child. Our trousers hanger clasps and suspends, leaving no marks. Our skirt hanger adjusts to fit any size. Our garment yoke suits all shoulder garments. And the closet loop saves all the room in the closet.

GENTLEMEN'S SETS

- 12 Garment Yokes,
- 6 Automatic Trouser Hangers,
- 3 Closet Loops,

LADIES' SETS

- 12 Garment Yokes,
- 12 Skirt Hangers,
- 4 Closet Loops,

These Sets Prepaid \$5.00 each. Two to One address \$5.00.

Automatic Trouser Hangers, 30c each; 40 more, 35c each.
Closet Loops, 25c; 5 more, 30c.
Garment Yokes, \$1.00 per doz.; 40 more doz, 75c.
Skirt Hangers, \$1.25; 3 more, \$1.00.

Everything is the best of its class. We refund the money if you are not satisfied.

Remember we "pay the freight."

Booklet free by mail.

CHICAGO FORM CO., 125 LA SALLE ST., CHICAGO.



Corticelli HOME NEEDLEWORK FOR 1899

Tells how to Embroider Centerpieces, Doilies, Tea Cloths, Sofa Cushions, Photo Frames, etc., in new designs. Shows just how to make all the different embroidery stitches. Gives valuable lessons in shading flowers and leaves. Contains 25 entirely new Colored Plates, 5 of double roses. Also rules and new patterns for Cross Stitch and Church Embroidery, as well as for the latest thing in needlework called Corticelli Decore Crochet.

Send us 10 cents - stamps or silver.

FLORENCE PUBLISHING CO., 25 Bridge St., Florence, Mass.

COMFORT

SECURED BY USING THE

IMPROVED WASHBURN PATENT FASTENERS

APPLIED TO

- Bachelor's Buttons
- Pencil Holders
- Eye-Glass Holders

Sample of any of the above sent postpaid for 10 cents.

- Hose Supporters
- Cuff Holders
- Drawers Supporters

Pair of any of these for 10 cents postpaid.

- Key Chains

Sample sent for 25 cents.

These little articles are simple, with nothing about them to break or get out of order. Hold with bull dog tenacity, but don't tear the fabric. Tuck a little makes them unobtrusive. FREE! Handsome Illustration Booklet sent on request.

AMERICAN RING COMPANY

Box K Waterbury Conn.

\$4 95 Buys an All-Wool Suit

OF BEAUTIFUL BLACK CHEVROT

Warranted fast black color. We'll make the suit fit the latest stock style to fit perfect. Built with rich heavy Farmer's satin; piped with fine satin and sewn with pure silk and linen thread. In quality, style and look! It will equal the \$10 suit sold by dry cleaners.

WE SELL 1000 suits at \$4 95 for advertising purposes. After they are gone, the price goes back to \$8.00. No more at \$4.95 after 1000 are sold. Order quick or they may be gone. You can't afford to miss this wonder chance.

SEND NO MONEY your height, weight, chest, waist and crotch measurement. We'll express the suit C.O.D. and allow you to examine and try it on before you pay one cent. If not represented and worn, return value, pay the expressage 75 cts and extra postage 1-1/2 lbs the suit. Pay nothing if unsatisfactory. We make other suits from \$6.95 to \$18.95. Write for free samples of cloth.

THE LOUIS VEHON CO., Dept. 3
155-157 W. Jackson St., Chicago, Ill.

WARM STRONG DURABLE HANDSOME

are our \$3 large gauntlet black fur gloves, by mail prepaid. Send your address and receive our printed folder. It will interest you if you ever drive in cold weather. We also custom tan all kinds of fur skins.

THE CROSBY FRIAN FUR COMPANY,
116 Mill Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.



FROM THE PAINTING BY
ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

THE NURSERY.

A LOVING MOTHER IS EVER WATCHFUL OF HER CHILDREN'S COMFORT, AND FOR THE BABY THE BEST IS NONE TOO GOOD

IVORY SOAP is used for the bath, and the little one nestles down in bed with a contented cooing that plainly shows a sense of physical well-being. Ivory Soap is so carefully made that it is selected for uses requiring a soap of extraordinary purity. It floats.

Copyright 1906 by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati.

Any person wishing an enlarged copy of this picture may in all letters to Ivory Soap, Westport, on receipt of which we will send a copy (without printing) on cream-colored paper, 14 x 17 in. (10 in. x 14 in. for framing). THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI

A SPLENDID NEW STORY BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

Just before he left England Mr. Kipling completed a new short story. It is to be inserted in the *Stalky* series and is the most interesting of these marvelous sketches of boy-life. The tale is called

"THE FLAG OF THEIR COUNTRY"

and has a stirring motive: the boys' hatred of buncombe and false sentiment. It has been magnificently illustrated by Raven-Hill.

THE GOVERNOR AND THE BOSS.

By J. LINCOLN STEFFENS.

In an early number, Mr. Steffens, of the *Commercial Advertiser*, will tell the story, very interesting in itself and as yet never fully told, of the relations between Governor Roosevelt and Senator Platt. It is a significant bit of political history and not without dramatic touches.

A THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR TWELVE IDEAS.

On the last page of the March number this announcement was made:

"One thousand dollars will be paid for subjects or ideas for twelve articles for *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE*. The suggestions may be for a series of articles or for single articles. The only condition is that they prove available to the editors of the Magazine and are not on subjects already under consideration. The prize winners will be given the first opportunity to write the articles. For a smaller number of successful ideas a *pro rata* sum will be paid."


This note has brought hundreds of letters containing suggestions. We have decided to close the competition May 15, and suggestions received thereafter cannot be considered for the prize. We may say, however, that we are always ready at any time to pay well for good suggestions for articles.

\$1.00 a Year.

10 Cents a Copy.

THE S. S. McCLURE CO.

141-155 East 25th Street, - - New York City, New York.



WEBSTER'S

**WEBSTER'S
INTERNATIONAL
DICTIONARY**

**A Dictionary of ENGLISH,
Biography, Geography, Fiction, etc.**

It excels in the ease with which the eye finds the word sought; in accuracy of definition; in effective methods of indicating pronunciation; in terse and comprehensive statements of facts and in practical use as a working dictionary.


Hon. D. J. Brewer, Justice of U. S. Supreme Court, says:
"I commend it to all as the one great standard authority."

It is the **Standard Authority** of the U. S. Supreme Court, all the State Supreme Courts, the U. S. Government Printing Office, and of nearly all the Schoolbooks. Warmly commended by State Superintendents of Schools, and other Educators almost without number.

Specimen pages sent on application.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers,
Springfield, Mass.

**GET
THE
BEST.**



INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

Carlyle's Works.

Centennial Memorial Edition.

LIMITED TO 1,000 COPIES.

It is eminently fitting that there should be a good American edition of the complete works of Carlyle as it was in this country that his earlier books first received the recognition they deserved, and first brought him any pecuniary returns.

The edition will contain the **complete works and translations** of Carlyle, with **copious annotations**, and an **introduction** by Dr. W. J. Rolfe. It will be complete in **26 octavo volumes**, bound in polished buckram, with paper titles, and gilt tops.

SOLD ONLY BY SUBSCRIPTION.

Price \$3.50 per volume.

ISSUED TWO VOLUMES PER MONTH.

The set will be illustrated with **one hundred and fifty illustrations**, being etchings, or photogravures, printed on Imperial Japanese paper. The text will be printed in large, clear type, with wide margins, on a handsome laid deckle-edge paper.

The Famous Sea Stories of Captain Marryat.

EDITION LIMITED TO 1,000 COPIES.

The times he lived in and wrote of are of exceptional interest to the lover of sea tales. Ships and sailors battled for, and controlled the destinies of the world. The man-of-warman was in the zenith of his glory. It is no wonder that Marryat, who wielded so ready a pen, and who passed his life among such stirring scenes of tempest and battle, should be the favorite author with lovers of the sea.

In announcing an authorized limited edition of

Marryat's Complete Works,

the publishers have been enabled to avail themselves of exceptional facilities, and can promise all book lovers an extraordinarily fine work.

Illustrated with 150 Photogravures.

The set will be complete in **24 octavo volumes**, which will be bound in polished buckram with gilt tops, and issued at the rate of about two volumes a month.

Price \$3.50 per volume.

The text of the work will be printed from new plates on handsome laid deckle-edge paper, with wide margins.

There will be valuable and interesting introductions to the different novels.

Prospectus and specimen pages showing type, page and paper, with sample illustration, sent on application.

DANA ESTES & CO., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

UNTIL WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26TH

THE largest single book purchase ever made was, we think, our contract for an entire edition of the International Library.

That's how the half price came about.

From present appearances we shall sell the last set before the end of April. Then the half price ends; because the publishers refuse to sell us any more at the same price.

To give our friends at a distance an equal chance with our near-by public, however, we will fill at half price every order *mailed* before midnight of April 26th. After that, we make no promises, because to fill orders after our edition is gone we must pay the publishers twice the price you pay us.

Therefore, if you wish to secure, for a low price and on easy monthly payments, a library that will give you good reading as long as you live, write us *now*.

If you care to have at your command the best that literary genius has produced since the world began, of comfort, encouragement, sentiment, passion, philosophy, hope and amusement, write us to-day about this Library.

The wisest book men of Europe and America have selected and arranged the best stories, poems, plays, orations, essays, etc., from every language, ancient and recent.

We sell the Library at half the publishers' price. Do you want it? If you do, write us to-day.

We send you full information free on request, or send the entire library if you send us a dollar and two good references. If you return the books in ten days, we return the dollar. If you keep them, you pay their price in fifteen monthly payments.

JOHN WANAMAKER,

NEW YORK...

... PHILADELPHIA.



A Rich Reference Library

But it reads like romance.

YOU want to be able to find quickly what any and all of the Presidents have said upon our Foreign Relations, Territorial Expansion, Maintenance of Army and Navy, Rights of State and Nation, Financial System, Means of Revenue, and the multitude of important subjects alluded to every day in magazine articles, newspaper items and conversation. You want a thoroughly indexed reference library thus authentic and convenient, don't you? Well, you can have it.

So much for the utility—now for the entertainment.

A good government is not an accident. There are two forces at work; there have been from the beginning of our nation. The success of the one means prosperity, happiness and national pride; the other would mean inferior government and individual misfortune. How this nation has always, or nearly always, hit upon the proper course is an interesting story; it involves plot after plot, crafty and seductive intellect battling against statesmanship and wisdom all the time. It has its villains and its heroes, its conspiracies and intrigues, and its timely master-strokes. In reading it you realize truly "All the world's a stage." Every page glitters with revelation and surprise when the whole story is read in a connected manner, as told by the Presidents in their public addresses and secret diplomatic correspondence which, by act of Congress, have been collected together and published in ten magnificent volumes, entitled

"Messages and Papers of the Presidents"

Edited by Hon. JAMES D. RICHARDSON, by direction of Congress.

The carefully compiled, annotated and indexed utterances (official) of each and all the Presidents of the United States.



Inaugural Addresses, Annual Messages, Special Messages, Proclamations, Executive Orders, Veto Messages, etc., etc.

TEN VOLUMES, PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED, WITH ENCYCLOPEDIA INDEX

A Committee on Distribution has been appointed with Hon. Ainsworth R. Spofford, of the Congressional Library, as General Secretary, for the purpose of placing this great work before the American people at a nominal price—but a trifle more than cost of manufacture and distribution.

On all requests for particulars, samples, etc., accompanied by a deposit of **ONE DOLLAR**, a set of the books will be laid aside and reserved pending further investigation. If you decide within ten days not to make application for the work, the amount will be refunded. **ALL** requests for further information will receive prompt attention in regular order if addressed to

**AINSWORTH R. SPOFFORD, General Secretary,
Committee on Distribution, Dept. (I), Washington, D.C.**



Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

Enameline is the Modern Stove Polish, because it has all the latest improvements. A brilliant polish is produced without labor, dust or odor. There are three styles of package—paste, cake or liquid. Get the genuine.

J. L. PRESCOTT & CO., New York.

Unmounted Photographs...

1898 Catalogue just issued.

Over 20,000 subjects in stock. We now publish three lists. Our 1887 Catalogue of Art and Foreign Views, Vol. II., now ready, containing 6,000 new subjects, and our American Catalogue of 4,000 views in this country.

Send 15 cents for complete set, or 8 cents for Vol. II., if you have the others. Lantern Slides, Schoolroom Enlargements, Photograph Mounting, Albums, etc.

Soule Photograph Co., 324 Washington St., Boston, Mass.



Send Fifteen Cents for three months' trial subscription to

"THE BOOK-KEEPER"

A handsome 300-page magazine for Book-keepers, Cashiers and Business Men. It will teach you Book-keeping, Shorthand, Penmanship, Law, Short Cuts, Corporation Accounting, Banking, Business Pointers, Amusing Arithmetic, Lightning Calculations, etc., etc. Price, \$1 a year. The Book-keeper Co., Ltd., Dept. 123 Detroit, Mich.



BOOK-KEEPING

Complete business course, single and double entry Book-keeping, Business Practice, Business Arithmetic, Commercial Law, Letter Writing, Penmanship, etc.

TAUGHT BY MAIL

Graduates receive degrees of B. Acct. and M. Acct. and are assisted to positions.

Fees cash or instalments. Write for announcement.

WAT. CURRIERSON & CO. (LIMITED) (Inc.), 21-45 Second Nat'l Bank Bldg, Washington, D. C.



From Drawing by Raven-Hill

Learn to Draw by Mail

Home instruction in drawing for newspapers and magazines by successful illustrators. Requires spare time only. Five courses. Adapted to young and old, men and women, beginners and advanced students. An opportunity to enter a highly profitable profession. No such practical instruction given elsewhere. By our methods students have become well-known illustrators.

Full instruction free.

The Correspondence School of Illustrating

114 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York.

Elmira College FOR WOMEN.

Next session opens Sept. 20, 1899. High grade college. Courses: Classical and Scientific. Superior faculty of experienced men and women. Thorough preparation demanded. Special students with satisfactory preparation admitted. Superior advantages in music and art. Home comforts and family spirit marked characteristics. Careful training for social life a special feature. Unitarian. Positively Christian. Spacious grounds and buildings. Basket ball field and tennis courts. Steam heat, electric light and elevator. Terms moderate. Early application for rooms desirable. Catalogue free. Correspondence invited.

A. C. MacKENZIE, D.D., Pres., Elmira, N. Y.





It is Sterilized.

Pillsbury's VITOS, the ideal wheat food, is sterilized. Unlike other cereal foods it does not have to be critically examined before using, and none need ever be thrown away. Owing to its granular nature Pillsbury's VITOS never becomes starchy, and hence can be used as a substitute for bread crumbs and cracker meal, for covering croquettes, fish and oysters. This is the season for fish. Have you a package of Pillsbury's VITOS?

Made by THE PILLSBURY-WASHBURN FLOUR MILLS CO., LTD., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

Please mention **Mc** **Clure's** when you write to advertisers.



LOOK FOR THE
Queen Quality
 \$3.00
 TRADE MARK
 STAMPED ON SOLE

THE
 ATHLETIC
 GIRL

DAINTY FOOT

FASHION'S FAVORITE

"QUEEN QUALITY"

THE SHOE SUCCESS OF THE CENTURY

Every pair of "Queen Quality" Shoes is made from carefully selected leathers of the highest quality by the most skillful workmen, and the most thorough methods.

Most Important of all, however, is the *Foot Knowledge*; the art in designing, that makes "Queen Quality" Shoes **FIT Where Others FAIL**; **Keep Their Shape**; **Afford Absolute Ease**; **Impart a Fashionable Elegance**.

Sold by only one dealer in a town. All styles, one price, **\$3.**

Oxfords,
 \$2.50.

OUR CATALOGUE
 contains and describes all
 our styles of shoes, with
 complete list of dealers. Send
 10 cents for a copy.

SPECIAL OFFER.

A beautiful book of 100 pages
 on Queen Quality shoes, for
 \$1.00. Send for it now.



THOS. G. PLANT Co., 1 Bickford St., Boston.

You're burning the candle
at both ends,
when you use soap
with PEARLINE.
PEARLINE does all
that soap
can do and more besides.
Soap with PEARLINE
is extravagance; so is
too much PEARLINE.

Millions NOW USE Pearline



**WILL develop or reduce
any part of the body**
A Perfect Complexion Beautifier and

**Remover of Wrinkles
Dr. John Wilson Gibbs'
The Only
Electric Massage Roller**

Patd. U. S., Europe, Canada.

"Its work is not confined to the face alone,
but will do good to any part of the body to which
it is applied, developing or reducing as desired.
It is a very pretty addition to the toilet table."

—Chicago Times-Herald.

—Chicago Tribune.

Trade Mark Registered.

"This delicate Electric Beautifier removes all facial blemishes. It is the
only positive remover of wrinkles and crow's feet. It never fails to per-
form all that is expected." —Chicago Times-Herald.

"The Electric Roller is certainly productive of good results. I believe
it the best of any appliances. It is safe and effective."

—HARRIET HIRSHARD AVER, New York World.

FOR MASSAGE AND CURATIVE PURPOSES

An Electric Roller in all the term implies. The invention of a physician
and electrician known throughout this country and Europe. A most perfect
complexion beautifier. Will remove wrinkles, "crow feet" (premature or
from age), and all facial blemishes—POSITIVE. Whenever electricity is
to be used for massaging or curative purposes, it has no equal. No
charging. Will last forever. Always ready for use on ALL PARTS OF
THE BODY, for all diseases. For Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia,
Nervous and Circulatory Diseases, a specific. The professional standing
of the inventor (you are referred to the public press for the past fifteen
years), with the approval of this country and Europe, is a perfect guarantee.
PRICE: GOLD, \$1.00; (SILVER, \$1.50). By mail, or at office of Gibbs'
Company, 958 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Circular free.

The only Electric Massage.

Others so called are Fraudulent Imitations



Copyright.

Copyright.

"Can take a pound a day off a patient, or put it on." —New York Sun,
August 30, 1901. Send for lecture on "Great Subject of Fat" and blank.

No Dieting. No Hard Work.

DR. JOHN WILSON GIBBS' OBESITY CURE

For the Permanent Reduction and Cure of Obesity.

Purely Vegetable, Harmless and Positive. No FAULTS. Your reduction
is assured—reduce to stay. One month's treatment \$4.00. Mail, or office,
958 Broadway, New York. Beware of imitators who are attempting to do
what Dr. Gibbs has been doing for years.

"The cure is based on Nature's laws." —New York Herald, July 9, 1903.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

Bluine

The Great Bleaching
Bluing and Purifier

Most Extensively
Advertised Bluing
in the World

It will not SETTLE.
It will not STREAK nor
INJURE the clothes.
Cannot freeze nor be
spilled. A 10-cent enve-
lope package will
blue the laundry of
the average family
for four months.



Finest Laundry Bluing in the World

Sold Everywhere, or sent by mail from
factory for 10 cents in stamps or silver

BLUINE COMPANY, - Concord Junction, Mass.

"When you wish the latest styles write to us."

Tailor-Made Suits, \$5.

IF YOU wish something decidedly new in a dress or skirt, and entirely different from the ready-made garments which you find in every store, write for our catalogue and samples. There are hundreds of firms selling ready-made dresses and skirts, but we are the only house making fashionable garments to order at moderate prices.



Our new Spring catalogue illustrates an exclusive line of suits and skirts selected from the newest Paris models, and the materials from which we make our garments comprise only the very latest novelties. We will mail our catalogue *free*, together with a choice line of samples to select from, to the lady who wishes to dress well at moderate cost. Our catalogue illustrates:

Tailor-Made Suits, \$5 up.

Duck, Pique and Linen Suits, \$4 up.

Duck, Pique and Linen Skirts, \$3 up.

Separate Cloth Skirts, \$4 up.

Bicycle Suits, \$4 up.

Bicycle Skirts, \$3 up.

Rainy-day Suits. Riding Habits.

Golf Suits and Skirts.

We also make finer garments and send samples of all grades. We pay express charges everywhere. If, when writing to us, you will mention any particular kind or color of samples that you desire, it will afford us pleasure to send you a full line of exactly what you wish. We also have special lines of black goods and fabrics for second-mourning. Write to-day for catalogue and samples; we will send them to you, *free*, by return mail.

THE NATIONAL CLOAK COMPANY, 119 and 121 West 23d St., New York.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

Odd

pieces in
Sterling Silver

for Wedding Gifts

Illustrations one-third actual size.

Our Catalogue "L"

contains many articles not likely to be duplicated. Send for it now. We sell by mail Sterling Silver Ware of the choicest designs and finest workmanship at very moderate prices and we prepay express charges.

Daniel Low & Co.

Gold and Silver Smiths
225 Essex Street
SALEM
Mass.



SPRING WEDDING

Invitations
and
Announcements

Engraved on Copper Plate

Latest Styles

Finest Papers

Full set of samples on request

DIE- STAMPED MONOGRAM PAPER

We will engrave your monogram (two or three letters) in any one of five different styles, and furnish you two quires of finest quality WRITING PAPER (white or tinted) stamped with monogram, in a handsome box, with envelopes (not stamped).

Monogram stamped in plain colors, \$1.25

Monogram stamped in gold or silver, \$1.40

Monogram illuminated (2 colors), \$1.50

Elegant Sample Book, including set of Fan Monograms, mailed for 10 cents.

**Finest Quality
Engraved Visiting-Cards**

Including Copper Plate. Latest Styles.

75 Cents for 50. SAMPLES FREE \$1.00 for 100

All Mail and Express Charges Prepaid.

ARTISTIC ENGRAVING CO.

147 N. 16th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Buy China and
Glass Right"

HIGGINS & SEITER

FINE CHINA
HIGH CUT GLASS



"Shining gifts that took all eyes."—EMERSON.

A piece of brilliant cut glass or a dainty bit of china is always appreciated as an Easter Gift.

Let us send our large illustrated catalogue No. 9 M. All prices 1/4 less than elsewhere.

30-34 West 22d Street, New York.



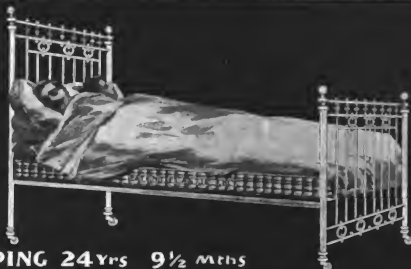
Open face, with monogram, full 15-Ruby-Jeweled Elgin Movement. Unparalleled Opportunity to join The American Watch Club. Wholesale prices, and \$1.00 weekly payments. Club membership limited.

The American Watch Club is organized for the purpose of supplying its members with a fine 14-carat gold-filled watch as good as human ingenuity can devise.

How to Join American Watch Club:—On receipt of \$2.00, the Club will forward certificate of membership, with the watch selected, member to pay balance, \$23.00, in 23 weekly payments of \$1.00 each. Join now and have use of elegant watch while paying for it in small installments. Particulars, membership blanks, illustrations of Watches, Chains, Rings, Diamonds, sent free. Please send references.

THE AMERICAN WATCH CLUB,
The Walker-Edmund Co., Mgrs., 29 Oriol Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

How do you spend your life?



SLEEPING 24 Yrs 9½ Mths



LABOR 16 Yrs 8 Mths



PLAY 15 Yrs 6 Mths

EATING

6 Yrs 6 Mths

ILLNESS

1 Yr 5½ Mths

WASTE

2 Yrs 2 Mths

DRESSING

2 Yrs 11 Mths

Think of it — of these 70 years **over one-third is spent in bed!** Why not be supremely comfortable every minute of these years? Thousands of users (see our book) testify that

The Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt Mattress, \$15.

[If made in two parts, 100, extra. 6 ft 3 in. by 4 ft. 6 in. Smaller sizes at smaller prices. Express prepaid.]

is a long stride in advance. First came corn husks; second came feathers; third came hair; fourth is Patent Elastic Felt. *There will be no fifth, for ours is perfection.*

The Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt Mattress is sold on **30 Nights' Free Trial**, under the written guarantee that it is the equal in cleanliness, durability and comfort of any \$50 Hair Mattress ever made. We know that we make the best mattress in the world, but it is hard for us to convince you, individually, of it without a trial. Perhaps you don't need a mattress now. Don't let that keep you from sending for our **FREE** book, "*The Test of Time*." Each book costs us 25 cents, but we will get rich if we can interest enough people merely to send for it; write to-day.

WARNING!

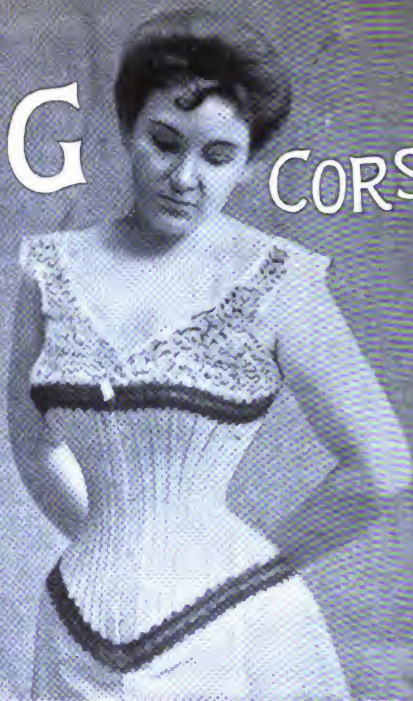
Not for sale at stores. A few unscrupulous dealers are trying to sell a \$5 mattress for \$10 and \$15 on our advertising. Patent Elastic Felt Mattresses can only be bought of

OSTERMOOR & COMPANY, 112 Elizabeth Street, New York City.

We have cushioned 25,000 churches. Send for our book, "*Church Cushions*."

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

R & G CORSETS



The only corset worth considering is the corset that does not stretch. No matter how shapely it may be at first, if it stretches—and stretches—and stretches, it is of little use.

R & G Corsets are modeled on the perfect human figure reproduced in iron.

It is the only corset that is stretched and tested on a steam-heated, iron form.

After it is cut and stitched it is dampened and fitted over the form. Then it is clamped down with a stretch of six hundred pounds until every atom of "give" is taken out. Then the heat is turned on and the corset dries—dries into the exact shape and size it will retain till it is worn out. Find the R & G Corset that fits you and your corset troubles are over.

Here are R & G styles to fit every figure and these are told about in our booklet, "Choosing a Corset"—sent free on request.

The picture shows our number 307—a long-short corset. Long where length is needed for support and shapeliness—short where shortness gives comfort and ease. It sells for \$1.00.

Your dealer will supply you, or if you have any trouble getting it, send us your size, your dollar and the dealer's name and we will see that you get the corset.

R & G CORSET COMPANY
367 Broadway, New York

TANNERY TO

EYELET STRAP

TOE CAP

TONGUE

TOP

INNERSOLE

CONSUMER

No high priced custom boot was ever made of better stock than "King Calf." This famous leather costs more to produce than any stock made—it has proved its sterling qualities for wear. Its rich color, finished surface, and soft, pliable feeling tell its own story. A single trial will prove its worth. (In Black and Russet.) Is made for and used only in Regal shoes.

The Regal Shoe

Argyle Russet

Made of Russet King Calf, also best Imported Patent Calf, with close trimmed sole.

SEND POSTAL FOR NEW SPRING CATALOGUE T.

L. C. BLISS & CO.

Mail Order Department,
109 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

STORES.

Boston, 109 Summer Street; Providence, 220 Westminster Street; New York, 115 Nassau Street, 1347 Broadway, 291 Broadway; Brooklyn, 357 Fulton Street; Baltimore, 210 E. Baltimore Street; Philadelphia, 732 Chestnut Street; Washington, D. C., 1003 Penn Ave; Pittsburg, 309 Fifth Ave; Buffalo, 363 Main Street; Cincinnati, 13-15 Fountain Square; St. Louis, 618 Olive Street; Chicago, 103 Dearborn Street, 290 Dearborn Street; Detroit, 32 Campus Martius; Cleveland, 17 Euclid Ave; Denver, 423 Sixteenth Street; Utica, N. Y., 4 La Fayette Street; Albany, N. Y., 34 Maiden Lane; Atlanta, Ga., 6 Whitehall Street.

Factory, Whitman, Mass.

REGAL SHOE DRESSING CLEANS, PRESERVES, AND POLISHES MEN'S, WOMEN'S, AND CHILDREN'S SHOES.

Every
Regal
Bears the Name
Woven
in the
Strap.
Look
for it.



\$3.50 per pair.

Delivered to any address in United States for \$3.75 per pair.

OUTERSOLE

FROM ME
TO YOU

VAMP

HEEL

COUNTER

STRAP

TOP LIFT OF
HEEL

TOE BOX

WELT

HEEL STAY

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.



Save Money, by saving apparel We do it! **Do You?**

Shown here is Men's Set; one change makes Women's
In Half the Space, Garments Live Twice as Long

Good Form Closet Sets

\$3.00 each—2 Sets, one address, \$5.00

For Men—12 Garment Yokes, 6 Nickel Plated Trous. Hgrs., 2 Shelf Bars, 1 Closet Loop.
For Women—12 Garment Yokes, 12 Nickel Plated Skirt Hgrs., 2 Shelf Bars, 1 Clos. Loop.
Each set in separate box, express prepaid, for the price.

Sample Closet Sets, prepaid, \$1 each

For Men—3 Yokes, 2 Nickel Plated Trousers Hangers, 1 Nickel Plated Closet Loop.
For Women—4 Yokes, 3 Nickel Plated Skirt Hangers, 1 Nickel Plated Closet Loop.
Trousers Hanger, sample by mail, 30 cents; 4 by paid express \$1.

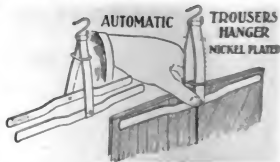
Send no money to us if we have an agency in your city

Otherwise remit to us and your order
will be sent express prepaid. **Book-
let Free.** Any purchaser may get
his money back by asking.

Chicago Form Co.

125 La Salle St.

CHICAGO



Agencies—as follows:

PITTSBURGH—James Phelan
DETROIT—Hunter, Glenn & Hunter
PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Callender, McAuslan & Troup Co.
HARTFORD, CONN.—Brown, Thompson & Co.
SAN FRANCISCO—Palace Hardware Co.
Other agencies named next month

"At Last I've Got Hold of Sox That Are Holeproof."

It's the universal
testimonial of men
who have taken
our word for it and
purchased

Hole- proof Sox.

Who wouldn't rather
wear whole socks
than holey ones?



Holeproof Sox are made of a specially twisted hygienic yarn, on improved machinery, and resist hardest wear. Sold under a guarantee not to need mending for six months if four pairs are worn alternately. Ask your dealer for Holeproof Sox. If he doesn't keep them don't let him sell you any others, none as cheap at any price, but send us 50 cents (better, \$1.00 bill for two pair), send size, we will fill your order, prepaid. Made in solid colors and all sizes. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Convincing booklet free.

KALAMAZOO KNITTING CO., Dept. M, Milwaukee, Wis.



"Frozen Dainties" FREE

A dainty book that will help you make the most delicious desserts. By Mrs. Lincoln, author of the Boston Cook Book. Sent free because it commends the IMPROVED TRIPLE MOTION WHITE MOUNTAIN FREEZERS—the only ones making perfect ice cream in 4 minutes.

WHITE MOUNTAIN FREEZER CO., Dept. D, Nashua, N. Y.

OUR 1899 MACKINTOSH.

SEND NO MONEY, cut this ad. out and send to us, state your height and weight, bust measure, length of garment from collar down back to waist line, and waist size to bottom of skirt state color wanted and we will send you this mackintosh by express C. O. D., subject to examination; examine and try it on at your nearest express office, and if found exactly as represented and by far the greatest value you ever saw or heard of, pay your express agent **OUR SPECIAL OFFER PRICE \$2.95** and express charges.

THIS MACKINTOSH is made of **BLACK or BLUE** genuine RAINLEY double texture, waterproof SERGE CLOTH, with fancy plus lining, velvet collar, double detachable cape, extra full sweep cape and skirt, guaranteed latest style and finest tailor made.

FOR FREE CLOTH SAMPLES of everything in ladies' mackintoshes, write for free sample book No. 541.

ADDRESS,
SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.),
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

PRICE
\$2.95.



Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.

The Ultra

If your dealer cannot supply you with the "Ultra," send us his name with your order direct and \$3.50 (money order, draft, or *personal check*), and we will send you the shoes at once, delivery charges prepaid. State plainly size and width wanted.

ON APPROVAL.

Shoes will be sent with the positive understanding that we guarantee a perfect fit and absolute satisfaction, or will refund your money.

Woman's Shoe.

ALL STYLES, \$ **3.50**

Style
601.

An ideal dress boot made from Cornelius Heyl's finest Imported Patent Calf with black cloth top, opera or military heel, with thin flexible sole. This boot is a dainty creation, and may be well termed "fit for a Queen."

Look for this Trade-Mark on the sole and on top band.



It signifies the very latest and best shoe made.

"I am a woman's shoe,—the very latest and newest out; and they call me the 'Ultra,'—because my style is 'out of the ordinary,' and the material from which I am made constitutes the highest grade of excellence attainable.

"The way in which I am made would interest you, so carefully am I constructed, for my mission is to please and serve you as no other boot has ever done before. Shoe men who have 'looked me over' attribute my popularity to the many superior points of merit I have, which every woman notices when once she tries me.

"I am a light, dressy boot, such as every woman admires, and when on your foot I will make it appear slender and graceful. If you will try me, all your friends will buy me."

All leather, black or russet kid, light turned or heavy extension welt sole, lace or button,—same price. Welt shoe has inner sole of pure cork, which acts as a cushion, adding much to their comfort, and is a preventative of cold and dampness.

Moore-Shafer Shoe Mfg. Co.
BROCKPORT, N. Y.

Our free catalogue tells a new story about shoes,—is illustrated, daintily gotten up, and comprehensive. We will gladly mail it to you or to your friends upon receipt of names and addresses.

LEWIS UNION SUITS

Patent Elastic Yoke.

Brilliant reminders of up to date comfort
for up to date people. Fits like your
skin—Shoulder comfort—Body comfort—

Hip comfort — LATEST RESULTS IN
UNDERWEAR COMFORT—

(Patented) not found in other underwear.
Always in place. Easy to put on and off. See
them in **SILTRINE** (like silk in everything
but price); also in **LINEN**, the ideal summer
fabric—does not shrink, durable, absorbs bodily
impurities. Doctors recommend it.

Ask your dealer for these suits. If he doesn't
keep them, don't accept any substitute he may
offer you for his profit, **BUT INVESTIGATE.**

2-cent stamp brings new illustrated (from life) catalogue,
sample fabrics and testimonials that prove all our claims.

LEWIS KNITTING COMPANY,

204 Main Street, . . . Janesville, Wis.

RICH'S "JULIA MARLOWE" LACE BOOT.

(PATENTED)



ELASTIC INSTEP

Thousands of
Testimonials

"JULIA MARLOWE"

"QUEEN" of the stage.

FINE VICT KID

ALL SIZES—\$1.15

Flexible Machine-sewed Boots, \$2.00—Oxfords, \$2.00
Custom Hand-turned Boots, . . . 2.50—Oxfords, 2.50
With Fancy Vesting Tops—extra—Boots, 25c; Oxfords, 25c.

Write for
Illustrated
Catalogue.

THE RICH SHOE CO.

Dept. L, Milwaukee, Wis.

If our dealer don't keep
them, we will fill orders,
express prepaid, upon
receipt of price.

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers

Nothing
like
it
ever
made
for
Thorough
Comfort
and
perfect
fit.
Either
for
High
or
Low
instep.

TWO LIVES IN ONE

Both sides alike

TRADE

DOUBLE
WEAR

Wilbur's



Points
2 1/4 inches

Holquin

25¢

Highest
possible
grade

THE BEST DEALERS CAN SUPPLY THEM
IF THEY WILL NOT, WE WILL

WILBUR SHIRT & COLLAR CO.

TROY,
N.Y.

*There's goodness here; pleasing manners, too,
In "Easefelt," the woman's perfect shoe.*

Easefelt
TRADE MARK

SHOE FOR WOMEN

The hard-to-please woman will find in "Easefelt" shoes the many points of good taste seldom seen in a cheaper shoe, and the perfect fit and style she has sought the custom maker for. Every stitch in "Easefelt"—the perfect shoe—is put there with an honest intent. The material used never varies from the highest grade of superfine quality. Every pair sold has made a satisfied customer, and has sold many other pairs.



FREE.
Our new
Catalogue,
showing
Spring and
Summer
styles.
Send a
postal for it.

Our Oxford
styles for Spring
and Summer wear
are cool and easy
to the foot, light enough
to appear dressy and
stylish, yet of sufficient
weight stock to insure
a permanency of shape
and wear.

ORDER FROM YOUR DEALER. If he does not handle the "Easefelt" shoes, or will not get them for you, then send your order to us, with price, and we will deliver them to you, charges paid, **GUARANTEEING FIT AND SATISFACTION.**

J. & T. COUSINS,

373 DeKalb Avenue, Borough of Brooklyn, New York.

\$4.00
OXFORDS,
\$3.50



Copyright
1899
Hart,
Schaffner
& Marx

The H. S. & M. Kind

Make up your mind to have a *becoming* suit this spring, one that will look right, feel right, and give you a well-dressed appearance. If you'd like to get acquainted with some graceful, fine-looking suits and top coats that will fit, keep their shape, and outwear any other clothes you can buy, send for our Spring Style Book "D," beautifully illustrated in half-tone. Pictures from life of fifteen stylish men in H. S. & M. garments. It tells *what* men should wear and *when*, gives descriptions and prices of the finest ready-to-wear clothes in America.

Be sure to look
for this trade-mark



inside the collar of
the coat.

Send to-day for our **NEW STYLE BOOK "D,"** showing what well-dressed men will wear this Spring. It is free.

HART, SCHAFFNER & MARX, CHICAGO

Largest Makers in the World of Fine Clothing for Men

Our garments are sold only through the dealer. Ask for "Hart, Schaffner & Marx Guaranteed Clothing." If your dealer does not keep it write to us for the address of one who does.

Send to-day for our **NEW STYLE BOOK "D,"** showing what well-dressed men will wear this Spring. It is free.

VICI KID



**DOLLS'
SLIPPERS**

SAMPLE PAIR

10CENTS

The mellowest, handsomest,
best wearing shoe leather ever
produced is

Vici Kid

Robert H. Foerderer alone makes it or can make it. It is the leather that has driven French Kid from the markets of the world. It is to put a sample of genuine Vici Kid in every home in the land that these slippers are offered. Send size of dolls' feet.

Vici Dressing is Mr. Foerderer's creation for saving the life and beauty of kid, or any fine leather when in use. **VICI POLISH** gives the last touch of elegance to the shoe. Each best of their kind.

ROBERT H. FOERDERER, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Shoe Buying and Shoe Saving" gives a world of information valuable to any shoe wearer. Free to any address.

The Merritt

**SEND 25 CENTS
FOR SAMPLE WITH CATALOGUE
H.C. CURTIS & CO.
TROY, N.Y.**

Please mention McClure's when you write to advertisers.



TRI-ON-FA

LADIES SHOE




\$2.50

This shoe is making a great sensation among women and among shoe dealers, on account of the stylish shapes, the fine workmanship, and the remarkable leather of which they are made.

Shoe dealers have only to show them to sell them. Women always buy a second pair. The leather used in all Tri-on-fa Shoes is the best that money can buy. It is soft, delightful to the touch and wears remarkably.

We are placing them with good shoe men everywhere, but if yours does not have them, we will send you a pair on receipt of \$2.50, and will refund your money if you wish. Our shoe book shows over twenty styles. Shall we send you one?

THE HURLEY SHOE CO., LYNN, MASS.



*"They used to say that
I was fine at cleanin'
mum; but everybody
uses **SAPOLIO** now."*

BAKER'S CHOCOLATE.

Imitations on the market!



TRADE-MARK

Housekeepers should examine what they buy, and make sure that every package bears our well-known

YELLOW LABEL

on the front, and our

TRADE-MARK ON THE BACK.

Take only the genuine,

MADE BY

WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.,
DORCHESTER, MASS.

HOT TEA BISCUIT

are Quickly, Easily Made with

**ROYAL
Baking
Powder**

Perfect, Delicious,
Appetizing.



Sauer

Whose work as a pianist is the wonder and admiration of the American Continent to-day, uses exclusively ::

**THE KNABE
PIANO**

**SAUER AND THE KNABE
BOTH STAND AT THE TOP**

If you are ambitious to have the best in pianos, you must see the new Knabe Grands and Uprights.

WM. KNABE & CO.

Baltimore
Washington

154 Fifth Avenue, New York
PRESBYTERIAN BLDG.



HALL'S Vegetable
Sicilian
Hair Renewer

Brings the old color back; no more faded or gray hair. Makes growth more rapid; short hair becomes long hair. Holds the hair firmly in place; the hair stops falling out. Completely removes dandruff; baldness is prevented. Feeds the hair bulbs; new hair grows on bald heads.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send one dollar to
R. F. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.



Stanford University Libraries



3 6105 008 449 873

CECIL H. GREEN LIBRARY
STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA 94305-6004
(650) 723-1493

gncirc@sulmail.stanford.edu

All books are subject to recall.

DATE DUE

JUN 14 2001
JUN 18 2001

