ROUND THE WORLD

51-16.

ROUND THE WORLD SERIES

VOLUME I

ROUND THE WORLD

A Series of Interesting Illustrated Articles on a Great Variety of Subjects

Climbing the Alps. The Great Wall of China. Nature Study and Photography. The Making of a Newspaper. Rookwood Pottery. The Magic Kettle. Some Wonderful Birds. Ostriches. Skis and Ski Racing. The Marvel of the New World. Triumphal Arches. Venders in Different Lands

WITH 109 ILLUSTRATIONS.

Santa Barbara, California

NEW YORK · CINCINNATI · CHICAGO

BENZIGER BROTHERS

PRINTERS TO THE HOLY APOSTOLIC SEE

1906

CONTENTS.

The Ostrich and Ostrich Hunting

(Illustrated with stereographs, copyright, 1904, by Underwood & Underwood, N.Y.)

STRANGELY enough, notwithstanding the fact that in South Africa there have been thriving ostrich farms for nearly half a century, that for twenty years ostriches have been raised in our own country, that in California, Arizona, and Florida there are a number of successful breeding places, there is, among people in general, a decided lack of knowledge regarding these largest of birds.

Great Birds of the Great Kano (Desert), Cape Colony, South Africa.

Many fairy tales have been told about them—that when hard pressed in

the chase they bury their heads in the sand, and consider themselves safe from pursuit, that one can carry a couple of men on its back, and, thus hampered, travel at lightning speed, that their eggs are hatched by the sun rather than by the birds themselves—all of which are either partially or wholly untrue.

Here, then, are some facts about the "feather-bearer of my lady."

When the rainy season is over, the male bird scoops out a circular hole in the sand about a foot deep and three feet in diameter. In this nest, the female, who begins to lay when she is three years old, deposits her eggs, one every other day until, on an average, fifteen have been laid. Each of these eggs, weighing from three to three and a half pounds, contains the equivalent of about twenty-four ordinary hen's eggs. Ostrich eggs are very palatable, though scarcely suitable for a regular diet.

While the "setting" is being accumulated, a small quantity of sand is scattered over the eggs to protect them from the heat of the sun. When satisfied with the number of eggs in the nest, the birds, male and female, turn and turn about, proceed to hatch them—a process covering a period of

forty-two days. As the time for her brood to come forth approaches, the mother watches the eggs very closely, at times aiding the little ones by pressing her breastbone against the shells, and at other times literally dragging them from their prisons. As a rule, each pair will rear ten birds a year.

At maturity, the ostrich measures

A Conspicuous Inhabitant of the Great Kano, Cape Colony, South Africa.

more than seven feet in height and weighs from two hundred to three hundred pounds. Its normal life is seventy years. Alfalfa hay and sugar beets have been found to be the best food for those in captivity, but it is true that the ostrich is not at all

particular, swallowing pieces of iron, sharp or otherwise, nails, leather—in fact, anything it comes across—without any apparent effect upon its digestion.

Although afraid of a dog or any other small animal, the bird will sometimes, when angered, attack a man, even though he be on horseback. This is explained by the fact that it can not strike at less than three feet above the ground. At and above that height, however, the force of the blow it can give with its foot is tremendous.

The males often battle for supremacy, or for the admiration of the females. During these ferocious combats, which closely resemble a boxing-match, they stand on one foot, the other foot and the wings raised, the bill wide open and the neck extended. Sparring cautiously, they circle about, seizing every opportunity to launch a blow that would kill a man were it to strike him. Their antics are amusing, but frequently they end disastrously for one of the contestants, and often a keeper is badly hurt in endeavoring to separate them.

Ostriches respond readily to training, develop, with the aid of their wings, remarkable speed in running, can carry a light man upon their backs

A Morning Drive at Jacksonville, Florida.

without any discomfort, and have even been harnessed to a sulky and driven like horses.

The value of the ostrich is, of course, in its feathers, of which there are on each bird about one thousand. Only three hundred of these are plucked, from the wings and tail, the most valuable being the twenty-five long white plumes that grow on each wing of the male. The rest of the male's feathers are black, while the prevailing color of the female's feathers is either drab or gray.

Every eight or nine months, after they are eight months old, the birds are plucked or rather cut, for the modern method is to clip the feathers off about two inches from the body. This is done for two reasons—because it is painless, and because, as a result of doing so, it has been found that the succeeding crop of feathers is much better. During the operation the bird's head is covered with a bag, and it stands perfectly still. After the plucking, the feathers are graded according to size and quality, when they pass into the hands of the "feather-dressers," whose work in dyeing and preparing them for the market adds greatly to the cost. The ostrich farmer who realizes thirty dollars a year profit on each bird considers himself fortunate.

Ostrich "Cyclone" Racing at Jacksonville, Florida.

Fifty years ago there were no ostrich farms; the birds were only known in a wild state, and all the feathers used were secured in the open.

It can not be said that hunting ostriches is exciting sport. The methods employed in capturing them vary little in the different countries where they are found. In Africa, the home of the

Throwing a Bag over the Ostrich's Head, so that he can be Plucked.

largest and most valuable ones, the march of civilization has driven the birds into the interior, where they are hunted, almost exclusively, by the natives; but now and again the Arabs, who in the old days were the chief huntsmen, organize a hunt. The hotter the weather, the more easily the birds tire and lose their strength. So midsummer is generally selected as the time for the chase.

a sign that they have become utterly weary, the Arabs rush in among them, striking down the unresisting creatures with their heavy sticks and ren-

An Easter Morning in the Desert. Ostrich Chickens.

dering them unconscious—when they either kill or capture them.

After this fashion my lady's plumes were always secured in the days gone by. Nowadays she

need not reproach herself for being the indirect cause of this cruelty—thanks to the ostrich farms and the humane methods that prevail there.

Venders in Different Lands

"If ifs and ands were pots and pans," runs the old saw, "what would the tinkers do?" Fortunately, since there is no known method for changing these conjunctions into the useful utensils, the question may remain unanswered, and the world will continue to find need for tinkers and other pedlers.

In Scotland "tinkers" is the term employed to designate all itinerant venders. There are many of them in that thrifty country, but the line drawn between beggars and pedlers is rather indistinct; and furthermore, while the Scotch do not claim that all traveling merchants are dishonest, they do say that "ye maun keep an eye open the whiles they are aroun'." There is a law against begging in the land of the heather, so that those who follow this "vocation" usually make some pretense of offering goods for sale. In many instances the woman tinker has a baby

The Panal Vender, Seville, Spain.

in ner arms as she passes from door to door, appealing for charity, though she carries in the basket upon her back some small wares to be used in case of emergency, and some men tramps, dispensing with the pack, take their chances. The patriarchal vender resting beside the Scottish road probably carries his scanty stock for the purpose

of evading the law rather than as a means of gaining a livelihood.

On the other side of the Giant's Causeway, which was built, according to legend, by the giant Fin McCool so that a Scottish giant, one Cucullin,

Nepalese Girl Selling Standard Oil Company's Kerosene, Darjeeling, India.

might cross over to fight him without wetting his feet, lies the Isle of the Shamrock, where the pedler is very much in evidence. Whether he is selling a blackthorn to a tourist, or fish to a housewife, you may be sure that the vender's ready wit and flattering tongue enable him to drive a sharp bargain. The visitor to Ireland who does not see the fish market of Galway will miss an interesting and characteristic scene. In the open square of this busy west coast town the pedlers gather in picturesque groups to dispose of their catch which they bring in from the Claddagh. The Claddagh is a suburb where the fisher community makes its home. A queer little colony it is. The people elect their own mayor, and it is to him they appeal, rather than to the regularly constituted authorities, whenever they have an "argument."

Perhaps there is no country in the world so infested with beggars, fakirs, and pedlers as India, where they are a veritable nuisance. The constant stream of British travel has enabled the street merchants to pick up a smattering of our language, so that to-day the English or American visitor is constantly surrounded by a ragged mob of hawkers, the while his ears are assailed by their

whining cry, "Please buy; I am a poor man; please buy."

And what do these men sell? For the most

Galway Fish Sellers, Galway, Ireland.

part cheap imitations of goods for which the country is famous, trinkets of brass, glass, beadwork and the like, of little value and of no use. The

bazars, however, present pictures of kaleidoscopic color; and at times one comes across scenes that are rather unexpected—for instance, a booth where flowers, fruits, vegetables, and kerosene oil are sold. Were a stranger to purchase a measure of oil from the guileless looking Nepalese girl he

Street Pedlers' Carts on Elizabeth Street, looking north from Hester Street, New York City.

A Water Vender, typical of Mexico's Mountain Cities, Guanajuato.

would probably have to pay as much for the "service" as for the kerosene. Bret Harte tells us that "for ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain the heathen Chinee is peculiar," but the same may be said of all Orientals.

In southern countries, where there is so much outdoor life, the pedler is an important personage.

During a stroll upon the streets of Naples one will pass a great many chestnut venders, each supplied with the familiar little furnace; perambulating restaurants where the native purchases his beloved macaroni; fruit sellers with carts drawn by diminutive donkeys scarcely larger than Newfoundland dogs, and, occasionally, a milk dealer, leading a pair of goats from door to door.

In Seville, or any of the Spanish cities, the traveler finds the suave and insinuating purveyor of panal, a preparation of honeycomb; and he will be firm indeed if he does not permit the pedler to coax from him the few pennies charged for the delicacy. The market at Seville is held in the early morning and is well worth a visit. While it would be easier to say what is not sold there than to enumerate the things displayed, the stranger will be particularly attracted by the booths for the sale of secondhand clothing, the drinking water stands and the open-air barber shops. Then he will enjoy a cup of chocolate and some calentitos (cakes similar to our crullers) or a few vanilla wafers, all of which will be politely offered him by the street venders, before visiting the many sights of the city. Among these sights the New Yorker should not neglect the Griselda,

from which the tower of Madison Square Garden is copied.

The early riser in the mountain cities, or, in-

Fruit Cart, Naples, Italy.

deed, in the capital itself, of our little sister republic, Mexico, will meet a motley assemblage of itinerant merchants. He will see *aquadors,*

each with one or two jugs of water suspended by straps from his shoulders or his head, Indian men and women with crates of chickens or turkeys,

A Filipino "Fuel Combine." Woodsellers on their Way to Market, Luzon, P. I.

panniers of oranges, crates of earthenware, with sacks of peas or baskets of fish, each one crying his or her wares, the commingled voices creating a

medley of sound totally unintelligible to those unaccustomed to the cries.

The shrewdness of the Yankee pedler is pro-

The Broom Vender, Scotland.

verbial; sometimes it has been carried to excess, as was the case when many a housewife purchased wooden nutmegs instead of the real article;

and the founders of many of our wealthy families began their lives as traveling merchants, carrying their packs upon their backs; but the day of the Yankee pedler is passing. In these days the itinerant merchants and the street venders are, as a rule, foreigners. In every city, town, and village they are to be found, but nowhere are there more of them than in New York.

While they may be seen in all portions of the city, to the distress of the police, in the foreign districts their name is legion. Here the streets are lined with pushcarts whose owners supply the myriads of people dwelling in the tall tenements with every necessity and delicacy, from hats to shoes, and from decayed vegetables to oysters on the half shell. The Babel that fills the air as the bargaining is carried on in every language and in every gradation of tone, can better be imagined than described; and visitors come many a mile to see the open-air markets of Elizabeth, Hester, Mulberry, and other east side streets.

But the unromantic city authorities consider the pushcart men a nuisance, and, however picturesque and interesting they may be, it must be admitted that they are a menace to the public health. It may seem a hardship to deprive these

men of their means of livelihood, and in individual cases it may be, but the general result will fully justify the movement. Aside from considerations of cleanliness, the system has many evils. Our typical commercial concentration has extended even to the guild of street venders, and to-day almost all the pushcarts are controlled by syndicates, who employ the men, paying them barely enough to keep body and soul together, and reaping the profits that rightly belong to the pedlers. On the whole, therefore, the city and the venders may be congratulated when the historic pushcart has passed into oblivion.

The Great Wall of China

THE best preserved, though by no means the most accessible, portion of the Great Wall of China is where it crosses the Nankow Pass, about forty-five miles north of Peking. It was to this point, therefore, that a friend and I, while on a visit to Peking two years ago, decided we would go, for we agreed that our tour in China would be wofully incomplete if it did not include a visit to the old structure. When arranging the trip we met two other travelers also desirous of making the journey, so it was agreed we should all go together.

A Camel and Driver in the Nankow Pass.

As the Boxer war was only a year and a half old, and a good deal of ill-feeling was still har-

bored against foreigners, it was considered advisable by our fellow travelers to obtain a military escort. This Mr. Conger, the United States Minister at Peking, very kindly secured for us. The escort consisted of an officer and two privates of a regiment of Chinese mounted infantry.

Two of us would gladly have dispensed with the services of these gentry and merely taken a guide, as the element of risk was just enough to give a flavor of adventure to the enterprise. Our companions, however, were obdurate on this point, and we abandoned opposition.

As we were unable to secure horses, the alternative presented was to make the journey in a cart, or by sedan chairs harnessed fore and aft to mules. The latter method did not appeal to us, so my friend and I chartered a cart with two fine mules, while the others elected to go in chairs. We soon discovered our cart to be anything but a blessing. It was devoid of springs, and when we got outside of the city on the abominable roads, with their ruts and enormous stones, we were bumped from side to side and banged against the top of the vehicle in the most alarming manner, so that before we had gone five miles our helmets were crushed and broken, our bodies bruised all over,

our knuckles raw, and our tempers spoiled. The chairs, on the other hand, went along with an easy swinging motion which was enviable to see.

Our caravan presented quite an imposing appearance as we left Peking. It consisted in all

The Entrance to the City of Nankow.

of the three soldiers, the two mule litters, our cart, our guide's cart, and another cart, bringing up the rear, containing our rugs for bedding and provisions necessary for a four days' journey. We made an early start, in order to reach Nankow by nightfall, and by so doing we avoided the excessive discomfort caused by the afternoon wind, and the thick dust stirred up by the many long camel trains and mule wagons which enter the capital by this road.

Leaving the Tatar city by the Ti-Sheng gate, we soon passed the ancient boundaries established under the Mongol dynasty in 1215. Peking in those days must have been an enormous place, for the present city only occupies a portion of the site of Kanbaligh, as it was called at that time, and the old walls which we passed a mile and a quarter out marked its limits on that side. There was a further ride of about four miles past the village of Hsi-hsiao-huan, in which there is much of interest to the lover of the picturesque. This was along a dusty road, teeming at first with busy life, which lessened as each mile from the capital was passed. We arrived at Ching-ho, where there is a fine old stone bridge. About six miles farther on there are two more of these bridges over rivers

just outside the town of Sha-ho. These old bridges well repaid inspection, on account of their simple beauty and antiquity. They are credited to the Ming dynasty, ample evidence to support the supposition being shown in the unmistakable lines of the architecture. The roadways on top and the approaches are in the most appalling condition, and only with the greatest difficulty could our mules pull the carts up, on account of the enormous ruts between the stones, worn, in many places over a foot deep, by centuries of use. It seems strange that in a country where labor is so cheap, and where such enduring monuments are erected, so little attention should be devoted to the roads which are so much used, and are the sole means of communication between one portion of the country and another.

We put up at an inn in Sha-ho to give the mules food and rest, and to make the first onslaught on our own provisions.

Leaving Sha-ho in the afternoon we slowly traveled about eleven miles along the awful road until we reached Nankow.

There was many a picture to be seen along this stretch. The caravans of laden camels, and the mule-carts, with their drivers, often sound asleep,

sitting on one of the shafts; the herds of goats and their picturesque tenders stirring up a cloud of dust; the striking life studies to be seen around the wells, and the villages of mud huts with their quaint rice-papered windows, were all full of interest and possibilities for the artist.

A group at one of these villages reminded me of the butcher-shops of Canton, where all kinds of horrible things are displayed for sale. An old donkey was lying on the ground. His time had all but come, and many Chinamen were gathered round to see the end. Just as our cavalcade drew up to rest for half an hour, the poor donkey died. Before we started on again the donkey had been skinned, cut up, and sold for meat, and from the eager way in which the meat was bought, I judge that donkey in those parts is considered a very great delicacy indeed. One enterprising individual bought up fully half of it, and started out with the meat on a barrow, evidently with the intention of peddling.

We had no sooner got under way again than my companion and I found good reason, after all, to congratulate ourselves on having chosen a cart instead of the mule chairs. The mules in the leading litter took fright at something, and began to

Looking Southwest along the Great Wall of China at the Nankow Pass, showing the Great Highway from Mongolia.

run away. Their driver could not stop them, and the faster he ran, the faster ran the mules; when they had warmed up nicely they broke into a gallop. The yells of the man inside were loud and strong. There was no possibility of his getting out, so the only thing to do was to hang on as best he could and bear it. The Chinese soldiers went to the rescue and caught the runaway, but not before the mules had succeeded in jolting the lashings of the litter loose, so that the whole affair finally fell off and rolled into a ditch. When we managed to catch up, the victim was just emerging through the window. A sad-looking object he was, for he had been battered from side to side and up and down, until he was bruised and sore all over, but fortunately no further harm had been done. When we saw him we concluded that, with all its faults, a Peking cart was not such a bad affair after all.

We passed through several villages, all much the same in appearance, and the inhabitants were seemingly well disposed to foreigners, notwithstanding that this was the heart of the Boxer region. Many of the people here were formerly members of that organization, all that

was needed to make them reassume the rôle being the red sash and headdress.

There are some forts, apparently very inaccessible, upon the hills at this point. It is said that these were constructed solely for the purpose of drilling imperial troops in the science of storming such difficult strongholds.

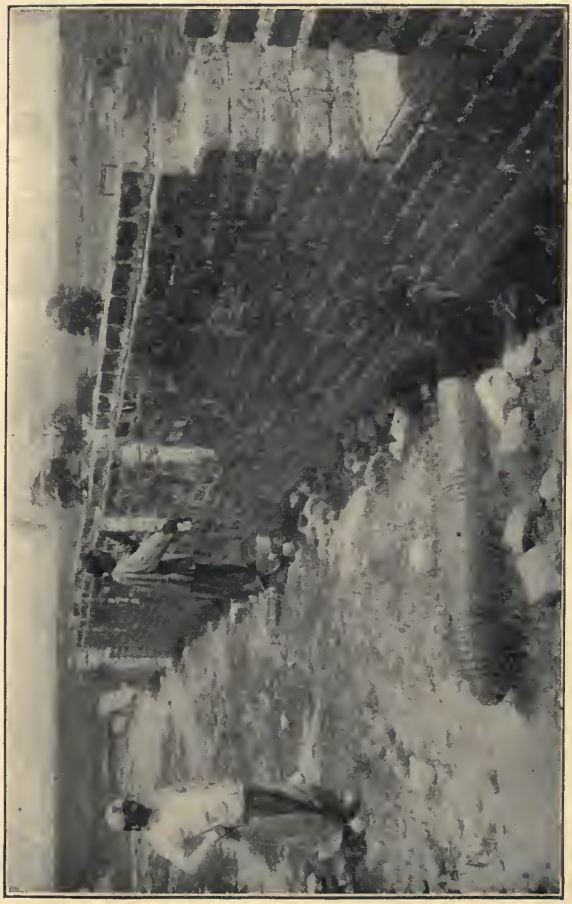
Nankow is a walled city, and approached by a fine old gateway on which there is much interesting carving. The walls do not appear to receive much attention now, and are falling into ruin. This was our destination, and we put up at a Chinese inn for the night. The accommodation was anything but elaborate; a dirty room with the floor to sleep on was the best the place offered. However, here seemed no alternative; so we each made up a bed of straw and lay down on our rugs. But sleep there, was out of the question; so I abandoned the shelter of the inn, and took to the cart, in which, wrapped in my rug, with a board across the shafts on which to rest my feet, I passed the remainder of the night in much greater comfort.

The Chinese inns are dirty in the extreme. No attempt is made at either comfort or cleanliness. They are a great contrast to the cleanliness—if not comfort—of the native inns in Japan. It is

almost impossible to sleep in one of these filthy places. The best plan is to take a folding cot along, and place it in a sheltered spot out of doors, or else arrange a bed in a cart. Otherwise, no rest need be looked for, and after the tiresome journey sleep is badly needed.

From Nankow to the Great Wall, where it crosses the Nankow Pass, is about fifteen miles, and as this portion of the journey is very rough in places, we left the cart and horses behind, and adopted the usual means of accomplishing the rest of the journey—by donkey. Good donkeys were to be got here, and each was accompanied by its driver. They are very tiny, but do not seem to have any objection to bearing the weight of a man. The mule-chairs accomplished the trip all right, though the drivers represented it as impossible. This, however, was only an excuse to loaf. Finding I could walk about as fast as the donkeys, I made a great part of the journey on foot. Some of it was of such absorbing interest that I should like to have been able to spend several days on these few miles, as the intense picturesqueness of the Pass is undeniable.

Soon after leaving Nankow the road enters a long canyon with hills on either side, rugged,



Many old guns have been found on the Wall, showing that in comparatively modern times it was seriously used as a work of defense.

rocky, and barren of all vegetation. This is the great roadway from China to Mongolia, and has been for centuries one of the greatest commercial highways in Asia. There is an unmistakable look about the road of having been used for ages untold. Here were to be seen caravans of heavily laden camels, with deep-toned bells hung round their necks, and trains of donkeys, each with loaded panniers, wending their way slowly along this tortuous road, in and out, and up and down the mountains, just as they did over a thousand years ago.

Here, fresh from twentieth century civilization, we were practically going back into the centuries, and could see life just as it was when Confucius taught his doctrines. There was no single thing to recall the great modern world outside. We seemed, by some magical means, to be gazing deep into the past, and could grasp the full significance of the fact that while China is the oldest of nations she has steadily refused to progress with the times, and at heart is in many respects as she was when Christ was born.

There is another fortified town about five miles from Nankow—the town of Chu-yung-kwan. It has a most beautiful archway, dating from the

fourteenth century, elaborately embellished with Buddhist bas-reliefs, and inscriptions in six languages—Sanscrit, Tibetan, Chinese, Mongol, Uigur, and Niuchih.

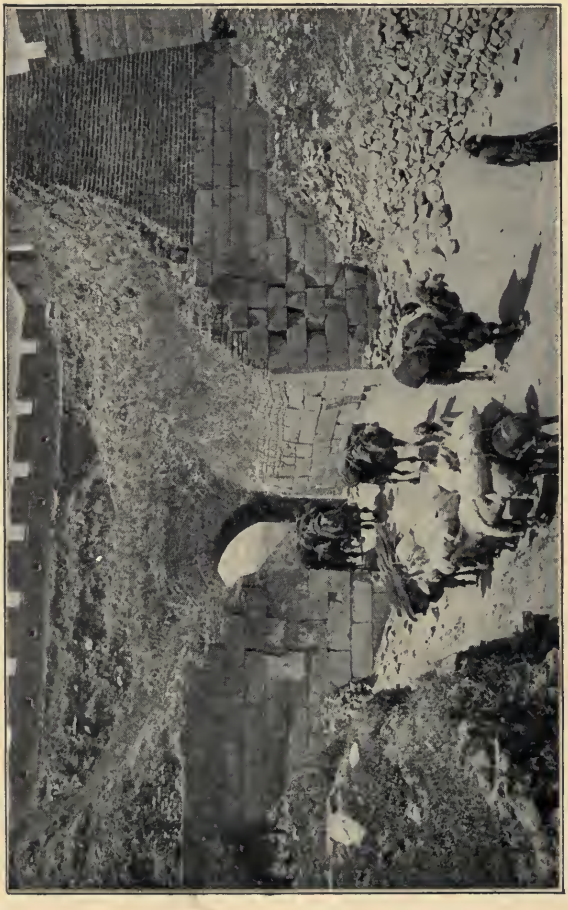
The object of our journey first came into view about ten miles from Nankow, near some small temples built upon the precipitous hillsides. As we proceeded many glimpses of it could be caught as it stretches its immense length high over the mountains. We quickly reached the top of the ridge which the wall follows at this point, and the greatest of all structures ever erected by the hand of man lay before us.

The Great Wall of China, called by the Chinese "Wan-li-Chang-Chiang," or the wall 10,000 li long, is without doubt the most stupendous monument ever raised by human hands. Founded by the great Emperor Tsi-shih-hwang-ti, in the third century before Christ, as a defense against the fierce Mongols of the North and the Tatar tribes of Central Asia, it naturally follows that a work of such hoary antiquity must have been repaired and restored again and again. Slow decay and damaging earthquakes, and the erosive action of heat and storms, were inflicted upon it, while century after century dawned and died, till more than

two thousand years had rolled over its ancient foundations.

Beginning near Shan-hai-kwan, two hundred miles east of Peking, where it rises out of the sea, at which point it is now little more than a heap of crumbling ruins, it forms the eastern wall of the city, and then creeps up the Liao-Hse Mountains, running along the highest peak of this rocky range. It follows then the mountain range which circles around the capital, bridges the Nankow Pass in the western hills, about forty-five miles northwest of the city, and, continuing westward, crosses the Yellow River, near Pow-teh, and again at a point farther on; thence winding onward through the Snow Mountains, it bends southward, and then directly northward again, through the province of Khansoo, to Lake Alak, where it terminates, a distance of over twelve hundred miles in a straight line from the starting point at Shan-hai-kwan.

North of Peking a ramification runs in a loop from Yen-khing up into the bleak Khingan Mountains, and thence westward to the Yellow River, where it again joins the parent wall. At a point one hundred miles west of Peking, another offshoot runs due south for about two hundred miles. These tributaries to the main structure are of



A Camel Caravan coming from Mongolia into China, through the Pa-ta-ling Gate in the Great Wall of China, at the Nankow Pass.

more recent date, and originate, it is said, from the seventh century A. D. The entire length of the main wall, its chief ramifications, and many lesser ones, is probably over two thousand miles, and the whole undertaking is said to have been completed in ten years.

The roadway, which at the point we had reached is two thousand feet above the level of the sea, passes through the wall by the Pa-ta-ling gate. Above the arch there is an inscription of the Ming dynasty, the present structure being restored in their time during the fifteenth century. Like the Tatar wall of Peking, there is, or was, a large *enceinte,* through which a second gate reenforced the main one. This, however, is of earlier origin, or has not been restored, as it is in a much more ruined condition, while the main structure is in a very fair state of preservation.

As the day was clear, the enormous difficulties overcome in its construction could plainly be seen, for the wall does not pursue a straight line or take the easiest course. The very reverse is the case. The steepest slopes, the verge of precipices, and the sharpest ridges were sought out, and, to increase the difficulties of attack, it doubles back in places to reach another rocky peak, and

runs on parallel ridges, until at some points its face could be seen in four successive places beyond one another as it winds over the hills from the point on which we stood. Again it goes miles out of the straight line to seek some inaccessible spot instead of taking the shortest route; the object of making it as impregnable as possible being apparently kept ever in mind.

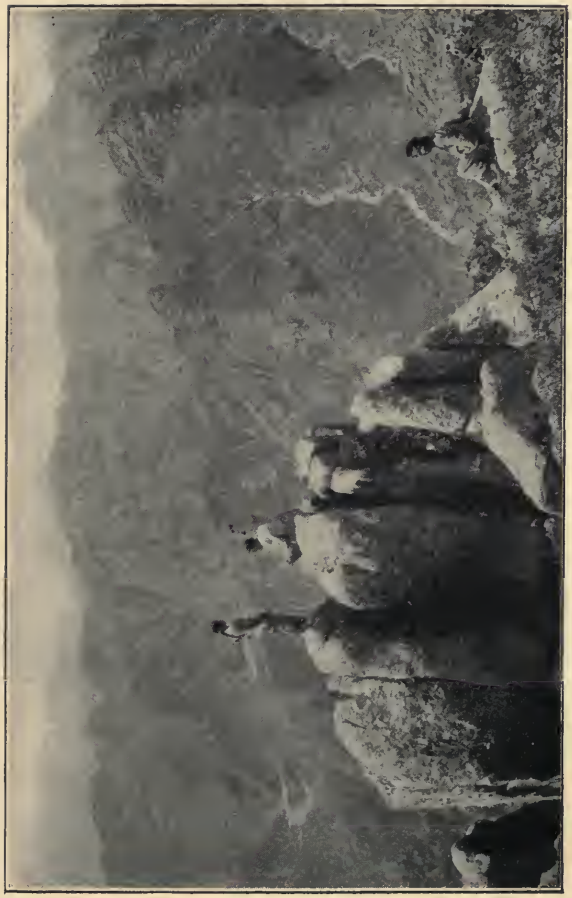
The wall is not impressive for its height or breadth, but for its tremendous length, and the difficulties intentionally encountered and overcome in its course. Varying in height from twenty to thirty feet, and with a breadth on top of about fifteen feet, it nevertheless proved an impregnable barrier when lined with well-armed troops and archers.

On its outer face it is loopholed and battlemented to the height of a man, and has a lower parapet on the Chinese side. There is a roadway along the top for the passage of troops, for which the high side of the wall serves in some measure as a protection, and at frequent, irregular intervals the wall is surmounted with towers. These towers are also loopholed, and embrasured for the use of cannon, of which latter a number have been found on the wall, showing that in comparatively

modern times it was seriously used as a work of defense. It must not be forgotten that gunpowder is claimed to have been known to the Chinese long before its use was discovered in the western hemisphere. The wall in parts is very steep, and in one place where an unusually precipitous peak was surmounted, the roadway was but twenty degrees from the vertical, the method of overcoming the difficulty in this case being by means of a flight of steps.

There is an ancient legend to the effect that when the wall was being built, and near completion, the Tatars organized an invasion at the spot as yet uncovered by the wall. The Chinese heard of it, and pressed the work forward with all possible haste, but failed to make connection before night began to fall, while the enemy was already near at hand. The Emperor, seeing inevitable defeat confronting him, and at a loss for an expedient to avoid it, at last bethought him to command the sun to stand still in its course; this the sun complaisantly did for the space of three days until the wall was completed, whereupon the Emperor graciously permitted it to set.

The Tatars arrived shortly afterward, but found to their dismay that the fortification was



In the Liao-Hse Mountains, Manchuria. The Great Wall runs along the highest peaks of this rocky range.

finished. Despairing of making any headway against so formidable an obstacle, they abandoned the enterprise and returned home.

The legend also adds that the laborers became weary and heavy-eyed on that long day, and many fell asleep at their work. The Emperor, as a warning and example to others, commanded that they should not be disturbed, but walled in where they slept, and to this day the guides point out strange cavities in the ruins which they exhibit as conclusive proof of the veracity of this statement.

It was late in the day when we started back to Nankow, and the afternoon lights on the hills gave an entirely different beauty to their ruggedness and corrugations, showing up points and valleys which in the intense morning sun had seemed flat and colorless. There is something, too, about the soft atmosphere of early morning and evening in any country which lends a charm which is entirely lost in the glaring hours which precede and follow the noonday hour. I noted before leaving how the sun, already long past the meridian, had given a beauty, which a few hours ago it did not possess, to the ancient fortification itself. Then it appeared much like the hills, until finally it

merged into them in the distance. But now, the sinking sun, throwing one side into deep shadow and the other into brilliant light, caused it to stand out strong and bold, a curving, twisting mark over the landscape as far as the eye could reach. That last look was a thing never to be forgotten, and the marvelous fascination of the scene, as I gazed across that ancient historic ground, will remain ever in my memory.

Making a Great Newspaper

To attempt to give a complete account, within the space of a short article, of the work involved in issuing a great newspaper would be absolutely impossible, but perhaps we can "cover" the subject well enough to bring out the more important points.

The comparison of a publishing headquarters with a manufacturing plant is not new, but it is apt enough to bear repetition. Here are executive and business offices, a counting-room, managers, salesmen, raw materials, and machinery for manufacturing the goods. The raw materials are the white paper, the news, the brains of the writers and artists; and the combination of the first with the others, which is effected by means of printers' ink, furnishes the finished article that is to be placed on sale. The largest factory, even at its busiest time, can not present a scene of greater activity than the home of a newspaper.

In deference to the old days, we will take up the editorial department first, although to-day

it is by no means the most important. The personality of an editor still has an influence upon the popularity of his paper, but it is in an altogether different way from of old, and depends upon his commercial instinct rather than upon his literary ability.

The editorial staff of a modern newspaper consists of a managing editor, who has general supervision; a city editor, in charge of local news; telegraph, cable, exchange, and various other editors, the importance of the individual chiefs depending upon the policy of the particular publication. The city editor is a very important personage, for he it is who gives assignments to the reporters, and decides upon the value of the "stories" they bring in. He is a very arbitrary gentleman, and if he who believes that a reporter's life is one of interesting Bohemianism and comparative ease will spend an afternoon and evening in the "city room," he will be speedily disabused of the idea.

The opportunities for distinguishing themselves do not come to reporters to-day as frequently as they formerly did. The Associated Press, to which most of the principal newspapers, and many of the smaller ones, belong, is a well-established news

A Corner of the Reporters' Room.

bureau with branches over the whole world, supplying both local and foreign items to the papers, in somewhat condensed form, but containing all the facts. These reports are colorless, however, and less than half the news that appears in the paper consists in the items themselves. It is in their presentation that the editors show their individual ideas—in the headlines and in the condensing or spreading, emphasizing or slurring, of the information contained in the "flimsy." This name, by which the Associated Press reports are known, is derived from the thin paper upon which they are typewritten. Each newspaper of importance has its telegraph room, and all taking a certain class of service from the news bureau—"full" or "part" as the case may be—are upon the same circuit and receive the information simultaneously.

It must not be supposed that this arrangement for the general dissemination of news stifles competition between the members subscribing to the Associated Press. It merely assures all the members that they will receive the same general news items as their competitors and serves to reduce the reportorial staff. Almost all important dailies have correspondents at the news centers—the for-

Setting Type by Machine.

eign capitals, Washington, the capitals of the States where they circulate, and in various other places, who are constantly on the lookout for "beats." The local field, too, is always well cov-

ered, although here the papers sometimes enter into agreements as to certain classes of news, one reporter, for instance, reporting all police news for several papers.

The policy of a paper, on many points, is decided by the advertising and circulation managers, the first occupying the more important position and usually having the last word. While it is the circulation that governs the price and the quantity of the advertising, the actual amount received from the sale of the papers, however great it may be, rarely pays the running expenses of the publication. This fact can be appreciated when we learn that more than one daily in New York City uses over 400,000 miles of white paper in the course of a year, paying something like $700,000 for it, and the annual running expenses of such a newspaper approximate two and a half million dollars. One employs a regular force of over thirteen hundred people. A little figuring will show the number of copies that must be sold in order to secure this amount.

The income from the sale of advertising space not only supplies the shortage in the circulation department, but makes up the profit of the paper.

The circulation manager, nevertheless, fills a

A Composing Room. Setting Type by Hand.

very important position, and his ingenuity is wonderful. He is constantly studying the conditions in the sections reached by the publication and, like a good general, planning advances, retreats, sorties, and sieges. In most of these plans he has the assistance and good-will of the advertising manager, but the Sunday paper has come to be a source of disagreement between these two officers. The head of the circulation department is in favor of constant improvement here, while the advertising manager realizes that these voluminous editions, which are read at leisure by the masses and the purchasing public, are beginning to draw from the advertising columns of the daily editions, and must result, in the long run, in a loss to his department. As a matter of course, therefore, he is in favor of reducing the size and importance of the Sunday editions, or, in any event, of not increasing them.

It is the mechanical or manufacturing department that offers the most interest to the general reader, because it is here that "the wheels go round." Here the white paper is delivered in great rolls, unrolled and rolled again on cylinders fitted to the immense presses, many of which can turn out 72,000 cut, pasted and folded eight-page

Proof-reading.

papers an hour. In one room are the typesetters, some standing before old-fashioned frames and setting by hand, but most of them, in these days, seated at linotypes, those marvelous machines which make and set the type at once. These machines resemble a typewriter in a general way, are operated in much the same fashion, and with one of them a good operator can do the work of six men.

Of course in modern newspaper plants type is very rarely used on the presses, so there is another room for the electrotypers, who prepare the plates from the forms as they are made up.

In another part of the building the artists are at work, preparing their drawings for the engravers; and in his own compartment a photographer is kept busy reproducing pictures taken by the reporters or photographers accompanying them.

When the "copy" is set, no time is lost in sending impressions to the proof-readers, who correct them with astonishing rapidity and precision. If we consider for a moment the immense amount of matter that passes through their hands in a day, we will be more lenient in criticizing them for the errors that creep into print.

Once the paper is made up and the forms are put on the presses, the run begins. In a very short time thousands of copies are pouring into the mailing-room. Here the various sections are gathered

The Artist who Draws the Pictures.

together, packed in bundles, and hurried to the wagons standing ready to carry them over certain routes, to the post office and to the trains, while others are sent to the delivery room, outside of which a rollicking, noisy, hustling crowd of newsdealers awaits them.

In the large cities it is the custom for newspapers of wide circulation to charter cars, which carry the publications to the north, south, east, and west. The train going south from New York runs as a special to Philadelphia, a mile a minute being quite an ordinary speed for it, and is then attached to another fast train which carries it on its way to the other cities. By this arrangement it is possible for readers of each paper within a radius of two or three hundred miles to receive it almost as soon as the local buyers. This, of course, is true only of the morning edition, and possibly one of the evening editions—of the latter there are so many "extras" issued that the roads would be kept busy carrying newspapers were all to be treated in the same way. During the recent war with Spain, for instance, one evening paper repeatedly issued as many as forty editions in a day, and each of these presented a different appearance, although the matter was nearly the same

The Gallery where the Drawings are Photographed for Reproduction.

with the exception of some small paragraph or article considered of special importance.

In addition to wagons, the important metropolitan papers have pressed automobiles into service. A wagon or automobile, driven at a high rate of speed, stops at ten or twelve established stations on its route, to sell at wholesale, and for cash, to the newsboys and dealers who have gathered in anticipation of its arrival. Usually the stations of all the papers are at about the same points, and there is great rivalry between the drivers in endeavoring to reach these points first, on account of the prestige this gives a newspaper with the dealers and the benefit that will be derived if it is upon the street even a minute before the others. It may seem an exaggeration, but it actually is a fact that a minute's delay at some important point may mean a loss in sales of from one to five thousand copies

In times of a great crisis newspapers are put to greatly increased expense, and an authority upon the subject has said that every large daily in New York, instead of being benefited by increased sales, actually lost money as a result of our war with Spain. One newspaper had in its service ten seagoing vessels during this time, and its daily pay-

The Electrotyper, taking the Copper Shell from the Mold.

roll was increased by three thousand dollars. The bravery of correspondents during war-time is too well known to need comment here. Not only did

they risk their lives in gathering news, but at times took important part in the fighting.

The duty of an editor to-day is to gather the news and present it to the people in as attractive a form as possible, to do it quickly and with the least possible offense to all his readers. To accomplish this it is necessary to have an editorial staff familiar with the wants of their readers and capable of effacing themselves in the attitude assumed in their editorials. It is regrettable that many go to an extreme and believe that they must present to the people exactly what they want and in the form they want it.

The latest improvements in machinery, the most modern means of transportation, and every time-saving device must be employed, and at the same time the staff must see to it that the proper importance is given to the various topics. Unfortunately this leads to bias on the part of different organs. A Republican paper, for instance, is likely to give a paragraph to a piece of political news to which a Democratic organ will give a column—though each has received exactly the same telegram from the Associated Press.

This brings to mind another great item of expense—telegraphing and cabling. Although spe-

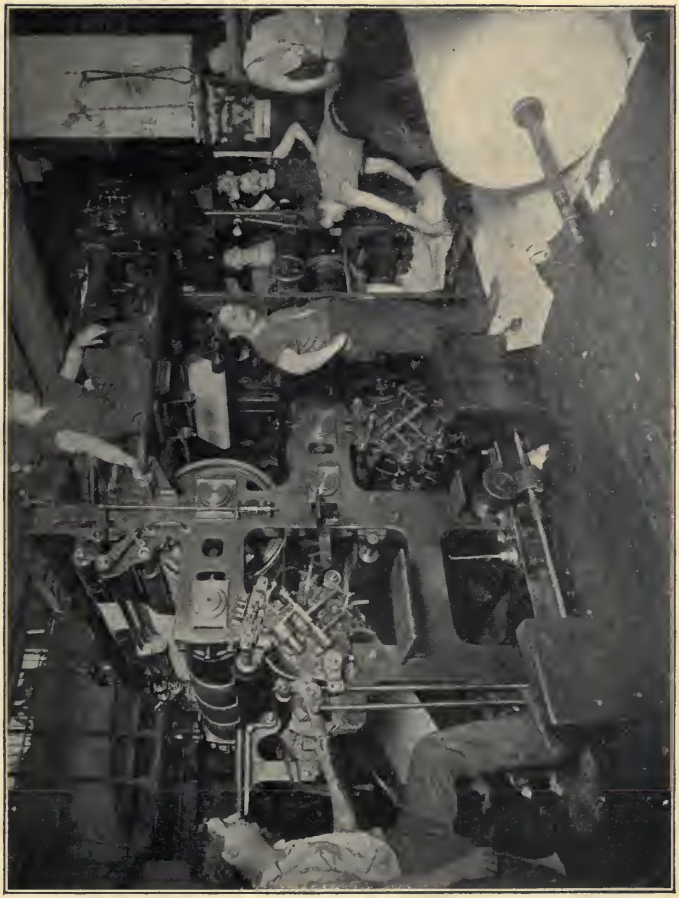
The "Finisher," who gives the final touches to the Electrotype Plates.

cial rates are given to press matter during certain hours, and although the more important papers have their own leased wires, $100,000 a year is

about the average expenditure for these purposes by the newspaper of which we have been treating.

The bias evident in the articles of the various organs is one of the arguments used by an able writer in favor of an international newspaper, which would tell the news with absolute fidelity to truth and without prejudice to any party. His arguments seem to be very sound, and he may be right in believing that there is a field for such a publication.

The publishing of a magazine differs somewhat from that of a newspaper, because the problem presented to the editor is a different one. In a general way the organization, staff, and mechanical departments are similar. In a general way the same problems are presented to the circulation and advertising departments, but the editor faces quite a different condition from that which is presented to the newspaper editor. To the latter the news itself is a colaborer—all the news. He must gather this, it is true, but once he has gathered it he has secured the strongest possible aid to success. There are no tastes to be suited; and the news is a tangible, positive thing that can be gotten if the proper effort is made. Moreover,



Rolls of Paper fed in and coming out Printed and Folded Newspapers.

the circulation of a paper is local compared with that of a magazine.

The latter has to cover the whole country, and Canada as well. In this vast area there are people of every variety of taste, and all, or a very large number, must be suited if the publication is to be successful. News is of little benefit to the magazine editor, because his readers will have read it long before the magazine reaches them. Any personage treated of in a monthly publication must be of national importanee. Thus the field is a narrow one; and the short story, the serial story, special artieles, and illustrations are the only means available to the editor. In his selections he must in the beginning deeide whether he is to please his readers or to make up the magazine to please himself, trusting that his judgment will be approved by a suffieient number. Both ways have proven effeetive, so that the literary or artistic valûe of the subjeets chosen, the matter itself, and the skill used in selecting it, must form the plea upon which the editor goes before the people.

Authorities are almost unanimous in elaiming that illustrations are the most powerful aid to the magazine editor, because of his ability to offer

work far superior to that presented by the newspapers. The paper used in the publication and the time available for printing it are the strongest factors in this result. Most publishers are of the opinion that the regular magazine page gives sufficient scope for artistic work, but in our opinion the larger the page, the greater the opportunity for the reproduction of worthy and artistic illustrations.

Rookwood Pottery

Crowning Mt. Adams, one of the picturesque hills of Cincinnati, there is a factory that is not a factory, a workshop built with as much attention to beauty as to utility, an ideal establishment, and owing its origin to the enthusiasm of American women.

It was a woman who was largely influential in the making of Capo di Monti porcelain; a woman was responsible for the creation of the faience of Oiron; the women of Cincinnati gave the first impetus to the production of art pottery in America —and a woman founded Rookwood pottery.

As far back as 1659 we hear of potteries in the American colonies for the making of tiles, bricks, and the coarser kinds of stoneware. In New York in 1740 there were several establishments for the production of earthenware dishes. In 1770, crude specimens of porcelain were made in Philadelphia.

Little attention had been paid by the outside world to the efforts of the colonists in this direction, but one man saw the trend of events. Josiah

Wedgwood, the famous potter of the mother country, gave voice to his fears that the Americans would, before a great while, prove important rivals to those who had long been interested in the production of the ancient ware. "They have every material there," said he, "equal, if not superior to our own for its manufacture."

His words were prophetic, for by 1875 the industry had grown to such proportions that the English manufacturers had recourse to every means to kill a competition that was ruinous to their trade in America. Their efforts were not successful, however. To-day there are in this country more than nine hundred potteries, producing not only the coarse wares, but many of the finer grades. It is with the latter, or rather with one special style of it, that we are concerned at present.

In the summer of 1874 Mr. Benn Pitman, instructor in the Cincinnati School of Design, started a class of china painting for women, and so popular did this class become that in 1875 a number of excellently executed pieces were exhibited at an "International Entertainment" in that city. The work was all "over-glaze," that is to say, the articles were fired, glazed, painted, and then enameled again.

So great was the interest taken in the art, however, that many of the students sought new fields to conquer. One of them, Miss M. Louise McLaughlin, whose name is now identified with

Form Making—Finishing.

American pottery, began experimenting with a view to discovering the secret of Limoges faience. In 1878 she produced her first successful piece of blue under-glaze white ware.

Months of labor and considerable money were spent before success was attained, but when it was

achieved Miss McLaughlin had the satisfaction of knowing that she had outstripped the experimenters of Europe, who had long sought the same secret.

In 1879 two kilns for decorative pottery were erected in Cincinnati, and the money for building them was supplied by women interested in the art, who had heretofore been dependent upon the kilns adapted for ordinary work.

In this same year a women's pottery club was organized in that city, and each of the members gave her attention to some special branch of the craft, with a view to stamping each with individuality and character.

In 1880 Mrs. Maria Longworth Storer, an enthusiast upon the subject, built a pottery, naming it "Rookwood," after her father's estate, and this pottery, in which Mrs. Storer was herself the chief worker and artist, though others were associated with her, was destined to create a new and distinctively American style of decorative work.

The idea of the founder was to produce with our native clay a new pottery, original and different from the others, by applying color decoration in the material itself before firing, and then to protect and enrich this with appropriate glazes.

Molding—Finishing.

Not imitating others, but starting out as pioneers, the little band of enthusiasts had to work out their own processes and their own style. They did not call upon the aid of foreign decorators, but gathered about them American artists, and, working only with American clays, eventually succeeded in evolving a new decorative medium, a new technique, and a new style.

The native clays from the start inclined the color quality toward yellows, browns, and reds, and the decorative medium lent itself to a rather luxuriant style of ornament in rich arrangements of warm color, all of which the transparent glazes merge in deep, mellow tones.

The distinctiveness of Rookwood pottery is due, in great degree, to the fact that the color is always applied to the moist clay—a method that is very expensive, and seldom followed in other factories. As already indicated, however, this factory is not managed upon the lines usually followed in manufacturing plants. Art, not cheapness, is its aim. Printing patterns and duplicates are unknown. A spirit of freedom and comfort is fostered, and the workmen and artists are deeply interested in their work. Each piece of pottery produced there has an artistic value, expresses the

Turning.

unfettered idea of an artist, and is sent out into the world with the hope that it will in some degree merit the title of "a work of art." If it is to do so, it must not only seem beautiful to the producer, but must arouse in others the feeling of pleasure and appreciation that can only be awakened by a really beautiful creation.

The method employed in a factory, as a rule, is to reduce the cost of an article by every known means, and then by constant reproduction cheapen it still more. Granted, under such conditions, that the original conception was truly artistic and inspiring, much is lost if the piece is repeated over and over again, losing at each repetition some of the originality and power that belonged to the conception and the first example. Moreover, there is an additional value—romantic, if you will, but real, nevertheless—placed by its owner upon an article that is unique.

To be exact, perhaps Rookwood should be called a guild rather than a factory. Its decorators comprise both men and women, but the latter greatly predominate. The source from which they are generally recruited is the Art Academy of Cincinnati, and while the amounts paid for their services are as large as possible, there are many not

Glaze Dipping.

dependent upon this payment, who take up the work for very love of it.

The building itself is low, rambling, tile-roofed, of picturesque design, and situated upon the brow of the hill, in the midst of a garden reminiscent of an English manor. The masonry is rustic in effect and the timber is stained.

The routine of work is practically the same as in any other pottery. It is in the design and the coloring that Rookwood excels. When the clay is first received it is dumped into bins in the basement. From there it is taken, as needed, and put through the grinders, thoroughly pulverized, and then brought to the clay room which adjoins that devoted to the kilns. Here it is worked into a plastic state, and molded or modeled, ready for firing. If it is to be "thrown" or molded, the potter tosses a lump of clay on the disk before him and sets it in motion. Faster and faster whirls the disk, and the revolving clay, guided by the skilled hand of the potter, rapidly assumes lines of beauty. To the onlooker it seems like magic, for the man's only tools are his hands and possibly a small pearl implement, yet in a wonderfully short space of time the wheel is stopped and the beautiful form is finished.

Kiln Placing.

If uniformity of size is desired a mold is used. This form is made of plaster of Paris, which absorbs moisture, and is in two parts, with the top open. It is fitted into a metal contrivance called the "jigger head," which takes the place of the

disk on the spindle. The plastic clay has been carefully pressed into the mold, the wheel is set in motion—not so rapidly as before—for a moment the potter's hands are busy giving deft touches to the clay, then the wheel stops, and behold the vase, or pitcher, or whatever it may be, is removed from the mold, the seams are smoothed with a damp cloth, and the article is ready for the drying-room!

If the piece is to be decorated it first passes into the hands of an artist who, as we have seen, applies his colors to the clay while it is still moist. From the drying room it passes to the kiln for the first firing. When the kilns are filled they are closed, hermetically sealed, and the fires lighted. They are permitted to burn for the proper length of time, and are then drawn; the kiln is allowed to cool, and its contents, now known as "biscuit," are stored in a room set apart for that purpose. After this comes the glazing, another stay in the drying-room, and then the final firing.

Each artist is provided with a separate studio and, comfortably housed, amid the pleasantest and most cheerful surroundings, without the bustle that usually characterizes a manufacturing plant, all are in a position to conceive and execute admirable designs.

Some Specimens of Finished Work.

Some Specimens of Finished Work.

It is upon the American character of Rookwood that we wish to lay particular stress. Not an ounce of foreign clay is used. The pastes, of whatever kind, are composed of American clay, most of it from the Ohio valley.

There are eight types of Rookwood pottery, but space will not permit the description of more than three. The "Standard" is the name given to the type first produced. Its tones are low, usually yellow, red, and brown in color, characterized by luxuriant painting in warm colors under a brilliant glaze. The range of coloring is from a rather light golden to deep brown and green combinations.

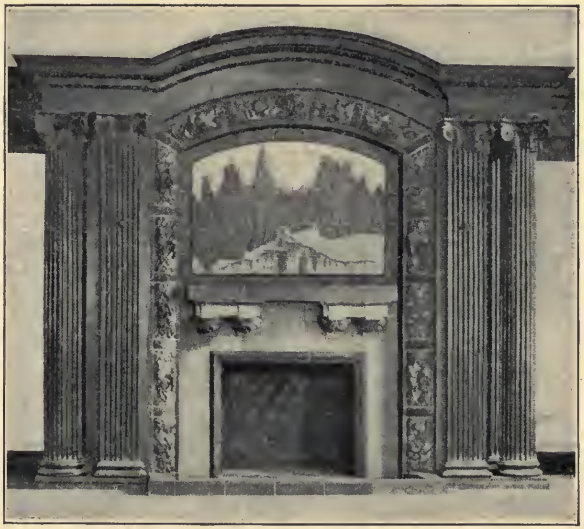
"Iris" is a light type with tender and suggestive coloring under a brilliant white glaze. In this variety the range of color is practically unlimited.

"Vellum ware" is a mat glaze, and is a radical departure from any previously known types. It is refined in texture and color. Without luster, yet not dry, it suggests both to the touch and the sight the qualities of old vellum, and, in contradistinction to other mat glazes, retains for the artist all the decorative qualities attainable under the brilliant glaze.

The very latest departure at Rookwood is the manufacture of architectural faience, in which,

Garden Pots and Jardinieres.

architects say, there is a great future for the pottery because in it, as in all its other work, it is evident that art is placed above every other consideration. Even the first efforts in this direction,



Rookwood Faience Mantel.

though not up to its usual standard, were welcomed by architects; and the later work has shown great improvement in the design and selection of subjects, both of which are characterized by freedom and originality. A special feature of the work

Some Specimens of Finished Work.

is the attention paid to the appearance of the complete design, such care being taken with the tiles, for instance, that the joints are scarcely perceptible. With Rookwood tiles one never sees the cast iron effect that is so disagreeably evident in much of this kind of work.

It is no wonder, considering the method upon which the factory is managed, the preservation of the artistic ideal, the patriotism that suggested and has maintained the American character it bears, that Rookwood is fast becoming a household word, almost as familiar as Limoges, Sevres, or any of the other famous names dear to the lover of art.

The women of America, and those of Cincinnati in particular, are to be congratulated for the long, painstaking, and unselfish efforts that have resulted in the creation of a decorative pottery that is as distinctively American as it is artistic.

The Marvel of the New World

Illustrated from stereographs, copyright by H. C. White Co., N.Y.

"THE marvel of the New World, America's wonderland!" What more fitting phrase to describe the beautiful Yellowstone, the pride of the States, and the crown of all our brilliant national scenery? Yet even this seems inadequate.

It was in 1872 that Congress set aside the beautiful Yellowstone National Park as a place of pleasure for the public. It is a bit of property, rectangular in shape, sixty-two miles from north to south and fifty-four miles wide. Situated on the "Great Divide," its pine-clad mountains form the gathering ground for the head waters of large rivers flowing away to the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and for the sake of the rainfall and the rivers its forests are carefully preserved. Two troops of cavalry are quartered in the Park to protect its woods and wild animals and to act as police. When Congress dedicated it to be a "public pleasure-ground forever" it provided against the wanton destruction of fish and game, and as a

Northeast down the Cañon from Inspiration Point.

happy result of this enactment several hundred bison and some thousands of elk and Rocky Mountain sheep, etc., have found a refuge within its boundaries.

There has been some doubt as to the origin of the name "Yellowstone," but it has been ascribed finally to the Indians who dwelt along the Yellow-

stone and Upper Missouri rivers, and who had a name for the tributary stream, signifying "yellow rock." The Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone is conspicuous for the coloring of its rocks—in which yellow is so prevalent as to attract attention. The Indian words are "Mi tsi a-da-zi" (rock yellow river). It is supposed that the French trappers

Beautifully variegated coloring on Mound Terrace, Mammoth Hot Springs.

Southeast down the Cañon from Point Lookout.

and traders accepted their signification and called the river *Roche Jáune* or *Pierre Jaune*. This appellation would probably have been adopted had not the United States, having just acquired Louisiana, deemed it fitting to give English titles to the more prominent geographical features of the country. Every one is aware that this spot is remarkable not only for its scenery, the most picturesque

in the world, but also for its famous hot springs and geysers. Of the former there are nearly ten thousand.

The Golden Gate, so called, is the entrance proper to the park, and is a rocky pass through which the Gardiner River flows. The yellow wall on either side has given the pass its name, and the scene is indeed a beautiful one—the lovely Rustic

Lower Falls of the Yellowstone.

Falls, fed by ice and snow from the mountain tops, gliding over the gorgeously tinted rocks. Looking backward, one has a fine view of the Golden Gate Cañon, while in front are the Quadrant, Antler and Dome Mountains, each rising to a height of thousands of feet. The Obsidian Cliff is reached along this road—a steep and towering mountain of volcanic glass, whose columns, of every shape, are black as coal. The pathway at its base is composed of the mineral glass, and was constructed with much difficulty. Great fires were built around the massive blocks, and when in a state of the utmost expansion, water was dashed over them, cooling them so rapidly that they were shattered into small fragments. Then a good wagon road was built on the slope, although the hands and faces of the workmen were severely lacerated during the operations. This road is a quarter of a mile in length, and is the only road of native glass upon the continent. Opposite Obsidian Cliff is Beaver Lake. The pathway along its banks was formed by ancient beaver dams, now overgrown with vegetation. A hill on the left is Roaring Mountain; from its summit several geysers send their hot spray from six to eight feet into the air.

It is twenty miles from the Mammoth Hot

A Sunset Eruption of "Old Faithful."

Springs to Norris Geyser Basin, discovered in 1875 by Colonel P. W. Norris, and since 1881 called by his name. It covers six square miles, and is one of the highest geyser basins in the Park. As one approaches this spot, one is struck by nature's noisy demonstrations. There is an incessant muttering and grumbling, and the air is filled with steam, that bursts forth every now and again with

Continental Divide.

startling effect. Odors of sulphur and other gases constantly and unpleasantly assail the nostrils. One comes upon the Pine Sulphur Spring, a body of water boiling hot and always in a state of effervescence. The largest spring is the Congress, whose enormous crater, forty feet in diameter, is in perpetual violent agitation. The Black Growler is also in this basin—an unattractive body that

throws out volumes of steam—and the Emerald Pool, named from the beautiful tint of its waters, and so quiet that one may look down the pink walls of its sulphur-lined basin to a great depth. Its surface covers an area of two thousand square feet.

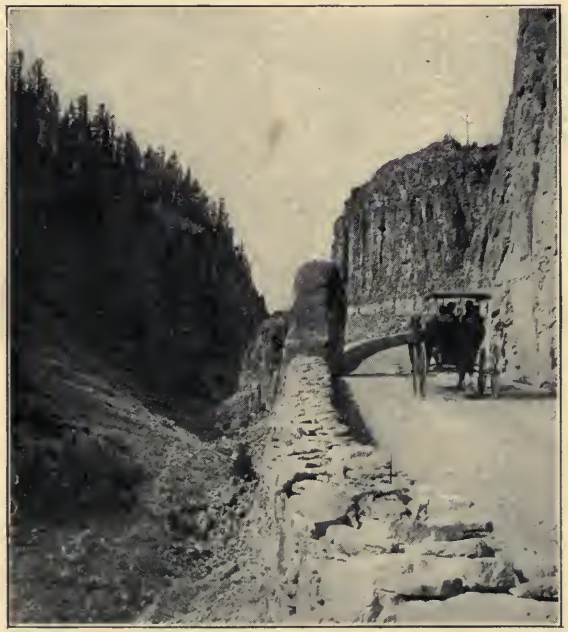
Leaving Norris Basin, the traveler starts for the Lower Basin, following a graded road bounded

Yellowstone River.

on one side by the Gibbon River. The Mammoth Paint Pots are located here—the name that has been applied to a mud caldron whose basin is two thousand four hundred feet in area. The fine white mixture in this basin is in a constant state of fermentation, and resembles a bed of mortar. As it bubbles up it rises in the shape of rings, cones, etc. Especially daring or foolish visitors have been known to poke sticks or drop pebbles into this caldron, often to their sorrow, for accidents are liable to happen from a too close investigation of nature's mysteries. The fine imposed for the offense is very heavy.

The greatest wonders of this region of marvels are still to come, however. The Upper Basin contains twenty-six geysers, and over four hundred hot springs. One of the grandest sights in the country, perhaps in the world, is to be seen here. Doubtless many others have experienced the sensation—a confused, chaotic feeling, says a well-known writer, as if the brain is in a whirl, on witnessing those gorgeous volumes of steam shooting into the air at every conceivable angle. One seems to be in a world of geysers. Earth and sky are full of them. They threaten to engulf the beholder, to sweep him out of existence. Im-

agine jets of water, tinted in gorgeous colors, rising to a height of from fifty to two hundred feet, some even to two hundred and fifty feet! The well known "Old Faithful" geyser throws up a column of water six feet in diameter, to a height of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet.



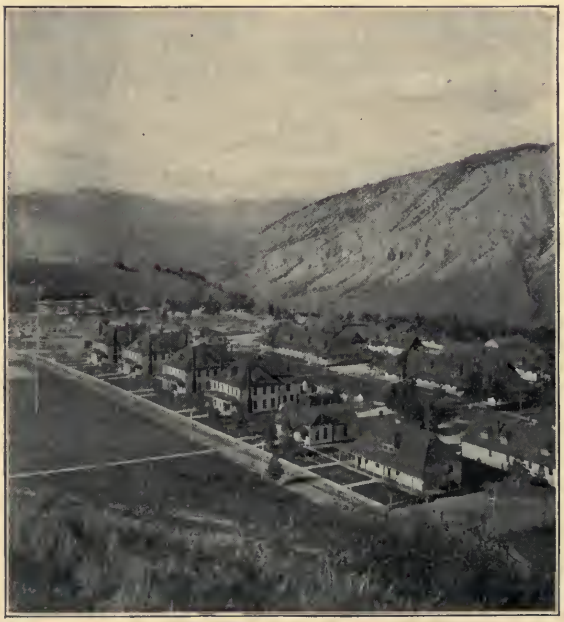
Golden Gate, looking Southeast down the Cañon.

There may be more powerful geysers than this friend of the tourists, but "Old Faithful" continues to be the pride, the joy, the delight of every visitor to the Yellowstone. Day and night, in summer and in winter, during sunshine and rain, he makes his eruptions every sixty-three minutes. The mound of this geyser is a succession of terraces, whose bowls, after an eruption, are filled with crystal water, and whose delicate edges appear like fretwork, bright with beadlike tracery of scarlet, yellow, orange, and green on the white groundwork.

Lack of space forbids dwelling on the many wonders of America's wonderland, but it is impossible to dismiss the subject without speaking of the Great Falls and the Grand Cañon. "Here," says a writer, "forest-covered slopes have given place to loose rocks with broken and ragged edges, jutting crags and steep sides, glowing with color, gorgeous in effect. The cañon winds in and out, following its battlemented walls. At its turns are visions to be carried with one through the years of a lifetime. The eyes wander from one distinctive feature of the scene to the other—from the magnificent rocky walls for which the cañon is famous to the glorious waterfalls and beautiful

river, and the soul is filled with an awe unspeakable."

There is a tale told of an English traveler—and one may well believe it—who made the tour of the Yellowstone, viewing its many glories with an utter lack of enthusiasm—perhaps due to his dogged English patriotism, or perhaps because, having seen much of nature's beauty, he could gaze upon



Fort Yellowstone—Mammoth Hot Springs.

this unmoved. He reached the Grand Cañon, and stood at length upon Inspiration Point. As he looked down upon the scene before him—as its full beauty dawned upon his dazzled sight, he fell upon his knees, overcome at last by the majesty of God, whose mighty finger had traced the great wonders spread out to his dazzled vision.

Nature Study and Photography

Nature study has become a sort of mania of late, and high and low have followed the fad with more or less ardor. This has developed the photographic naturalist, and there is a stirring element of sport in the difficulties offered by nature photography. The living wild animals are shy and not easily approached. To photograph them while in their wild state is anything but an easy task, and the compensation when one is successful is great enough to be adequate reward for all the trouble. Of course one must have an inexhaustible stock of patience; must be enduring, ingenious, not easily discouraged, and an expert photographer, before he can hope to enter this field of most interesting work with any assurance of results. Above all, he must have a thorough working knowledge of the wild life he would portray, for those who go into the woods with the intention of photographing a bird or animal without

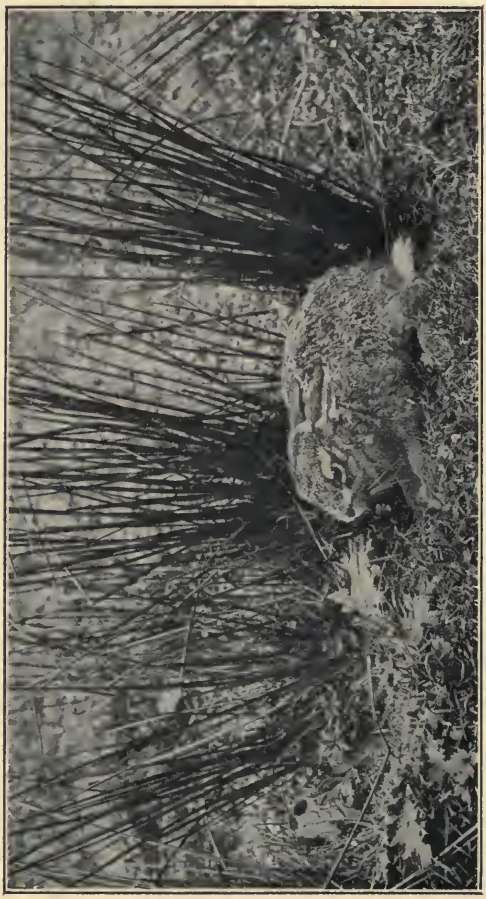
Young Finches.

Young Thrushes.

a knowledge of its habits will return with nothing to show for their labors. Knowing where to look for subjects is half the battle. One man may go out with his camera and search all day for subjects and not find one, while another with a knowledge of the habits of birds and animals may go over the same route and be liberally rewarded.

It is not, in most instances, a hard task to photograph a nest full of eggs or young, provided you find it, but it is ofttimes difficult to discover a nest, and he who has no knowledge of the habits of birds will find himself very seriously handicapped. Again, it is not easy to photograph a living wild animal under any circumstances, and when there is no knowledge of its habits it is wellnigh impossible. One must go out and make their acquaintance before he attempts to take their pictures.

Of course this branch of photography is already far past its infancy days. It has long since superseded the brush and pencil in the illustrating of nature books, both popular and technical, and publishers everywhere have come to appreciate its value. The old-time unnatural and often grotesque drawings have given place, almost entirely, to technically perfect and lifelike photographic



A Wild Rabbit.

reproductions. It took time, as was only natural, for this change to be accomplished, for the first attempts of the pioneers in this field were anything but satisfactory. Gradually, however, as more men took up this line of work, and the results grew more and more characteristic and true to life, the publishers discovered that they could no longer ignore the claims of these workers, and now those who do not use photographs in preference to drawings are wofully behind the times.

But it is for the fascination, rather than the practical side of this pursuit, that one follows it, for that the pleasure to be derived from it is great, especially to a lover of nature, is undeniable. As a sport it should be accorded high place, for all the skill and instinct of a hunter, as well as the knowledge of a naturalist, are required. Moreover, the excitement is fully as great when hunting with a camera as with a gun, and to any humane being a successful shot with a camera should be of greater value than an equally successful one with a gun. A good photograph of a bird or animal amid its natural surroundings is surely worth more than its bloody, shot-riddled, or bullet-torn body. That this is in many instances a fact is evidenced by the number of men, once eager hunt-

A Rabbit and her Young.

ers, who have laid aside the gun, and now hunt with a camera in its stead.

Overcoming the ofttimes, apparently, insurmountable difficulties that are continually presenting themselves, is by no means the least of the pleasures to be derived from this source, for where is the able-bodied man or woman who does not enjoy coping with obstacles to gain a coveted goal? And are not the results thus obtained far more worth having and of far greater value than are those which come through no trouble or exertion? It is comparatively easy to take a rifle and shoot a deer—it takes no great skill except that of being a good marksman. But to "shoot" that same deer with a camera, from a point close enough to give a fairly large, clear image, is a different matter, and one requiring the utmost skill and patience. The picture thus obtained is a lasting souvenir of a pleasant experience, nor does it leave the slightest tinge of regret. There never was a true sportsman who, seeing the reproachful look in the glazing eyes of the deer he has just shot, does not in his heart wish that his bullet had miscarried.

One of the greatest pleasures, however, is the insight, the intimate knowledge, that one is enabled

Otter Swimming.

to obtain of the home life of wild things, for through this new sport, as by no other means, can one become thoroughly acquainted with the *habitants* of woods and fields, and really know them at their best; and, in thus learning to know them, affection for them is bound to increase. As a recorder of facts concerning this home life of the wild creature there is nothing that can equal the camera, for it seldom lies, whereas the brush or pencil almost invariably does in some detail, and often in larger and more important points. Moreover, the camera reproduces instantaneously that which it would take an artist hours of infinite labor to produce; and, therefore, for this reason alone, if for no other, is the camera invaluable to a student of nature, no matter in what branch of the natural sciences he may be working.

In photographing birds, the breeding season is the best time, for not only can pictures be obtained at this time which can not be duplicated, at least for another twelve months, but each pair of birds are restricted to a comparatively limited range surrounding their nest, and one is always certain of finding one or the other at home when he calls. Moreover, birds are more tractable at this period than at any other, owing, no doubt, to the fact

Otter at Work.

that the fear for their own safety is overshadowed by their desire to protect their home and young to the best of their ability.

The fear of mankind is inherent in all birds, and, in fact, in all wild animals, but by careful management and gentle treatment this fear can, temporarily, and often to a large extent, be allayed. Owing to the fact that it has been inborn through so many generations, we can never hope to entirely win their confidence. In the breeding-time, however, as at no other, one can come the nearest to doing this, even to such a degree as might, to the inexperienced, seem almost incredible. This is entirely dependent upon the individuality of the bird, for in many instances it is impossible to convince them that one means neither them nor their home any harm.

Of course, young birds, before they are able to use their wings, are much more easily photographed than are the old ones, for they can not escape the evil eye of the lens by flight. They compensate for this, however, to the best of their ability, and show their disapproval of the proceedings of the photographer by being as unresponsive and tantalizing as possible. In this respect they are an undoubted success. Often the patience of Job

A Wild Fox.

is required to pose them, and hours are sometimes spent working over the young alone before an exposure was made. That which they most delight in doing is to fall off the twig or branch upon which one is trying to place them as fast as he can put them upon it. This seems to be through no inability to stand there, for, if they do not actually fall off, and in falling drag a companion or two with them, they will deliberately hop off. Even the excitement occasioned by the approach of the old bird with food is usually sufficient to cause one or two to fall to earth. But from all this can be derived a source of pleasure to one who loves the mere state of being in close contact with nature.

Nor is this pleasure only to be found in photographing the birds. Let him who is bodily and mentally tired from continued contact with the selfish, workaday world go to that place, far from the haunts of men, where nature holds supreme sway; let him take his camera with him, and in trying to catch the fleeting images of some of her children, he will forget his troubles and worries, and return rested in body and mind, and better fitted for those cares which are our inevitable heritage.

Some Wonderful Birds

DESOLATE, indeed, this world would be without the feathered denizens that lend color and harmony to its forests and fields.

What wonderful creatures they are, absorbingly interesting in their home life, their coquetry, their amusing traits; and how surpassing is their beauty! Robes of brocade, mantles of scarlet, costumes scintillating with jewels, all the gorgeousness of the Orient. Let the poetic imagination picture the most artistic apparel it will, the result pales into insignificance when compared with the magnificence of the garb with which Mother Nature has endowed many of these, her favorites.

When Magellan and his hardy companions first visited the Pacific isles their astonished gaze was greeted with a picture of entrancing beauty—an assemblage of birds adorned with such brilliant plumage that they immediately named them "birds of paradise," the name they bear to-day. Pigafetta, one of these brave explorers, took some of the dainty creatures to Seville, where legends were

Young Bald Eagle.

written describing the birds as spirits of the air, sylphs exiled from some mysterious home and feeding on the roseate hues of morning.

Much smaller, yet quite as beautiful, quite as interesting, and possessing the additional charm of a tuneful voice, is the tiny humming-bird, the "American enchanter." In the warmer sections of the United States there are found many varieties of these delicate creatures, few of them over three inches in length, nearly every species equally beautiful in plumage, and incessant in their activity. Whoever has seen one floating in the air, its wings flapping so swiftly that no movement is perceptible to

Turkey Vulture, Flesh Eater.

the eye, plunging its poniard-like beak into the cups of the flowers, has marveled at the physical power it possesses; and whoever has studied its habits has realized that its intelligence is similarly amazing. This is admirably illustrated by the nest-building of the "gem on pinions."

It may be surprising to learn that by means of a properly constructed instrument you can wind off from an ordinary garden spider about two miles of silken thread. The supply is almost endlessly renewable, for if you rob it of two miles to-day, another two miles will be ready for you the day after to-morrow, because half the spider's body consists of tubular cells, which secrete the silk in liquid form, and nearly everything it eats goes to the forming of this valuable substance. Man is not alone in perceiving the uses to which spider's silk can be put; many birds, for instance, the long-tailed titmouse, discovered its uses long before man. But the silk is employed most ingeniously by a species of humming-bird, which, first of all, collects a quantity of lichens, then works them up into an exquisite cup-shaped nest about the size of half a horse chestnut, binding them close together with the threads of silk taken from the spider webs which it finds in the bushes.

California Condor.

American Egret.

Pugnacity seems to be characteristic of the smallest of all earthly creatures, and the humming-bird is no exception to this rule. For some unaccountable reason it heartily dislikes the bee, and there are frequent battles between the insects and the birds, in which, notwithstanding the brave defense made by the former, the latter always proved victorious.

Spring is the festive time for the birds. In this season, when everything in nature aspires to grace and beauty, the little animals harmonize

Northern Owl.

with the general splendor, their winter garbs of neutral hues disappearing, giving place to soft plumage, rich in splendid tones and brilliant reflections.

Thus appareled they are, human like, anxious to display themselves, to shine at fêtes and balls. A ball of birds! Yes, a regularly organized ball! Spring assemblages are almost universal, and with many, including those mischievous, chattering, conscienceless bundles of nerves, our own magpies, this meeting is the occasion for a dance. Perched upon branches near some great flat rock, the audience is gathered; a male bird descends gracefully to its surface; alighting, he half lifts his wings, throws his head from right to left, jumping lightly up and down; suddenly he spreads his tail, then begins to strut proudly about, continuing the performance until tired, when, uttering a peculiar call, he flies to a near-by branch, and his place is taken by another bird, who repeats the evolutions, assuming graceful attitudes that no dancing-master could teach.

This might properly be called the most popular dance; sometimes, as is the case with albatrosses, couples perform together, but more frequently the performances are individual.

The dance of the heath-cock is peculiar to itself. Darting hither and thither upon a branch, the bird becomes wild with excitement, turning about like a dervish, until, wrought to a frenzied pitch,

American Kingfishers.

the usually timid creature swoops down to attack some ordinarily dreaded enemy immeasurably superior in strength.

Unquestionably these antics argue appreciation of their beauties on the part of the birds themselves; and if any further proof of this were necessary, a glance at one of those distinguished for this quality, as it preens itself after a morning bath, would give ample proof of the existence of this appreciation. Some, indeed, are absurdly and laughably vain. In the spring, when his feathered adornment is most luxuriant, the immense argus-pheasant of Malay struts about, ostentatiously lifting his enormous

Falcon or Duck Hawk.

tail and spreading his wings, puffed up with admiration of his charms; and the pride of the familiar peacock is proverbial. Let the latter catch but the merest suspicion of admiration in the eye of a watcher, and immediately his magnificent tail is spread, circling like a great aureole about his beautiful aigrette, and he moves around with dainty, mincing steps, until happening to glance downward he notices his ugly feet, when, crest-

fallen, he permits his plumage to drop. So proud is he of his adornment, that when he awakes in the night and is unable to see, he cries out in affright, believing that his beauty is gone.

Vying with the bird of paradise in entrancing beauty, Australia has its lyre bird. His tail, spread out, exactly imitates the shape of that musical instrument. Two great plumes turned back in the form of an "S" represent the armatures, while the finer plumes disposed within the arms are excellent representations of the harmonious strings.

Great Blue Heron.

The pheasant, so pleasing to the eye, such an ornament to the garden, is, like many another bird, a martyr to his own beauty; his magnificent tail, twice as large as his body, is a serious encumbrance, but a discomfort amply compensated for, in his opinion, by the impression he creates.

Falcons.

It is said that the pheasant is none other than the phœnix of ancient times. When the southern nations first saw the marvelously brilliant animal, brought from China, its original home, it seemed

so wonderful, so strange and beautiful, to them that they immediately deified it.

Oftentimes the beauty of birds is a source of quarrels and battles. Usually these duels are more or less good-natured tilts, tournaments, as it were, for the purpose of displaying their charms, but there are occasions when the contests are in deadly earnest. The "combatants," a species of bird frequenting the European marshes, are especially addicted to spirited duels. At their springtime assemblies, the dance and the parade do not content their bellicose instincts; it is necessary for their happiness that the meetings do not terminate without blows of the beak and broken wings. The first combatant to arrive looks about him and waits for another to come forward; if the next comer does not seem inclined to fight, he awaits the arrival of one who is. As soon as two adversaries come together the battle begins. Diving at each other, they struggle until worn out, then after a short rest return again to the contest. Attack follows attack with lightning-like rapidity; blows are given in such rapid succession as to bewilder the onlooker, the birds tremble with wrath, and do not cease fighting until completely exhausted. Their beaks are pointless, so

that it is long before any damage is done or blood spilled, but not infrequently the end of the duel finds one of the contestants wounded unto death.

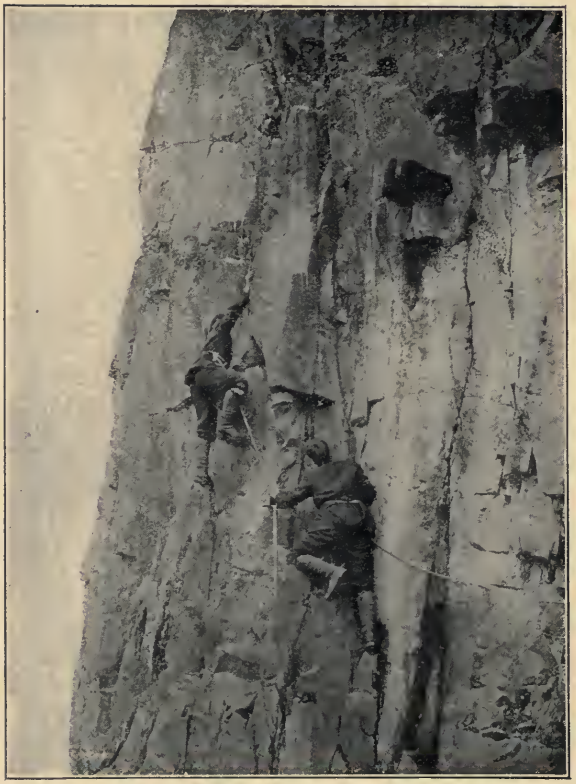
We have touched but lightly upon some of the interesting phases of bird life. Aside from their foibles, their quarrels, their ingenuity, their beauty, many a tale could be told of their imitative qualities, their endurance, their affection. Then, too, they are of the greatest practical value to mankind because of their destruction of vermin and pests of various kinds—in fact, no truer statement has ever been made than the assertion that birds can live without man, but man can not live without birds.

Climbing the Alps

THERE is a fascination, a compelling magnetism exercised by the mountains over man, a haughty challenge in their altitude that seems to dare the pygmy to attempt to conquer them. But the lust for conquest is strong in the human breast, and the tragic memories that cling round a famous peak serve but to add zest to the true mountaineering spirit.

One by one man has mastered the towering mountains, until now there is none so lofty, none so awe-inspiring, that he will not undertake to overcome it. For countless ages Mt. Blanc, the noble peak that dominates the Alps, cowed mankind, but gradually men—and women, too—more daring than the rest, became convinced that its summit could be reached. Finally one man fell so completely under the sway of its majestic magnetism that he made attempt after attempt to climb it, never ceasing until, in 1786, he reached his goal, the first of mankind to press the spot that only the eagle and the chamois had known.

View from the Summit of the Matterhorn, showing Monte Rosa.



On the Traverse of the Grépon.

Conditions have changed since the days of Jacques Balmat, Paccard, Saussure, and those hardy pioneers who first made their way over the *ancien passage*. To-day there are seven routes available to the traveler. Many of the more dangerous points have been provided with safeguards; but, notwithstanding all claims to the contrary, the trip up Mt. Blanc is still one full of hazard and fraught with danger. Fatality after fatality occurs, yet the guides of Chamonix find steady occupation, for its stupendous natural beauty, the infinite variety of its mountain forms, its amazing snow-fields, its fantastic and terrible walls of rock, and the dazzling splendor of its séracs, maintain for it a high place in the regard of the mountain climber.

The guides are thoroughly trained, are familiar with the form and peculiarities of the mountain, and never permit a party to start without proper preparation in the way of food and clothing. The necessary outfit consists of warm woolens, shoes made especially for the rough work, goggles for the eyes, alpenstocks and ice axes. They themselves are provided with ropes, the usual method being to rope a traveler between two guides.

Photograph of the Jungfrau, taken from a Balloon.

A glance at the illustrations will show the wisdom and necessity of this procedure.

The route from Chamonix entails only fourteen hours of continuous walking, refuges have been built at various points, and a hardy traveler, provided with efficient guides, may attempt the trip with comparatively few misgivings. Almost every step of the journey, however, could tell a tale of suffering and death, of headlong falls into crevasses, or sudden slips on the icy paths, the breaking of ropes, the dashing of unfortunate men upon the jagged rocks thousands of feet below! And accidents still happen—sometimes through ignorance of the effect of cold or of avalanches after fresh snow, from inability to locate concealed crevasses, from improper use of the rope—all of which could be avoided, but often, too, from causes beyond the control of man—sudden changes of weather, falling rocks hurtling down the mountain sides upon the devoted heads of climbers who may at the moment be toiling up the jagged sides of an *aiguille* (a needle of rock), of which they must encounter many, no matter which route they choose. Familiar as even Mt. Blanc is to the guides, the "Hamel catastrophe" or any of the other terrible accidents it has known may be repeated at any

On the way up Mt. Blanc, the Glaciers below the Grandes Mulets.

time; and this being so, what have the adventurous climbers who attempt other and less familiar peaks to expect?

The hardships they may look for can be surmised from the experiences of Saussure in his first ascent of Mt. Blanc. He and his party started from Chamonix on August 1, 1787. Their first stop was at the ridge known as Montagne de la Côte, where they arrived in the course of six hours. Erecting a tent upon this cornice, which was free from snow, they passed the night in comparative comfort. At half-past six the next morning they bade adieu to dry land, and embarked on the great solitudes of snow that stretch continuously to the summit. Their way now led across a glacier toward the ridge of rocks called the Grandes Mulets. This they found very difficult and dangerous, filled with deep and irregular crevasses, which could only be crossed by snow bridges. In some instances they even found it necessary to go to the bottom of these openings and mount to the other side by cutting steps in the ice. So tortuous and difficult was the passage of the glacier that it took three hours for them to reach the lower ridge of the Grandes Mulets, though this was less than a mile distant, in a straight line, from the place where they had

On the way to the Aiguille de la Za. A Misty Morning.

slept. Breakfasting here, they started forward again at eleven o'clock; and, after overcoming difficulties similar to those already met with, they finally reached the Petit Plateau, twelve thousand feet above the sea, at four in the afternoon. The cold was now intense, and the air so rarefied that the men could work but a few minutes at a time while arranging their shelter for the night; and when they sought sleep the stillness was broken so continuously by the roar of avalanches that they could not rest.

Early the next morning, however, they began their journey toward the Grand Plateau. The snow was very steep and hard, and the axes had to be used, so that when they arrived at the plateau they were so weak and exhausted that they were forced to make a prolonged halt. Saussure himself was almost overcome, but, relieved somewhat by the rest, persevered in his efforts until at last, at eleven o'clock that morning, August 3, he reached the summit and accomplished an ambition he had cherished for twenty-seven years.

Such are the hardships the mountain climber willingly undergoes, but the description carries with it the merest suggestion of the dangers that beset his path. In the churchyard of Chamonix,

Another View of the Jungfrau, taken from a Balloon.

of Zermatt, at the foot of the Matterhorn, which was ascended for the first time in 1865, and of every village beneath a famous Alpine peak, there lies many a stranger. Sometimes the records on the gravestone show that years elapsed between the departure of the adventurer for the mountain and the day when his body was given up in the morain of the slow-moving glacier; sometimes the record fixes the date of a fearful avalanche that came roaring down the mountain-side, crushing, burying, smothering every living thing in its path. Yet still man accepts the challenge of the mountain, still he struggles upward, his one ambition, whether upon Mt. Blanc, the "accursed mountain" of the ancients, the wind-swept crags of the Matterhorn, or some unknown peak, to stand upon the towering summit that pierces the clouds and feel the thrill of victory.

The Ski and Ski Racing

It was centuries ago, in the time of the Vikings, that the ski first made its appearance. The nature of the country wherein these hardy Norsemen dwelt, and its climate, made necessary some conveyance for traversing the mountains and forests that were covered with snow several feet deep throughout the winter months; and the ski admirably serves this purpose.

The Vikings were a sport-loving race, and it was not long before the new footgear played an important part in their many athletic contests. Wild tales are told of the feats performed in the early days, but it is doubtful if the ancient ski runners even dreamed of the astounding performances of those who dwell in the land of the midnight sun to-day.

Skis are strips of fir or ash, four or five inches wide, from seven to fifteen feet in length, a quarter of an inch thick, except a space that serves for a foot rest, where the thickness is about an inch. They are highly polished

Norwegian School Girls on Skis.

on the bottom side, the front is curled upward, and they are fastened to the feet by thongs. To attempt to fully describe the method of using them would be almost as futile as endeavoring to demonstrate how to ride a bicycle without the aid of a

Ski Races held at Holmkollen, Norway, every Winter.

machine. In the latter case all that one can say is that you mount and ride, but one can be a little more definite with regard to the skis. The motion

Ski Racing.

Out for a Long Cross-Country Jaunt.

employed in skiing has no resemblance to that used in skating; inserting your feet beneath the thongs in the center, you move forward with a shuffle that can best be compared to walking in a pair of bedroom slippers. While they are in motion the skis must be kept absolutely parallel if you wish to avoid a nasty tumble, and they should never be lifted from the ground. The ski runner carries a staff with a wicker frame a few inches above the point, and this is used either to increase his speed or retard him. In the latter case the staff is sunk far enough into the snow for the exerescenee to act as a brake. While used for the same purpose as the snow shoe, the ski is far more difficult to manage; but once it is mastered the adept finds ample compensation in its superiority to the former footgear. The ski runner can go everywhere, over hill and valley, and nothing stops him so long as there is sufficient snow to travel over.

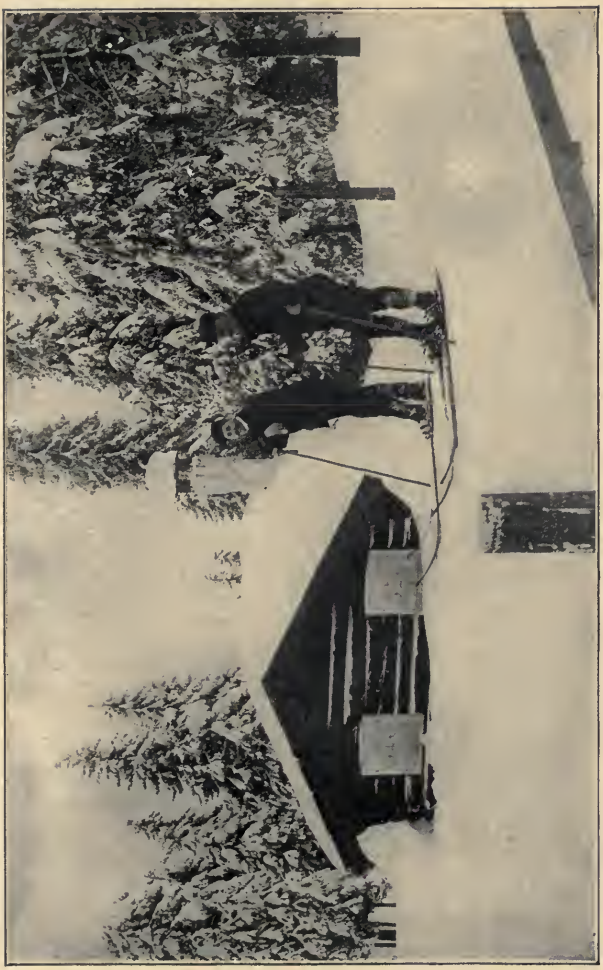
In Norway, where the days in summer are long and bright, the winter days correspondingly short, and the season itself long and dreary, skiing is the national sport—among the women as well as the men. The Norwegians are just as enthusiastically interested in it as the most pronounced base-

Military Maneuvers on Skis.

ball "fan" in our own national game, and the feats they perform are so astounding as to beggar description. *Skilöbning,* for this is the exact term, is greatly encouraged throughout the country. Each town and village has its ski club, which awards prizes to the members who display the greatest skill. The sport has also been introduced into other countries, and is becoming more popular every day. In Canada and in our Western and Northern States there are many who are proficient in this healthful and exhilarating amusement. One well-known club has regular organized "runs," a leader being selected, who sets the pace and the example for the others to follow, the course including every variety of scenery—level stretches, climbs, shoots, and jumps.

It is to Norway, however, the land of its birth, that we must look if we wish to see this splendid sport in its most fascinating form. In February of each year there is held at Holmkollen Hill, a few miles from Christiania, the national ski contest that is an event as important to the Norwegians as the Derby is to the Englishman, or any of our great races are to the American.

From early morning the roads are thronged with sleighs bearing thousands of people on their



A Ski Club-house.

way to witness the competition between the expert ski racers and jumpers, while other crowds glide over the ice and snow upon the skis themselves. The scene is a beautiful one; the country is wrapped in a mantle of white, covered with snow several feet deep, snow that is peculiarly soft and glistening, and the air resounds with the merry voices of the happy crowd. At last the hill is reached, and at its foot, prince and peasant, rich and poor, gather together in perfect comradeship, awaiting the signal that will set every eye to glistening, every nerve to tingling.

Half way up the slope, which is about six hundred feet long and one hundred and sixty feet in height at the summit, there is a break in the course; this is the platform that has been banked up to serve as a "take off" for the jumpers.

Suddenly a silence falls upon the spectators, for up there at the top of the hill the racers, each with an immense number fastened on his breast, are gathering around a platform. Now they spread out again and one stands alone. There comes the sound of a bugle and, slowly at first, then with increasing speed, a form slides down the hill. A moment more and it is whizzing with lightning rapidity; another second and the ski racer strikes

Ready for the Journey.

the platform. His body bends forward, his arms begin to whirl as, like a shot from a catapult, he is launched into the air! All eyes are upon him! Will he fall? Will he lose his balance? No! He lands upon the slope, glides to the bottom with incredible speed, describes a graceful curve and stops—upright upon his skis!

The tension is over. "How far? How far?" shouts the crowd, pressing forward.

"Ninety feet," announces the judge.

Impossible? Not at all; it is a good, but not an extraordinary jump.

The competition is under way, and one after another the contestants shoot down from the top with terrific speed, hurtle through the air, land, stop and zigzag to the summit again to exert their skill once more—for each has two trials.

Some of them stumble, most of them keep their balance, none is injured; and when the day is over there is another champion of Norway, for a stripling, scarcely more than a boy, has leaped the amazing distance of one hundred and twenty feet, and beaten the world's record!

Triumphal Arches

When the news of Admiral Dewey's splendid victory at Manila reached New York, a grateful appreciation of the bravery of the sailors who had created for our ships of war an enviable position among the navies of the world, suggested that a memorable reception be tendered to the admiral and his staff on the occasion of their visit to this city.

When, in furtherance of this idea, Charles R. Lamb, of the National Sculpture Society, proposed, at a dinner of that association, the building of a triumphal arch, first in temporary form and later in lasting marble, the suggestion was received with the greatest enthusiasm. The interest of the society was shown in a most unusual manner, because, throwing aside all personal feeling and artistic pride, the sculptors and architects agreed, for the first time, to work together under one director, each performing his allotted task to the best of his ability, and even superintending the elaboration of his designs if necessary.

Although sufficient funds were soon secured, work was not actually begun until six weeks before the day named for the celebration, but the beautiful and impressive plaster arch was completed in time.

In the accomplishment of this task, however, New York witnessed a sight it had never seen before, and probably will never see again—the best known artists and architects in the city hard at work upon the scaffolds within the enclosure that surrounded the structure!

The erection of this memorial was peculiarly appropriate, for the triumphal arch is one of the most perfect monuments to embody the gratitude of a great community for services rendered it in war. Its origin is historic. In early times it was the custom for victorious generals to make triumphal entry into the city of Rome, escorted by their armies, displaying the prisoners they had taken and the spoils of war. In some cases triumphal arches were subsequently erected to commemorate these deeds in lasting form.

Whether or not the Romans were the first to use such arches is best left for the discussions of savants, but the fact remains that among the most dignified and stately ruins of Rome are the

Dewey Triumphal Arch, New York City.

three arches still remaining of the many that were built during the period of its glory. Greatly interesting from an architectural standpoint, they are far more so because of the historic circumstances that surround their upbuilding and the personal quality that attaches to them because they were erected for the purpose of commemorating the great deeds of famous men.

The traditions of the triumphal arch date back as far as 196 B. C., when Stertinius built two of them from the spoils which he had collected in his Spanish wars. Of these, and of the forty others mentioned in history, there are now but few

Triumphal Arch of Septimius Severus, Rome, Italy.

From stereograph, copyright, 1904, by H. C. White Co., N. Y.

Arch of Hadrian, Athens, Greece.

traces, the three already referred to—those of Titus, Severus, and Constantine only—remaining in a state of comparative preservation at the present day.

It is remarkable that two of these three that have stood so well the passage of time should possess such intense interest for the Christian

world—that of Titus, commemorating the final abolition of Jewish rites, and that of Constantine, which commemorates the passing of the imperial scepter from pagan to Christian hands.

The arch of Titus, the oldest of the three, built about the year 82 A. D., consists of a single arch, the interior richly decorated in bas-relief, part of it showing representations of the various sacred vessels brought to Rome by Titus, and serving as authority for all the pictures of these articles that have been produced. It stands at what was probably the highest point of the Via Sacra, one of the most striking spots in Rome—on one side of it the ruins of the Imperial Palace, on the other those of the famous temple of Venus and Rome, the Colosseum in front of it, and behind it the ruins of the Forum. The whole external part is modern, restored by Pope Pius VII. in the seventeenth century; but there is enough of the original structure remaining to attract the interest of the student.

The parts that are ancient are the archway itself, with its interior sculptures, one pillar on each side of it, the ornaments above the archway, the cornice and frieze, and the original inscription, fronting the Colosseum.

Connected as it is with one of the most important events that has ever occurred, by its history and its sculpture, it is an enduring proof alike of

Triumphal Arch at Entrance to Prospect Park, Brooklyn, N. Y.

the truth of Jewish prophecy and of Christian history, and, though erected by a pagan senate, it stands to-day, after the lapse of eighteen centuries, as an unanswerable demonstration of the fulfil-

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Arch of Triumph, Paris, France.

ment of the prophecies regarding the fate of Jerusalem.

Next in order of time comes the arch of Septimius Severus, situated at the foot of the Capitoline Hill and adjoining the Mamertine and Tullian prisons. This is a building of greater size and pretensions than that of Titus, but, although

it possesses three arches, it is, on account of its position and the inferiority of the material and workmanship, much less effective than the latter. It was erected in 205 A. D. by the Roman senate and people in honor of Septimius Severus and his sons, Caracalla and Geta, on account of their victories over the Parthians, Arabians, and other

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War Office Arch of Victory, St. Petersburg, Russia.

Oriental nations, as the inscription covering the entire upper portion relates. Each front is adorned with fluted columns and representations, in bas-relief, of the deeds of the men in whose honor it was built. On the top, archeologists tell us, there was originally a group of statuary representing Severus in a chariot drawn by six horses abreast, with Caracalla on one side and Geta on the other, attended by two horse and foot soldiers. When Caracalla came to the throne, however, he had all reference to his brother, whom he had caused to be murdered, removed from this, as from other monuments. This structure was also repaired by Pope Pius VII., but the marble, being of inferior grade, is in a rather bad condition.

The arch of Constantine is the largest and best preserved of the three. It stands at the northeast corner of the Palatine Hill, and spans the road along which the triumphs passed, very near the point where the Via Sacra is supposed to have begun. Its situation is an admirable one, particularly when one looks at it from the west—when it is seen grouped with the Colosseum and the temple of Venus and Rome. It consists of three arches, but differs from that of Severus in

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Triumphal Arch of Titus—Forum and Capitol in background, Rome, Italy.

that there is no connection between the side and middle passages. The general design is good, the pillars exquisitely beautiful, and half the bas-relief ornaments are of the finest workmanship, but the other half of these decorations are decidedly inferior in style. The discrepancy is explained by the claim that the better portions of the arch have

been taken from older monuments, probably buildings of the time of Trajan, when Roman art was of a higher type than during Constantine's time. It is not believed that the arch of Trajan was despoiled, because Constantine's was built only two hundred years later, and Trajan's memory was greatly revered in those days. It is certain, however, that the bas-relief representations that are well executed do not portray the deeds of Constantine, and that part of the arch is made up of materials used before.

On one front of the structure there are four beautiful fluted Corinthian columns, and on the other front three that equal any in Rome; but the effect of the whole scheme is marred by the eighth column, which is of white marble, and is supposed to have been erected in 1735 by Pope Clement XII. to replace the original pillar, removed in 1600 to serve as a match to another under the organ of the Lateran church, where it can be seen to-day. This newer column was found in the ruins of Trajan's forum. All of them are about thirty feet high, and surmounting each, in front of the attic, there stands a statue representing a Dacian prisoner. These statues, with the exception of the eighth, which, like the column

Washington Arch, Washington Square, New York.

that supports it, is of white, are of dark Phrygian marble, and, notwithstanding the vandalism of Lorenzo de' Medici, who removed their heads and carried them to Florence, are marvelously beautiful works of art. The heads were replaced, it is believed, by Pope Pius VII., who was greatly interested in antiquities, and are to-day practically the same color as the rest of the figures.

The two principal representations in relief, which are undoubtedly of Constantine's time, portray the battle of Verona and that of Ponte Molle, in which the Emperor defeated Maxentius, and in commemoration of which the monument was erected.

The ornamentation of the ends of this arch is an addition to its beauty, for, on account of this method of construction, the rich cornice frieze can be carried all around the structure.

With the exception of the crude sculptures on the lower part, the arch of Constantine is worthy of the highest admiration, both in its plan and execution, and a fitting model, as it has always been, for those of modern times.

Neither the Greeks nor the Persians made use of the triumphal arch. Those found in Greece date from the period of Roman occupation. The

Gauls, however, after they had been conquered by Julius Cæsar, followed the example set them by Rome, bending their half savage energies to the rebuilding of their wooden houses in stone and, as their civilization increased, copying the monuments of the Romans; and to this precedent may be ascribed the arches of Rheims, Orange, and other sections of the southern provinces.

In the time of Napoleon there was a renewal of Roman influence in France, which resulted in the building of the two famous triumphal arches of Paris—d'Étoile and de Carrousel.

No other European countries have any modern arches of importance or beauty, and in Greater New York there are at the present time only two, that of Washington in Washington Square, Manhattan, still unprovided with the statues that were intended to adorn it, and the Soldiers' and Sailors' arch, at the entrance of Prospect Park, in Brooklyn. Neither of these approaches the beauty and artistic elegance that will distinguish the permanent Dewey arch, which, when it is finally built, will represent exactly what a triumphal arch should be—a magnificent, stately frame for statuary, a pedestal and a background for many monuments.

The Magic Kettle

First the kettle is filled with liquid air. Then it is placed on an oil stove, made to look, by the aid of electricity, as if it were lighted. The oxygen escaping from the liquid air through the spout of the kettle seems to be steam. A little liquid air is poured into a hat furnished by some member of the audience. In this hat several handkerchiefs are placed, and the demonstrator says these are to be washed. The evaporating liquid steams out of the hat, leaving it wholly dry. The handkerchiefs are returned to their owners showing no sign of moisture.

A small tube filled with kerosene is submerged in the liquid air in the kettle and instantly freezes. In the center of this tube is a small taper; and it is around this that the kerosene congeals. The frozen kerosene is withdrawn from the tube and becomes a kerosene candle, which, when lighted by the demonstrator, burns for half an hour.

The demonstrator pours a little liquid air from the kettle into the jacket of a chafing dish, and

Doing the Family Washing in a Hat with the aid of the Magic Kettle.

steam instantly arises—or what seems to be steam —giving the impression that the jacket contains boiling water. For a few moments the temperature of the chafing dish is rendered far below

Making Ice Cream in Chafing Dish with Alcohol Lamp Burning to full capacity.

Getting Ready to Burn a Cake of Ice.

freezing point by the liquid air, and the demonstrator carries out his promise of making ice-cream in a chafing dish on a hot stove—so far as appearances are concerned. He really does make

"It Boils on Ice."

the ice-cream, however, and distributes it among the audience.

A rubber ball is tossed to some one in the audience. On its return the demonstrator drops it

Poaching Egg on a Cake of Ice.

into the kettle, where it is instantly frozen. After being taken from the kettle the ball is dropped upon the stage, and is shattered, freezing having rendered it like glass.

Cherries placed in the kettle are frozen upon contact with the liquid air. When, a moment later, they are dropped upon the stage the sound is like hailstones falling. These frozen cherries are distributed among the spectators, who find presently that the cherries soon become as they were before being placed in the liquid air, the freezing not having injured them in the least.

The demonstrator lights a cigar at the spout of the kettle and smokes it. Later, he lights another cigar, and burns it to ashes in the seeming steam.

The performance concludes with the "burning" of a cake of ice; that is, liquid air is poured over the ice, a lighted match fires the oxygen, and the ice actually disappears in a blaze.

All this is accomplished in about twenty minutes.

Orange Culture

It is a characteristic of the United States, more than of any other nation, that it absorbs foreign elements and readily makes them her own. This is true of plants as well as of men, and perhaps is nowhere better exemplified than in exotic fruits which have become acclimatized here. Conspicuous among these are the orange crops of Florida and California, which now practically monopolize the home market, whereas twenty years ago they formed but a small proportion of the annual consumption. It is in California that the orange has reached its greatest development, and human ingenuity, aiding processes of evolution, has produced new varieties of greater lusciousness and more convenient for the table. These facts were conspicuously shown at the recent Portland Fair, where California oranges were most prominent. Some of the accompanying photographs were taken for exhibition there by the San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake Railroad, to advertise their orange grove excursions to Southern California.

Not the least of the wonders of this State is the marvelous growth of her orange industry. The harvesting of this golden fruit, necessitating as it does the cooperative effort of many persons in irrigating, packing, and marketing, has done far more to develop the State and improve her people than ever the golden harvest of her mines in days of yore. From an aggregate invested capital of about $16,000 in 1883 the amount now devoted to growing oranges in Southern California is more than $50,000,000. This includes the value of the land, trees, irrigating devices, packing houses, agricultural implements, and fertilization of the groves. In 1888, the annual orange production of California was about 500 carloads. Soon after it began to rise rapidly by thousands of carloads a year. In 1900 there were 18,400 carloads; in 1903, 22,000, and last year about 25,000.

This result is largely owing to the development of the seedless or navel orange, a freak of nature due to the degeneration of the plant. Ordinarily in the case of fruit the envelope grows with the seed, and ripening does not take place unless fertilization has been effected. Cases occur, however, in which the fruit swells and becomes apparently perfect while no seeds are produced;

as pampered individuals of the human kind often grow sleek and fat through loss of mental and physical activity. Thus in bananas, plantains and

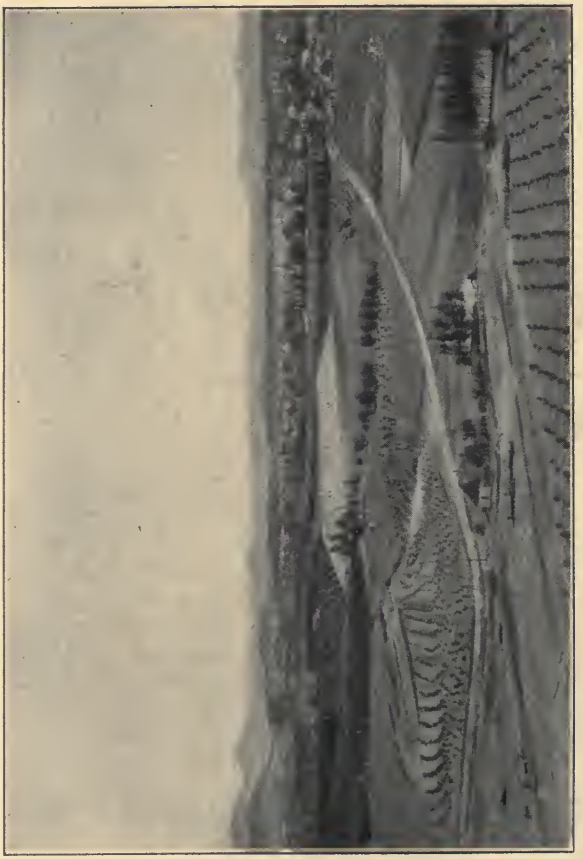
This Tree bore between six and seven boxes of Fruit for one Crop.

bread-fruit the non-development of seeds seems to be conducive to a larger growth and succulence. Seedless pineapples, grapes, and oranges have thus

been produced, the continuance of supply depending largely on cultivation and replanting by cuttings, grafting, budding, or other agricultural process.

As far back as 1862 oranges were cultivated in California. There were then 25,000 trees in the State, all seedlings, and the crop was subject to many vicissitudes, generally threatening to run out. In 1873, the Department of Agriculture imported from Brazil two seedless orange trees and sent them to Riverside, in Southern California, the real heart of the orange producing section and the birthplace of the Washington navel orange. From these two trees millions have been grown, sometimes by budding on old seedlings, sometimes by planting cuttings. The Washington navels have taken first rank in the orange market, have practically driven out importations from Spain and the West Indies, and are competing severely with the domestic product from Florida. The groves, which in 1900 contained 4,120,470 trees, planted on 55,400 acres, were nearly all in the seven southern counties of California, and produced a crop of 6,624,000 boxes, worth $18,000,000.

When the trees are properly taken care of, the navel oranges grow in wonderfully thick clusters,



In the Heart of the Orange Producing Section of California.

and the branches are so heavily loaded that each limb has to be propped up. The contrast of the rich, golden fruit with the dark green leaves and the orderly disposition of the trees gives a wonderful beauty to the groves, which are often miles in extent, so that the modern grower finds it most convenient to inspect his plantation from an automobile. Net profits are sometimes as much as $1,000 an acre. The crop is practically continuous, shipments being made every month in the year, but the greater part of the harvest is garnered between January and June. During that time every valley along the foot of the sierras is bustling with activity, the orange groves ring with the songs of the pickers, the country roads rumble with the wagons conveying the fruit to the packers, and long trains start daily on their journey across the continent. The transcontinental railways charge 90 cents a box for transportation to the Atlantic coast and 78 cents to Chicago, leaving a net profit of about $6,500,000 on the entire crop.

This harvesting is a wonderful sight, recalling the vintages of medieval Europe. A force of men takes possession of a grove early in the morning, having tall step-ladders to enable them to reach the highest branches. Then they go from tree to

Showing how thickly the Navel Oranges grow when the Trees are properly taken care of.

tree, carefully cutting each orange from its stem. If pulled off, the skin would be apt to break and then the orange would soon decay. Each picker carries a bag into which he drops the fruit. There are some patent knives on long poles connected with a canvas chute, so that the fruit may be cut from the ground and roll from the tree into boxes. This dispenses with step-ladders, but it is not so rapid or so accurate, and in most groves the hand method is used. Next, the oranges are set aside in their rough boxes for a three days' curing. This is necessary because in the freshly cut fruit the oil cells are expanded, and when the oranges are cut off from the sap the skin draws closer to the pulp, and gives off a moisture that would cause sweating and decay if the fruit were packed at once. Then the oranges are washed in a long, narrow tank of water, passing between two soft, wet brushes to take off the dust. Next they are spread out in the sun to dry on long, slanting racks. After that they are fed into a hopper, and pass one by one between revolving, cylindrical, dry brushes, which gives them a smooth, shiny appearance.

The oranges next go to the sorting table, which is gently inclined. In single file they are directed

Trees so heavily loaded that each requires a prop.

to narrow tracks formed by moving ropes, which gradually diverge. The smallest fall through first and the larger sizes further on, each into appropriate bins. This is called grading. In the Oatman packing house, where Sunny Mountain oranges are sorted, the fancy and choice fruit is separated by hand from the standards and culls. The latter then pass to the sizer, where the oranges roll over openings of different widths, dropping through into bins made for each size. From these bins girls fill the boxes, thus assuring the selection of oranges of the same size in each box. Ordinarily the standard number of oranges in a box runs from 64 to 360, there being twelve grades in all. Both extremes and the next four smaller sizes are subject to a discount from market prices. For packing, three to four cents a box is paid. The packers are nearly all women and young girls, as deftness of touch is essential, each orange being separately wrapped in tissue paper.

Sweet oranges of the seedling variety are extensively grown in Florida, but their cultivation is more precarious because night frosts frequently occur in winter or spring, causing widespread loss. In Florida also is found the bitter orange so much used in marmalade. It has grown wild there from

Picking the luscious Fruit.

the early Spanish days, and was brought by the first colonists from the West Indies and Spain. In Europe, oranges were introduced by the Arabs. They got them from India, but Burmah is believed to be the original home of the orange. When growing wild there is a tendency on the part of the sweet variety to become more like the bitter. Botanically the lemon, citron and lime belong to the same family, and all probably have a common origin in some remote period.

In recent times their wide diffusion is due to the great profit in modern methods of cultivation, better means of transportation affording ready markets and science assisting the fruitfulness of nature. Orange trees will produce abundantly wherever the climate is sufficiently warm and enough moisture can be supplied. Irrigation, therefore, is a great problem for the grower, and it is usual to water and plow up the ground between the rows of trees every six weeks to keep the roots moist. Few objects of the agriculturist's care give such a wonderful return. A single tree will often yield 2,500 or 3,000 oranges, and will continue to produce abundantly for at least eighty years. In Europe there are many trees 150 or 200 years old still bearing fruit, and in the orangery

Packing Oranges.

at Versailles there is one said to have been the property of the Constable de Bourbon in 1515.

Rapid maturity is another advantage, the period being reached in eight years from the seed or five from a graft. Usually the best seeds are selected, planted in moist ground, transplanted in the fourth or fifth year, and in the seventh or eighth grafted on the desired variety.

It is the typical fruitfulness of the orange tree which has led to the selection of its flowers for bridal wreaths, and in some places the raising of blossoms is more important than that of the fruit. In France the recent annual output of orange flowers was 1,860 tons. In England, too, the tree is cultivated for its blossoms, the climate not allowing the fruit to ripen. There the common variety was the bitter or "Seville" orange, known as far back as the time of Shakespeare, who, in "Much Ado about Nothing," makes a very poor pun on the name, Beatrice describing Count Claudio as "civil count, civil as an orange and something of that jealous complexion." This Seville orange is chiefly used in the manufacture of marmalade, of which England is the largest producer.

Dried orange peel is used to make curaçao, and

is also one of the ingredients in the manufacture of chartreuse. A kind of wine is made from the fruit in Martinique, which is extensively exported to Turkey and Russia. The blossoms are used in pharmacy to make orange flower water, which has a sedative effect, and also in perfumery. There is an attar of orange, known as neroli, obtained by distillation with water, which has quite a different odor from the blossoms. Finally, the wood is used in cabinetmaking and for canes, as it has a fine grain and takes a good polish.

There are many other natural varieties of orange besides those already mentioned. Such are the tangerine and mandarin, now sparingly cultivated in the United States, the Maltese or blood orange and the Plata or silver orange. Grape fruit is a variety of the bitter orange, chiefly cultivated in California, where it is very prolific, but it is also found in Florida. Occasionally there are accidental freaks of nature, such as the horned orange, caused by the separation of the carpels, making it look as though one orange were growing out of another. Experiments, too, are being continually made by the Department of Agriculture with a view to the formation of new and useful varieties. One of the most recent results is the "tangelo,"

a cross between the tangerine orange and grape fruit. Thus human agency to-day supplements the work of natural forces in causing alterations in species, and results wrought by great cyclic changes ages ago in the Burmese peninsula are now effected with ease in the laboratories and nurseries of Southern California.

Reminiscences of a Creole Grandmother

You wish to know about the things that I did when I was young? My dears, I assure you I do not feel at all old now, even though Clotilde there, who is to be married next month, is my granddaughter.

As usual with all little Creole girls in New Orleans, as elsewhere, the events of my childhood date from my First Communion.

It was in the chapel of the Ursuline Convent—there were thirty-eight in my class—and for three days preceding we were in "Retreat," during which we became heroines in our own estimation by keeping "absolute silence." I remember Hortense LeForge's asking, "Sister Josephine, would it be breaking silence if I told you that I spilled ink on my apron?" Every morning during the time of preparation we each drew a slip of paper on which was inscribed the virtue to be practised in an especial manner, and at the end of the

session we wrote on the back of the paper the number of "virtues" to our credit: silence in the halls, playing the scales, writing exercises without a blot, giving our "candy money" to the poor; these acts were called roses, and each child's ambition was to contribute as many spiritual roses as possible to the chaplet to be offered to the Madonna on our First Communion morning. One afternoon a small hand went up, and Marie Rougemont inquired timidly, "Please, Sister, does wilted roses count? I got angry half way."

My early tribulations generally had to do with a much-hated little black book called "First Lessons in English."

Why anybody wanted to learn English, since everybody naturally knew French, was a puzzle to which my small brain could get no clew. In this deeply-rooted prejudice I think that Sister Josephine secretly sympathized. But it was the wish of my parents that I learn English, and parents were to be obeyed.

Among the red letter days—weeks rather—of my childhood were the visits to grandpapa's sugar plantation, "Bellevue," on the Lower Coast—the coast of the Mississippi, be it understood! The

early settlers of Louisiana always distinguished our great river from all other rivers by saying "les cotes du Mississippi," and not "les bords."

We generally made the trip down the river in

From stereograph, copyright, by H. C. White Co., N. Y.

"*Uncle Jake.*"

the Odette, a big, homelike boat that carried merchandise to the plantations, and brought back sugar to New Orleans. It never started on time, so we children scampered about the deck, or leaned over the railing to watch the "darkies" loading

the cargo, or the sugar levee with its varied activities of men and mules, and the arriving or outgoing boats. We stopped at every plantation on either side where supplies were to be landed, just as the boats do now, for that matter. Indeed, I find very little change in the sugar industry of the plantations: more machinery, of course, and fewer men, and new faces in place of the old in those big drawing-rooms where we danced and talked and flirted—a little. Youth is foolish.

And while the freight was unloading we strolled about, glad to tread on land again, or called on our friends. Once we were having supper with Madame Lavardens when the boat whistle sounded, and had to run just as the dessert—peach meringue with whipped cream, and a dish of candied cherries—was put on the table. It was tragic!

There was no particular time for arriving at our destination. "Uncle Jake," a white-haired old "darky" whom I vaguely believed to have been a little boy with Moses in Egypt, always met us at the landing, marshaling us youngsters into line with all the dignity of a king's courier. On the first evening of our visit we went to the "store," the center of social and business activity on every large plantation, where the colored folk,

Cane Cutters at Work.

for our entertainment, performed their best "cake walks" and "double shuffles," to the music—sounds, if you prefer—of an accordion, played by the genius of the clan.

It was a great treat to be taken to the sugar mill and allowed to watch the various processes that converted the piles of juicy cane stalks into barrels of glistening sugar. I watched the great vats—they were uncovered, with coils of steam pipe at the bottom—with a sort of fascinated awe; and once I dreamed that I had fallen into one of the pans and turned into sugar, and that a long time afterward I was made into frosting for mamma's birthday cake; just as she raised the knife to cut the cake she recognized her dear little daughter.

From my bedroom windows I could see the glaring red fires of the sugar mill, and, after I grew up and got into the history class, the sight always made me think of the camp fires of the Roman soldiers. Even yet, so subtle is the power of association, a big fire outdoors, in the dark of an early winter evening, always calls up a twin vision, first of my grandfather's sugar mill, and then the camp fires of Cesar's legions.

During one visit Aunt Clotilde, papa's young-

On the Sugar Levee, New Orleans.

est sister, had a birthday party, and at the height of the merriment the portrait of my great-grandmother, painted in France, fell to the floor, hitting my father's arm and barely missing his head. The colored people were almost ashen with fear, and were sure that something dreadful threatened the family. As my grandfather refused to do any-

thing to propitiate the evil fates, they took it upon themselves to save us from our folly, and sent surreptitiously to a neighboring plantation for a "voodoo man" to work his enchantments in our behalf. The plot came out when grandpapa found some black specks in his coffee and stormed so at the cook that she had to confess, in self-defense, that she had put "conjer powders" in all our cups.

Yes, certainly, they were taught the Catechism! But what will you do with centuries of African superstitions and heathen rites? They are in the blood!

A being of whom I stood in some dread was a little man almost as dark as "Uncle Jake," but with a mass of coarse, straight, black hair. I was told that he was from Manila, a city in the Philippine Islands. It was Aunt Clotilde's suggestion that I look for this spot on the atlas in the library, where it was finally run to cover among other black spots in the Pacific Ocean.

There were many of these Filipinos employed on the plantations of Louisiana a generation before Aguinaldo was born.

In nearly all the pictures of my childhood there looms prominently to the front the dusky figure

A Negro "Mammy."

of "Tante Salome," nurse, tyrant, and special providence to all of us. When we had been good, Mimi and Condé and I, we were allowed to go with her to the French Market, a wonderful region of bustle and chatter, with its stalls of oranges and bananas, tin soldiers and marvelous dolls, bandanas and calicos, its mixed odors of fish and fragrant coffee. My ideas of heaven were of a sort of glorified French Market with angels in white instead of old crones in dingy black in charge of the stalls.

No, we didn't see anything of the "Americans"

in those days. The first time that I ever went a block beyond the upper side of Canal Street was when Cousin Jean was married—the year that I was seventeen. He married an "American" girl, born and brought up in New Orleans, not a mile away from my father's house, but who was as much a foreigner in our city, the *real* New Orleans, as if she had been a native of Boston. Exclusion could go no further. Jean met her one summer at Saratoga, the wedding followed in the fall. It was in the Jesuit Church in Baronne Street, and we went early so that mamma could show us the statue there of Our Lady which had been ordered by Queen Marie Amelie for the Tuileries. And to think that all my children should have married "Americans," and that some of my grandchildren can not even speak French!

I remember fancying that it must be an enviable position to be a bride, and have all that fuss made about you: six pretty girls for attendants, the church full of people to look at you and your beautiful satin gown, the altar ablaze with candles, a solemn High Mass on a week day just for one person—I quite forgot Cousin Jean. In less than two years I was a bride myself.

Oh, in the Cathedral, of course, the dear old

Cotton Wharf, New Orleans.

Cathedral where I was baptized! Archbishop Blanc performed the marriage ceremony—the dear saint! Not very long afterward he slipped and fell when landing from a steamboat, and never fully recovered. In another year he was dead.

The year of my marriage, 1857, was a notable one in the history of New Orleans, for it marked the beginning of a regularly organized Mardi Gras celebration. The "Mystic Krewe of Comus" took possession of our streets and showed us the "People of the Infernal Regions." Cousin Jean was the devil. And the "Krewe," as it is the oldest of our carnival organizations, is still perhaps the most prominent.

The next year they had scenes from "Heathen Mythology," but I didn't get to see much of them, for Pierre selected that night in which to have the croup. Yes, I mean Clotilde's father.

But the following year was the season of our deep content, for it saw the restoration and dedication of the French Opera House. Grand opera was our birthright, and we took it rapturously.

Patti made her début here, then a slip of a girl, in "Le Pardon de Ploermel," and in later years we had Fursch-Madi and Etelka Gerster. What a beautiful sight it was, the decorations all white

Negro Cabin, South Carolina.

and gold, the tiers of boxes filled with our most beautiful girls and their mothers, all wearing Paris clothes, or very clever imitations. Saturday night was Fashion's own at the opera, and people welcomed their friends to their boxes between the acts, just as at a reception; the great foyer was thronged with gay promenaders, palms and plants everywhere, the strains from the orchestra pulsing on the air. That was life!

It was the era of crinolines. Therein lies the explanation of the roomy boxes and the spaces between the tiers of stalls and seats—a great good out of a great folly! One of my gowns measured fourteen feet in circumference, and I wore with it a cloak called a burnoose, my hair in a chignon, with two little curls which had grown on some other woman's head. My mother had to divide her visiting list and give two parties instead of one, as formerly, because she could get so few into her house, big as it was. You have seen the old home in Chartres Street, built by my grandfather in 1801, the last year of Spanish dominion over Louisiana, and the first of the new century.

Mamma gave a dinner to Archbishop Odin, who had come to us from Galveston, and had just been

installed on Pentecost Sunday. The good Bishop had not been accustomed to seeing ladies who required more than the dimensions of a nun's cell in which to turn around, and he evidently regarded us as freaks.

Did I ever have a lottery ticket?

My dears, since that octopus, the lottery, is

Jackson Square, Old Cathedral and Court House, New Orleans.

a thing of the past, I don't mind confessing that I had tickets, many of them, and not so very long ago, either. You might as well ask a Louisianian if she had ever eaten gumbo!

The day of the lottery drawing was an exciting time in our old city. Everywhere one saw the tickets, printed slips of paper, hung on strings, in the shop windows. They misled the cook when she went to the baker's, and seduced the small boy on his way to school, they stole from the market money of the housewife, took the coat from the poor man's back, and insidiously tempted the rich who promised a part, only a part, of the spoils in charity. I knew an old woman who regularly and piously went out to St. Roche's every month to beg from that overworked saint that she might draw the capital prize. Those lottery drawing days—they stirred the blood!

Early in the morning old women vending tickets made their way among the offices, and ticket brokers haunted the lobbies of the hotels. The drawing took place at noon, and usually the theater in which it was held was very well filled.

In its last years two great men were associated with the drawings. General Beauregard, handsome, distinguished looking to the end, the darling

of our bruised Southern hearts, presided over one of the wheels, and General Early, another hero of the Confederacy, was at the second. I can close my eyes and the whole scene comes back to me. A boy from the orphanage, blindfolded, handed the prize-tubes to General Beauregard, and at every twentieth drawing the wheel was closed for

Canal Street, the Main Thoroughfare of New Orleans.

The Steamboat Landing, New Orleans.

a stirring up of the tubes. General Early's wheel, six feet in diameter, contained the hundred thousand numbers. An old campaigner said that he "swore off" from playing the lottery when he came to a monthly drawing, and saw "an omnibus full of numbers, and a silk hat full of prizes."

It was the charitable side of the lottery that had

much to do with its popularity. Indeed, many of the nicest women used to gather at one another's homes to prepare the prize tubes. They gave themselves complacent little pats on the backs of their consciences because they were working for charity.

The poor creatures whom the lottery reduced to charity will never be known in this world! And we sha'n't care anything about knowing in the next! You recall Cable's "Sieur" George, who was reputed to have a trunk filled with money, but which proved to be filled with old lottery tickets! There were many "Sieur" Georges!

It is very good of you to be interested in my chatter—an old woman sometimes likes to hear herself talk.

Celeste's husband, who cherishes his New York, says that we don't keep up with the procession—whatever he means by that! Perhaps we don't, but I love my native city, its old houses and old streets, and old gardens, and old families and old ways; but I myself am old!

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