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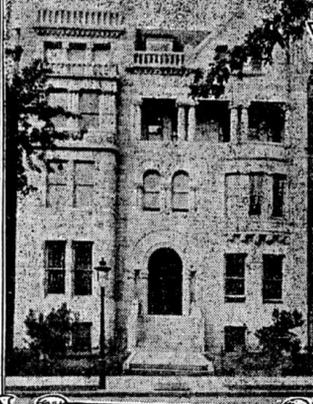
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The Foreign Colony in Washington

By EDWARD B. CLARK. COPYRIGHT BY W. A. PATTERSON



WASHINGTON has within its limits considerable foreign territory. The residences of the ministers to the United States from other countries are considered in a sense as alien ground, and therefore home sanctuaries for those who dwell therein. The foreign official colony in Washington forms a study of life interest which is never wearying to the native inhabitants of the capital. "The foreigners are so different," is the way that the natives put it. It is true in a large sense, but in specific instances the foreigners are not so different. Many of them, especially those from Central and South American countries, fall readily into the United States habit of life, and seem to think, rightly, doubtless, that as representatives of republics they cannot do better than to follow the ways of the people of the greatest republic of them all. It is an utter mistake, and a very common one



VIEW IN TURKISH LEGATION

among the people of the United States, to think that because so many of the foreign diplomats in Washington represent monarchies and have titles, they are possessed of a certain high mightiness that keeps them aloof from the democratic horde. The stranger American who calls at any of the embassies or legations is sure of courteous treatment, which is not always forthcoming when a call is made at an American home. Of course the foreigners have a native courtesy which is inbred, but unquestionably they have it impressed upon them by their home government before coming to this country that America is a democracy and that they must remember that here all men are considered equal. There are plenty of foreign diplomats who will be half fellows well met in a crowd of Americans, but who in a crowd of their own countrymen will be very careful to observe distinctions of class, and hold it beneath their dignity to show any familiarity with one held to be inferior in social standing. The diplomats in Washington are great sticklers for precedence among themselves. Length of service in the capital is the thing that counts. The ranking ambassador may be a mere minister, but he has the privilege of precedence over another ambassador who may be a count or a baron. The importance or the wealth or the strength of the nation represented in Washington amount to nothing where the question of priority of rank among the representatives is concerned. Great Britain ordinarily is considered a much more powerful and important nation in the world of affairs than Austria-Hungary. Yet today in Washington the representative of the latter country in official and social processions walks ahead of the representative of the former country. The ranking diplomat in the capital city is Baron Hengelmueller of Hengervar, privy councillor, ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary of Austria-Hungary. The baron has been in the diplomatic service of his country ever since he was a youth, and he is the foreigner of longest service in the United States. The home life of the baron and Baroness Hengelmueller is of the proverbially ideal type. In an article on the Austria-Hungarian ambassador, John Elfrith Watkins says of the home of the diplomat: "The embassy is a treasury of souvenirs of sojourns among and intimate acquaintance with the great personages who have shaped and are shaping the history of the world. In the drawing room are bronze busts of the emperor and the late ill-fated empress, and upon one of the tables is a jewel case presented by the queen of Saxony. In the dining room are displayed a profusion of ancestral plate, and the portraits of all of the

rulers of the house of Hapsburg from the eleventh century down to Francis Joseph himself. Inside the embassy the fads of the ambassador and his wife are apparent, those of the ambassador being autographs and signed photographs of the great actors in the theater of events; those of the baroness exotic plants, birds from the forests of distant countries, and dogs." It has been said that length of service in Washington rules the matter of precedence among the diplomats. It should be known, however, that ambassadors rank ministers, and so it may be that the minister who has been here for ten years must of necessity give way in the social and official processions to the ambassador who has just arrived. Senor Don Joaquin Bernarado Calvo is the minister from the little country of Costa Rica. He ranks the representatives of such nations as Sweden, Portugal, Greece, Denmark, the Netherlands, Belgium, China, Spain and Norway. Senor Calvo has been in America as the representative of his country for eleven years. The minister from the little Central American republic has many things to recommend him to the interest of the people of the capital. It has been said here many times that the family of Senor Calvo could make a fortune on the vaudeville stage as musicians, for each one of the twelve children plays a musical instrument and is possessed of a good singing voice. The ambassador of Great Britain to the United States is the Right Hon. James Bryce, who is known or ought to be known to all Americans as the author of "The American Commonwealth." His length of service puts Mr. Bryce fourth in the precedence list. He is ranked by the representatives of Austria-Hungary, France and Russia. The British ambassador takes the keenest interest in social, political and governmental conditions in America, and his wife is no less keenly interested. Mr. Bryce is sympathetic with American institutions. All of the foreign diplomats in Washington are democratic; at least while they are in the capital city. James Bryce is noticeably democratic; he rides in a street car nine times where he rides in a carriage once. For five years Baron Rosen, master of the Imperial court, has been the ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary of Russia to the United States. It is worth while to see Baron Rosen in his regalia of state at one of the great White House receptions. The Russians run to furs, and the fur trimmings of the ambassadorial cloak are both picturesque and priceless. While the baron has been ambassador only four years, he is no stranger to this country. Nearly thirty

years ago he was consul general of his government in New York city. Later he was charge d'affaires in Washington when Grover Cleveland was president. When the peace conference was on at Portsmouth, N. H., and an attempt was being made to end the war between Russia and Japan, Baron Rosen was one of the special conference envoys of his government. This fact leads me to tell a hitherto unpublished story of the Russian ambassador, a story which goes to show how careful foreign diplomats of standing are to avoid all possible chance of even personal difficulties with individual Americans. It should be said, however, that Baron Rosen, because of his natural instincts, probably would have acted in this case just as he did even though he had not been the representative of the czar of all the Russias. One of Baron Rosen's comrades on the peace conference board was his fellow-countryman, the Count von Witte. An American woman and her little daughter were driving in a light buggy on a road between Manchester-by-the-Sea and Portsmouth. All at once there came whirling into the road from a tree-lined lane an automobile which struck the buggy, turned it over and threw mother and daughter on to a grassy bank on the side of the road. The shock of the collision smashed the lighter vehicle so badly that the horse was released, and it promptly ran away. The automobile was stopped instantly and two gray headed men jumped out and ran to the assistance of the woman and child. Apparently both were unhurt. The automobilists were profoundly sorry, sympathetic and apologetic. They took the mother and daughter in their machine and whisked them five miles away to the nearest doctor, who, after an examination, said that neither of them was hurt in the least. Then the woman and the child were taken in the automobile again and driven to their residence, which was ten miles off. The occupants of the automobile said they must leave for an hour but they would return. They entered their machine, drove off and in just one hour they were back. It was subsequently learned that while they were away they had given an order at a village carriage shop for a new buggy to be delivered to the owner of the one that had been demolished. They found that the horse had returned unharmed to the stable. After doing these errands the return trip was made to the home of the woman and child. There they said that if the slightest injury to either of the occupants of the buggy resulted they stood ready to pay all damages which might be asked. They were assured by the woman that no physical harm had been done. The two automobilists apologized again, bowed, and handed their cards, on which were inscribed the names, titles and addresses of the Baron Rosen, and the Count von Witte. The ambassador second in rank in Washington is Mr. J. Jusserand of the Republic of France. Mr. Jusserand is well known, not only as a diplomat but for his literary attainments. Like many other foreign diplomats in Washington, Mr. Jusserand married an American wife. Perhaps it may be held by some people that Mme. Jusserand is not an American because she happened to be born in Paris, but both her parents were Americans. The list of foreigners in the diplomatic service who have married American women is a long one. Curiously enough, the last two German ambassadors to American both claimed brides on this side of the water. A good many of these international alliances come about in this way. The young foreign attaches of the legations while on duty in Washington fall in love with and marry American girls. Later in life, when promotion in the service comes, they are sent back as ministers or ambassadors to the land where they married. Some people say that this sort of thing makes for international peace, and perhaps it does.

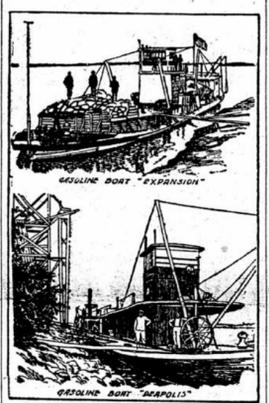
MADE HIM WEALTHY

Fleet on Upper Missouri Operated by Captain Baker.

Runs Six Boats and Several Barges Hauling Coal, Merchandise and Farm Products—Worth a Million.

Bismarck, N. D.—It is commonly believed in Bismarck that Capt. Isaac P. Baker is worth a million dollars. At any rate, he is said to be one of the richest men in North Dakota. And how do you suppose Captain Baker made that much money—for he made it all since he came to Bismarck? He made the beginning of it running steamboats on the Missouri river, and he has been making money with them ever since. It isn't generally known below Sioux City that the only regular navigation on the Missouri at present is west of Bismarck. That is true, however, and Captain Baker's fleet is the carrier of a commerce that frequently runs as high as thirty thousand tons in a season. In fact, Captain Baker has seriously been considering the operation of boats through to Fort Benton. Years ago he ran regularly to Fort Benton. When the railroads went through Montana the business ceased, because the country was so sparsely settled along the Missouri that there was nothing for the boats to transport. Now the valley is being settled up and there is a demand for transportation. Captain Baker started in years ago with one small boat. Now, through the packet company, of which he is the owner, he operates a fleet of six boats and several barges. All ex-

cept one of these boats are propelled by gasoline engines. The newest of the fleet is the Expansion, built at Bismarck last spring and said to be the lightest draft boat ever put upon the Missouri river. It is 124 feet 7 inches long, 21 feet 6 inches beam and draws ten inches of water light. On a draft of three feet it carries 150 tons, and loaded to its capacity it will carry three hundred tons. The Expansion is propelled by a 60-horsepower gasoline engine and travels four and one-half miles an hour against the current. Captain Baker's other boats are the Frayne, the Deapolis, the Washburn, the O. K. and the Bismarck.



Captain Baker's Boats.

West of Bismarck the railroads touch the Missouri Valley in only a few places, and the farmers, instead of hauling their grain inland to the railroads, haul it to the river for shipment by boat. At each of the landings Captain Baker has a small elevator, where the grain is stored until shipment. Then, when a boat comes along, the grain is loaded in bulk and carried down to Bismarck, where it is unloaded by a movable hoist into the elevator at the top of the bank and from that into the cars. The boats now run up the Missouri river as far as the mouth of the Milk river in Montana and up the Yellowstone to Glendive, Mont. On the up trips the boats carry all kinds of merchandise, coal, lumber, machinery and other supplies to the farmers and the merchants. Downstream, before the grain movement begins, they carry livestock, wool, hides, hay and other farm products. Out of the last appropriation for the Missouri river, \$2,500 was set aside for work at Bismarck and other points up to Fort Benton, one item of which is \$10,000 to clear rocks from the channel so that boats may get to Fort Benton without danger.

Nearly as Popular as the Bible. London.—Dickens' public passes beyond the bounds of the British empire. There is America—with its 85,000,000 of people and its widespread, its fervent, regard for Dickens. There is France, where Daudet could write: "Little Nell and Paul Dombey came to me as a revelation of purity and innocence." There is Germany, where, as Bunsen said, "Dickens compels tears and laughter among Germans as among his own people." There is Russia where Tolstol relates that he found the "Christmas Carol" in the cabins of the humblest serfs, and where "Oliver Twist" and "Nicholas Nickleby" are read in seven different translations in the realms of the czar. It is futile to multiply evidences of the universality of the genius of Dickens. Next to the Bible and Shakespeare, his books enjoy the widest popularity.

MANUEL BROKEN IN SPIRIT

Banished Youthful King of Portugal Reported Most Disconsolate Since His Dethronement.

London.—Several members of England's royalty who made a visit to Woodmorton, where Manuel, the banished king of Portugal, is the guest of his uncle, the Duc d'Orleans, asserted Manuel plainly shows his grief over the loss of his throne. The boyish smile and abounding good nature exhibited by Manuel on his visit to England several months

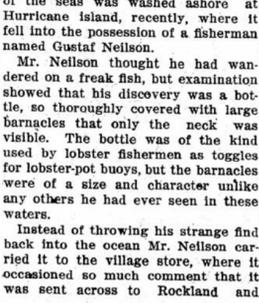


Ex-King Manuel.

before the Portuguese revolution tore the scepter from his hands, are no longer in evidence. The youthful exile has lost 20 pounds at least since the upset of Lisbon. He wanders about his uncle's estates as disconsolately as any hungry exile of less rank in the foreign quarter of Soho. That the ex-king will receive an income of \$100,000 yearly from his estates in Portugal now seems improbable. It is even likely the estates will not be turned over to him at all, but will be confiscated in partial settlement of the debts of his family to the Portuguese people. These debts are many times the value of Manuel's estates. When Manuel was exiled it was reported he was only too glad to lay down his kingship and wanted to live a life free from the worry and dangers his title brought.

STRANGE MESSENGER OF SEA. Bottle Encased in Barnacles Recently Washed Ashore on the Coast of Maine. Rockland, Me.—A strange messenger of the seas was washed ashore at Hurricane island, recently, where it fell into the possession of a fisherman named Gustaf Neilson. Mr. Neilson thought he had wandered on a freak fish, but examination showed that his discovery was a bottle, so thoroughly covered with large barnacles that only the neck was visible. The bottle was of the kind used by lobster fishermen as toggles for lobster-pot buoys, but the barnacles were of a size and character unlike any others he had ever seen in these waters. Instead of throwing his strange find back into the ocean Mr. Neilson carried it to the village store, where it occasioned so much comment that it was sent across to Rockland and placed on exhibition. Many sea captains viewed it, and were unanimously of the opinion that they had never seen such barnacles this side of Labrador. These sea parasites are more than an inch in thickness and have probably been accumulating on the bottle many years. That the "toggle" may have drifted from the icy waters of Labrador to the little granite island of the Maine coast is not considered at all impossible. How many years it has been engaged in its voyage is an interesting problem scarcely likely to be solved. Joseph M. Porter, a stonecutter, who carried the bottle to Rockland, was offered a fancy figure for it by several tourists, but will send it to his brother, John Newton Porter of New York.

Tightly-Laced Shoe Bursts Artery, St. Louis.—A tightly-laced shoe, which impeded circulation, caused an artery to burst in the leg of Miss Maggie Hunt of this city while she was sitting in her home. She almost bled to death before medical assistance was obtained.



The Encased Bottle.

Popularizing the Potato. Paris.—When potatoes were introduced into France the natives had been told they were poisonous and that it was death to partake of them. To overcome this prejudice Parmentier gave a big banquet in Paris, at which every dish was made from potatoes. There were 16 courses in which potatoes played the major or minor part. Even the brandy and liquors were the product of this vegetable, King Louis XIII. was among the guests and gave his host land on which to cultivate potatoes near Paris. As the tubers grew to size Parmentier posted guards around the fields by day and withdrew them at night so that those who lived around them could steal them at night, eat the vegetable and thus become convinced. So, unconsciously, the French were converted to the dish and never gave it up.

LONE PIGEON LEFT

One Ohio Bird Survives Breed of Several Billions.

Ending Her Days in the Cincinnati Zoological Garden is All That Remains of a Species Once Numerous.

Cincinnati, O.—One solitary passenger pigeon, ending her life at the Zoological garden in Cincinnati, is today all that remains of an American species that early in the last century swarmed over the continent in flocks numbering billions. With the death of this sole survivor of a bird tribe, whose nesting places often covered hundreds of square miles, there will soon disappear the last race of the wild pigeons that have been slaughtered by the million by men who fed their hogs upon the carcasses they could not carry away. Though it is too late to save this species, special efforts are now being made by the Audubon workers to bring about the restoration of other birds of economic value that must otherwise share the same fate. For many months systematic search has been made throughout the continent by officials of the Audubon association for relics of the once prolific passenger pigeon. Members of the organization headed by Prof. C. F. Hedge of Clark university have made a standing offer of \$1,500 to anyone discovering a nest of this species; but, though thousands have been trying eagerly for the prize, not one single claimant has appeared. In response to a recent inquiry by T. Gilbert Pearson, secretary of the National Association of Audubon societies, the authorities of the Cincinnati Zoo have just furnished the last chapter in the tragic tale of these butchered birds. The "Last of the Passenger Pigeons" is a female, eight-

teen years old, whose mate died recently without issue at the age of twenty-four. As late as 1877 what is now known to have been the last nesting place of these wild birds was found in the state of Michigan, where their nests thickly covered the trees over an area 28 miles long and four miles wide. Residents of New York declare that in 1850 they flocked over Manhattan Island in such numbers that they obscured the sun and that ships loaded in bulk with the bodies of these birds lay at the wharves selling them at a cent apiece. Audubon is quoted as observing a roosting place of wild pigeons in Kentucky early in the last century that extended 40 miles and was three miles in width. On its edges men with guns, nets, clubs and torches slaughtered the roosting birds, each often bagging 500 in one day. Declaring that practically all the gulls and terns in America today have survived solely through the work of protection and restoration at their reservations, leaders of the National Association of Audubon societies are now appealing to the people of this country to support the work of preserving dying species of native birds which they have already begun. The Upland Plover, Cabot's Tern and the Least Tern, they assert, can now be saved to the nation by quick emergency measures for which special funds are to be raised.



Passenger or Wild Pigeon.