The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 63 Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 46..... NO. 16,306.

DOOMING THE RAINES DIVES.

GOV. HIGGINS.

The approach of the time for renewing liquor tax certificates, May 1, will find the Raines law dives caught between two fires.

On the one hand the surety companies, profiting by the loss of $270,000 last year in fines recovered by the State from excise sureties, are making it infinitely harder for convicted hotel-keepers to secure new bonds. Where sureties are not refused a large bonus is exacted for renewal. By this course what is virtually a blacklist has been established against disreputable "hotels."

On the other hand the Prentice law, the passage of which was greatly facilitated by the Governor's emergency messages, is expected to wipe out several hundred saloons masquerading as hotels.

Under it no hotel license can be issued until an inspection by the Building Department shows that the hotel is such in good faith, and that the premises conform to the requirements of the building and fire codes. It dooms the makeshift hotels, which are but saloons in disguise, while it affords additional protection to the legitimate hotel-keeper.

Altogether the Prentice law is the best weapon yet put in the hands of the State for dealing with the vicious excise hotels. It is worth any number of police raids and any amount of side-door evidence. It attacks the evil at its very root.

A FERRY BOND TIP.

The sale at public auction of Union Ferry Company 5 per cent. gold bonds at three points less than par throws an informing light on ferry values. These bonds have fourteen years yet to run. They are a first lien and they command an interest in excess of the current rate.

If the ferries are worth the high valuation at which it is sought to unload them on the city why do the bonds sell below par? The low price furnishes an instructive commentary on the valuation the money market places on these antiquated properties.

SUBWAY 'FEEDERS' AND TRANSFERS

The Interborough desires to use on its Bronx surface lines the surplus electric power generated for the Subway, and it asks permission to convey this power free through the city's Subway conduits on the ground that the Bronx lines "are feeders to the Subway and will increase the city revenues by adding to the Subway traffic."

In the Interborough announcement of three-cent transfers to its Bronx trolley connections the statement is again made that these lines are "natural feeders" to the Subway. As a matter of fact they will materially increase Subway traffic and swell the Belmont-Ryan revenues. Yet there is no hint that for that reason the Interborough is prepared to offer free transfers.

Does the argument work only one way?

Signs of Spring.

By J. Campbell Cory.

Why the United States Is What It Is To-Day.

FOOTSTEPS OF OUR ANCESTORS IN A SERIES OF THUMBNAIL SKETCHES,

What They Did;
Why They Did It:
What Came Of It.

By Albert Payson Terhune.

NO. XI.—PETRUS STUYVESANT:—The Man Who Didn't Know How to Yield.

PETRUS STUYVESANT—hot-tempered, arrogant, stubborn, just and of tender heart—received the condolence of his friends on the misfortune of losing a leg.

"It is sad that your career should end thus!" sighed one.

"END?" bellowed the irate Stuyvesant. "It is just BEGINNING!"

And so it proved. This Holland clergyman's son (who had early in life risen to the rank of military governor of Curacao) soon after his defiance of fate betook his silver-banded wooden leg and himself to Manhattan, where he was appointed in 1646 Governor of the Dutch Province of New Netherland, to succeed the incompetent Sir William Kieft.

Defies Holland and Conquers New Territory.

The province was in pitiably weakened condition from Indian warfare and boundary disputes. Stuyvesant took hold with a hand of iron. While gentle and conciliatory with the Indians, he forbade the sale of liquor or firearms to them, and put down all favoritism and sinecure positions among the local white officials. While this sort of procedure endeared him to the savages, he made bitter enemies among the patroons and merchants. Complaint was made to the Government at Holland, and Stuyvesant was ordered to sail at once to Amsterdam and face the charges against him. He sent back the curt message:

"I am too busy to leave New Amsterdam. Moreover, I shall do as I please in all matters concerning this province."

He strengthened New Netherland's weakened defenses, then at the head of seven hundred men swept down on the colony of New Sweden, on the Delaware, conquered the Swedes and annexed the tract to his own province. He returned to find that the Indians had once more broken loose in New Netherland, but the mere knowledge that he was once more at the helm quelled the insurrection.

In 1653 the New Netherlanders, who had begun to grumble at Stuyvesant's severity, decided they wanted liberal rule, such as the English colonies enjoyed. Two delegates were sent from every Dutch town to a convention to bring about this reform. Stuyvesant stumped into the assembly and forcibly dispersed it with the ultimatum:

"I derive my authority from God and from the West India Company. It is not to be shaken by a parcel of farmers."

But the dissatisfaction against his rule increased. English ideas and customs crept into the province. The Dutch yoke galled. Other colonies began encroaching on New Netherland's boundaries. The Government treasury was empty. Every one but the stanch old Governor himself saw that Holland's sway in the New World was nearing its end.

At length, in 1664, Charles II. of England presented the New Netherland provinces to his brother, the Duke of York (afterward James II.). England did not own the province, and Charles had no right whatever to bestow it. But a mere detail like that never stood in the "Merry Monarch's" way.

An English fleet, commanded by Capt. Richard Nicholls and Sir George Cartwright, came to Manhattan, offering the Dutch easy terms of capitulation. The citizens rejoiced, but Stuyvesant tore the capitulation papers to fragments and stamped on them.

But a universal plea from his people to avert needless bloodshed weighed with the hard-headed old man where threats of force had failed. Broken-hearted, he consented to the surrender, and England formally took possession of New Netherland. Nicholls was made Governor, and the province was renamed in honor of the Duke of York, its new owner.

English Government of a Dutch Province.

Stuyvesant went to Holland for aid in bringing back the Dutch rule, but, failing, returned to New York, where he spent the rest of his days on his sixty-two-acre "Bouerie" farm, whose house was situated on what is now Eighth street. A pear tree that Stuyvesant brought from Holland was still growing at Third avenue and Thirteenth street in 1867.

Stuyvesant's farm was far to the north of the settled portions of New York City, with which it was linked by a country road known as the Bouerie lane (now the Bowery). Stuyvesant's white stone Statehouse (built when he first became Governor and nicknamed by him "the Whitehall") stood on what is now Whitehall street. To the north of his farm stretched a tangle of woods and marshes, ending in the little Dutch country village of Haarlem.

Petrus Stuyvesant lived on his Bouerie farm until 1682, when he died and was buried in St. Mark's Church, on Second avenue.

Brief though Dutch rule in New York had been, it hell served to impregnate the province with thrift and sturdiness of purpose and to leave civic and national traits that were destined never to be erased. And to fiery, stubborn old Petrus Stuyvesant, more than to any other man, this influence is due.

The Helmet of Navarre by Bertha Runkle

Author of "THE TRUTH ABOUT TOLNA."

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Felix Broux, page of the Duc de St. Quentin, comes to Paris to join his master. It is in the year 1593, when Paris is in the hands of the "League," headed by the Duke of Mayenne, Henry, King of Navarre, heir to the throne of France, is besieging the city. He is a Huguenot (Protestant), and as such cannot become King of a Catholic country. St. Quentin, though an avowed friend of Navarre, has ventured into Paris and taken up his headquarters there. Lucas, a secret spy of the League, becomes St. Quentin's secretary with a view to assassinating him. He estranges the Duke from his own Count Etienne de Mar, and plots to make Mar the unconscious instrument of the Duke's death. Felix discovers the plot. Mar and Lucas fight. Mar is wounded. Vigo, St. Quentin's equerry, comes on the scene and arrests Lucas.

(Copyright, 1900-1901, by The Century Co. All Rights Reserved.)

CHAPTER XI.

(Continued.)

"BY God's grace," M. le Comte answered. He laid a hand on my shoulder and leaned there heavily. Lucas grinned.

"Ah, waxing pious, is he? The prodigal prepares to return."

M. Etienne's hand clinched on my shoulder. Vigo commanded a gag for Lucas, saying, with the only touch of anger I ever knew him to show:

"He shall hang when the king comes in. And now to horse, lads, and out of the quarter; we have wasted too much time palavering. King Henry is not in Paris yet. We shall do well not to rouse Belin, though we can make him trouble if he troubles us. Come, monsieur. Men, guard your prisoner. I misjudge if he is not cropful of the devil still."

He did not look it. His figure was drooping; his face purple and contorted, for one of the troopers had crammed his scarf into the man's mouth, half strangling him. As he was led past us, with a sudden frantic effort fit to dislocate his jaw he disgorged the gag to cry out wildly:

"Oh, M. l'Ecuyer, have mercy! Have pity upon me! For Christ's sake, pity!"

His bravado had broken down at last. He tried to fling himself at Vigo's feet. The guards relaxed their hold to see him grovel.

That was what he had hoped for. In a flash he was out of their grasp, flying down the alley.

"To Vigo! Vigo is attacked," we heard him shout.

It was so quick we stood dumfounded. And then we dashed after, pell-mell, tumbling over one another in our stampede. In the alley we ran against three or four of the guard answering Lucas's cry. We lost precious seconds disentangling ourselves and shouting that it was a ruse and our prisoner escaped. When they comprehended we all rushed together out of the passage, emerging among frightened horses and a great press of excited men.

CHAPTER XII.
The Comte De Mar.

"WHICH way went he?"

"The man who just came out?

"This way!"

"No, yonder!"

"Nay, I saw him not."

"A man with bound hands, you say?"

"Here!"

"Down that way!"

"A man in black, was he? Here he is!"

"Fool, no; he went that way!"

M. Etienne, Vigo, I and the guardsmen rushed hither and thither into the ever-thickening crowd, shouting after Lucas and exchanging rapid questions with every one we passed. But from the very first the search was hopeless. It was dark by this time and a mass of people blocked the street, surging this way and that, some eagerly joining in the chase, others, from ready sympathy with any rogue, doing their best to hinder and confuse us. There was no way to tell how he had gone. A needle in a haystack is easy found compared with him who loses himself in a Paris crowd by night.

M. Etienne plunged into the first opening he saw, elbowing his way manfully. I followed in his wake, his tall bright head making as good an oriflamme as the king's plume at Ivry, but when at length we came out far down the street we had seen no trace of Lucas.

"He is gone," said M. le Comte.

"Yes, monsieur. If it were day they might find him, but not now."

"No. Even Vigo will not find him. He is worsted for once. He has let slip the shrewdest knave in France. Well, he is gone," he repeated after a minute. "It cannot be mended by me. He is off, and so am I."

"Whither, monsieur?"

"That is my concern."

"But monsieur will see M. le Duc?"

He shook his head.

"But, monsieur"——

He broke in on me fiercely.

"Think you that I—I, smirched and sullied, reeking with plots of murder—am likely to betake myself to the noblest gentleman in France?"

"He will welcome M. le Comte."

"Nay; he believed me guilty."

"But, monsieur"——

"You may not say 'but' to me."

"Pardon, monsieur. Am I to tell Vigo monsieur is gone?"

"Yes, tell him." His lip quivered; he struggled hard for steadiness. "You will go to M. le Duc, Felix, and rise in his favor, for it was you saved his life. Then tell him this from me—that some day, when I have made me worthy to enter his presence, then will I go to him and beg his forgiveness on my knees. And now farewell."

He slipped away into the darkness.

I stood hesitating for a moment. Then I followed my lord.

He slackened his pace as he heard footsteps overtake him, and where a beam of light shone out from an open door he wheeled about, thinking me a footpad.

"You, Felix?"

"Yes, monsieur; I go with M. le Comte."

"I have not permitted you."

"Then must I go in despite. Monsieur is wounded; I cannot leave him go unsquired."

"There are lackeys to hire. I bade you seek M. le Duc."

"Is not monsieur a thought unreasonable? I cannot be in two places at once. Monsieur can send a letter. The duke has Vigo and a household. I go with M. le Comte."

"Oh," he cried, "you are a faithful servant! We are ridden to death by our faithful servants, we St. Quentins. Myself, I prefer fleas!" He added, growing angrier, "Will you leave me?"

"No, monsieur," said I.

He glowered at me and I think he had some notion of chasing me away with his sword. But since his dignity could not so stoop he growled:

"Come, then, if you choose to come unasked and most unwelcome!"

With this he walked on a yard ahead of me, never turning his head nor saying a word, I following meekly, wondering whither, and devoutly hoping it might be to supper. Presently I observed that we were in a better quarter of the town, and before long we came to a broad, well-lighted inn, whence proceeded a merry chatter and rattle of dice. M. Etienne with accustomed feet turned into the court at the side, and seizing upon a drawer who was crossing from door to door despatched him for the landlord. Mine host came, fat and smiling, unworried by the hard times, greeted Yeux-gris with acclaim as "this dear M. le Comte," wondered at his long absence and bloody shirt and granted with all alacrity his three demands of a supper, a surgeon and a bed. I stood back, ill at ease, aching at the mention of supper and wondering whether I were to be driven off like an obtrusive puppy. But when M. le Comte, without glancing at me, said to the drawer, "Take care of my serving man," I knew my stomach was safe.

In a flash he was out of their grasp, flying down the alley.

That was the most I thought of then, I do confess, for except for my sausage I had not tasted food since morning. The barber came and bandaged M. le Comte and put him straight to bed, and I was left free to fall on the ample victuals set before me, and was so comfortable and happy that the Rue Coupejarrets seemed like an evil dream. Since that day I have been an easy mark for beggars if they could but manage to look starved.

Presently came a servant to say that my bed was spread in M. le Comte's room, and upstairs ran I with an utterly happy heart, for I saw by this token that I was forgiven. Indeed, no sooner had I got fairly inside the door than my master raised himself on his sound elbow and called out:

"Ah, Felix, do you bear me malice for an ungrateful churl?"

"I bear malice?" I cried, flushing. "Monsieur is mocking me. I know monsieur cannot love me, since I attempted his life. Yet my wish is to be allowed to serve him so faithfully that he can forget it."

"Nay," he said; "I have forgotten it. And it was freely forgiven from the moment I saw Lucas at my cousin's side."

"For the second time," I said, "monsieur saved my life." And I dropped on my knees beside the bed to kiss his hand. But he snatched it away from me and flung his arm around my neck and kissed my cheek.

"Felix," he cried, "but for you my hands would be red with my father's blood. You rescued him from death and me from worse. If I have any shreds of honor left 'tis you have saved them to me."

"Monsieur," I stammered, "I did naught. I am your servant till I die."

"You deserve a better master. What am I? Lucas's puppet! Lucas's fool!"

"Monsieur, it was not Lucas alone. It was a plot. You know what he said"——

"Aye," he cried with bitter vehemence. "I shall remember for some time what he said. They would not kill me to make my cousin Valere duke! He was a man. But I—nom de Dieu, I was not worth the killing."

"It is the League's scheming, monsieur."

"Oh, that does not need the saying. Secretaries don't plot against dukedoms on their own account. Some high man is behind Lucas—I dare swear His Grace of Mayenne himself. It is no secret now where monsieur stands. Yet the king's party grows so strong and the mob so cheers monsieur the League dare not strike openly. So they put a spy in the house to choose time and way. And the spy would not stab, for he saw he could make me do his work for him. He saw I needed but a push to come to open breach with my father. He gave the push. Oh, he could make me pull his chestnuts from the fire well enough, burning my hands so that I could never strike a free blow again. I was to be their slave, their thrall forever!"

"Never that, monsieur; never that!"

"I am not so sure," he cried. "Had it not been for the advent of a stray boy from Picardie I trow Lucas would have put his purpose through. I was blindfolded; I saw nothing. I knew my cousin Gervais to be morose and cruel, yet I had done him no harm; I had always stood his friend. I thought him shamefully used; I let myself be turned out of my father's house to champion him. I had no more notion he was plotting my ruin than a child playing with his dolls. I was their doll, mordieu! their toy, their crazy fool on a chain. But life is not over yet. To-morrow I go to pledge my sword to Henry of Navarre."

"Monsieur, if he comes to the faith"——

"Mordieu! faith is not all. Were he a pagan of the wilderness he were better than these Leaguers. He fights honestly and bravely and generously. He could have had the city before now save that he will not starve us. He looks the other way and the provision trains come in. But the Leaguers, with all their regiments, dare not openly strike down one man—one man who has come all alone into their country—they put a spy into his house to eat his bread and betray him; they stir up his own kin to slay him, that it may not be called the League's work. And they are most Catholic and noble gentlemen! Nay, I am done with these pious plotters who would redden my hands with my father's blood and make me outcast and despised of all men. I have spent my playtime with the League; I will go work with Henry of Navarre!"

I caught his fire.

"By St. Quentin," I cried, "we will beat these Leaguers yet!"

He laughed, yet his eyes burned with determination.

"By St. Quentin, shall we! You and I, Felix, you and I alone will overturn the whole League! We will show them what we are made of. They think lightly of me. Why not? I never took part with my father. I lazed about in these gay Paris houses, bent on my pleasure, too shallow a fop even to take sides in the fight for a kingdom. What should they see in me but an empty-headed oysterer frittering away his life in follies? But they will find I am something more. Well, enter there!"

He dropped back among the pillows, striving to look careless, as Maitre Menard, the landlord, opened the door and stood shuffling on the threshold.

"Does M. le Comte sleep?" he asked me deferentially, though I think he could not but have heard M. Etienne's tirading half-way down the passage.

"Not yet," I answered. "What is it?"

"Why, a man came with a billet for M. le Comte and insisted it be sent in. I told him monsieur was not to be disturbed; he had been wounded and was sleeping; I said it was not sense to wake him for a letter that would keep till morning. But he would have 'twas of instant import, and so"—

"Oh, he is not asleep," I declared, eagerly ushering the maitre in, my mind leaping to the conclusion, for no reason save my ardent wish, that Vigo had discovered our whereabouts.

"I dared not deny him further," added Maitre Menard. "He wore the liveries of M. de Mayenne."

"Of Mayenne," I echoed, thinking of what M. Etienne had said. "Pardieu, it may be Lucas himself!" And snatching up my master's sword I dashed out of the door and was in the cabaret in three steps.

The room contained some score of men, but I, peering about by the uncertain candle light, could find no one who in any wise resembled Lucas. A young gamester seated near the door, whom my sudden entrance had jostled, rose, demanding in the name of his outraged dignity to cross swords with me. On any other day I had deemed it impossible to say him nay, but now with a real vengeance, a quarrel a outrance on my hands, he seemed of no consequence at all. I brushed him aside as I demanded M. de Mayenne's man. They said he was gone. I ran out into the dark court and the darker street.

A tapster lounging in the courtyard had seen my man pass out, and he opined with much reason that I should not catch him. Yet I ran a hundred yards up street and a hundred yards down street, shouting on the name of Lucas, calling him coward and skulker, bidding him come forth and fight me. The whole neighborhood became aware that I wanted one Lucas to fight; lights twinkled in windows; men, women and children poured out of doors. But Lucas, if it were he, had for the second time vanished soft-footed into the night.

I returned with drooping tail to M. Etienne. He was alone, sitting up in bed awaiting me, his cheeks scarlet, his eyes blazing.

"He is gone," I panted. "I looked everywhere, but he was gone. Oh, if I caught Lucas"——

"You little fool!" he exclaimed. "This was not Lucas. Had you waited long enough to hear your name called I had told you. This is no errand of Lucas, but a very different matter."

He sat a moment thinking, still with that glitter of excitement in his eyes. The next instant he threw off the bedclothes and started to rise.

"Get my clothes, Felix. I must go to the Hotel de Lorraine."

But I flung myself upon him, pushing him back into bed and dragging the cover over him by main force.

"You can go nowhere, M. Etienne; it is madness. The surgeon said you must lie here for three days. You will get a fever in your wounds; you shall not go."

"Get off me, 'od rot you; you're smothering me," he gasped. Cautiously I relaxed my grip, still holding him down. He appealed: "Felix, I must go. So long as there is a spark of life left in me I have no choice but to go."

"Monsieur, you said you were done with the Leaguers—with M. de Mayenne."

"Aye, so I did," he cried. "But this—but this is Lorance."

Then at my look of mystification he suddenly opened his hand and tossed me the letter he had held close in his palm.

M. de Mar seems to consider himself of very little consequence, or of very great, since he is absent a whole month from the Hotel de Lorraine. Does he think he is not missed? Or is he so sure of his standing that he fears no supplanting? In either case he is wrong. He is missed, but he will not be missed forever. He may, if he will, be forgiven; or he may, if he will, be forgiven. If he would escape oblivion let him come [illegible] the eleventh hour to lay his apologies at the feet of

LORANCE DE MONTLUC.

(To Be Continued.)