# A PRINCELY EXPLORER.

## A THOUSAND MILES ACROSS THE CENTRAL ASIAN DESERT.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

Paris, November 1.

An interesting tale of exploration and adventure is furnished by M. Bonvalot, the travelling companion of Prince Henry of Orleans in Central Asia. They set out more than a year ago from Russia and passed through Siberia and China. But their most important experiences were in Thibet. "While looking toward Batang," says M. Bonvalot, "I cast secret glances at Lhassa and especially at the lofty unexplored tablelands of Thibet. Prjevalsky, the Russian, and Carey, the Englishman, were the first and the last since the day of Fathers Huc and Gabet who have attempted to visit these unknown regions. A perusal of their narratives had convinced me that the difficulties they had had to surmount were nothing new or uncommon to me. Upon one occasion Prjevalsky had to turn back for want of money; upon another because he was attacked; upon a third for want of a guide; and then again, because of threats addressed to him from Lhassa. Except upon the shore of 'the lake which never freezes,' he had followed the caravan routes and that taken by Fathers Huc and Gabet, making toward the Mouroussou or Upper Yangtse. Carey had followed for several days a fresh route leading from Tcharkalik (at the further end of the Lob-Nor) toward Bogalik and the Tsaidam. Various reasons had led him to retrace his steps toward the north, but, as he says in his narrative, 'I had not recognized that it was impossible to advance in a southerly direction.' I was firmly resolved to avoid the errors into which these two travellers fell. Both had run short, at a given moment, of provisions, guides—and prudence. So we had to carry with us ample provisions for man and beast, and then forgot the dictates of prudence. So we left the Lob-Nor with about six months' provisions of food, and ready to run any sort of risk. It is said that to venture is to succeed; we have ventured, and we have succeeded."

The travellers made their way, on the vast plateaus of Thibet, across a thousand miles of desert, at an altitude varying from 13,000 feet to 19,000 feet, and reached the south of Lake Tengri-Nor, which is only a day's journey on horseback from Lhassa. They then made eastward by a new route, and it was only at Tchang-cha that they rejoined the main route formerly followed by the French missionaries. "From Tchang-cha," says M. Bonvalot, "we went to Batang, and by Li-Tang to Ta-Tsien-Lou, where we fell in with some compatriots. Altogether we have travelled about 1,500 miles in an unknown region, nearly half of the way without a guide. It is true that we have had a terrible winter, the quicksilver freezing, and we have been assailed by terrible storms, which took our breath away, which blinded us, and which made it still more trying to walk at so great an altitude. We can still hear in our ears the howling of the wind which blew from the west, and we can feel in fancy the sand being dashed up against our hoods. Such were the conditions under which we had to seek our way; at times we could not distinguish a man ten yards in front of us; sometimes we could not even open our eyes; so it is not surprising if we lost some of our men and cattle and were in a constant state of apprehension. The only combustible we had was the droppings of the wild yaks, and no water. For a period of two months we made our tea with ice, which was generally dirty and mixed with sand and earth, so that a bit of pure ice was a great treat, and we filled our bags with it whenever the opportunity offered. For we marched more or less at haphazard, and had to take a provision of ice and yaks' droppings enough to last several days. After a long day's march we often had to wait hours and hours for our tea, as the yaks' droppings—argol, as Father Huc calls it—would not burn properly.

"Our beasts of burden—camels and horses alike—were decimated, or, to speak more accurately, every one of them died of fatigue, thirst and hunger. The snow was swept off by the wind, and the animals had nothing to drink. Upon the other hand, we had not enough combustible or lime to melt the ice for them, even when we happened to be near a frozen pool. Twice we had hot springs close to our camp, and the horses which slaked their thirst at them died on the following day from over-drinking themselves. You will see that none of us were too well off. One of the camel drivers, robust as he seemed, died of what is known as the mountain complaint, his face being tumefied, after bleeding a good deal at the nose. Two days before reaching Lake Tengri-Nor we buried a second camp follower, who had his toes frozen off, and who died one night while the wolves were howling around our bivouac. It was time that we should get back among our fellow-men, for most of us could not have gone another week. After some long negotiations with the authorities of Lhassa we obtained what horses and yaks we required and made eastward, keeping to the north of the high road from Lhassa to Batang. I am unequal to giving you any details, for I have too much in my head, and my impressions are so accumulated that I do not know where to begin; and besides, I am thinking more of what remains to be done than of what we have already accomplished.

"At the same time, I may add that we lived up on the tableland of Thibet, amid a chaos of mountains; that we traversed numberless passes so high that one seemed to be mounting up to heaven, there being one chain after another, with summit overtopping summit. Down below, in the plain, were white surfaces which might have been taken for lakes, and which were merely salt or frozen pools, over which we made short cuts, or else vast sheets of water lashed by a westerly wind, and so salt that even a polar cold could not congeal them. The only inhabitants of these deserts were herds of antelopes, vast troops of yaks, a few crows, and native birds. Some days we saw nothing, not even the crows, which follow the caravans as a shark does a ship, the solitude being almost overwhelming, so that after a few days of it our men were on the lookout for some human form, just as shipwrecked men look for a sail upon the ocean. They were in high glee when they thought that they could see a horseman, a pedestrian, or a horse even, but when these proved to be optical delusions they became gloomier than ever. These are things I shall never forget. The mania that man has for his fellow-men would go to show that, if he is not always reasonable, he is nearly always sociable."

Prince Henry of Orleans showed himself a good traveller, enduring and courageous. The explorers finally came out in Indo-China, and made their way to Hanoi, in Tonquin, where they were first heard of by the civilized world after many months.

### *PRINCESS VICTORIA'S CLOTHES.*

SOME THINGS MADE IN LONDON.

From The London Queen.

Just a year ago the third daughter of the Empress Frederick was married to the Crown Prince of Greece, and now she has just arrived from Athens, leaving her little son behind with much regret, to be present at the marriage of her elder sister, Princess Victoria, to Prince Adolph of Schaumburg-Lippe, which is to take place on the 19th of this month, in the Schloss, at Berlin. The Empress Frederick and her daughters only returned from Greece and Italy such a short time ago that the trousseau is still in an incomplete state, and most of the articles that are now ready are those that were ordered from different tradesmen in England.

There are ulsters and jackets and mantles for all occasions, and from various shops, both English and German. Two short capes from Mme. Elise (London) are particularly fascinating. One, of pale amethyst Ottoman silk, has the high collar covered outside with a passementerie made of drab silk cord, mixed with gold and silver threads, and the inside is lined with dark amethyst velvet. The other is of pleated black silk, lined with pale pink silk. It has long ends in front, which show a border of pink, and there are long pink ribbons to tie it. There is a charming variety of hats and bonnets, all the former come from Brown, in Bond-st., and all the latter from Melhuish, in Ebury-st. As winter is now close at hand, the hats have been chosen to suit the cold season, and are all, with the exception of a couple of sailor hats, made of felt and velvet. A red felt hat is trimmed with red velvet and sable tails. A brown felt, trimmed with brown velvet and gray fur, has a little brown bird perching on the top, and there are a muff and collar to be worn with it. The bonnets are lighter. Several are made almost entirely of feathers, with humming birds nestling among them, and are graceful and becoming, but the most tasteful of all is a crownless bonnet, of which the foundation is pale pink velvet, and on this rests a wreath of dark purple ivy leaves and green berries mixed with black lace. From the back comes, over a tuft formed of pink osprey, bows of pink velvet and bent green stalks, while in front of the bonnet, on the left side, is perched the tiniest of humming birds. One notable fact about these bonnets may be mentioned as a hint to extravagant ladies; not one of them has cost more than 2 guineas, and some have cost less.

It is not the custom in Germany to send in wedding presents until shortly before the wedding day. Nevertheless, Princess Victoria has already received a great number, and they range from the magnificent jewels given by the Empress Frederick and the Queen of England down to the simple offerings of the Princess's humbler friends. The Empress Frederick's wedding gift to her daughter is a splendid tiara, necklace, brooch and earrings of large sapphires, diamonds and pearls. The sapphires are remarkable not only for their size, but also for their lovely color, and the hue and shape of the pearls, both round and pear shaped, are perfect, while the diamonds alone are most valuable. The Queen has sent her granddaughter a magnificent pendant of emeralds and diamonds, as well as unmade pieces of silk for dresses, Indian shawls, and beautiful lace. The gift of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught is one of the prettiest, and is certainly the most uncommon among the presents. It is an Indian necklace of five rows of pearls. In the centre of each row hangs a small pendant, and every pendant is different. The top one is of diamonds, the second of sapphires, the third of moonstones, the fourth of emeralds and the bottom one of pearls. The workmanship is light, and the whole has a most elegant effect. Another present which is also out of the common is that of the Grand Duchess Sergius, and consists of a dozen Russian teaspoons of gold, with the backs beautifully enamelled, and a sugar bowl to match. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg sent a silver coffee set, the Duchess of Edinburgh a brooch of sapphires and diamonds, Princess Christian a cable chain bracelet with watch set in diamonds, the Grand Duke of Hesse a bangle with sapphires and diamonds. A beautiful ring with one large pearl and one large diamond set one above the other in a slanting direction is the combined gift of Princess Victoria's brother, Prince Henry, and her three sisters. There are, among other smaller articles of jewelry, tea-sets of various kinds, clocks of all descriptions, all sorts of silver articles both useful and ornamental, and the donors of these have in almost every case had Princess Victoria's V and crown engraved on them, and among all these are to be seen the handiwork of those who, not having money to buy costly gifts, have spent their time over their labor of love, and have had it graciously accepted and appreciated.

# JAPANESE TOPICS.

## CHOLERA, FLOODS, RICE, EXPOSITION AND POLITICAL MEETINGS.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

Nagasaki, October 10.

The cholera epidemic continues, though with signs of abating. It was greatly aggravated last month by the hot and damp weather. But now the air is cooler and dryer and the number of cases is daily growing smaller, while the percentage of fatality is still more reduced. Here in Nagasaki, where the plague began, it has altogether disappeared. Osaka also is practically free from it. At Tokio, however, its ravages are still widespread. But it must be said that Japan has made great sanitary progress in late years, so that this epidemic has not been nearly so deadly as former visitations. Deadly enough, however. In Osaka they had 265 deaths in one day last month. The total number of cases up to date is about 30,000, and two-thirds of them, or 20,000, have proven fatal. Osaka has suffered worst, and it is worthy of remark that there the outbreak was due to criminal carelessness. Slops and refuse from the house of a cholera patient were thrown into the river, from which the drinking-water of the city is procured. Within three days thereafter there were 500 new cases of cholera reported. But it has taught Osaka a lesson; and as a result a good waterworks system is at once to be constructed.

In addition to the cholera, Japan has been terribly afflicted with rains and floods. Rivers have overflowed their banks, devastating thousands of miles of country, destroying crops, washing away whole villages and drowning some thousands of persons. The demolition of bridges and embankments in this way almost prostrated the railway service, and caused great inconvenience and some suffering. The storms on the coast also wrecked many Japanese vessels, beside the Turkish warship Ertougroul.

The general failure of the rice crop last year caused great distress among the poor, and necessitated the importation of great quantities of rice from China. During the month of August alone the amount imported was valued at more than $1,500,000. People, even the poorest, declared that they did not like Chinese rice and complained bitterly at being obliged to eat it. There is really little difference between it and Japanese rice, but there is a natural antipathy between the two nations. This year more land has been brought into cultivation, and despite the floods, the harvests are abundant. There will therefore be a great deal of rice to export, and it will probably be the turn of the farmers to complain of low prices.

The third National Exposition has closed; not exactly in a blaze of glory. During the exhibition only about $150,000 worth of goods were sold. When it closed the question arose, What should be done with the remainder of the goods?—a question not yet satisfactorily answered. Many of the goods never can be sold except at a heavy loss, being far too costly for the general public to purchase. The exhibition abounded in exquisitely beautiful goods, such as porcelains, lacquer-ware and silk embroideries. But they were badly arranged and were not displayed to advantage. Indeed, there was no rational classification of goods, and the result was that one had to hunt through the whole exhibition before he could find what he wanted. Foreign visitors mostly became disgusted and cut their visits short.

Since the promulgation of the Constitution and the general elections there has been more politics to the square inch in Japan than in any other country on the face of the globe. All educated Japs are natural orators, and that means that they are now all political stump-speakers. This has led to the promulgation of a law regulating mass-meetings and stump oratory. It appears to have been prepared in view of the approaching meeting of Parliament. Every meeting is to be arranged by a projector, who shall give forty-eight hours' notice to the police. In the previous law the projector had to petition three days before for leave to hold a meeting. The intimation is to contain the place and date of meeting, and the residences and ages of the speakers. No person who is not an adult male Japanese and in possession of public rights can be the projector of a political meeting. Soldiers, sailors, Government instructors and students, infants and women, may not assemble in political meetings. No foreigners can speak at a political meeting, and no meeting can be held in the open air. An open-air political procession cannot take place without forty-eight hours' notice to the police, and their permission being obtained. Police constables may attend political meetings in uniform for the purpose of regulating them, and projectors must supply them with any seats they require, and with any information respecting the meeting that they need. Arms or other lethal weapons must not be taken to public meetings, save by those allowed by law to carry arms. Meetings may be broken up where speeches are delivered to shield criminals, or to protect or congratulate persons guilty or charged under the criminal law, or to instigate the commission of a crime. The police not only have power to break up and disperse a meeting, but, without going as far as this, they may stop a particular speech or discussion, without suspending the whole proceedings, and if it is not stopped at this order they can disperse the meeting. Imprisonment and fines are ordered for breaches of this law.

As to political associations, a similarly tight hand is kept over them; they must have responsible persons at their head to whom the police may apply for information; they must give detailed information about themselves; they must have no masks or flags; they "may not influence the public by issuing documents or sending deputies, or establish branch offices or combine and correspond with other political associations"; they must not make or try to make a member of an assembly established by law responsible outside for what he has said inside that assembly. This last clause is naturally viewed with the utmost disfavor in Japan, for it appears to destroy at a single blow all the ordinary agents of political propagandism. The article prohibiting women from becoming members of political parties is also generally condemned by the native press. Fines and terms of imprisonment are provided for breaches of the regulations.

### *COCKATOO'S HUMOR.*

Lieutenant-Colonel James in The London Spectator.

In confirmation of the statement made in your article upon "Talking Birds," that "cockatoos are almost like monkeys in mimicking men," I beg to send you the following simple story, the truth of which I have every reason to believe, although not personally an eye-witness of the performance. I received the account from a Bishop. A very tame sulphur-crested white cockatoo happened to be on his perch near a lawn-tennis ground. The day was damp, and the ground slippery. In the course of the game several falls occurred. Each tumble gave rise to much laughter and merriment among both players and onlookers, which seemed to attract the especial attention of the bird. When the "set" was finished, and the performers were talking together on one side of the court, 'Cocky' quietly descended from his stand, walked on to the lawn tennis ground, rolled over and over two or three times on the grass, and then picking himself up, laughed long and loud in exact imitation of the players.

# NOTES ON SOCIETY.

## MANNERS AND McALLISTER.

THE DECLINE OF COURTESY IN NEW-YORK.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: "You cannot make grapes of thorns nor figs of thistles."

Pardon me for intruding myself upon your notice; but the papers of "An Ex-Diplomatist" in The Sunday Tribune on Ward McAllister's book (?) and to day's on Women and Courtesy impel to write and express my appreciation of his wise and just criticisms on the decline of American manners. "Ex-Diplomatist" is, in a measure, correct when he attributes it to the teachings of Ward McAllister and his ilk, but not altogether. There has been during the past fifteen years in New-York no other standard of fitness for good society than that of money, money only, nothing but cash or the reputation of having it. To the "Ex-Diplomatist," judging from his writings, New-York must appear as it does to many others; that we no longer have any society here. We have a succession of shows that Ward McAllister and his disciples call society to which the tickets of admission are fine gowns and fine equipages.

"Ex-Diplomatist" speaks of mannerisms that these society people call "good form." I could record some that he would find it difficult to credit. I did not when they were told to me, but after spending last winter here after nineteen years' absence I am prepared for any absurd manifestation of ill-breeding being characterized as "good form." Allow me to instance two or three that I know to be absolutely true in every detail. I know a lady who comes, by lineal descent, from the first founders of this country (not Pilgrim), whose family have in every generation distinguished themselves in all branches of the country's service; they have been pioneers, statesmen, warriors and men of letters, and there is not a city in the Union that would not receive in its best circles this lady. She was spending a few days last spring at a hotel near New-York. In the immediate vicinity of the hotel a ball was to be given by a "prominent society lady." An invitation was sent to the lady staying at the hotel, or rather was given by the hostess in person. A young lady went out from New-York to attend the ball and was disappointed by her chaperon. She placed herself in my heroine's charge. This lady rendered her all the attention her office required, and perhaps unguardedly gave her a little more. I think she went so far as to make herself agreeable to her charge. The ball occurred on Saturday night. After 11 o'clock on Sunday morning, at breakfast, the "chaperon" and "charge" did not meet again until they went into town on Monday morning, when the "charge" passed the "chaperon" on the ferryboat and failed to "know" her.

I know a man, a descendant of one of our most illustrious statesmen, who is educated, refined, handsome and in every sense a gentleman, whose banking-house in Wall-st. has for more than fifty years borne an unimpeachable reputation. He so far forgot himself as to accept an invitation to dine with a "society leader." When next he met his hostess she "cut" him.

I knew two sweet young girls, cultivated and accomplished, and so intellectual that they have interested statesmen with their bright conversation, who spent an evening at a "society" dancing party. The next day, on meeting some of their partners of the dance of the evening before, they gave them a bow of recognition. The "society men" gazed at them without the quiver of an eyelid or the movement of a muscle; they appeared paralyzed at the boldness of these girls. Imagine, if you can, the wounded sensibilities of these girls, and the indignation of their chaperon.

I must conclude the Experiences of the Chaperone with one more incident. At the Horse Show the chaperone occupied a seat behind a box that contained a party of people whose grandmother had scrubbed the floors of the chaperon's grandmother's house. The chapereon's hostess of the ball entered the box and chatted with its occupants. In a street-car the evening previous she had met and chatted with the chaperon. But on this evening she studiously kept her back to the chaperon, and although their garments touched, there was no sign of recognition.

What are we to do? How remedy this state of affairs? It is vain to say ignore them, do not go where they are, for they go everywhere and one is obliged to meet them. I did not believe these things when they were related to me, but a season's experience has proved the truth of the worst that I have heard. But one might be prepared for any display of ignorance of good manners from people who think it proper to allow their daughters to be "brought out" by Ward McAllister or any other man. General Jackson tried his skill at introducing women into society, turned his Cabinet all out to effect it, and failed. He found that he might lead armies to victory, manipulate political parties, and veto nullification, but he could not lead society. But ever "fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

One thing that will go far toward improving our present embarrassments will be to have pens like "Ex-Diplomatist's"; fearless, free, and sharp to puncture, probe and cut at this festering growth until it dies. I can remember men and women as courtly in manner as kings and queens, yet tempered by a kindliness and sympathy that lent a charm the spell of which remains to this day. Where are their descendants? I can tell you: elbowed against the wall while trying to "ignore" the "hostesses" and the "charges," overborne by an insolence and effrontery too intolerable to be endured.

I subjoin an incident, the truth of which I will not vouch for, but it is sufficiently characteristic to have some point. It is said that at the Horse Show last week Mr. Ward McAllister and one of his Four Hundred were accosted by an old acquaintance from Goose Creek, with a hearty "How do you do?" He looked up, and seeing who it was, and that she did not belong to his "set," turned his gaze upon his companion, shook his head and was heard to murmur, "Her ain't a callin' We, Us don't belong to She." M. H. M.

New-York, Nov. 17, 1890.

## THE WEDDING-PRESENT SYSTEM.

PROTEST FROM A BACHELOR WHOSE BANK ACCOUNT IS GOING DOWN, DOWN, DOWN.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: To those of your feminine readers who will disagree with what I have to say, I admit at the outset that I am a cynical bachelor of thirty-four years, with a Roman nose and a mustache that is bald in the middle. Moreover, I further admit that I am cross-grained and the milk of human kindness within me has soured to a bonny clabber. Having made this admission, I write to protest from the depths of a depopulated pocketbook against the iniquitous wedding-present system now in vogue in polite society, and I am quite positive that there is not a man or woman who weekly or monthly receives a square, cream-colored, tell-tale envelope that does not second my protest with heartfelt fervor. I am not married. I am that rare creature who is waiting until he is rich enough to marry without sending out wedding circulars which practically invite one's entire circle of relatives and acquaintances to contribute to one's support.

I feel rather bitterly on this subject, because of my experience, which, as far as it refers to this year, I venture to lay before you.

In January I received a note from a classmate dear to me in years gone by, announcing that his long engagement would end on the 25th, and suggesting my congratulations. I congratulated him with a fish service at a cost of $20 and $1 40 for packing and express. I had scarcely recovered my financial breath when a square pink missive informed me that a girl friend of my youth was about to jump into the holy bonds, and out went a piano lamp to facilitate the leap. About this time spring began to break, and, as Tennyson justly intimates, the wedding business grew brisk. Here is my record:

| | |
|---|---|
| April 7. Cut glass bowl | $14 00 |
| April 24. Soup ladle | 12 00 |
| May 9. Gewgaw for centre-table | 10 00 |
| May 16. Silver salad shovel | 12 00 |
| May 29. Individual butter dishes | 21 00 |
| June 12. After-dinner coffees | 16 00 |
| June 20. Ice-cream trowel | 10 00 |
| June 28. Oxydized standard lamp (bargain counter. One of the legs defective, but not noticed) | 22 43 |
| July 13. Screen | 13 00 |
| July 13. Packing same | 2 12 |
| August 4. Japanese screen (azure background, with nine impossible birds crowding on all sail for a three-inch tree) | 6 00 |
| August 27. Silver gravy boat | 16 00 |
| September 3. Silver "What is it?" (good for candy or tobacco) | 11 50 |
| September 24. Etching | 17 00 |
| October 9. Silver slop bowl, initials in bottom | 14 00 |
| Total cost | $197 05 |

January 1 I had in a savings bank the sum of $400. I presume the difference between that amount and the cost of the presents is there yet, as I certainly have not had time to spend anything on myself. Last week I received another invitation. I sent this answer by return mail:

"Hearty congratulations. Herewith please find my blessing pinned to a card. There's no express charge on it, and it won't do you any harm to have duplicates." As yet the usual gushing acknowledgment is lacking. Seems to be always room for the material presents, but the house is too crowded to tack up a plain dowdy old-fashioned blessing.

I had a friend not long ago who "struck it rich" in the matrimonial speculation. She received 391 presents and $2,475 40 in money. There were fourteen butter knives, eleven dozen silver spoons, nine bonbon dishes, and tweezers, shovels, trowels and bric-a-brac ad lib. A good share of these tenderly appreciated tokens were hurried right around to a duplicate present repository, and two of them were in that window yesterday.

Is marriage grown a speculation, Mr. Editor, to beat one's friends out of a few dollars?

Another complication is added by the fact that some of these happy couples who receive such gorgeous send-offs don't stay married long enough to wear them out. In fact, as a case in point, the man in whose hands I gave the salad shovel above mentioned, is being sued for divorce now by his wife, and every time I see a record of the proceedings I think of the shovel.

The truth is, Mr. Editor, the wedding present system is a violent imposition on single men and women who do not themselves pretty definitely expect to beat their friends some day, and in any case it is a severe drain on those unfortunates who really can't afford to "blow in" their week's salary on a silver sugar tongs or an etching of Peter the Great as soon as they receive some friend's wedding advertisement.

There seem to be two solutions of this serious and important problem: let the single men and women realize promptly that this giving, giving, is rank injustice; and then let some well-known society man or woman, who isn't married and isn't going to be, start a "Present Bee," sending out a couple of thousand handsomely engraved invitations, somewhat on this plan:

> MR. AND MRS. ALONZO JONES
> request your presence
> at a reception to their son,
> OSCAR WATSON,
> TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 18TH,
> Eighteen Hundred and Ninety,
> at Eight P. M.
> 710 WEST THIRTY-FOURTH-ST.
> Presents of any kind, as practical congratulation upon their son's health and happiness, will be gratefully received and promptly acknowledged.

Or this:

> Wednesday, November 26,
> from 8 to 11,
> MISS MARY J. SMITH
> will receive the felicitations
> of her friends
> upon her safe avoidance of matrimonial entanglements, and her happiness and contentment in Single Blessedness.
> Presents.

And then the two thousand invitations will begin to take effect, and the expressmen will be constantly hammering at the Jones or Smith portal to deliver crates and bundles and barrels. I regard this as a happy solution of the present iniquitous system. There will no longer be that ceaseless giving, with fading chance of any return, but the glad sunlight of hope will brighten up the situation.

The other solution is simply the extension of the pass system. It is a makeshift, really, not a solution. When the invitation list is made up, let the bride and bridegroom make up a "free list" also, and inclose to those favored few a handsomely engraved card something like this:

> BLINKER-JINKS WEDDING,
> November 10, 1890.
> This permits the bearer, Mr. ———, to attend the wedding and reception without having made the slightest present or acknowledgment, and guarantees every attention and courtesy accorded to the heaviest givers. Good for this day and date only.
> BEST MAN.

It is evident at a glance that either of these relieves us of what is now a most distressing social evil.

I know that many sentimental old ladies upon reading this will murmur something about a willingness to help start the dear young things in nests of their own. That is all very well; I have helped to start sixteen, and I am no longer in the nest business.

Certain it is, Mr. Editor, that some remedy must be applied, and that speedily, or I for one shall be forced to become a

WEDDING PRESENT PROHIBITIONIST.

New-York, Nov. 13, 1890.

### *POINTS ABOUT RUBBER FOOTWEAR.*

SOME ADVANCE IN THE MARKET—SOURCES OF THE SUPPLY—HOW RUBBER BOOTS ARE MADE—EXTENT OF THE INDUSTRY.

"We have to charge twenty-five cents a pair more for rubber boots this year," said a dealer the other day. "Rubber is advancing in price, owing partly to the supply, but owing mainly to the increased use of rubber. The amount used nowadays in rubber belting, electrical appliances, rubber clothing, blankets, surgical instruments, etc., not to speak of the prosaic use of rubber for foot-covering, is large and constantly increasing. The result is that the large manufacturers of rubbers, boots, etc., have put up prices this fall, and the retailer has to follow suit."

Rubber is, indeed, an obliging and pliable substance in the hands of the modern inventor. But it is also becoming more subservient to the arts of the ordinary workman. For instance, a few years ago, if a rubber boot started to leak it became at once useless for its main end. But nowadays the cobbler in any shoe store will patch up a rent, or even put on a new rubber sole, in a few minutes. It seems hardly credible that only some seventy years ago rubber was sold only in small pieces, and at a high price, for the sole purpose of erasing lead pencil marks.

Mexico, South America, Southern Asia and parts of Africa are the natural sources of rubber. The choicest rubber is obtained in the valley of the Amazon, and here there are large numbers of natives engaged in gathering the crude gum from the india-rubber trees. The process would remind a native of Vermont of the scenes in the maple sugar districts. The sap, which looks like milk, is not boiled, like maple sap, but is gradually thickened and discolored by being subjected to the smoke of palm nuts. This smoking needs deft manipulation and is done in the huts of the natives, presenting a weird scene as the rude alchemist bends to his work in the dingy atmosphere. The rubber is afterward cut into fragments, and is floated down the streams to Para, the headquarters of the rubber trade on the Amazon. From there it is brought to this country on steamers. One of the largest manufactories of rubber footwear is situated in Boston. This one concern makes about 9,000,000 pairs of boots, rubbers and overshoes in a year.

Probably not a few persons have fancied from its appearance that a rubber boot might be made of melted rubber run in a mould and afterward lined by gluing the felt to the inside. They would be surprised to see a workman with sheets of rubber, cutting out by patterns the different parts of the boot as is done with leather. A manufacturer recently described the process as follows:

The chunks of raw rubber are first ground, and the material comes out from between heavy cylinders in rough sheets. It is then dried for several weeks. The sheets are then run through another set of cylinders and are at last compressed to a fine, smooth, compact film. This is placed on a sheet of cloth and the two are pressed together, forming material ready for the cutter. The parts of the boot or rubber being cut, they are joined and fitted on lasts, and being still soft, need only to have the edges lapped and rolled hard to form the complete shape of the article. The rubbers now need a coat of varnish and a vulcanizing treatment for a number of hours in a heated oven. The soles are stamped while soft with the brand of the firm and indentations to give them a better hold on a slippery surface. The lining of the footwear and the packing is done largely by girls. Indeed, the latter form a good percentage of the makers, and they assume an important and independent appearance, seated in front of a long bench full of lasts and patterns.

Gutta-percha has become a scarcer and higher-priced article, as a matter of course, for the same reasons that affect the rubber supply. Gutta-percha buttons are not seen as often as they once were, and substitutes are being employed in other lines wherever practicable. The name of Charles Goodyear deserves to be remembered by all who walk through water dry-shod, or otherwise profit by the inventions in rubber. The world would indeed take a long backward step if it were called on to dispense with water-proof cloaks and footgear for humanity, rubber blankets for horses, rubber hose, and all the other devices in the way of useful articles and fabrics. In the latter line there is now made an extremely flexible, thin sort of rubber cloth, which resembles fine muslin, having a thin sheet of rubber in the centre, which can be laundried like an ordinary piece of cloth. The fabrics used in making rubber boots vary widely in appearance, some resembling duck, others having a tasselated appearance, while others are perfectly plain. It was in 1839 that Goodyear, after spending a fortune and years of unavailing study, chanced by accident on the secret from which he worked out his process. There could be no disrespect in the pun if it were said that 1839 was a good year for humanity.

### *THE GROWTH OF BRAINS.*

From The Chicago News.

In the inferior races the head ceases to grow after twenty years of age. In the superior races the head of the intelligent and educated man increases in volume until thirty-five, forty and fifty-five years. The skull has reached its maximum development when the bones composing it are welded together, so as to render the sutures invisible. Once the sutures are solidified, the further growth of the brain is impossible, which is said to explain the insurmountable difficulty experienced in trying to teach illiterate adults. The solidification varies according to the investigating activity of the brain. It takes place between the ages of twenty-two and twenty-five years in the task-worker, between twenty-eight and thirty-five in the middle-class manual professions, and after thirty-five in educated persons who practise intellectual professions. Recent experiments in the female colleges of Russia prove that woman's head, though naturally smaller than man's, is susceptible to similar development under educational treatment. The skulls of great thinkers grow throughout life. The frontal sutures of Pascal, Rousseau and others who lived to a ripe old age were found open. Comparison of the individual skulls of different races discloses the singular and important fact that in the inferior beings the solidification of the sutures begins in the frontal, or intellectual, region of the brain, and terminates in the occipital, or animal. In the case of the civilized man, on the contrary, the solidification, beginning much later in life, starts in the occipital, passes to the parietal bone, and thence to the frontal, thus giving till the last moment the fullest scope to the superior functions.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

# A BELGIAN SOCIALIST.

## THE HISTORIC HEADQUARTERS OF THE REVOLUTIONARY PARTY.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

Brussels, November 3.

"A universal strike—that is what we must come to."

That is the forecast of society and industry which is made by Dr. Caesar de Paepe, and which he is working night and day to fulfil. He may not succeed. But, could he live, he would probably do more in that direction than any other living Socialist could do, for he is, in point of ability, an easy head and shoulders above all other Socialist leaders in the world to-day. Nor is there another who has had a more curious and interesting career. This radical revolutionist is of noble, almost royal, blood, coming from the illustrious Flemish family of Yselrant de Moere. And not only did he spring from the aristocracy, but he was at first designed for a prominent place in the Church. He was educated at a Jesuit college for the Roman Catholic priesthood, but did not actually enter holy orders. Then he went to the University of Brussels and studied for the bar. But here he fell under radical influences, and soon became an avowed Liberal in politics, opposing both the aristocracy, which he sprang from, and the Church, for which he had been destined. This conversion, or perversion, changed the whole course of his life. He left the university, was, of course, disowned and discarded by his family and friends, and set to work to earn his own living at a trade. The chosen trade was that of printing, or rather proof-reading for printers. One of the first works that passed through his hands was a book of Proudhon's, and it turned his attention toward natural science. He accordingly began a systematic course of reading and study in the sciences, though under great difficulties. Former friends, angered at his radicalism, threw every obstacle in his way. Attempts were made to prevent him from getting employment; he was offered bribes if he would leave Europe; charges of insanity were preferred against him, and he narrowly escaped being put into an asylum. There were even several attacks made upon him with physical violence. But none of these things moved him. He persisted in his studies, and at last received the degree of M. D. "with highest distinction."

Dr. de Paepe never practised his profession, however. He had already become identified with the "Internationale," and now gave himself up, heart and head, to the cause of Socialism. He founded the Socialist organ "The People," and was a vigorous contributor to several others. He was, indeed, rather more radical than the Radicals themselves; so that his proposals at the Lausanne Congress, in 1867, were strongly voted down, as entirely too advanced. But two years later, at Berlin, and at Basle, they were accepted. He was a conspicuous member of every meeting of the "Internationale," and exercised a stronger influence over it than any other individual. He it was who took up the ideas of Karl Marx and made them the gospel of Socialism, and he it was who founded and organized Socialism in Belgium and made it the potent political factor that it is to-day. I have said that he did not practise his profession, which is not exactly true. He never attempted to secure a paying clientage, nor to gain any remuneration whatever for his services. But he was always ready to minister to the poor, without price; and the number of his charity patients was legion.

In writing of him, I use the past tense. It is to be feared that he will, indeed, soon be a figure of the past. These arduous labors for the people have told upon his health, which never was robust, and he has at last completely broken down. The doctors say the case is hopeless, for he has consumption. A short time ago he was altogether prostrated, and the only hope of prolonging his life was in getting him into a more genial climate. A popular subscription was made, even the poorest laborer eagerly offering a few pennies from his meagre earnings, and Dr. de Paepe was hurried off to Cannes. There he remains, scarcely able to move about, growing steadily weaker. Yet to the visitor who mentions politics he will speak with all his old enthusiasm, and his big blue eyes will blaze with all their old fire, as he descants upon the wrongs of the people and the need of redress. "A universal strike—that is what we must come to," he says. "Manifestations on a large scale are necessary because they help the demand for manhood suffrage. The vote of the proletariat can alone bring about the social revolution essential to human happiness. Little industries must eventually disappear before great co-operative unions. The collectivity of to-day is in the hands of the capitalists. It will eventually be transferred to the masses. The transformation is already in progress. The acquisition of railways by the State is itself a step toward collectivity. With few exceptions, everything is destined to become a chose collective, and land will have the same fate." On this latter point Dr. de Paepe differs from the great American Socialist, Henry George. The latter would see the nationalization of land precede everything else; but Dr. de Paepe holds that the great industries and machinery must become collective first of all. Nothing can shake the power of the middle classes and employers but a general strike or a violent upheaving.

The headquarters of Belgian Socialism are in the Rue de Bavaria, so named because the corner-stone of the first house in it was laid by the Elector Maximilian Emanuel of Bavaria, Governor-General under Charles II. The building itself originally bore the escutcheon of Duke Charles of Lorraine upon its classic front. At first it was a meat market, but soon Duke Charles had it transformed into a popular music hall. It was afterward used as a hospital for the Austrians who were wounded at Jemappes. Then the French came in, demolished the ducal escutcheon and renamed the street Rue de la Fraternite. Under the French regime the market was re-established only to give place to the music hall again, and the latter was developed into a Fine Arts Theatre. The next scene in its strange, eventful history, came in 1832, when the building was transformed into a Jewish synagogue; and that it remained until only a few years ago, when the Socialists and Revolutionists got possession of it. It is now a curious place. The street-door opens on a long, low room, running from end to end of the building. Wooden columns support the ceiling; a central bar is used for the sale of coffee, beer and cheap wine; tables and chairs are arranged after the fashion of ordinary taverns, and itinerant vendors carry on a good trade in sardines, hard-boiled eggs and walnuts. The wall on one side is hidden by the letter-boxes of 100 different workingmen's clubs. When I entered it the other day the ephemeral literature of the late election was very much in evidence, and conspicuous among the handbills and caricatures was an impassioned appeal denouncing all Governmental interference with the contemplated celebration of the Jemappes victory, which ninety-eight years ago filled the Maison du Peuple with dying Austrians! Close to the letter-boxes is a broad, uneven and somewhat rickety staircase, which gives access to the inner sanctuary of Socialism. It is here the Belgian democracy meets and plans the overthrow of King Leopold. And, indeed, Belgian democracy is getting so strong that such an overthrow seems not an altogether impossible dream.

### *AN OWL AND THE LOCOMOTIVE HEADLIGHT.*

From The Baltimore Sun.

A curious accident occurred to the locomotive of train No. 46, of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Tuesday night. While running at a good rate of speed near Barnesville, on the Metropolitan Branch, a large owl flew into the locomotive headlight, smashing the heavy glass front into smithereens and overturning the lamp. This set fire to the lantern, which was destroyed. His owlship was cooked, head, feathers, feet and all.

# *A SHORT LOOK AHEAD.*

## FROM NEW-YORK TO SAN FRANCISCO IN THREE MINUTES.

THE FIRST TRIP THROUGH THE PNEUMATIC TUBE MADE YESTERDAY AND THE ROAD WILL BE OPENED TO THE PUBLIC THIS MORNING.

(From The New-York Tribune, July 19, 19—.)

The Pneumatic Railroad between this city and San Francisco was formally tested yesterday afternoon, and this morning it will be opened for the accommodation of the public. The first trip with passengers in the car was made in a few seconds more than three minutes, and the regular trips thereafter were made in precisely three minutes each. The men who had charge of the ponderous machinery were a trifle nervous during the first trip, and consequently a few seconds were lost. The car had been sent through the tube a dozen times early in the day, but then no one's life depended upon the success of the trial. When there were a dozen people in the car the owners and operators of the road appreciated that any sort of a failure on the trial trip would work them irreparable injury, and Superintendent Modern said after it was over that he believed he grew a year older during the three minutes and seven seconds which the car occupied in making the first trip.

All of this gigantic machinery, which moves a car weighing several tons nearly 3,000 miles in three minutes, is controlled directly by one man, although there are, of course, several hundred men who take care of the various parts of the powerful electric engines which force the air into the tube. This one man sits in a room entirely apart from any kind of distraction. There is absolutely nothing in the room except the apparatus with which he works the road and the chair in which he sits. It would have startled our ancestors if they could have known that in this year of our Lord such an enormous amount of power could be produced from manipulating a lever which is no larger than an old-time telegraph key. Besides this key there is a dial which shows the movement of the car, so that the operator knows to within half a mile where it is during the entire journey.

He is completely shut off from the outside world, the room being arranged so that not a sound of any sort reaches him while he is on duty. The door in his room leads to a hall and at the end of the hall there is another door, before which a watchman is always on guard. When the car is all ready to go on its journey a small bell rings in the room and this signal is answered by the operator. Then the answering signal comes back to show that the first was not a false alarm, and within less time than it takes to tell it the car is off on its long journey—long only in the number of miles travelled, because three minutes cannot be considered a long time even in this exceedingly swift age.

In the car yesterday were a dozen newspaper men, B. Swift, the president of the road, and Mr. Modern, the superintendent. The station at this end of the road has already been described in The Tribune. It is more like the drawing-room of a private house than the dusty and foul-smelling stations which our ancestors were obliged to use. In going from the waiting-room to the car one descends an easy flight of stairs, richly carpeted and enters the car from a door in the end. The car is perfectly round, fifty feet long, with a row of seats on each side. There are seats for fifty persons, twenty-five on each side, thus allowing the space of twenty-four inches for each person. The seats are sumptuously upholstered with a head rest and a foot stool.

When the fourteen persons above mentioned were in the car the door was closed noiselessly. A few seconds afterward the vibrating of the great engines could be heard indistinctly, as they gathered power enough to shoot the car through the tube at the rate of sixteen miles a second for 180 consecutive seconds. Mr. Swift sat on one side of the car with three reporters on each side of him, and Superintendent Modern sat on the other side, flanked in the same way by three newspaper men on each side of him. Mr. Swift took out his watch. The second hand indicated that it lacked only fifteen seconds of 12 o'clock.

"We start precisely at twelve," he remarked, and before the words were fairly out of his mouth a hissing noise was heard, and before we knew it we were off on our long journey.

It would take a long time to describe the sensations of the next three minutes. After the first little jerk, which indicated that the car had been started, the only way in which those inside could tell that it was in motion was that there was a tendency to make them lean back toward the rear end of the car. This was explained by the fact that as the car gained momentum very rapidly, the tendency described was, of course, only natural. It all passed away, however, within twenty or thirty seconds, and then not a sound was heard except the ticking of the watches. Mr. Swift had his watch in his hand, and he never turned his eyes away from it until the journey was at an end. The Tribune man sat next to him and looked at the watch also. The hand showed that forty seconds had elapsed since the car was started.

"We're past Chicago," muttered Mr. Swift.

Within the next twenty seconds the reporter observed that the car was lighted by daylight, and not by any artificial means. At about the place where the head of a person of ordinary size would come while sitting in the seat there was an exceedingly fine and very thick plate-glass window. The sunlight streamed into this window, but upon looking out everything seemed to be in a jumble. Occasionally one could catch sight of a landscape, but it was so fleeting that it could not be seen distinctly. This mystery was explained later.

At every mile in the tube there is a fine plate-glass window, twenty feet long. The car passes through the tube at such a rapid rate that the spaces between the windows, although nearly a mile wide, are not noticeable. This can be readily understood by making a little mental calculation. The car travels at the rate of about sixteen miles a second. Thus it will be seen that in one second the car passes sixteen of these twenty-foot windows, and as the windows on the opposite sides of the tube are placed alternately it is easily seen that the car is freshly supplied with light thirty-two times in every second. This means that there is light in the car practically all the time. Otherwise you lose sight of the spaces for the same reason that you cannot see the spokes in a wagon wheel when the wagon is moving rapidly.

But to resume. Mr. Swift was closely scanning the hands of his watch and at one minute past 12 he muttered again:

"We are not far from the Mississippi River."

The hands of the watch seemed to creep during the next minute, at the expiration of which Mr. Swift again remarked that we were near the Rocky Mountains.

Now came the critical moment. It was well understood by those in the car that the crucial test was to come when the car was to be stopped. Would the car go out of the end of the tube and land us in San Francisco Bay? Or would it smash itself against the obstructions at the end of the tube and leave our mangled bodies to be taken out by workmen several days after the accident happened, while a gaping crowd stood around and watched the operation? These and a thousand other thoughts flashed through the writer's mind in an instant. The reporter derived a little grim satisfaction from the last words of the managing editor, who by way of consolation had said to the reporter when he gave him the assignment:

"Now, B——, you may come out of this thing alive!"

The Tribune does not allow the use of the word "very" except on rare occasions, but the reporter thinks that he is justified in saying on this occasion that in the meantime the car was approaching its destination very rapidly. The expressions on the faces of those in the car during the last twenty seconds of the journey cannot be described by either pen or tongue. The car was gradually losing speed. Ten seconds more and what? Five seconds! Time is up, but still no move! We expect the crash, but still the watch ticks off the seconds. One! Two! Three! Four! Five!

"We are stopping!" almost shouts Mr. Swift, and in two seconds more the car comes to a standstill. In less than two seconds more the door is thrown open, and the officers of the road and a score of newspaper men rush in to congratulate us. The journey is safely over, and the greatest feat of the age has been accomplished.

Many wealthy business and professional men of this city have already bought homes in California. They will come to town every morning and return home at night. The difference of three hours in time between this city and San Francisco makes it a little inconvenient for them, because they have to arise at 6 a. m. in order to reach their offices by 10 o'clock. On the other hand, they quit their offices at 5 p. m., and arrive home at about 2:30, San Francisco time. So they have plenty of time to take a drive in the afternoon and also to secure a little extra sleep before the regular bedtime. The president of the road says now that the project has proved such an unequivocal success, it is only a matter of a short time when branch roads will be built between all the principal cities in the Union.

### *WHAT'S IN A NAME.*

From The Boston Courier.

In the Massachusetts Reports, if one would take the trouble to look there—or, indeed, whether one looks for it or not—there is one of the coincidences which do so much to keep the theory alive. Therein it is recorded and set forth how one Aquarius Breen was convicted of adulterating milk. It must be evident to any theorist that the name was responsible for his departure from the paths of probity. How could it be expected that a man with the name Aquarius would fail to water his milk. His whole conscience might rebel against the sin, but his destiny was settled when he was christened, and how could he resist it. Had justice been done, punishment in this case would have been meted out, not to Aquarius Breen, but to the parents who by inflicting upon him such a name had made it impossible for him to do otherwise than to water his milk. He was the victim of circumstances over which he had no control whatever.