HISTORIC BATTLE ABBEY.

DATING BACK TO THE TIME OF THE NORMAN CONQUEST—WHY IT SHOULD BE PRESERVED.

There would be more romance about the now discredited rumor that Cecil Rhodes is trying to purchase Battle Abbey if any of the Rhodes family had ever been among the possessors of that ancient historical monument; such a fact might have made one more analogy between the South African statesman and that other empire builder, Clive, whose first ambition, it is said, was the desire to buy back his alienated ancestral acres. As a matter of fact, Mr. Rhodes is a native of Hertfordshire, not Sussex. The more probable rumor is that which foreshadows the purchase of the Conqueror's own foundation—or what remains of it—as a national memorial.

Among all the interesting associations of the abbey none is more valuable in its bearing on the history of the English people than the famous Battle Abbey Roll, a document which records the names of all the "gentle" followers of William the Conqueror in his expedition into England. This document showing, as it does, who "came over with the Conqueror" and who did not (as a "gentle"), ought to be the property of the English people, and ought not to be taken from the abbey in which it was originally deposited.

The story of the foundation of the Benedictine Abbey of St. Martin, at "Epyton in the rape of Hastings," is intimately connected with the story of the battle itself. The Saxon host were arrayed on the hill Senlac, upon which was the village of Epyton, and opposite to them, between them and Hastings, which is four miles distant, were their Norman foes. In the centre of the English, close to the village, stood Harold, by the dragon banner of Wessex and his own banner, bearing the warrior on horseback, and on either side of him stood his brothers, Gurth and Leofwine. At first the fight went against Duke William, but he, seeing that one wing of his army was already wavering, and the rest discouraged, bared his head (like Cyrus at Cunaxa), and charged into the thick of it, shouting, "I am here, alive; and by God's aid will conquer!" He also vowed to God and St. Martin—a Norman saint—a splendid foundation on that very ground, if victory should be granted him.

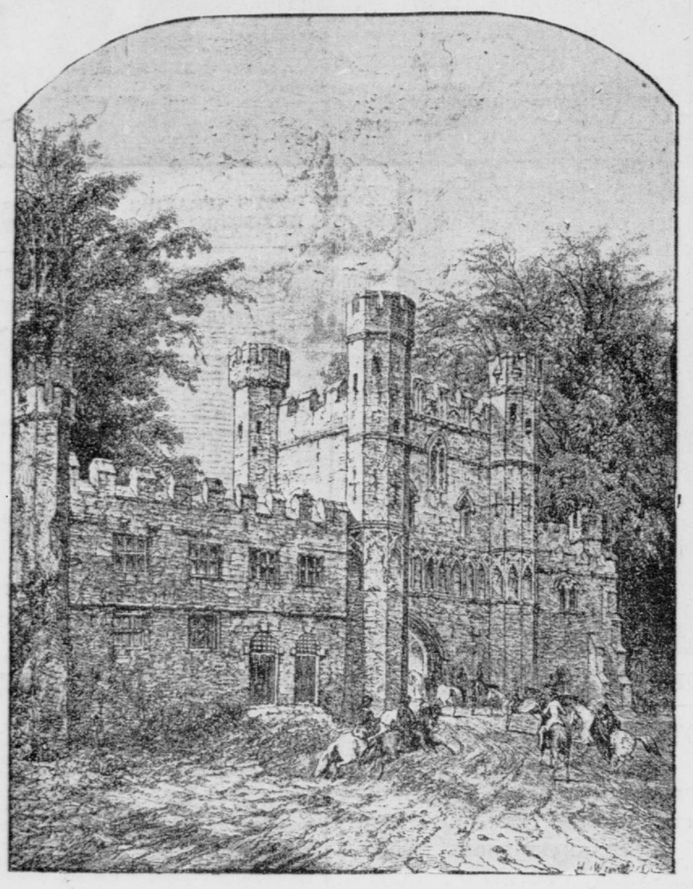
Victory having been granted to the Norman, his faith was kept. The story of how Harold's body was found where the dead were thickest, how it was recognized by Editha of the Swan's Neck and interred at Waltham Abbey, may not be strictly true in every detail, but it is pretty, and has been made popular by Bulwer Lytton and others. According to tradition, the high altar of the abbey church stood upon the spot where the body was found— a tradition which is in itself sufficient to make the ruins of supreme interest to the English people.

It is said that William's original intention was to make a foundation for more than sevenscore monks, but he was a busy and a peripatetic ruler during the twenty-one years of his English kingship, and death overtook him at Mantes without fair warning. As it was, he granted many privileges to the abbey, some of them such as most people nowadays would hardly understand if they were recited in detail; among other things, it was a "sanctuary," where the king's officers could not seize prisoners, and it was ruled by a mitred abbot who had a seat in the House of Peers. In the way of worldly possessions, William endowed his new abbey with the "mannors of Wye, Alciston and Limpsfield; of How, Crawmere and Briswalderton, and the churches of Radings and Columpton." Moreover, "therein he (William) offered up his sword and royal robe which he wore on the day of his coronation."

The monks' chief business was to pray for the good estate of the souls of those slain at Senlac, Hastings and Pevensey on October 14, 1066. This they did, and guarded the sword and robe of the Conqueror until Henry VIII suppressed them. At the time of the suppression there were only about sixteen monks in the abbey to discharge these functions, and the annual revenues amounted to £880 14s. 7d., according to the most trustworthy estimates. Whatever became of the revenues, the monks were pensioned for life, and the abbey, with its adjoining lands, was given by Henry to one Gilmar, who is not otherwise known.

From this Gilmar the estate passed to Sir Anthony Browne, K. G., the King's standard bearer, who is famous as one of the executors of the will of Henry VIII, which, in part of the reign of his son, Edward VI, was practically the law of the realm. The descendants of this Sir Anthony Browne are, or were until lately, a county family of Norfolk, having passed Battle Abbey on to the Websters, from whom, in the nineteenth century, it passed to the Duke of Cleveland. Lord Rosebery's mother, the Duchess of Cleveland, formerly Lady Dalmeny, whose death occurred not long ago, signalized her term as lady of Battle Abbey by publishing a complete and interesting edition of the Battle Abbey Roll. She became a widow for the second time in 1891, and with the death of her husband the dukedom of Cleveland became extinct. This connection with the abbey through his mother may have something to do with the third of the recent Battle Abbey rumors that Lord Rosebery may become a purchaser.

As an architectural monument the abbey is of much less importance than many others, most of the buildings having fallen into decay. The only fragment still standing which is at all likely to attract the attention of the strolling photographer or limner is the grand gateway, which, however, by no means represents the architecture of the original foundation of 1069, being certainly not older than the time of Henry VI (1422-1461).



THE GATEWAY OF BATTLE ABBEY.

RARE BIRDS' EGGS AND NESTS

A NOTABLE COLLECTION OF SPECIMENS PURCHASED BY EX-SENATOR JOHN LEWIS CHILDS.

Ex-Senator John Lewis Childs, of Floral Park, Long Island, has received the large and valuable collection of eggs and nests of North American birds which he purchased recently from Miss Jean Bell, of Ridley Park, Penn. The collection is said to be one of the most complete in existence, and represents an outlay of $25,000, although Mr. Childs got it for a smaller sum. It will be placed on exhibition in a museum which he is now building as an addition to his house at Floral Park, and any one interested in ornithology will have free access to it.

Miss Bell worked on the collection for twenty-eight years. Many of the eggs were obtained only after long trips into the wildest regions of the United States. Miss Bell led several expeditions to get rare specimens. Trappers, ranchers, hunters, lumbermen and fishermen in the wilds of Canada, mountaineers in the Western States, negroes and Indians in the South have worked for weeks under her direction and hire. After she had exhausted every resource to make the collection complete, and had nearly succeeded, she lost interest in it. For some months she has been in Nova Scotia for her health, and a short time ago sent word to her curator to sell the collection.

North American birds to the number of eight hundred and fifty species are represented in the collection. There is at least one full set of each kind. By a full set is meant all the eggs that a bird lays for one hatching, which varies from one to twenty. There are nearly ten thousand of these full sets in all, representing thirty thousand eggs. In case of rare birds the nests were obtained wherever possible, and the collection includes 715 of them. Two hundred or more rare birds are mounted in connection with the nests and eggs.

The prize of the collection is a big nest of twigs and grass which a rare nutcracker, named after Clark, the explorer, built in the mountains of Utah a few years ago. In the big nest the nutcracker laid four little eggs, and was hatching them when an expedition headed by Miss Bell swooped down upon it. In order to make the set complete the mother bird was killed by a hunter with the party. It is the only set of the kind which has ever been placed in a collection, according to Mr. Childs. The nutcracker, which has the build of a blue jay and plumage the color of slate, is practically extinct.

Next in point of interest are three sets of eggs of the California condor, or vulture, which were obtained with great difficulty. The species is found only in Southern California, and nests in crevices in the sides of rocky cliffs. The specimens were sighted with a field glass, and taken by lowering a man with a rope from the top of the cliff. The California vulture lays but one egg a year, and the species is nearly extinct. The egg is about the size of that laid by the swan, and is a delicate green in color.

There is one bird that is without nest representation in the big collection. This is for the simple reason that it builds no nest. The whippoorwill is the bird in question, and it is satisfied to lay its eggs in the sand or among the pebbles along the shores. It is almost impossible to find the eggs of a whippoorwill, because they are sand colored and quite small.

Of birds which build nests the oven bird is most advanced in the art of concealment. The Childs collection contains fourteen sets. The bird builds in tufts of grass, using the same sort of grass for the building material. The nest is a little mud hut, entirely covered with a dome shaped roof. The bird is absolutely concealed while nesting.

A set of solitary sandpiper's eggs was sent to Miss Bell from one of the upper Canadian provinces, and Mr. Childs believes that it is the only set that has ever been obtained. The bird usually nests far up in arctic regions. Miss Bell paid $100 for the set of five eggs.

The most showy eggs in the collection are twenty-two sets of caracara, a bird which resembles the eagle and the vulture. The eggs are a little larger than hen's eggs, and have a white background. They are spotted most artistically with irregular dark brown blotches. Fifty species of warblers are represented in the collection, which is also complete in nests and eggs of ducks. There are ninety sets of sharp shinned hawks, which breed in the Hudson Bay country; ninety-four sets of ospreys, or fish hawk; eighty-five sets of California jay, forty-eight sets of desert sparrow hawks from the arid regions of Arizona, fifty-six sets of turkey vultures and fifty sets of black vultures. Not to be overlooked because of their small size are four hundred sets of humming birds' eggs, two each in a nest. They come from every part of the country, and differ greatly in coloring.

The Bell collection will be added to Mr. Childs's collection of four hundred full sets of eggs. He also has seven hundred species of birds, mostly males in their finest plumage. They are exceedingly well mounted, and include a number of rare specimens.

ARTISTS' SUMMER HAUNTS.

WHERE SOME NEW-YORK PAINTERS GO FOR WORK AND PLAY IN HOT WEATHER.

It takes a landscape painter to know picturesque country, and he is willing to go almost anywhere for it. Find him in his summer haunt, and the winner of the last society prize has turned farmer. He is pitching hay and feeding chickens with the same enthusiasm he put in his best picture last winter.

In dogdays the New-York studios are practically deserted and the painters are widely scattered. They are as fashionable as the most, for they leave town early and remain away until the last excuse for returning. But they are not in the country to idle and spend the days in sweet do nothingness. They have sought the woods and mountains, the open field and meadow, the spot where water trickles and cool shadows lie along a slope, to work in earnest and with insistence. Farming is their recreation. They are lost to the world for a time, but they are at their summer tasks. They are painting vigorously, and the exhibitions next year will show what they have done. They have classes, too—summer art schools—and pupils come from everywhere. The school of summer art study is a comparatively recent development, and has grown more the custom within a few years since the landscapists have realized their opportunities for teaching and students the privileges of attractive study.

Arthur Dow, who in the winter is actively allied with Pratt Institute, was one of the earliest to form summer classes, since it is fully twelve years since he started the work at Ipswich, Mass. It is certainly a picturesque point for study, and each returning season Mr. Dow is surrounded with greater numbers of workers. He has a class of eighty this summer, gathered from New-Orleans to California. Many of them are teachers, and a few weeks later will carry to their own classes the inspiration of their summer study.

It is a dozen years since Mrs. E. M. Scott first went to Quaker Hill, in Dutchess County, N. Y. Her winter studio is, perhaps, one of the best known in New-York City, and for many years has been the meeting place of men and women painters and friends of art. For her own painting of flowers Mrs. Scott has the affectionate title, "the rose woman." Her friends have named her summer home "Emscot," and its rooms are scattered with remembrances of visitors and associates in art. Over the great fireplace, where the crane has been hanging, no one knows how many years, is a delicately painted marine sunset by Henry B. Snell. Other bits by other artists appear in delightfully unexpected places. Emscot is a lovely home. The house is rambling and old fashioned, dating beyond trace of the oldest inhabitant. It stands in the heart of the apple country, and well pruned orchards stretch on either side. The house is on a gentle slope that smiles toward the south. To the east lies a vegetable garden, where flowers run riot along the border paths. Behind is the studio, once a stable. It is framed in great pink peonies, of which Mrs. C. B. Coman made a capital picture a few years ago. The southerly view looking on the line of hills is a favorite subject of Mrs. Coman, and some of her tenderest work has pictured the upward slope. Giant hollyhocks grow in the dooryard and a beautiful rose garden is lodged where it holds the eye. It is bordered with arching trellises, over which in their day yellow roses bloom in profusion.

The house contains half a dozen rooms for students. Two days each week are occupied with instruction, and the rest are filled with rambles and excursions. Yet there is never an hour when a sketch umbrella does not stand in the rose garden with a worker in its shade whom the resounding clap, clap of the brass knocker on the house door fails to disturb in her revery. Emscot is approached by a six mile drive from the station of Pawling.

It is quite ten years since Charles H. Davis found a paintable spot to his liking at Mystic, Conn., and he chooses to make his home there through nearly the entire year. Pupils who go to him in the summer see perennial beauty in the river, the wooded paths and the village spire, which rises like an old friend to greet them at every return.

The Chase School at Shinnecock Hills, on Long Island, which William M. Chase established ten years ago, is better known than most. The studies around Shinnecock which Mr. Chase exhibits in the winter are ample evidence of his fondness for the place.

Up in the Catskills, amid the strength of the hills, J. Francis Murphy has painted around Arkeville, in Delaware County, for fully eight years. Much of the best work of the late A. H. Wyant illustrated his attachment for Arkeville. Mrs. Coman has also frequented Arkeville, and has brought away many bits of the hill country on her canvas.

Leonard Ochtman finds Greenwich, Conn., a happy hunting ground in the summer, and has not wearied of it in eleven years. Charles Warren Eaton also likes Connecticut scenery, but goes to Thompson.

Many delightful memories are associated with South Farms Inn, Litchfield, Conn., where Henry B. Snell was the leading spirit in a small art colony that survived a few years. Mrs. Clara Weaver Parrish and Mrs. E. M. Scott were also connected with South Farms Inn. It is practically deserted this year, for Mr. Snell is visiting new territory, having gone with a class of forty to Grand Manan, N. B., on the borderland of that Acadia which has been a prolific theme for poem and story. Mrs. Parrish will go abroad in the autumn.

Perhaps there is no more interesting colony than that at New-Hope, in Bucks County, Penn., where W. L. Lathrop finds home and studio. His residence, Cove Inn, is a popular resort of artist friends, and early in its history, when they had hovered around his cheery fire in winter, they hit upon the title "Stove Inn." The name clings, and they always refer to it so. Some of Mr. Lathrop's best exhibition pictures reproduce scenes around his own dooryard at New-Hope, where great sycamore trees cast long shadows on the grass.

The spirit of colonization is strong within the artists. A few months ago George De Forest Brush purchased three hundred acres at Dublin, N. H., where another year a colony of his students and pottery workers will join him for the summer months. Abbott Thayer is likewise associated with Dublin.

Douglas Volk goes to Western Maine. His farm home at Lovell Centre, in Oxford County, stands at the foot of that mountain, Sabatos, which gave its name to the hand woven domestic rug that Mrs. Volk has produced within a year. Mr. and Mrs. Volk had studios in New-York last winter, but will work the greater part of the next year and a half in Maine.

Frank Vincent Dumond is surrounded by a summer class at Greenport, Long Island, and Mrs. Rhoda Holmes Nichols is sketching around quaint old Provincetown, on Cape Cod.

MEXICAN TRANSPORTATION

IN SPITE OF THE INCREASE OF RAILROADS PRIMITIVE METHODS YET REMAIN IN THE SOUTHERN REPUBLIC.

Ciudad Juarez, Mexico, Aug. 6.

Mexico has developed at a remarkable rate along the lines of agriculture, manufacturing and mining in the last decade. The construction of new lines of railway has kept pace with the demand for them, and there is considerable building now under way in various sections of the republic. During the wise and able administrations of President Diaz the prosperity and growth of Mexico has been second only to that of the United States—in some respects it has been even greater. Nevertheless, with all the commercial and material expansion of the country—the influx of foreign capital and the acceptation of foreign ideas and methods of business—there yet remain in Mexico more things that are different, that suggest primitive times, than can be found in almost any other country. Mexico is picturesque from mountain peak to seacoast, from palace to adobe jacal, from the proud don to the humble peon in red zerape and high crowned hat. Habits are well established, and difficult to change. It is easier to secure a valuable concession from the government than to start successfully an innovation. When the first agents of American manufacturers of agricultural machinery went into Mexico they found the farmers using wooden ploughs like those used by the Egyptians thousands of years ago. It was difficult at first to induce them even to consider giving a trial to the bull-tongue and double shovel of the Yankees. "My father, my grandfather and my great-grandfather used these wooden ploughs," said the Mexican; "why should I give them up now? They are good enough for me," he would say, with a shrug of his shoulders. And while America has a large trade in Mexico in agricultural machinery small farmers still cling to the antiquated ploughs.

The railroads brought the first shock of quick change to Mexico. The rumble of wheels jarred the country a hundred years ahead of itself. In the remote towns, however, in the sections away from the railways, the ancient Mexico is found, with the picturesque manners and customs of two centuries ago scarcely changed.

Travellers and tourists will be struck with the various and odd local methods of transportation to be observed upon entering the republic. In the States farm products, household goods, wood and water, are hauled in the farm wagon; in Mexico the methods differ. The poor peon literally takes up his bed and walks—not only his bed, but all of his effects. He has a different method for moving almost everything that is to be transported.

About the first object to strike the attention of the tourist when he crosses the Rio Grande is the patient burro loaded with wood. The wood pedler drives his burros into the hills, and on the mesas, digs the roots of the greasewood from the ground, packs them on his animals, and wanders silently through the streets of the nearest town looking for customers. One by one the burros back up at the door of the patrons, and are relieved of their loads, which bring about 30 cents in Mexican money.

The village peon, who cannot afford to buy fuel, goes into the hills and packs the wood home on his back. He is often too poor to possess a $2 burro.

A picturesque vender in many cities of the republic is the cornshuck man. Hot tamales are standard, and rich and poor alike eat them. They are wrapped in cornshuck, and since the shuck cannot be used twice it requires a good many to supply the daily demand. The vender starts out of a morning with all he can carry fastened on his back and head. They are done up in packages, in an ingenious way, so that a customer buys a package and removes it from the bundle without disturbing the entire load or requiring the vender to put down his burden.

Baskets of all kinds, sizes, shapes and colors are sold through the streets. They are packed on the vender's back, and sold one or two at a time. Any basket selected may be cut from the bundle without loosening any other basket. The pedler keeps on his rounds until the last basket is sold, when he purchases provisions and returns again into the country to make more baskets.

Among the most picturesque sights in the streets of a Mexican city are the cargadores. They are half clad Indians, who carry people on their backs from place to place. The señora going to the marketplace, or the señorita who dreads dust and exertion, hails the cargadores as a New-York woman would take a cab in Broadway. Rough, homemade chairs are strapped to the Indian's back and forehead. He kneels while his customer is seated, then takes her parcels or basket in his hands and carries them.

Ordinarily the poorest Mexicans, especially those in towns and cities, build their own huts, and only pay ground rent. Moving day with them is not a serious matter, and they are not compelled to employ vans to transport their effects. Everything they possess, sometimes including part of the house, is strapped on their backs—their cooking utensils, bedding, clothes and a hundred and one other objects. They may move one mile or one hundred miles. It doesn't make a great deal of difference to the peon. When a new home is determined upon he builds his house in a few days out of mud, straw and sticks, and if he is near an American border city he utilizes old lard cans, coffee boxes, rusty sheet iron, jute bags and wire from baled hay.

The small independent farmer in Mexico has a wagon of his own manufacture. It is made entirely of wood, not a nail or a bolt can be found in any part of it. It is held together with wooden pegs and strips of rawhide. He yokes six or eight oxen to it when he goes any great distance or takes his crop to the nearest mill.

Nothing is so scarce in Northern Mexico as water. It is often difficult to secure even enough for drinking purposes. In some of the border towns, especially mining camps, the American residents buy water from pedlers, paying by the month. The water is delivered on the backs of burros in pigskin watersacks. It is often packed from one to ten miles.

The burro has been the standard freight carrier in Mexico for centuries. He is still in vogue and indispensable, though the railroads have, of course, deprived him of his vocation as practised on a grand interstate or international scale. The products of many of the most valuable mines in Mexico are carried to the nearest railroad or smelter on the backs of these patient and vigorous little animals. In Chihuahua and Sonora there are silver mines one hundred and fifty miles from a railroad, with almost impassable mountains intervening. The only way the product can be got out is on the backs of burros. The richest ore is carefully selected and packed in canvas bags, holding ninety pounds. Two of these sacks are strapped on a burro, and fifteen or twenty burros are placed in charge of two Mexicans, who follow on foot. They make about eighteen miles each day. At night their burdens are taken off, and they are permitted to graze until morning, when the journey is resumed. A burro train is started from the mines once or twice, or more frequently, each day. The returning burros usually carry supplies, pieces of machinery and various objects used at the mines. When the distance is short, square boxes instead of sacks are used for the ore.

In the old days of the Spanish regime burros transported freight from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific, and from Mexico City to Santa Fe, N. M. The railroads of Mexico have wrought great changes, but much of the picturesqueness and novelty of primitive days remain, especially in the odd methods of transportation.

JAPANESE COOKS IN DEMAND

GROWING POPULARITY OF SERVANTS FROM THE LAND OF THE MIKADO.

"Can you tell me where I can get a Japanese cook?" asked a prosperous looking man as he entered the Japanese Consulate yesterday morning.

"You want something that is one great luxury," replied the consulate clerk with a bow and a smile and a motion for the visitor to take a chair. They are very polite in their ways of doing business, these Japanese, even if the caller makes the serious mistake of taking the consulate for an employment agency.

"Yes, I suppose it is a luxury," replied the man, who seemed a little puzzled. "It is my wife that wants the cook, and she usually wants luxuries."

"There are very few to be had at this time of the year, or, in fact, at any time," said the clerk. "You might inquire at the Japanese Young Men's Christian Association rooms. The officers act as employment agents. This is a consulate, and we deal with commerce, not with cooks."

The man who was in search of a Japanese cook got the addresses of both of the Japanese associations in this city. One is at No. 105 East Fifty-fourth-st. and the other at No. 17 Concord-st., Brooklyn. He was profuse in his thanks, and said he hoped he would get a cheap one.

"Get a cheap Japanese cook," echoed the chancellor of the consulate as the man passed out the door. "He will get—what is it you call it—oh yes! He will get left. There is no such thing as a cheap Japanese cook. There are not very many of them in the first place, and the supply is never equal to the demand. That is why Japanese cooks cost money."

"Do many applications for servants come to the consulate?" was asked.

"So many that we think it must have become a fad for people to keep Japanese servants. Men who keep bachelor quarters frequently send down here for valets. They do not mind paying big wages and are much provoked because we have to tell them that there are no Japanese men servants in the market. All of the Japanese in the city who want work of this kind are steadily employed. The Japanese who is out of work is the young man who comes over here to study and does not like to serve. There are not many of these, however."

"A business man telephoned here the other day and wanted us to send him a Japanese office boy," said one of the clerks of the consulate.

"What do you suppose he wanted a Japanese for?" asked the visitor. "He would not be able to speak English well enough to keep him out of trouble, and might make all sorts of mistakes."

"But if he could speak the English the Japanese boy would make the finest kind of office boy," replied the chancellor. "He would be most honorable. He would not steal. He would obey every order that was given him. He would never be late in the morning. He would not try to know all about his master's business."

"Did you send him such a boy?" was asked.

"We have no Japanese boys here who are young enough to be office boys. They are all back in Japan."

The qualities which the chancellor's mythical office boy is accredited with in the foregoing are those which make the Japanese much in demand for valets and cooks. A number of them are employed as valets by well known men, who are always singing their praises. Other men want Japanese boys and simply cannot get them.

The Japanese valet never has to be told twice how to do a thing. His object in coming to America is to learn the right way of doing things. He would never think of talking about his master's affairs to another servant, and no amount of tipping will enable a stranger to get any information out of him. He would not think of going out in his master's clothes, as French and English valets often do. Even wine decanters and cigar boxes do not tempt him. He is careful about the small things the doing of which makes a servant valuable as soon as he learns what they are.

The wages which Japanese valets demand vary from $20 to $50 a month. A boy who knows but little English will work for $5 a week, but he will insist on an increase as his knowledge and command of the language grows. It will grow rapidly, too, for they learn quickly. A boy who is well up in English and who can write a little will hardly work for less than $35 a month.

New-York people have been a long time learning the value of Japanese cooks. At first they were employed only on yachts, where they are still much in demand. They demonstrated their worth on the yachts, where cooks labor under a disadvantage, and now they are wanted in shore kitchens. The cooks who come to New-York to work have usually been well trained in American cooking in California, and can be counted on to cook three meals a day and cook them well. They are willing to learn to make any new dish which the housewife may care for. They cannot learn out of cook books, but must be shown just how to do it. Japanese cooks command from $35 to $50 a month.

It is not likely that the shortage of servants will be lessened by an inrush of Japanese. Several things stand in the way. The Japanese Government is opposed to its citizens going to the United States or any other country. The population of the island empire is not overlarge, and every effort is made to keep the serving class at home. Every male servant who leaves Japan means one man less for the army in case of war, and Japan never ceases to think of war. In the second place, it costs much for passage from Japan to New-York. Nearly $200 is needed, including the $50 pocket money which every Japanese immigrant has to have to pass the government agents. Many of the little men of the East who reach the Pacific Coast fear the long grip by train across the continent, and stay in California, Oregon and Washington, although wages there are lower.

FRENCH STRIKE FIGURES.

GREAT INCREASE OF EFFORTS OF WORKINGMEN TO BETTER THEMSELVES.

Paris, July 28.

An alarming increase in the number and importance of French strikes is disclosed by an interesting report drawn up by M. Arthur Fontaine, director of the statistical department of the Ministry of Commerce. It appears that the number of strikes officially reported to the government during the year 1900 was 902, as against 740 for the year 1899, which hitherto had been in this respect the record year. To appreciate this great increase it should be borne in mind that for the nine years preceding 1899 the annual average number of strikes was only 395. In other words, the frequency of strikes doubled in the year 1899 and has nearly trebled in the year 1900, and, as far as can yet be ascertained, the same ratio of increase has continued for the first half of the year 1901.

A significant feature of the French strikes is the large proportion of working people that wanted to work, but were compelled by those who organized the strikes to desist from work. The total number of voluntary and involuntary strikers who took part in the 902 strikes recorded in the year 1900 was 222,714, of whom there were 180,591 men, 29,755 women and 12,370 boys. These 902 strikes occurred at 10,253 different industrial establishments, and the total number of days' work lost was 3,760,577, of which no less than 1,115,524 days' work, or about 30 per cent, were sacrificed by 26,757 working people who wanted to work, but who were prevented from doing so by those who organized the strikes.

It is noted that in 552 of the 902 strikes that occurred in 1900 the workmen were members of their trade syndicate, and from this it is argued that the influence of the trade syndicates, as organized by the arbitration laws of 1884 and 1892, from which so much was expected, is exerted toward increasing rather than diminishing the conflicts between capital and labor. The arbitration law of December 27, 1892, was applied in the year 1900 in 234 strikes at the instance of the parties in dispute. This is about 26 per cent of the total number of strikes. The initiative to have the arbitration law applied was taken by the workmen in 141 instances, by the employers in four instances and in eight cases by common consent of both employers and workmen. In 580 instances, or in 69 per cent of the total number of strikes, the immediate cause was the demand for higher wages made by 178,857 strikers (80 per cent), and causing a loss of 3,223,806 days' work, including the days' work of those whose participation in the strike was enforced by the ringleaders against the wish of the minority that was willing to continue work. In 113 strikes, in which 37,893 working people took part, the demand for higher wages was successful. In 249 strikes, in which 92,070 working people took part, the demand for higher wages was settled by compromise. In 218 strikes, in which there were 48,894 participants, the demand for higher wages failed. One hundred and thirty-eight of the strikes for higher wages occurred in the textile industry, 109 in house building, 105 in transportation and 51 in metal working.

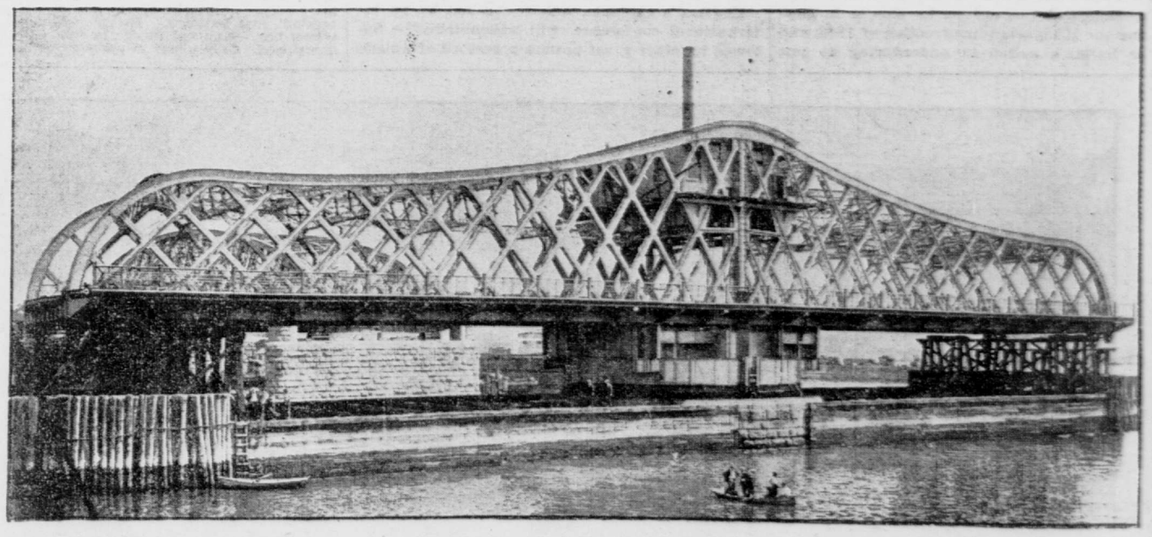
In sixty-six strikes, involving 13,146 hands, the immediate cause of the strike was the reduction of wages, and thirteen of these strikes failed.

In regard to the length of the strikes it appears that eight strikes lasted over one hundred days. These were the strikes of the glass makers in the Department of the North, which continued for 177 days; the weavers of St. Vincent de Reims, 176 days; the weavers of Halluin, 134 days; the fishermen of Borgo, 124 days; the carpenters of Angers, 119 days, and the hatmakers of Paris, 105 days.

The departments of France in which strikes are most prevalent are the Department of the North (Lille and Arras), where the number of strikers in the year 1900 was 30,731; the Bouches du Rhone (Marseilles), 28,716; the Seine (Paris), 27,359; the Pas du Calais (Calais and Boulogne), 25,795, and the department of the Seine-Inférieure (Havre), 12,615.

M. Fontaine's report, which is addressed to M. Millerand, Minister of Commerce, is regarded as embodying the most complete data bearing upon strikes in this country that has been compiled in recent years. The report establishes the fact that by going on strike the workmen on the whole lose more than they gain. The proportion of "successful strikes," or those in which the workmen obtain what they struck for, was only 24 per cent in 1899, and this proportion fell in 1900 to 22.73 per cent. The official statistics show that in a large number of strikes (37.36 per cent) the strikers' demands end by an out and out failure, while compromises are reached only after a long struggle, at the end of which the strikers are much poorer than when they began the strike.

C. I. B.



THE DRAW OF THE WILLIS-AVE. BRIDGE.

Just completed across the Harlem River.

TATTOOING DOGS' BREASTS.

THE LATEST FAD THAT HAS BECOME POPULAR WITH CANINE OWNERS.

From The Baltimore American.

A decidedly novel occupation which has, of late, been noticed is that of tattooing the names of their owners upon dogs. Several months ago there appeared in Northwest Baltimore a young man who is engaged in that pursuit, and during the time he remained here did a good business. Among the dogs which underwent the operation is a pretty little fox terrier belonging to Charles F. Wohrna, which rejoices in the name of "Booze," and a fine bred bull terrier, "Jip," the property of the Chesapeake Brewing Company. Both animals bear upon their breasts, where the hair grows thinnest, the names of their respective owners.

Contrary to the belief of some that the operation is a cruel, painful one, those who have seen it performed declare that the animals apparently experienced very little pain. The operation lasts about fifteen minutes. The animal is usually held by two men, one having hold of the hind legs while the other holds the front paws. With a set of very fine needles the operator then goes to work, deftly pricking the letters into the skin, just deep enough to draw a few drops of blood. Then he pours the Indian ink over the wounds, or rather scratches, and the operation is over. In a few weeks the sores are completely healed, and the animal bears during the remainder of its existence an unmistakable mark of identification. The price of the operation is 50 cents.

HE THOUGHT IT WAS A PICNIC.

From The Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A young Cleveland woman who teaches a Sunday school class told her small flock several Sundays ago about the long journey of the children of Israel on their way to the Promised Land. She described the march of the column through the wilderness, and told how the priests walked behind the vanguard bearing their sacred burdens.

Last Sunday she thought she would discover how much of this lesson the little fellows remembered. To her chagrin the first boy she asked remembered nothing about it.

"Come, now," she said; "some of you surely remember what the priests carried when they marched through the wilderness."

But no one remembered until she reached little Hally.

"Now, Hally," she said, "you know what they carried, don't you?"

Hally nodded.

"They carried the lunch," he said, with a look of triumph at his stupid classmates.

BIRDS DRESS THEIR OWN WOUNDS.

SOME OF THEM POSSESS GREAT KNOWLEDGE OF SURGERY.

From The Toledo Blade.

There are not a few birds that possess a knowledge of the principles of surgery that is not far from supernatural. The woodcock, the partridge and some other birds are able to dress their wounds with considerable skill. A French naturalist says that on several occasions he has killed woodcock that were, when shot, convalescing from wounds previously received. In every instance he found the old injury neatly dressed with down plucked from the stem of feathers and skilfully arranged over the wound, evidently by the long beak of the bird. In some instances a solid plaster was thus formed, and in others ligatures had been applied to wounded or broken limbs.

One day he killed a bird that evidently had been severely wounded at some recent period. The wound was covered and protected by a sort of network of feathers which had been plucked by the bird from its own body and so arranged as to form a plaster completely covering and protecting the wounded surface. It had evidently acted as hemostatic in the first place and subsequently as a shield covering the wound. The feathers were fairly netted together, passing alternately under and above each other and forming a textile fabric of great protective power.

Birds are often found whose limbs have been broken by shot with the fractured ends neatly joined and ligated. M. Dumonteil tells of a woodcock that had been shot by a sportsman on the afternoon of a certain day. After a long search the bird was given up, but it was discovered the next morning by an accident. In the mean time the wounded legs were found to be neatly ligated, an exquisitely neat bandage having been placed around each limb. The poor bird, however, had, in dressing its wound, entangled its beak with some long, soft feathers, and had it not been discovered it would have died of starvation.

WILLING TO OBLIGE.

From The Yonkers Statesman.

"What nice things you said about that man in his obituary notice! Don't suppose you'd say such nice things of me?" said the citizen.

"Oh, yes, I would; with pleasure," replied the polite newspaper man.

HELP FOR THE POOR.

CHARITY ORGANIZATION SOCIETY APPEALS TO THE PUBLIC FOR ASSISTANCE FOR THE NEEDY.

The Charity Organization Society renews its appeal for $120 to provide a pension for an old German couple who were once in good circumstances but are now reduced to want through illness and misfortune. Both are at present incapacitated, the man suffering from paralysis and his wife from an injury to her knee. The society asks this aid to meet their expenses until they can be received into a home. The society also asks for $120 to provide a monthly pension for a widow with four children, the oldest of whom is nine years of age. With a small amount of assistance she has recently been supporting herself and family by work as caretaker of a school building, but has lost this position, at least for the summer. She has mainly supported herself since her husband's death, two years ago. The family also includes her mother, eighty years of age. Although she will be able to earn something by day's work, it will be necessary, in order to prevent the commitment of her children as public charges, to provide for her rent and occasional assistance in other ways.

Any money for these cases sent to the Charity Organization Society, No. 105 East Twenty-second-st., will be duly and publicly acknowledged.

The society acknowledges the following contributions in response to its appeals in the cases of a widow with six children, whose ages range from thirteen years to eighteen months, and of an Italian family consisting of the parents and five children: "Seal Harbor" and Mrs. E. R. Cleveland, $50 each; "W.," $20; N. R. Cottman, $10; "J. B. I.," "E. D.," "S. M. S.," "Lenox," "H. S.," John H. Cuthbert, "Cash," Max G. Hopf and "Cash," $5 each; J. W. Kirby, "M. N.," Marc H. Mack, "M. H. W." and Miss Cora Fowler, $2 each, and "Stranger" and "Cash," $1 each.

A CURIOUS HEAVEN.

From The Chicago Tribune.

Mabel—What do you think of the Rev. Dr. Leach's idea that there will be few if any men in heaven?

Maud—Huh! Would you call that heaven?

KNEW HIS DESTINATION.

From The Louisville Courier-Journal.

Good-humoredly hilarious, he boarded a Market-st. car and hung limply to a strap, looking at everybody and smiling foolishly. When the car had gone about ten blocks he suddenly cried:

"Conductor; oh, I shay, conductor, where am I at?"

"We are at Fourteenth-st.," said the rope jerker. "Where do you want to get off?"

"At the next saloon," said the genial man, and even the women laughed.

NEW WILLIS-AVE. BRIDGE.

A new artery of travel, the Willis-ave. bridge, has just been completed at great cost to the city. It crosses the Harlem River and looks like a substantial structure. The draw will allow quick passage to the rapidly increasing tonnage which moves up and down this stretch of water.

GATHERING CLOVES.

From The Youth's Companion.

Cloves are now cultivated in many of the tropical regions of the earth. A clove tree begins to bear at the age of ten years, and continues until it reaches the age of seventy-five years. There are two crops a year, one in June and one in December.

The tree is an evergreen, and grows from forty to fifty feet high, with large oblong leaves, and crimson flowers at the end of small branches in clusters of from ten to twenty. The tree belongs to the same botanical order as the guava. The cloves, which are the undeveloped buds, are at first white, then light green, and at the time of gathering bright red.

Pieces of white cloth are spread under the trees at harvesting time, and the branches are beaten gently with bamboo sticks until the cloves drop. They are dried in the sun, being tossed about daily until they attain the rich dark color which proclaims them ready for shipment.

In this country and in England they are used almost wholly as a condiment, but in France they are used largely in the manufacture of certain liquors; and to some degree they are employed in medicine for their tonic properties.