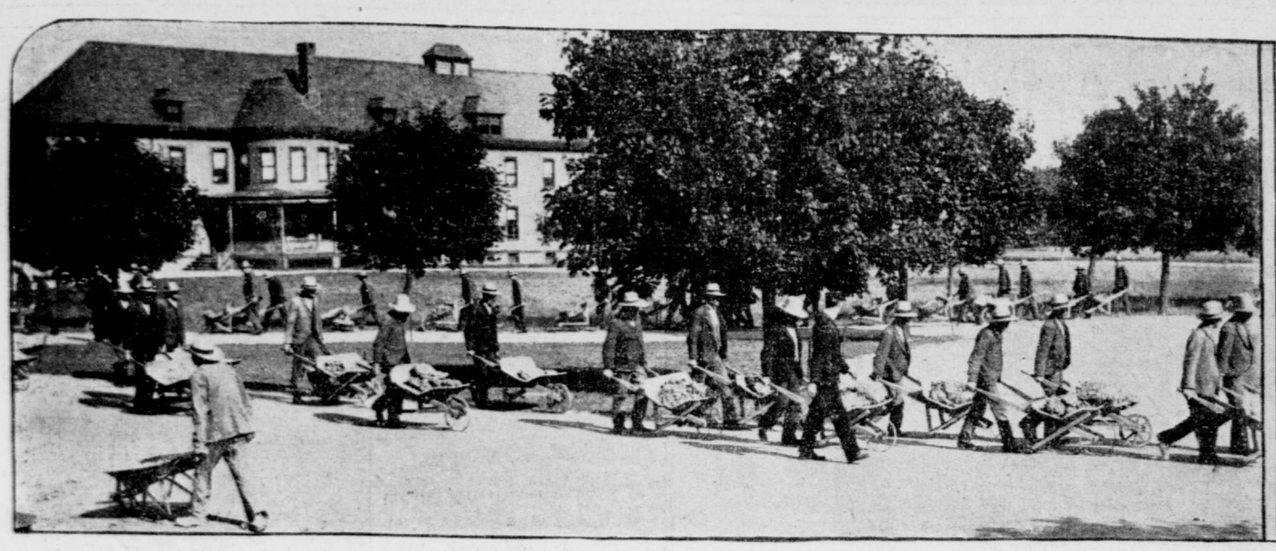

MALE PATIENTS WHEELING EARTH AND FEMALE PATIENTS PICKING FLOWERS IN SUMMER TIME AT THE BIG ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE MAINTAINED BY THE STATE AT CENTRAL ISLIP, LONG ISLAND.

HOW MODERN ASYLUMS INCREASE THE NUMBERS OF INSANE.

By Kind Treatment They Prolong the Lives of Patients Who Soon Die After Entering Asylums of the Old Stripe—A Visit to Central Islip.

Statistics recently compiled show that in 1892 the insane persons in New-York State were one in every 377, and that now they are one in every 299. This sounds discouraging, but the truth is that, notwithstanding these figures, the actual number of insane persons is not on the increase to any alarming extent. Indeed, the actual number of commitments of insane persons was smaller in this state last year than in the year before. Experts declare that the real reason why the proportion of insane to sane is growing is because the insane live so much longer nowadays than they used to when asylums were like jails and their inmates were treated like dangerous beasts. The kindness and the rational treatment accorded to the insane in the asylums of New-York State at present give to the unsound of mind much greater length of days than they attained before, and also lead many persons to send their loved ones to these retreats who never would have allowed them to go there under the old conditions, but would have kept them secretly at home.

A few illustrations of up to date methods of treating the insane can be witnessed by visitors to what is, perhaps, the largest insane asylum in the world, at Central Islip, Long Island, with its one thousand acre farm, which is run entirely by the labor of the insane patients, who number nearly four thousand. Any keeper who fails to treat patients kindly there is not only summarily dismissed, but, in at least one recent instance, the authorities of the institution acted as complainants in court and secured a sentence of fifty days in the Suffolk County Jail, the case being that of a keeper who struck a patient who was teasing him. So far as is known, that was the first case on record in which the hospital authorities assumed the initiative in prosecuting a keeper for assaulting a patient, and the news of the prosecution and sentence has travelled through every large hospital for the insane throughout the state, having an excellent effect on such keepers as have been disposed to disregard the duty of treating patients kindly.

OUTDOOR WORK FOR ALL.

The grounds and all of the buildings are cared for to an extent that attracts the attention of the visitor at once. Landscape gardeners are engaged constantly in beautifying the grounds and directing the work of the patients, who follow out their plans. Long stretches of well kept roads, flanked on each side with double rows of trees that form arches above the sidewalks, render travel about the grounds exceedingly pleasant. The roads are cared for, the grass is mowed in summer and in autumn, the leaves are raked by patients under the supervision of keepers. Shrubs and plants are everywhere to be seen. Wherever there is a small hill the ground is terraced.

No attempt has been made toward elaborateness in constructing the buildings. They are plain, but substantial. Mammoth dining rooms have been arranged for the accommodation of the patients, one of which will seat twelve hundred persons. Large central kitchens send forth food to the thousands of patients and the many attendants. The state provides an abundance of warm clothing in winter for its unfortunate wards, and plenty of clean underclothing throughout the year. Twice each week every patient takes a shower bath, following which fresh underclothing is distributed. While the farm yields plenty of clear, sparkling water, every drop that is consumed is rendered germproof by boiling. In summer the hospital is unstinted in giving ice to patients, for its plant provides ice at a cost of 20 cents a ton.

TRAITS OF PATIENTS.

When a Tribune reporter visited the asylum recently he found upon the porch of a building devoted to the patients afflicted with homicidal mania twenty-five men. Some were sulky, others talked incessantly of their wrongs and what they would do when the proper time came. Seated upon a porch bench was one aged man, athletic in build, who mumbled to himself and would not let any one catch his eye.

"That is the worst man in the institution," said Dr. Heyman, the assistant superintendent. "I want you to talk with him if he will respond." But the man declined to be drawn into conversation, although repeatedly addressed by the assistant superintendent. The complaints always met by the doctors upon their rounds demanded the attention of Dr. Heyman, and he and the reporter turned from the worst inmate to hear the threats of a number of others nearly as evil intentioned regarding what would happen if they were not instantly liberated, being sane. The aged maniac quietly slipped from his bench and sprang for the throat of the newspaper man with no warning, but with a fiendish glitter in his eyes. Two keepers who had been watching for such an outbreak interposed their bodies and no harm was done. Dr. Heyman explained that the patient had no especial grudge against newspaper men, but that his intended victim chanced to have his back to him. He would as soon spring upon a keeper or the superintendent, under similar conditions, he said.

While listening to the plaints of the men patients Dr. Heyman was informed by a powerful Irishman that he was the only sane person on the grounds, and that he wanted to be sent back immediately to Ireland, where a cousin would take care of him. He had a telephone message from that cousin, he said, while he was talking with Dr. Heyman, the intervening distance between the United States and Ireland appearing to offer no obstacles to the transmission of the message.

It was worthy of note that from superintendent down to the humblest keeper every official of the institution addressed all patients as "Mr." or "Miss" or "Mrs.," it being an invariable rule to display formal courtesy to all. No one ever hears a patient called Tommy or Bill.

While walking between some of the widely separated buildings a patient known as the "Hermit" was shown to the reporter. The man, a lean, sinewy fellow, was hard at work removing rubbish in a wheelbarrow. "That man," said Dr. Heyman, "will work with no other person than an Italian who cannot speak English."

"Good morning, Mr. Smith," said Dr. Heyman to the "Hermit," who had just filled a barrow. The "Hermit" cast a quick glance upward, turned his back upon the polite salutation, and moved off with his load. "Before he undertook that work that man could scarcely eat," said Dr. Heyman. "Work has kept him well, although nothing can ever cure him."

QUERULOUS WOMEN.

In another building twenty women patients surrounded the assistant superintendent and his guest. Pulled this way and that, the two were torn apart by the patients, each of whom had either a tale of woe or a demand for instant release to pour into the ears of the physician or the reporter. They were entirely impartial. The nurse followed the custom and remained by the physician, while the newspaper man, undergoing an experience he had never before encountered, momentarily expected to hear the seams of his coat give way as eager hands strove to compel his attention by pulling him away from the one to whom he was listening at the moment. Nearly every woman in the ward had a letter, secretly written, either hidden in the bosom of her dress or between the leaves of a book or magazine. There was no necessity for secrecy, but the letters were thrust surreptitiously into the hands of the reporter, with the request that they be forwarded so that quick release might follow. Most of the letters were addressed to Governor Higgins or President Roosevelt. One, signed by Mrs. Emily A. Barnum, and which she told the newspaper man to read and use, ran, in part, as follows:

Insane Asylum, Central Islip, L. I.

To the Honorable Gentleman Governor Higgins.

Dear Sir: I am incarcerated here, and have been for twenty-eight long months, and have never had a hearing or been committed. I was run through without the consent of any of my people, and none of them were notified until too late. I am now being held here compulsorily. I have an income of my own, and could live in comfort if I was released from here. I was a property owner and taxpayer in New-Jersey, and should not be left here among the lowest kind of people from every nation, both black and white. I am asking to be presented in a court to defend my rights and my honor in order to get what is legally due me. I am fully capable of caring for myself. Dear sir, I hope you will pardon the liberty, but in this manner I will once more be able to enjoy the comforts of life. I am well bred and fairly well read. I am an American speaking German.

Yours respectfully
MRS. EMILY A. BARNUM.

Dr. Heyman assured the newspaper man that most of the letters written by patients are of the same general purport, although not usually couched in such good language.

Several of the women demanded that the visitor institute habeas corpus proceedings as soon as he reached New-York, one saying that the coroner's jury, which she insisted had to sit in such cases before legal commitment could be had, had never passed judgment regarding her sanity.

Passing on to the office, some visitors were found waiting to see the patients. An old, gray haired woman with a sad, motherly face, sat upon a chair patiently waiting to see her boy, a hopeless case. Dr. Heyman made sure that the patient had been sent for, then beat a hasty retreat, taking his visitor into another room.

UNDYING MOTHER-LOVE.

"That is the one thing we shirk," said he. "The meetings between the old, trusting mothers and their children are too sad to be witnessed. One of the saddest, most pathetic things we see is the faithfulness of the old mothers who visit patients. The first week, all of the patient's relatives visit him. A few drop off the second week. By and by the brothers stop coming, then the sisters write letters instead of journeying to this place. Last of all, the father ceases his visits, gradually at first. But the mothers never fail. So long as they can rake together the train fare, just so long they come. They are never hopeless. Discouragements do not discourage them. They hope always for the recovery of those their affection for whom nothing can change. It would wring tears from a heart of stone to see the mothers, some so old and infirm they can scarcely walk, meet and greet their children. Sometimes we have to witness the meetings, but we avoid them when possible, for it breaks one all up."

A case was brought in for decision as to discharge. The patient responded lucidly to questions and was permitted to depart on probation.

"That young man, just discharged," said Dr. Heyman, "appeared a hopeless case when he entered the hospital, three years ago. He was afflicted with melancholia and would neither eat nor sleep as he should do. After a time we put him out in the fields. At first he would not work, but gradually he took to the outdoor life and has actually been cured by nothing more complex than a hay rake. If he is confined in the rooms of a tenement in the city he will probably come back for further treatment, but if he has sensible people who put him to work upon a farm he will remain cured in all probability."

OH, WHAT A SCARE!

Some ludicrous things happen in the hospital and about the grounds. The Rev. R. L. Bridges, of Islip, who conducts the Protestant religious exercises in the chapel which is a part of the immense entertainment hall that forms a not inconspicuous part in the cure of patients, had an exciting experience in the orchard of the farm when he was newly appointed, and did not know the grounds well. He was threading his way in and out among the trees when he suddenly espied a wild-eyed man of athletic proportions making for him at top speed. The Rev. Mr. Bridges thought discretion the better part of valor, there being no keeper in sight, and, throwing clerical dignity aside incontinently, he legged it about the orchard, closely pursued by the lunatic. In and out among the trees ran the clergyman, who could not appear to find a way out or to elude his pursuer, who was gaining upon him steadily. Faster and faster flew the minister, while he could hear always behind him the pattering of his pursuer's feet. After a time, however, the habits of the student told upon the Rev. Mr. Bridges's sprinting, and his steps lagged. Not so with those of the lunatic. Exhausted and too short of breath to cry for help, the Rev. Mr. Bridges at length stopped just as the lunatic was about to touch him with his outstretched hand. Expecting instant annihilation, yet too weak to battle for his life, the clergyman offered up a hasty prayer and awaited his fate.

"Tag, you're it," said the lunatic, and ran away, expecting the clergyman to chase him.

LIVES PROLONGED.

"The two 'O's' and two 'R's,'" said Dr. George A. Smith, superintendent of the institution, yesterday, "are responsible for the marvellous prolongation of life in asylums such as this. What are the two 'O's and two 'R's'? Why, nothing more complex than oxygen, occupation, rest and recreation. We have found it to be a scientific fact that these, given in large doses, not only aid materially in the cure of derangements, but in the prolongation of life itself among patients. This, of course, is of materiality, for every day added to a patient's life adds to the possibility of his ultimate cure.

"In years past the average life of inmates of institutions for the insane was seven years. Now the average in the hospital at Central Islip ranges from fifteen to eighteen years, a prolongation, as you will note, of from eight to eleven years. I have no doubt that other institutions which apply the rule of the two 'O's' and two 'R's' have similarly gratifying results."

"Among what classes of patients have you noticed a lengthening of the period of life?" Dr. Smith was asked.

"Among all patients other than those suffering from organic diseases," was the reply. "And that is what makes the result of the treatment so very pleasant to contemplate. Even epileptic patients are to be counted among those benefited in the shape of longer life and a resultant improvement in the chance for recovery.

"Last year's death rate was less than the year previous, which, in its turn, showed an improvement over the record of the year before. We discharged last year so many cured, improved and harmless, to be cared for by their families, that it brought down the average number of inmates for the year considerably. About 60 per cent of those admitted were discharged, half of which number were cured."

Dr. Smith gave a Tribune reporter the following figures, taken from the hospital records for the last year:

PERCENTAGES OF RECOVERIES.

	Per cent.
Of those admitted	29 9-10
Of total number of new admissions	34
Of total number discharged	22
Of total number discharged, exclusive of deaths	55

PATIENTS ADMITTED.

	Per cent.
Depressive forms	38
Maniacal forms	33
Suffering from paresis	13
Foreign born	57
Native born	43
Between the ages of thirty-five and fifty years	57
Married	48
Unmarried	52

THOSE DISCHARGED AS CURED.

	Per cent.
In the hospital less than one year	79
Insane for less than one year prior to admission	64

THE MECKLENBURG, CHASE CITY, VA.

Chase City, Va., March 10 (Special).—March need have no terrors for the weak and ailing who are fortunate enough to be at the Mecklenburg at this season, for here they are sheltered from the harm that harsh winds work in less favored places, besides which here are healthful and healing Mecklenburg mineral waters, bracing air and bright sunshine. The peach, plum and pear blossoms have tempted the honey bees to business, and the fragrant violets and various bulb plants are a-bloom, while the robin, the bluebird and many others of the feathered family are nest building, with songs that delight. The Mecklenburg, with every window and door exposed to light and air, commands a wide view of lawns, fringed with fields and forests, with a town at a short distance. It is three hours from Richmond. The comforts of the hotel are metropolitan, accommodations up to date and baths unsurpassed. Among recent arrivals are Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Edmonds, Miss Edmonds, Miss Mary E. Edmonds, of Baltimore; Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Elsworth, of Irvington-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.; Mrs. George M. Stearns, Miss Nora Landis, of Springfield, Mass.; Colonel John S. Cunningham, of North Carolina; Mrs. Thomas Dixon, Jr., and Miss Louise Dixon, of Dixondale, Va.; Mrs. N. M. Norfleet and Miss Ellen Norfleet, of Winston-Salem, N. C.; Mr. and Mrs. Hans Suhling, of Lynchburg, Va.; G. L. Randolph, of Washington; W. H. Carter, of Baltimore; T. E. and W. F. Dortch, of Goldsboro, N. C.; F. L. Schneider, of York, Penn.; E. S. Meyer, of Cincinnati; J. Wagemaker, of Palmyra, N. Y.; D. F. Parrish, of Florence, S. C., and Mr. and Mrs. Edwin A. Hott, of Burlington, N. C.

The Mecklenburg kennels for foxhounds secured the second prize at the Washington Dog Show last week, and have already thirty-two foxes killed to their credit this season. More quail are in evidence at this time at the Mecklenburg than for many years past.

SLEEPING IN AUTOMOBILES.

Continued from first page.

inary work did much to arouse the national sentiment in favor of good roads.

"In connection with the road that I have suggested between this city and Philadelphia, it is interesting to note that a hundred years ago there were two toll roads between the two cities and that both paid well. That was at a time, mind you, when there were only about twenty thousand people along the entire line of the roadway. To-day there are over six million people along the line of such a road.

"The construction of an automobile highway, permitting the run to be made in safety from New-York to Philadelphia in two hours, and securing dustless, safe and delightful travel at all times, would mean that the real estate along the route would double, treble and in many cases quadruple in value. If only one route were surveyed there would be owners of property sufficiently greedy to attempt to hold up an organization having in charge such construction; if, however, three routes were placed in competition, it would be to the interest of the property holders to see that the fewest possible obstacles were placed in the way of securing the necessary rights. There would be so much to gain by the building of the road, so much for property holders to lose by the failure to secure such a highway along their properties, that there is every reason to expect enthusiastic support in most cases instead of the opposition which securing the right of way for a railway or a tramway would meet with.

A PROBLEM TO BE FACED.

"There would, of course, be no grade crossings on such a road as I suggest. To pass from the north to the south roadway it would be necessary to leave the track and pass underneath the track or overhead as the topography would render most convenient.

"The one all important problem of the automobile," added Mr. Walker, "is the determination of a system of roads which will meet the conditions certain to arise with the increasing number of automobiles, if indeed it is not already here. Please bear in mind that with vehicles capable of a safe speed of fifty or sixty miles on a properly constructed roadway, you are limited by law to-day to twenty miles, and by the exigencies of crowded streets and narrow, crooked, badly constructed highways, more frequently to ten or twelve miles. The owner of the machine thus may be said to lose two-thirds of the speed capacity of his machine. If that were all it would not be so serious; but the constant menace to the lives, both of the occupants of the machine and all others on the highway, is an hourly growing danger which must be met by engineering rather than legal skill. Nor will the growing number of automobile owners be content to have their speed limited by obstacles which require only good engineering for their removal.

"Imagine the conditions when a hundred thousand additional automobiles have been added to those already in existence. And with half a thousand factories already turning out machines how very few years will it be before this will come to pass? Every hour that the problem is temporized with, the eventual execution of radical plans of relief will be made more difficult. I tell you people are just beginning to realize the possibilities of the automobile. The improvements in the machines themselves are keeping pace with the demand for better roads. Take that machine George Perkins has just had built for himself; why, a man could practically live in such a machine."

COMFORT ON WHEELS.

The automobile to which Mr. Walker referred is one that Mr. Perkins has just had constructed. The chassis was made in France and the coach was constructed by Frederick R. Wood & Co., of this city. This coach, although lacking some of the accommodations accredited to it by popular report, is, according to the description given by the makers, in many respects similar to that in which Mr. Uptodate made his midnight ride to Boston and back. It has no specially constructed beds, as reported, but there is room in the car so that a small couch could easily be put in it if desired. That part which may be referred to as the drawing room is supplied with revolving easy chairs instead of the fixed seats of the average automobile. These chairs are so fastened to the floor that they cannot overturn on a rough road. The little apartment contains a table which can on occasion be used for a luncheon if desired, for a card game or for a writing desk. There are cosey little lockers tucked away in the walls of the coach, into which provisions enough for a day might easily be stowed. There are mirrors, parcel nets and hatracks of cord, toilet cases and numerous other conveniences. The machine has an annunciator attached to the dashboard directly in front of the driver, and in the coach there is a series of electric buttons by means of which it is possible for the occupants to direct the chauffeur to start, stop, go slow or to give more speed. There is also a French horn above the driver's head connected with a speaking tube leading back into the coach. Not only can those inside the coach talk to the driver, but by lifting his head and speaking into the horn he can converse with them without raising his voice above the ordinary tones of conversation. The coach is heated and lighted by electricity, and is beautifully finished and furnished. Its total cost is given as $23,000.

On such an automobile highway as Mr. Walker hopes to see constructed within a few years this machine and others like it will go a long way toward the actual solution of the problem of the automobile hinted at in Mr. Uptodate's swift midnight ride.

Travelling on a Railroad in Cuba.

Many Interesting Sights and Customs Along the Line That Seem Queer to a Tourist from the United States.

Santiago de Cuba, March 8 (Special).—The average American has not the slightest idea of the size of this island, whose insurrection finally involved the United States in the war with Spain. Even the soldiers who served in the battles about this port have no real conception of the distance to Havana. At a dinner given in New-York just before the war was declared a man with large Cuban interests asked the New-York clubmen how large they thought Cuba really was.

"It is as big as Staten Island," said a city official.

"You are wrong," declared a man who was then and still is a United States Senator. "It is as big as Long Island."

The man from Cuba explained to them that the island of Cuba, if stretched out between New-York and Chicago, would reach well into Indiana, and if it were possible to straighten out the curves it would extend quite into the Windy City.

At that time is was not possible to travel by rail from Havana to Santiago, and a coasting trip by sea did not give the right impression. Thanks to the introduction of American and English capital, the roads of Cuba have been connected, and the curious American who has twenty-seven hours of time and $29.05 of cash to spare can really gain something of an idea of the extent and resources of Cuba. Incidentally, it is likely to be the most curious trip he has ever taken, and one full of incident.

There is no choice of trains, as a Tribune correspondent found a few days ago in Havana, when he was in a hurry to reach the port at the other end of the island. There is just one train a day each way, and one may take it or leave it. The time of departure is 9 o'clock in the evening, and the place the Villa Nueva Station, which is not far from the hotel centre of Havana.

A quarter before the hour of departure found the little station packed and jammed to a degree that made the New-York commuter feel entirely at home. Thanks to rush hour tactics learned at the Brooklyn Bridge, he was able to push through the perspiring, crowding jam and through the gates where the express train, which is the pride of the island, is waiting.

This train consists of an engine of the vintage of '72, a combination baggage and mail car; two second class coaches, a first class coach, half of which is open for observation purposes and seated with comfortable wicker chairs, and a sleeping car quite as comfortable, even though not half so fussy, as any ever turned out at the Pullman shops.

For 10 centimes a Cuban boy has carried one's luggage through the crush, and now he stands on the platform waving "Adios" as though one were his dearest friend. And you find yourself pleased at this attention, even to the extent of tossing him a few of the huge 2-cent pieces, for everybody else who is departing is receiving similar attentions from crowds of friends. If the journey to Santiago had been around the world the partings could not have been more tender or drawn out longer.

At 9:10 o'clock, the extra time being allowed for the accommodation of belated passengers, the whistle blows. The little old engine puffs and chugs and the train begins to move. Just ahead of the locomotive goes a man on horseback, for the railroad runs through a narrow street, and the authorities take this means of insuring low speed. The streets are crowded with gayly dressed men and women, and from every barred window in the giddily tinted houses along the way señoritas wave parting greetings.

NO NEED OF SMOKING CARS.

As the train got out of the crowded part of the city it settled down to a fifteen or twenty mile an hour pace. In the Pullman one looked about for a smoking compartment. Just then the negro porter came in smoking a cigarette, and at his heels the Cuban train conductor puffing away at a huge black cigar.

There is no need of a smoking car on the Cuban express, for one can smoke everywhere on a train. The women are so accustomed to smoke that they never think of objecting. In fact, the only places that one cannot smoke on the island are in the streetcars of the Havana electric railroad, which is owned by Americans, and in the churches. In the second class coaches, on the train across Cuba, several women passengers puffed away at their cigarettes without causing the slightest comment.

The porter was in no hurry to make up the berths for the dozen passengers who had paid the extra fare entitling them to ride in the dormitory car. He was not lazy, it developed, but he did want to practise English on the three American passengers. By way of preface, he asked them to be so kind as to correct any errors in his speech. He said, brokenly, that three months before, on getting his berth as porter, he knew not one word of the "United States talk."

At midnight the train stopped at a little station in Matanzas and nearly everybody turned out for a "nightcap" at the café, which flanked the station, and a sandwich or a sweetcake at the "fonda" alongside. As every station has its drinking place it is not necessary for the express to carry a buffet car.

They do not call one in the morning on the Cuban railroad, and the passengers, as a rule, do not awaken until the heat of the day makes berths unbearable. Nine o'clock was the hour this particular morning, as the train was stalled in the midst of a great field of waving cane, and the tropical sun beat down as though it would melt the tin of the car roof.

Up ahead the white engineer was tinkering with a rattle-trap engine, which must have served in the States for years before being imported into Cuba. Something had gone wrong with the air brake valves. What that engineer said about his locomotive would not look well in print, but it was a revelation in the possibilities of profanity when one is properly aroused.

"Blank the blankety blank air brakes," swore the engine driver, as he crawled out of a tangle of machinery.

He discovered a grin on the face of the coal black Cuban fireman, and threw a monkey wrench at his head.

"We'll go on without brakes," the engineer declared, and over the rest of the division he controlled the train with the throttle alone, which did not contribute to the comfort of the passengers.

TRAINS ROCK, BUT NO ROCK BALLAST.

The run from Santa Clara, in the province of that name, to Santiago is made over the lines of the Cuba Railroad. The track is supposed to be rock ballasted, but the passengers get the impression that the rocking of the train is as near as the road has yet got to that sort of ballast. The entire train is enveloped in dust, and its passage, observed from a distance, resembles a whirlwind on the Sahara Desert.

"How late is the train?" is the proper form of schedule question on the Cuban road. One takes it for granted, after travelling a little, that the train is behind time. To reach a station on time would be a dangerous experiment. The passengers who intended to depart would not be at the station. The crowd of natives, to whom the daily passing of the express is the event, would not be gathered in the shade, and they would certainly object to being deprived of their show.

"It used to worry me," said the white conductor, who learned the business on the New-York Central. "Yes, sir, I used to fume at being late; but what's the use? You can't hurry in this country. Look at that!"

He pointed to the second class coaches, where two Cuban women were saying a long drawn out farewell to their families. Each member was kissed several times. Then one of the travellers began to cry, and soon there was a chorus of wails, which meant more embraces at the station. Once again they boarded the train, only to be drawn off to say farewell to some one who had been overlooked.

"We're only three hours behind time," said the conductor, as he signalled the engineer.

The train started, but had only made a few yards when there was a terrific uproar in the second class coach, made by one of the Cuban women. She had forgotten her baggage, she thought, and left it on the platform in the excitement of saying "adios." The train must return for it; the entire car demanded it. The conductor gave the signal to stop and back up, and the train was slowly returning to the station, when the missing bags were discovered in the next car, where they had been placed by mistake.

"You'd think they were starting on a trip around the world," growled the conductor, "instead of to Zaza del Medio, twenty miles away. But what does it matter? Mañana is another day."

The lateness of the train, however, deranges one's eating arrangements. The train carries no dining car, depending on eating stations at fixed points along the line. Zaza is one of these. The express should have reached the place at 9:30 for an early Cuban breakfast. The spirit of mañana made the time of arrival nearly 1 o'clock, and found famished passengers.

THE SPIRIT OF MANANA.

The spirit of mañana prevails even at the Cuban railway station meal. Half an hour is permitted, and if one has not entirely finished in that time the train will wait. Is there not mañana? It was a substantial meal, with some dishes Spanish, some Cuban and some American with Cuban names. There were tortillas and eggs, revoltillo and beefsteak, aguacates and habichuelas and guava paste, to say nothing of Irish stew and peach pie à la New-England. It was all on the table, and one could eat as much or as little as one liked. There was equal variety in the way of drinks, though most of the natives were content with green cocoanut milk, pineapple juice and milk and sugar cake, under the names of agua de cocoa, pina and leche y panales.

It was at this belated breakfast that one of the rural guards stationed in the neighborhood of Zaza brought in the news of the capture of bandits who had been terrorizing the countryside for some weeks. There was evident relief on the part of a number of the passengers. Although Cuba has never had a genuine railway hold-up, there has been some fear that these bandits would attempt one.

Two infantry soldiers, or rural guards, accompany each train that moves out of Havana. They ride in the first class coach, carry rifles and sword-like bayonets, and at each station they are the first to reach the platform. Their duty is to keep order on the trains, to keep track of the movements of persons in whom the government may be interested and to guard against attacks from bandit parties in the interior.

One hears many interesting accounts of armed bands in the interior and of political plotting which will involve their use. In Havana the authorities scoff at such stories, declaring the peace of the country, political and otherwise, to be most secure. There is no doubt about the bandits, however, and it is only the presence of the rural guards in large numbers along the lines of railways that keeps them in check.

At nearly every station at which the train stopped in course of the daylight run one saw little groups of American engineers, the employes of the sugar companies, which are putting in modern plants at various points. Several of these which were in sight of the track were mills of great capacity, and their towering cluster of stacks seemed to tell of the Americanization of Cuba in a way which even the anti-annexationists could not criticise.

One of the most interesting station scenes of the day was at Camaguey, the capital of Puerto Principe, the largest town between Havana and Santiago, and one of the oldest on the island. The street adjoining the station was crowded with venders, who sold anything from live fish to pineapple juice. The man who sold fish was prepared to serve them piping hot, if one liked. He would flip a fish out of a pan of water, clean it with a couple of strokes of a knife and drop it into a skillet of boiling lard, which was kept bubbling over a charcoal fire. In a minute the fish was cooked to a crispness and handed to the purchaser on a forked stick.

GOOD NATURED STATION CROWD.

The Cuban station crowd is a good natured, lazy, nondescript collection of all ages, sexes and colors. It gives an insight to the curious racial complexity which makes the Cubans. Dressed in as few clothes as possible, and these of the lightest quality, they stand about for hours waiting for the trains to come and go. There is plenty of work for all of them in most parts of the island, but it is mañana for scores of them if there is a peseta in the pocket to-day. Invariably they show a love for colors, which seems to grow more pronounced with their color, for the blacker the woman the more giddy the red or yellow or green of her gown.

At the smaller places, many of which are feeders to large towns which lie back from the railroad, the stations are surrounded with hitching posts, at which little Cuban horses and mules and oxen broil in the sun while their masters loaf about the station platform. No one in the country districts of Cuba, who has the slightest self-respect would think of walking.

The railroad passes through much of the country in which the severest fighting of the Cuban insurrection occurred. An American who fought under Gomez and Maceo for several years boarded the train at Camaguey and illustrated his war tales by showing points of interest. Just out of the yards at Camaguey he pointed out the hill on which Osgood, a young Cornell student, who came to the island to take charge of a Cuban gun, was killed by the Spaniards, who surprised his battery. He showed, too, a little further along, one of the famous Spanish trochas, with several of its blockhouses still standing. The railroad has been built since the war, but even so radical an improvement has not wiped out all traces of the bitter struggle. It is the opinion of many Cubans that if the railroad to Santiago had been built ten years ago the insurrection would not have succeeded.

The impression that the island of Cuba has only begun to use its resources becomes more pronounced as the train moves on to the province further east. The country is sparsely settled, though everywhere giving evidence of its wonderful tropical fertility. One can well believe the evidence of statisticians that there is room for ten million persons where now only one million five hundred thousand dwell.

At Las Tunas the second meal of the day is eaten, about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and the train moves on through miles of fine grazing country to Santiago, which is finally reached at 11 o'clock at night. As the lights of Santiago appear one naturally looks for the porter and his whiskbroom, which inevitably mark the journey's end in the States.

Shades of Ham! It develops that the porter is asleep. As every one is dusty, the porter is awakened. Finally one has to suggest that he might ply the broom. Shades of Ham again! He has no whiskbroom, but he will try to borrow one. Imagine a Pullman porter without this tip extractor! There is something new under the sun.

At Santiago station, on the shore of the bay which Cervera's fleet made famous, a health officer is waiting with the thermometer. He demands the temperature of every passenger from Havana, for already there are rumors of yellow fever in the Cuban metropolis, and Santiago is taking no chances.

Nor has one covered the length of the island on completing this 540-mile journey. There is the rich tobacco province of Pinar del Rio to the westward of Havana, and Santiago de Cuba is many a long mile from Cape Maysi, which marks the eastern end of the island. Already the Western Railway of Havana reaches to San Juan, in Rio Province, and there are plans for additional lines on the east end of the island.