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- Grand Hotel Hungaria, Budapest.
- Hotel Baur au Lac, Zurich.
- Hotel National, Lucerne.
- Grand Hotel, Mont Pelerin, Vevey.
- Hotel Pupp, Carlsbad.
- Hotel Euler, Basle.
- Hotel Victoria, Basle.
- Savoy and West End Hotel, Carlsbad.
- Continental Hotel, Lausanne.
- Grand Hotel, Vevey.
- Hotel Victoria, Interlaken.
- Grand Hotel National, Lucerne.
- Palace Hotel, Lucerne.
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- Hotel Gallia, Cannes.
- Hotel de Nice, Nice.
- Hotel de France, Nice.
- Savoy Hotel, Genoa.
- Hotel Bristol, Naples.
- Hotel Santa Lucia, Naples.
- Hotel Cosmopolitan, Nice.
- Hotel Grand Bretagne, Nice.
- Hotel de la Méditerranée, Nice.
- Excelsior Palace Hotel, Palermo.
- Savoy Hotel, Rome.
- Louvre and Savoy Hotel, Aix-les-Bains.
- Grand Hotel d'Aix, Aix-les-Bains.
- Grand Hotel, Ville d'Este.

would not on any account have the illustrious Americans depart without some worthy souvenir of the greatest bazaar in the world. It shall be theirs at a ruinous price to himself. To be sure, it is the act of a brother, but why not act generously?

"You depart feeling guilty, only to discover at some later time that the same bit of frostwork can be bought at Ispahan for half the price you paid for it in Turkey.

"To assume a less interested air, for no sooner does your eye focus upon any special delight than you find a turbaned figure bowing before you, with arms full of glittering stuff, which he flings over your shoulders and arms with many rapturous sighs, and 'ahs' and 'ohs,' like an exaggerated Paris milliner. If you but knew how beautiful you appear under the witchery of those gazes you would not hesitate one moment in buying them all! This time you escape, leaving the merchant at the verge of

FALSTAFF'S CASTLE.

With Glimpses of the Norfolk Broads and the Moon.

Great Yarmouth, England, April 15.

Caister Castle is the literary landmark of the Yarmouth sands rather than Peggotty's boat-hut. Blundeston, where David Copperfield passed his childhood, is a Suffolk village not far from the Yare; Lowestoft was one of his halting places on the way to London; and Yarmouth was the scene of his most joyous and painful experiences; yet this is not so realistic a bit of Dickensland as Ipswich, with its Great White Horse dedicated to the memory of Mr. Pickwick and the lady in curl papers. There is the gridiron description of the narrow rows, and the

The environment of Caister Castle seems to imply that the associations of the most exuberant humor may be colored with melancholy. Among marshy fens there rises a ruinous round tower open at the top, and it is flanked on each side by long walls of ragged masonry pierced with crenelles and arched doorways. Surrounded by a muddy ditch and the verdure of the fens, it is like a castle in buckram, torn and bedraggled, yet swaggering with a jaunty air among the trees. A twopenny peepshow for summer trippers, it bears record of the feeble wit and grotesque vanity of lower class visitors scrawled with chalk or pencil, or clipped with knife in the mossgrown brickwork—cheap and melancholy tribute to a name of worldwide celebrity for sardonic humor and ludicrous assumption. So plaintively is the doughty old battle-scarred warrior mocked for his folly in building when he was eighty a castle, where he could dream of his bouts with archers, his sorties at

upon teaching the Norfolk squires, the Pastons and the Heydens, how to live in affluence and luxury.

Sir John Fastolf's grave is somewhere among the broken stones of a marshland abeyen even more ruinous than his castle; but his effigy is in the south aisle wall of St. Nicholas, the ancient parish church of Yarmouth. There had been balliffs of that name for centuries in the old port, and the knight's father had inherited large properties on the Norfolk coast and had increased them by marriage portions. Sir John Fastolf, unlike Falstaff, was a thrifty man of business, who took care of his money, and apart from benefactions to both Oxford and Cambridge, administered a large church patronage. Consequently his name and virtues are reverently recorded in the quaint parish church. Strangely enough, there is a connection here, not with Shakespeare's Falstaff, but with the origin of dramatic art in England. For generations miracle plays were enacted by pious monks in what was originally a Norman church; and the ancient stairway behind one of the tower piers remains with its worn stone steps as evidence of the constant use made of the approach to the roof screen by the oldtime players. Miracle and morality plays were one of the adjuncts of religious worship throughout East Anglia after the Norman conquest, when Lozinga, the Norwich cathedral builder, had founded this huge parish church and priory churches at Lynn and elsewhere. Of Shakespeare's own time there are two fantastic relics not far from Sir John Fastolf's memorial. One is a curious revolving book desk of Elizabethan design like one in the Louvre. The other is a whalebone seat, fashioned from the skull of an enormous whale which was cast up by the sea outside the walls of Caister Castle.

ENGLISH ART.

Mr. Abbey's Decorative Panels—Mr. Sargent's Water Colors.

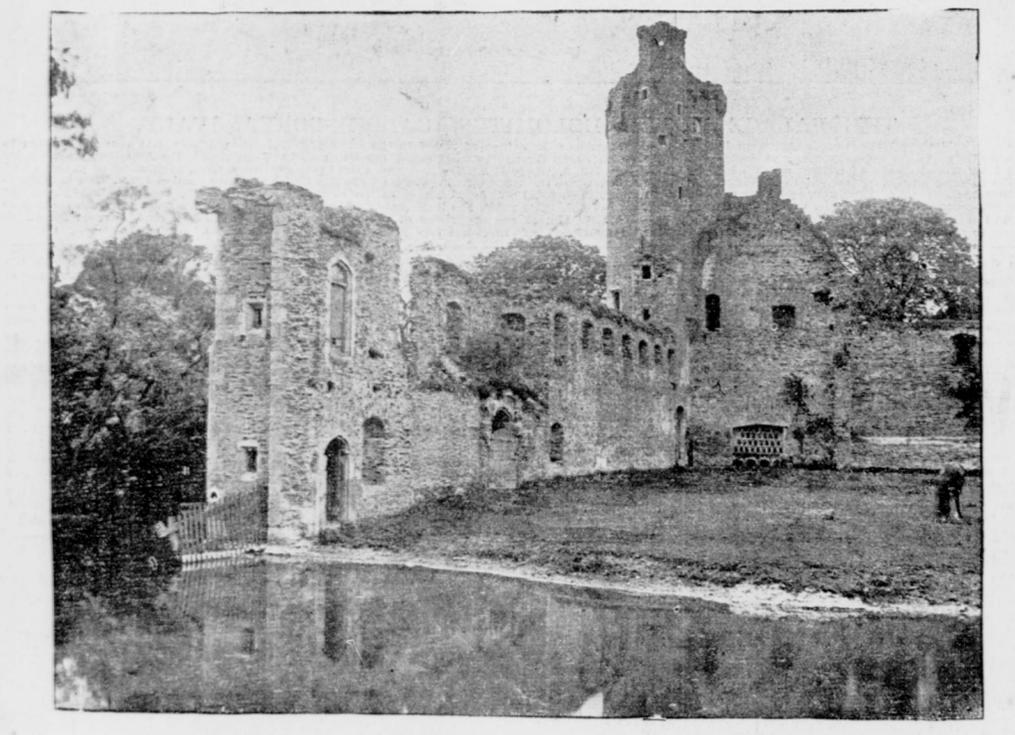
London, April 7.

Mr. Edwin A. Abbey's coronation work has been followed by an elaborate series of decorations for the Capitol at Harrisburg, Penn. Four of them which are designed for the dome are nearly finished and will probably go to America during the autumn. These are to illustrate the mineral and industrial resources of Pennsylvania, coal mining and oil, manufacturing interests and the movement of immigration. These canvases are so huge that he has not taken them out of his high studio in Fairford, where, like a veritable Yankee, he has the mechanical appliances for handling them, and it may not be possible to exhibit them in London, since there is no gallery high enough to take them. Another canvas which he is designing is to illustrate in an abstract way the fundamental principles of justice and law, and William Penn will also be brought in before the series of decorative panels is completed. With these large orders for work for the Harrisburg Capitol he will be closely occupied for several years, and consequently he has little leisure for painting pictures for the Academy exhibitions. There will be one, however, at the Academy in May. It is a large canvas illustrating the landing of Columbus in the New World, with the flags and pennants of Ferdinand and Isabella flying and the Cross upraised for solemn thanksgiving service. The picture is aglow with splendors of red, which is Mr. Abbey's favorite color, and the blue sea is in the background. The figure of Columbus is finely drawn, and the group does not lack either staidness or dramatic action. It is one of his simplest, yet most brilliant, color schemes, with artistic flaming effects.

ing brushwork, and it has vividness and force. The eager, sensitive face, with its crown of brown hair, is set against a dark red curtain, and the white dress, with faint touches of pink, has in the corner a murky gray spot to match it. It is roughly, almost coarsely, painted, but with a sureness of artistic intention and mastery of means and perfect registry of tone. Another drawing is "Bedouins," with two swarthy creatures in blue, purple and white, whose treacherous gleams in the restless, suspicious eyes. A third sketch, "Arab Gypsy Tent," has a group of six figures, only two faces being worked out clearly in detail, and hard and fast as the brushwork has been, not a value has been sacrificed or exaggerated. A color scheme of dull blues and reds has been carried out and there is convincing evidence of closeness of observation. Impressionism like Mr. Robert W. Allan's, in which points and streaks of color are put together deliberately and pieced out mechanically, like paperwork, is feeble in comparison with this rapid brushwork. So also is the cold and hard realism of Mr. Cameron's "Ben Lomond Sunset," an etching in water color, with every stroke and effect carefully calculated.

The favorites of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Color are all well represented in this bright, attractive exhibition. Sir Ernest A. Waterloo, who follows the traditions of the English masters in this medium more closely than his associates, has a brilliant series of drawings full of atmosphere and admirable composition. Perhaps the best one is "Crest Castle, among the downs of Dorsetshire, one of the most picturesque sections of Thomas Hardy's Wessex. Mr. Napier Hemy, who does the best water painting in England, has sent a fresh series of breezy or sunny scenes from Falmouth. He invariably puts life and dramatic movement into his sea pictures, and his paints sailing craft almost as well as Turner before him. Lately he has been seeking to make the modern mechanism of naval warfare picturesque, but not wholly successfully, as is shown by his drawings of destroyers scouting and a torpedo boat flotilla. Mr. Weguelin's style of sea and forest are chaste and poetic studies of the nude; Mr. Alfred Parsons paints field flowers with loving care. Mrs. Allingham's Venetian flower stalls and English villages are as picturesque as ever, and her drawing of Farnford, in the Isle of Wight, is lovely indeed; Miss Montalba's ivory toned pictures of Venice have individuality. Mr. Herbert Marsand has learned the secrets of the London grays and mist, and Mr. Thorne Watte and Mr. Hodson have found fine subjects in Tewkesbury and Winchester. There are two drawings of the last hours of the Washingtons in England, the Northampton, Mecca of many American pilgrimages.

L. N. F.



CAISTER CASTLE, NEAR YARMOUTH.

years. Next you stop at a little jewel booth, and before you can explain your wishes a shower of trinkets is poured into your hands, silver filigree work, beautiful Jalpur enamel stuff like no other jewelry under the sun, damascened gauds that tempt one to spend a fortune on the instant. You buy a Jalpur brooch and a jeweller leaves you with all his golden wealth in your hands or within the easiest reach possible and disappears to make change. He stays away quite long enough for you to make off with all his treasures, thus displaying a childlike confidence in your honesty which not one in a thousand of your own countrymen would dream of emulating. Later, however, you learn that the merchant's trust is backed by secret police spies, who know the exact number of trinkets left in your care.

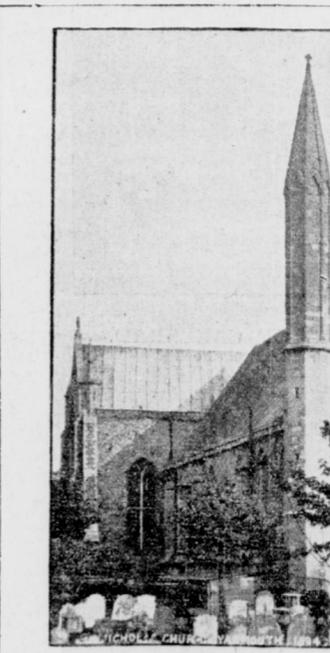
"You have not yet found the Bagdad portieres that you promised your friend at home, so you renew the search and are again inveigled into buying some lovely fraud that you have no particular use for. It will come in very well as a gift, you say to yourself comfortingly. You are really beginning to weary of the endless array of gossamer wares, and the noise of buying and selling grows almost insufferable. You hurry past the next dozen shops, stop to buy a pair of gay Turkish slippers and depart laden with three pairs, instead of one. Then there are the amber ornaments from the Black Sea, too beautiful to pass without buying, and, seeing that you really want a necklace, the merchant doubles his price, calling Allah to witness that he is an honest man and can be trusted to do the right thing. You reflect that \$25 is rather a low price for a string of flawless amber, and go away satisfied. Later you discover that your big gold colored beads are a Turkish delusion.

"At last you find the Bagdad portieres, and select what pleases you most, which is not an easy task, for the display is so bewilderingly attractive to your sensitive Western eyes that you feel like buying the entire lot. At the very last moment you discover that you have not enough ready cash left to pay for your selection, so you order the portieres sent to your hotel, thereby causing your own undoing, as you learn on the following morning, when you find yourself besieged by an army of valuable tapestry vendors, who submerge you with petitions to buy. You learn from that experience never, on any account, to give your name and address to an Oriental merchant.

"The shopping tour of the Grand Bazaar is finally ended. After hours of confused wandering you are conscious of a sensation of being lost beyond remedy, and suddenly a rush of tonic atmosphere greets you and you are out under the blue dome of heaven, with the friendly sun shining in your face just as it does at home. In the place of your heart's desire. All at once your tired nerves react and you feel quite your natural self as you thread your way between the ragged beggars toward the high carved gate of the enclosure. And there, in a sort of a barrow, lies a human figure, twisted and mangled in the making but with a soul imprisoned in that shapeless clay. A little withered arm reaches toward you and you drop a coin—a silver coin this time—into the upturned palm and hurry out, not so hastily, however, but that you hear an alien voice say "God bless you!" Later you ask about the cripple at the hotel, and are told that he has been there for many years at the gate of the Grand Bazaar, asking for alms, and calling God's blessing upon the donors in many languages. It is his one accomplishment, the gift of tongues, and he rarely errs in his judgment of nationality."

smell of fish, pitch and oakum is in the pages; but striking as is the group in Peggotty's home there is little local color in the background of the old fishing town behind the sands. The English Balzac passed over in Yarmouth much that one would have expected him to see—the ancient Elizabethan houses on the river quays, the picturesque tollhouse with its medieval decorations and dungeons; the many gabled parish church behind the big marketplace, the fantastic Dutch almshouses, and the Star Inn with its Nelson room—as quaint as the Ipswich tavern in which Mr. Pickwick lost his way. He did not make the gray old town his own as he did Canterbury, or Rochester, or eighteenth century brick London; but left the fisherman's household a detached group on the sands outside the southernmost tower.

Although the Nelson column in the South Dunes commemorates the glorious deeds of the greatest Norfolk hero, the ruined castle in the northern stretch of sands is Yarmouth's most famous literary relic. Caister village marks the birthplace and the crumbling tower among trees the deathbed of the most humorous figure in English literature. It does not matter if the name of a great warrior of Agincourt has been changed from Fastolf to Falstaff, or if his character has been traduced for the entertainment of groundlings. Shakespeare has made it a deathless name, even if Norfolk chroniclers have vindicated the reputation of the original Knight of the Garter and proved that he was anything but a swaggering craven and a drunken roisterer. The first version introduced Sir John Oldcastle as Prince Hal's mendacious and sensual follower. The name was found in an old play recounting the victories of the English in France, and it was changed to Falstaff when a peer claiming descent from the Lollard knight objected to profanation of his ancestor's memory. There were renewed protests from great Norfolk families over the scandalous liberties taken with Sir John Fastolf's honored reputation. But Falstaff had become too popular with playgoers to be known by any other name. Queen Elizabeth, not satisfied with her acquaintance with him in "Henry IV," had demanded a continuance of his merry humors in the Windsor farce, and Shakespeare, having gone too far to turn back, made him even grosser and more grotesque than in the original caricature. Yet from the outset, even when his greatest comic character was masquerading as Oldcastle, the Norfolk veteran of Agincourt was plainly indicated by many coincidences. Sir John Fastolf, like Falstaff, had been in the service of the Duke of Norfolk; he had been charged, probably unjustly and by enemies, with losing courage in the presence of Joan of Arc's fanatical warriors and with forfeiting his treasured garter, and he owned a house in Southwark and in his old age was not unacquainted with the Boar's Head. While Falstaff's personality was mainly a master stroke of imagination and satiric humor, Shakespeare was not conjuring idly with a traditional Norfolk name.



ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH, YARMOUTH.

Rouen and Caen, his sieges and battles under three sovereigns and his despairing stand against the infuriated followers of the Maid of Orleans! Sir John Fastolf was a rich man, with houses in Yarmouth, Norwich, Southwark and Wiltshire, and with large properties among the Norfolk Broads; yet, in his old age, after sixty years of military service and adventure, his time was occupied with covering acres of fenland with masonry; and when the castle was finished he was on the verge of the grave and too irritable and feeble to enjoy his greatest folly. Shakespeare's Falstaff is in revolt against the gravity of serene and reverent old age and clings to self-indulgence and jovial revels with youthful vivacity and irrepressible joy in life; and the same contrast was found in the closing years of the castle builder of Caister, who, after two generations of arduous campaigning, ought to have been thinking soberly of his final resting place in St. Benet's Abbey, yet was unable to be done with pomp and circumstance and was bent

French fishermen on the Agen coasts have had a unique experience while drawing in the net. They perceived a huge sturgeon, and fearful of seeing the net broken and the catch lost one of the men leaped into the water to try to capture the fish. The sturgeon, however, seized its assailant's clothing in its teeth, and succeeded in dragging him under water by sheer force. Had not a boat been launched to his aid he must inevitably have perished in the contest.—London Globe

FIGHT WITH A STURGEON.

Yarmouth are wont to gossip after nightfall. They have a black, snarling seadog of their own, whose barking they hear when a storm is coming over the North Sea. Yet one might naturally expect the seasoned old warrior to reappear in wrathful temper when the twopenny trippers are prowling about his estate and scribbling their names on the walls of ruined Caister; and especially when "Arry in a confidential aside to "Arriet tells her that this was where pot-bellied Jack Falstaff put up when he was not at the Boar's Head drinking sack.

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scratches indicating the escape of Friday from the savages! The story merely diverts attention from the lovely setting of the coral island, with its blends of soft, feathery, tropical foliage with the blue sea, and Mr. Goodwin is at his best when he has neither anecdote to illustrate nor reminiscences of Turner to suggest, as when he paints Durham in the gray of early morning or St. Paul's (London) as "a gleam through the grime," or the white towers of Venice under a blue sky. Among the story telling pictures the most interesting are Mr. Hughes's "Valkyrie's Vigil," with a finely modelled figure watching from a lofty tower, and Mr. Dollman's "Incantation," with monkeys attending a black haired siren by moonlight at the entrance of a cave.

Mr. Sargent's water color drawings have what is not lacking in his portraits of great women—the invigorating sense of rapid improvisation. The sketch of Miss Eden apparently has been dashed off in a single hour with strokes of dar-

Thoughtful persons are regarding with mixed feelings the great exodus of emigrants from this country. It is recognized that there are many men in England out of work and that it is natural this class should seek better opportunities wherever the prospect offers. It is the other side to this state of affairs that begets a feeling of regret at the great movement of Britons to the Western Continent. Obviously only the sturdiest and most enterprising citizens are ready to take up the venture, and the question is asked whether it is good for England thus to lose her best industrial material.

Spring has ever been the busiest period for emigration. It is then that the extensive and constantly developing wheat farms of the West, more particularly in Canada, cry out for labor. This year, however, the exodus is greater than usual. Practically every steamship in the trade has taken out full complements of passengers, and for every sailing this month and well into May the ships are well booked for labor.

All parts of England contribute their quota, and while competent authorities compute that not more than one-fourth of the emigrants have had agricultural training, the great majority are bound for Canada with the idea of settling down to farming pursuits. They come from the plough, the factory, the workshop, the mine, and even from city offices.

In conversation at Liverpool with a representative of "The Tribune," A. F. Jury, the Canadian government agent, said:

"The United States is filling up, Australia is far away, South Africa apparently does not welcome white men, preferring 'pigstails'; so Canada, which is near and offers good food-producing land free or at a cheap rate, naturally attracts the prospective emigrant who desires to secure a certain opportunity to make a living."

While our representative was conversing with the Canadian agent there entered a stalwart young farmer, with a younger brother, but former had been a bank clerk in Liverpool, but for the last three years he had been studying farming out West with such success that he had come home now for his brother to go with him and set up farming on their own account upon a grant of land in the Northwest.

"This case," said Mr. Jury, "is not exceptional. It is typical of what is going on all the time."

During February this year about ten thousand emigrants left Liverpool for Canada alone. The figures for March are not yet available, but it is pretty certain that they will be about fifteen thousand.

Keir Hardie, M. P., in a recent interview with our Liverpool representative, was very emphatic in his opinions. "I am," he declared, "against emigration. I mean against any offering or encouraging of emigration as a remedial movement in the nature of an inducement to people to leave this country. I say that with a full knowledge of the conditions of the labor market at home. Some people say it is a cure for poverty. It is nothing of the kind."—London Tribune.

EXODUS TO CANADA.

Remarkable Increase of English Emigration.

ENEMIES OF OAT PRODUCTION.

Rust and smut are two of the chief enemies of oat production. Little can be done against the former except by selecting and breeding varieties resistant to its attacks, but only by no excuse for smut. It is transmitted by seed grain and can be entirely eradicated by treating the seed with a solution of formalin (40 per cent formaldehyde) in five gallons of water. Seed should be thoroughly wet with this solution, piled and covered with a few inches of straw, and after a few hours, drilled soon after treatment, sown one-half bushel to the acre, to allow for swelling. If stored, it should be thoroughly dried before being put in bins. Seed grain may also be protected by covering in contact with smutty sacks of straw.—Farmers.