IF THE SUN SHOULD TRY IT!

MR. PRICE'S PLANS FOR A BUILDING OF 39 STORIES, 442 FEET HIGH.

Just as Stone Has Taken the Place of Wood, So May Steel Supplant Stone and Iron—The Possibilities of Construction With Steel—Structures of Forty or Fifty Stories May Not be Any More Remarkable Twenty Years Hence Than a Ten-story Edifice Was a Generation Ago—The Theory of the Architect Explained.

At the recent exhibition of the Architectural League one of the greatest attractions was a large drawing which pictured the front of a very tall building. The drawing was upon an immense piece of paper, and crowds frequently gathered before it, wondering if it were really the intent of some man or company of men in this city to erect an edifice of such enormous size. The drawing was marked, "A Study for an Office Building," and was signed by the architect, Bruce Price, 150 Fifth avenue. The accompanying illustration is a view in perspective of the structure. It represents an architectural attempt more daring than that made by any of the builders who have so far piled stone upon stone in New York city; it represents a fulness and purity of art more notable than may be found in any other office structure in the United States, and in addition it shows what are the possibilities of rearing tall buildings when the architect and the engineer join forces and when use is made of steel and iron as well as of stone and brick.

The plans prepared to accompany this picture are for a structure 442 feet high upon a plot of ground 75 feet square. The idea which Mr. Price had in mind was to indicate by line and figure just what might be done in the way of remarkable construction. Real estate in the lower part of New York city has been increasing in value so rapidly from year to year that the tall office buildings which now rise above the old-timed level of roofs along Broadway and Broad street and Nassau street are themselves becoming somewhat commonplace. And the problem presents itself to those who own land in the crowded parts of the city and wish to extend their business accommodations, whether it is possible to go up higher in the air than the architects of the Mills building, the Morse building, Temple Court, the Vanderbilt building, the *New York Times* offices, and other piles of masonry have dared to go.

There was a time in the history of New York city when a five-story structure was noteworthy. Then there came a period when the man who went up three stories further was thought extremely enterprising. It is not so very long since the construction of a ten-story building was looked upon as unusual. That was at the time when the *Tribune* offices were built. The difficulties that confronted the architect then were the difficulties of access. Years ago there was no such thing as an elevator, into which you might step on a level with the streets, and, with almost breath-taking speed, be lifted up so high that when you looked down upon the far-away street men looked like flies walking upon the ground; and in those times the limit of the height of a business building in New York city was the limit to which you might tax people's willingness to climb stairs. Before the passenger elevator service was invented, architects might have put up buildings even more than ten stories high, but the income from upper stories would have been slight, and, as a matter of investment, the erection of such structures would not have been profitable.

After the manufacturers of elevators began to improve upon their old clumsy, slow-going lifts, many restrictions upon the architect were removed. Stairs and staircases became a secondary consideration. The architect in making rough plans for a building to be put up on a certain site had chiefly to consider the cost of construction and the possible revenue from each additional floor. Using stone and brick, each additional story made it necessary that the foundation of the outer walls should be increased and strengthened. Therefore, the money matter was one of the chief things to be considered.

The *Tribune* building when finished was the marvel of the country because of its height. To-day it is almost inconspicuous. The question consequently arises whether those structures which to-day are the tallest in the city may not be comparatively as insignificant ten or twenty years hence as the once marvelled at *Tribune* building is now. The Mills building was based upon principles, the successful application of which demonstrated to architects that, except the restriction presented by the question of cost, there were really few obstacles that they could not overcome.

Mr. Price, in making his plans for the building, the illustration of which is here given, has studied both the matter of cost and the physical limitations. When asked what were the architectural difficulties he had to consider in order to make such a building economical, and at the same time strong enough to endure all the weight which would be found in the material of construction and the furnishings which would be put in it, the people who would occupy it, and the wind pressures to which it would be exposed, Mr. Price replied that the one point to which he had to give greatest study was merely the problem of finding the least expensive way of doing these things. He said that the building art at present was fully adequate to solve such questions; for, whereas, up to within the last ten years, architects were piling up their exterior walls in solid masonry, merely relieving the interior upon columns and girders, now the whole structure is being erected with a combination of masonry and iron. This results in a saving of space required for walls, and again a saving of space is gained by the use of steel instead of iron.

A smaller cross section of steel is necessary to sustain a given load than would be possible with iron. When the Stewart mansion was finished it was considered the most thoroughly fireproof building up to that time erected in any city. Its framework was of iron, but at that time rolled-iron beams were so expensive, and the difficulties of producing them so great, that no one could use them with economy. When an architect wanted to span over any distance, he made use of the cast-iron bow string girder, and in all fireproof buildings the masonry walls were kept close together, and arches were built over and between them on cast-iron girders.

In his desire to give serious treatment to the steel construction question, Mr. Price assumed certain conditions as to location and space. These conditions were that he had a lot in a crowded portion of New York, where there were surrounding buildings of great size, which probably would stand for years to come just as they are to-day; that here he had a costly piece of ground, and that the project was to put up a building which should complete the architectural picture, and at the same time afford means of getting out of that ground all the money that could be made from it through a building.

In order to make the problem one of more than ordinary difficulty, Mr. Price assumed that the space upon which he had to rear this tower was not large. The Eiffel Tower showed to architects and engineers what could be done through 1,000 feet toward the sky, provided there were plenty of room for broad foundations. Given sufficient area on the street level, a New York builder could put up an office structure on Manhattan Island which would rise even higher than the mighty framework which the ambitious Eiffel planned.

Although the time may come when, through the utilization of steel, Broadway will be lined with blocks of buildings thirty, forty, and even fifty stories high, the advance toward such a realization of architects' aspirations must be gradual. Mr. Price, therefore, limited himself to what might be done safely and economically in these days with only an ordinary lot of ground. He drew his plans to suit present possibilities, adapting them to a site of relatively small dimensions—that is, of such width and depth that each side of his building should be seventy-five feet. He also took as a condition the possibility of obtaining the steam supply for the structure from some source apart from the building itself. If there were no way of securing steam to run the elevators and furnish heat except by generating it within the walls of such a building, it would be almost not worth while to think of placing such a tall structure on such a small site. Moreover, chimneys would mar the artistic effects at which Mr. Price has aimed, and the space necessary for boilers and engines would be too great.

The question of foundations naturally engaged Mr. Price's attention at the outset. He made many calculations as to the depth required and the weight which would be placed upon the foundations, and, while his figures undoubtedly would interest architects and engineers, they would probably be like only so much algebra to one who takes only a layman's interest in the possibilities of steel construction. The essential points about the foundations of such a building as the one under consideration are that its foundations must be as broad and as wide as the breadth and width of the building itself. An ordinary structure rests upon the foundation immediately beneath each of its four walls. Some of the notable buildings of the last five years, besides having foundations of this kind, also have iron columns which rest upon piers in the cellar, the piers being sunk down into the earth much as the side walls are laid.

Under this steel building, however, Mr. Price thinks that it would be advisable to lay a foundation upon which the weight of the entire structure may be diffused, and that this foundation must cover the whole surface of the ground upon which the building is to stand.

If such rock formation be found as was met when the foundations of the Madison Square Garden were being laid, it would be necessary only to go down into the rock until a proper depth had been reached and then lay a great bed of cement. If, on the other hand, soft ground were met, it would be necessary to use piles and build the concrete foundations on top of them. Above the concrete would be constructed iron crib work, and upon this crib work all the upper structure would be raised.

The general scheme for the construction of the building above the foundations would be a system of columns and girders supporting the entire floor load of the building throughout, and also supporting the walls of the building above the nineteenth story, thus making it possible to consider the walls of the building up to the nineteenth story simply as a lacing and only sufficiently thick to support their own weight and the weight of the belvidere. The columns would be arranged in such a manner that there would be one in each corner and two in each wall face; these columns would be tied together with struts and braces, and extend to the floor of the twentieth story. There would be four intermediate columns, which would be braced and strutted in the interior partitions to the outer columns. These columns would extend through to the roof.

We should then have a building from which the entire facing, from the ground to the twentieth story, including the belvidere, might be removed and still the structure would be perfectly stable.

This scheme of construction makes it possible to have the use of each floor, from the first story up, for rental. This would not be the case were the masonry construction attempted; for the walls of necessity then would have to be so thick at the base and for the first eight or ten stories that the interior would be practically valueless.

Tall buildings of the scheme of construction now prevailing have walls like fortresses; tall buildings of the steel construction of the future will have walls which relatively will be mere sheathing for a rigid skeleton frame. Inches of steel are worth feet of stone, and this is wherein lies the feasibility of Mr. Price's plan. It is this fact which makes the usefulness of steel worth considering merely as a question of economy. Any material which will serve the purposes of stone or brick, and at the same time take up less space, will be a factor of saving in itself, inasmuch as each brick added to the thickness of a wall means just so much less floor space for rental.

Mr. Price proposes to make this first steel building thirty-two stories high. His calculations show that a concrete foundation such as is possible on a lot seventy-five feet square will bear the weight of a tower 450 feet high and even higher, and that the dimensions of the supporting columns and steel will be relatively so small that the rooms on the several floors will be of good size for offices. It is this point which may make the use of steel more profitable than the use of stone.

For example, if the owner of a plot 75 feet on each side wanted to erect a building taller than any other now built, and decided to make it of stone, he would have to allow a great wall of immense thickness at the base. That would make the lower stories almost valueless for renting; in fact, the lower ten stories would probably not return interest on their cost, and the profits on those floors above would not make up for the loss below. On the other hand, if the owner of the plot should use steel he could make the tenure upon each floor from the ground up, for the rooms on the lowest stories would be commodious. Besides, he could add several more floors than would be feasible in a plan of stone construction.

Taking the value of a plot of ground 75 feet square at $500,000, the interest upon this property would be, at 6 per cent., $30,000. An investor proposing to build would, therefore, have to start with, upon a ten-story building, $3,000 a floor, to be taken in, in rents upon the value of his land alone. If he builds a 30-story structure, he has but $1,000 a floor to tax his building with, upon the value of his land. The difference between a 10-story and the 30-story building therefore is in the question whether the difference in the cost between the two would be so great as to offset the advantage of the $2,000 per floor in favor of the thirty-story building on the value of the land.

Let it be assumed that on some block along Broadway there are four lots, each 75 feet square. Mr. A owns one lot, and owes on three others. Mr. B puts up a ten-story building on each of his three lots. He uses stone. Mr. A uses steel, and upon his single lot erects a building of thirty stories. Upon one lot, therefore, he has obtained as many floors for rental as Mr. B, using stone, has obtained upon three lots. It is this point which the advocates of steel believe will appeal strongly to capitalists. If, through the use of steel, as much can be done upon one lot as through the use of stone can be done upon three lots, then they feel assured that steel must be looked upon as the building material of the future. Mr. Price has made calculations which lead him to think that a thirty-story structure of steel will cost less than three ten-story structures of stone, and, allowing for unexpected items of expense, it is estimated that the cost certainly would not be greater.

In such a lofty building as the proposed steel structure the question of accessibility is one of supreme importance. Mr. Price has made his plans for the building under consideration upon the theory that passage from floor to floor should be almost exclusively by the elevator service. He has provided a staircase running from story to story, occupying only a bit of space, and designed solely for use in case of emergency. As the building would be fireproof, such emergency could arise only from an accident to the elevator service. This, however, would be upon so elaborate a scale that a large part of it might be impaired without inconveniencing the tenants of the building.

The plans are for eight elevators, one of which shall be large and strong enough to transport safes and other heavy office furniture. These elevators will be arranged in the centre of the building around an octagon core. Three elevators will supply the service from the first to the tenth story. Two elevators will run from the first story to the twentieth, not stopping between the first and tenth, and two elevators will run from the first to the thirtieth, not stopping between the first and twentieth. One of the elevators will be arranged to run night and day.

The space inside the elevator octagon will be made a cylinder, and will open into the roof above. A person stepping from the elevator upon any floor will find himself in a lobby or hall leading into the rooms into which the space from that floor may be divided. The halls will not open to the outside air, but will ventilate into the core. The system of heating will be direct indirect; that is, with radiators, the air being taken in from outside directly on to the radiators.

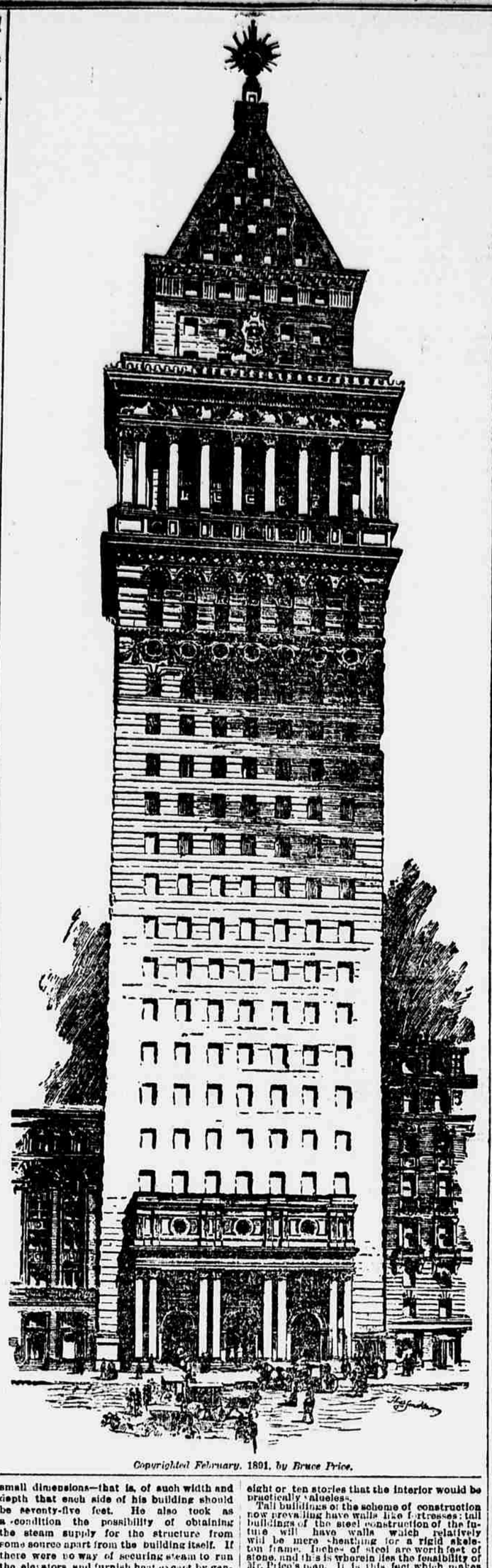
There will probably be as much interest taken in the artistic points of the proposed steel building as in the architectural and engineering problems which it presents. The tower is very much like the tower of St. Mark, at Venice, one of the most beautiful monuments of the building skill and genius of the twelfth century. With the proper surroundings, Mr. Price's building would be set off to a great advantage. On each of its four sides it is alike, so that from whatever point it is looked at it would present the same appearance in itself, and the whole picture would vary as the sides of the buildings about it differ from their fronts.

Although the building is predominently a steel structure, and should be thought of as such, it would seem like a great tower of granite and marble and brick and terra cotta. It starts on a granite pedestal, and from there up for sixteen stories will be built of white and buff glazed brick. The entrance frontispiece will be made of terra cotta or marble, with monolith shafts of colored marble.

All the ornamental work from the level of the seventeenth story, including the eighteenth and nineteenth, will be of glazed terra cotta. The stories included in the belvidere will be of terra cotta. The first three stories above the belvidere will be of marble, and the slanting roof of marbled ridges with the roof walls laid in in glazed brick. The slanting roof walls will be pierced by four tiers of windows. All the work from the seventeenth story up to the gallery above the belvidere will be ceramic work in color, not in primary colors, but in harmonious tones. The mass of the building will be buff and white, and the panel in the lantern, that is, the three stories above the belvidere—and the roof of the lantern, will be rather strong in color.

The columns of the building will be of colored marble. Each story is a module of the whole. The unity of the building is twelve feet, and that unity is felt all through it. Spaces become more important for artistic effect as the upper part of the building is reached. The column of the belvidere is the true column given by Vignola, in its exact proportions; that is, it is the right width, according to its height. The frieze is wider, but the cornice and architrave are the same. This cornice bears an exact relation to the height of the building. Up to the top of the nineteenth story the tower is of the proportions of a Doric shaft.

The floor of the balcony over the belvedere will be 310 feet from the ground. The lantern and the slanting roof will rise seven stories higher, and the very top of the highest story will be a small cage like a sentry house, with a railing running around it. Upon this sentry house rests a long bronze vase supporting a revolving sun. A fair idea of Mr. Price's brilliant finish may be obtained by looking at the illustration. The sphere with which he tops off his tower of steel, 442 feet from the street, is a gilt ball pivoted through a spear and working upon an anti-friction axis in the form of a cup with a sunken rim in which are agates. Upon this rim and its agates the whole weight of the ball would rest, and as the golden sphere would present no resistance whatever, the slightest movement of the wind would carry it around, and the metal flames projecting from it would flash and gleam in every sunlit hour from the highest point reached by the genius and daring of architect and builder in New York.



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Niagara Falls—More Money Needed.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* It is to be hoped that the Legislature this year will not be indifferent to the claims of the State Reservation at Niagara. For several years the Commissioners who manage the State's property at Niagara have endeavored to impress upon the lawmakers at Albany the importance of making provision for the prosecution of the work of restoration and improvement. They have hitherto succeeded in securing only $15,000 in addition to the sum annually appropriated for maintenance. The $15,000 became available Oct. 1, 1890. The greater part of it has been expended in protecting the southern shore of Goat Island from the action of the river. This has been effected by the construction of docking and crib work along the margin of the island. The value and importance of this improvement should not be overlooked. The rapid current of the river was wearing away the gravelly shore of the island. And this been permitted to continue much longer the size of the island would constantly have been diminished, and thus irremediable damage would have been done to the State's property. The report of the Commissioners recently submitted to the Legislature, says: "A substantial bulwark of stone and timber now stretches along the shore of Goat Island for more than 1,500 feet, and it will no doubt prove a steadfast barr er against the eroding current of the river for many years to come."

What the Commissioners particularly desire this year is an appropriation for the repair and reconstruction of roads and walks on the reservation. The Goat Island roads have been characterized as a "disgrace to the State." It is estimated that they could be put into a satisfactory condition for $25,000. This amount is by no means excessive, and should be allowed by the Legislature. What would our own Central Park be without good roads and walks? Thousands of visitors to Niagara are necessarily much inconvenienced in their sightseeing by the difficulties they meet with in going from place to place on the reservation. The Goat Island roads are so thickly shaded in parts that "mud remains upon them, deep and black, long after the rain has ceased, to the obstruction of vehicles and the discomfort of visitors."

There rests upon the Legislature a recognizable obligation to keep the State's property in a presentable and attractive condition. All the points of interest within the reservation should be opened and surveyed at reasonable. Good roads and walks are indispensable. And the Legislature can well afford to provide for them. The Niagara Reservation is of very small expense to the State. It was opened to the public July 15, 1885. From that time down to Sept. 30, 1890, the close of the last fiscal year, the State has advanced, for ordinary care and maintenance, only $35,000, and has received from the Commissioners, as receipts from the reservation, $24,355.61. The difference, $40,604.39, is actually what the reservation has cost the State for more than five years. This is at the rate of about $8,000 a year.

Mr. Welch, the Superintendent of the reservation, has referred to the great increase in the number of visitors to Niagara that is likely to occur during the period of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago. Many of the visitors to the Exposition will naturally stop at Niagara. Surely the Legislature should see to it that it is put in a condition that will be creditable to the State and make a favorable impression upon tourists, especially those from foreign lands. H. E. GREGORY.

Seventy-two Per Cent. American Seamen.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* On the U. S. S. Newark's entry into commission on the 2d inst. she received on board, exclusive of servants, 153 men (sailors, petty officers, and marines), and a fraction over 72 per cent. of this crew are native born Americans. There are but six Germans, three Norwegians, and one Swede on board. It is needless to say that officers and men alike were agreeably surprised on becoming acquainted with this happy condition of affairs, and general good feeling prevails.

To those who have spent the last twelve or fifteen years in the navy the above statement will seem almost incredible, but it is a fact nevertheless, and 'tis encouraging to us all to think that we may in the near future have an American navy in reality as well as in name.

NEWARK.

Two Letters of William I.

Two remarkably interesting autograph letters of Emperor William I. have been discovered in an antiquarian's shop in Berlin. One dated March 13, 1848, five days before the revolution, says: "Through revolution and the weakness of her rulers Germany has come to the pass of which Louis Philippe began in 1830. Whither are we tending? We can now see how logical has been the radical agitation. And now even the National Guard! Such things and the freedom of the press will make a republic of Germany yet."

"The political world is still unwilling to make use of our arm," he wrote from Coblenz in 1853, "but yet we must keep our sword sharp, for the time will come when we must swing it, and I wish to see it cut then foreign rather than domestic foes."

Starving Preachers in Kansas.

From the Galveston News.

MANCHESTER, Kan., Feb. 1.—The annual Conference of the Northwest Kansas Lutheran churches, which was held this week, adjourned last night. Pastors report an almost hopeless condition of affairs on the frontier, and it was decided to give up many of the churches because they could not support a minister and not enough people were left to preach to. Some of the ministers have lived on corn meal and sorghum during the winter, and positively refuse to return to such fare.

SOUTHERN GENIUS!

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

The Very Modest and Entertaining Writer of Uncle Remus Sketches.

ATLANTA, Ga., Feb. 7.—Joel Chandler Harris, the celebrated writer, known to the literary world as "Uncle Remus," was entertained at dinner by his friends on Monday evening, the forty-third anniversary of his birthday. A more hospitable, genial, friendly, and, at the same time, modest man, it would be hard to find. In the strictest sense of the word, he is a self-made man. He was born in the little town of Eatonton, Ga., and beyond some terms at the village academy he enjoyed few regular educational advantages. When 12 years of age he heard that Col. Turner, a rich old gentleman who lived on a large plantation, was publishing a weekly called the *Countryman*, and wished to engage the services of a bright, capable boy to learn the printer's trade. That seemed to be an opening for Joel, and he lost no time in applying for the place. The publisher and the applicant had strong likings for each other, and Joel went to work at once. The lad did not find his position a hard one to fill. He was not overworked, and he found many hours during the day to run through Col. Turner's library. His favorite work was "The Vicar of Wakefield," and, as Mr. Harris says, "I read and re-read the book so often that even now I can repeat many pages of it word for word." He took quite a fancy to the writers of the Elizabethan age, and not until some years later did he show any interest in the authors nearer his own time. Almost before he knew it he was fairly well versed in belles lettres, and with the acquisition of knowledge came a growing desire to write. His first efforts were for the *Countryman*, and were sent in anonymously; but when

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

Col. Turner praised them he avowed himself as the writer.

Harris remained in the office of the *Countryman* until he was nearly 18 years of age, when he thought of seeking a wider field. He found employment in Macon, New Orleans, and Savannah. In the latter city he was an editorial writer on the Savannah *Morning News*, then under the management of W. W. Thompson, author of "Major Jones's Courtship."

At about that time Mr. Harris met and married Miss La Bosse, a handsome Canadian lady. He was winning fame and on the high road to success when the yellow fever struck Savannah in 1876, causing his removal to Atlanta, where almost immediately he became a member of the editorial staff of the *Constitution*.

Shortly afterward Sam W. Small, the writer of the "Old 81" sketches in the *Constitution*, resigned, and as the articles had been very popular Harris was asked to try his pen at something in that line. He was timid in the undertaking at first. In his childhood in Eatonton he had spent night after night listening to the wonderful folk-lore of the negroes, and as he had never seen them in print he decided to write the "Uncle Remus" sketches. They attracted attention everywhere, and were extensively copied. In 1883 he published "Nights With Uncle Remus;" in 1884, "Mingo and Other Sketches in Black and White;" in 1887, "Free Joe and Other Georgia Sketches." Of all his works "Blue Dave," published in 1888, is his pet.

The success of his writings and the high praise from the great London reviews was something that he could not understand. He does not take any credit to himself. He considers himself merely the reporter of the stories told him when a boy. The returns made by his publishers have convinced him that his books have been read. He lives at West End, in the suburbs of Atlanta.

He has many rare gifts that were sent by admirers of "Uncle Remus." One is a set of dinner plates, as unique as rare, from a celebrated pottery company in New England. In the centre of each is a picture of Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox, with appropriate quotations below.

Joel Chandler Harris, strictly speaking, is not a handsome man. He is of medium height, compact but not clumsy. He has red hair and moustache, and blue eyes that sparkle with mischief when he is in a merry mood. His laugh is deep and low. He thoroughly enjoys life, and if there be a humorous side to anything he will find it. He cares little for society, yet does not shun it. In all things he is natural and unaffected. He carefully avoids anything like display. In his writings he never goes outside the English language for his words. Besides his editorial labor, he is now writing short dialect sketches for Northern and Western newspapers.

UNCLE REMUS.

The Old Man Gives His Views of the African Exodus.

[*Copyright*, 1891.]

The Southern papers have not devoted much attention to the movement that is known as the "African exodus." This is to be accounted for by the fact that the modern reporter, sharp as he is, has never yet learned the art of getting information from the negroes, particularly if they are disposed to hold their tongues. In truth the African exodus, so called, is important as well as serious. It is more extensive than the newspaper men have any idea of, and has made a very deep impression on a certain class of negroes.

Uncle Remus's "Miss Sally" discovered this fact the other morning while she was attending to her domestic duties, and heard a very interesting controversy in the bargain. The old man went into the kitchen, as was his custom, before going to his work. On this particular morning Chloe, the cook, seemed to be in a very good humor. She saluted Uncle Remus cordially, and then asked in a tone of friendly solicitude:

"Ain't you gwine home?"

"Ain't I gwine whar?" asked Uncle Remus.

"Gwine home? Lots of 'em gwine home."

"What I gwine home fer, when I des come fum dar?" inquired the old man, looking at Chloe with a puzzled expression.

"Ah, Lord!" exclaimed Chloe, wiping the flour from her fat arms with her apron, "you ain't been dar yit. You better git ready an' go."

"How come I ain't bin dar? You don't speck I bin trollopin' 'roun' fum post to pillar de whole blessed night, does you?"

"I went down ter Zion Chapel las' night an' dat 's best Brer Colon kin say. Man, sir! I ain't never hear anybody talk purtier dan what Brer John Henry did. He say, he did, dat we all mus' go back home—go back ter Africa whar we come fum, an' he kep' on tell he make us all feel right thankful. Sis 'Ria she jump up an' holler bless God! she gwine, an' den all on us holler dat we gwine. I hear talk er dese white folks preacher-man; dey can't hol' Brer John Henry a candle when he git up dar in de pulpit an' begin ter rock fum side ter side an' swing his arms. You better come on an' go wid us—better come on an' go home."

"Who—me?" exclaimed Uncle Remus indignantly. "What I gwine to do in Affiky? I ain't no Affikin nigger."

"Yes you is, too," said Chloe, somewhat wrought up, "kaze Brer John Henry say dat colored folks all come fum Af'ica, an' dem what 'ny it speaks fum ignorance uv de sperrit."

"What he know 'bout it?" asked Uncle Remus, scornfully. "Down yander in Putmon county dat air seem pe'acher call hisse'f Tom Ferryman, an' now he come up here en call hisse'f John Henry. Ef he ain't know his own name, how come he know so much 'bout Affiky? Now des tell me dat."

"Ah, Lord!" exclaimed Chloe with indescribable unction, "Brer John Henry know. He couldn't a talked no purtier dan er he'd a done seed it. An' we gr'al gwine. I gi' 'im a dollar, an' Sis 'Ria gi' 'im a dollar, an' all un um gi' 'im a dollar."

"Who got de money?" inquired Uncle Remus, "dat yer John Henry?"

"No," said Chloe, "dey wuz a man dar, an' he tuck de money. He come fum way off yander, an' he say he gwine take it an' buy tickets ter Africa ter us all. He say he done got de tickets, and he gwine ter 'stribbit um 'fo long, des soon ez de ship come in."

Here Uncle Remus uttered a dismal groan.

"Who you dar when dat ar Tom-en-Jerry preacher?"

"He name Brer John Henry," exclaimed Chloe indignantly, "dat what he name."

"Wus you dar, Chloy," Uncle Remus went on, "when dat ar John Henry preacher en de t'er man went 'roun' behime de house en 'vided de money out?"

"No, I wa'nt!" exclaimed Chloe, turning on the old man viciously, "an' nobody else ain't seed um—dat's what!"

"I speck dat's so," said Uncle Remus, rubbing his beard thoughtfully. "Dey er lots too slick fer dat."

"I dunner what you want ter run down yo' own color fer," remarked Chloe. "Better leave dat fer de white folks."

"Whose color?" inquired Uncle Remus, with angry emphasis. "Ef dat ar John Henry ain't paint hisself, he's a rank merlatter es de sun ever shined on. He ain't none er my color. I'm a full-blood nigger, myse'f, en I come frum Ferginny."

"Dat what make me say what I does," said Chloe, in a tone at once friendly and confidential. "Bein' ez you is a full-blood nigger, you oughter come an' go 'long wid us. You oughter come an' go home ter Af'ica wid us. Brer John Henry say dat de full-blood colored folks is got mo' pint-blank rights in Africa dan all de yuther folks put together. Brer John Henry cert'n'y say dem ve'y words."

Uncle Remus leaned against the wall and groaned. Chloe, ignoring the old man's apparent contempt for the scheme, continued after a little pause:

"Bizer John Henry say we all des as well go now as ter go later. He say dat Af'ica b'longs ter de colored folks by good rights, en he say dey oughter go en take occupiance er de lan' 'fo it git tooken up by white folks. He say that all dis country whar we at now b'longs ter de Injuns, an' dey er gwine ter come back here an' take it. Dey done broke loose out yander now, an' Brer John Henry say dat what dey fightin' fer, on account er de white folks takin' der lan' frum um, an' when dey come de colored folks what stay here is got ter fight 'em. Brer John Henry is sholy say dat, kaze I hear 'im wid my own years."

The only comment that Uncle Remus made was a heartrending groan.

"You may well ter groan," Chloe went on. "You may well ter groan of you ain't gwine home wid us, kaze we er all er gwine. De colored folks is done commence ter move. Dey er comin' here fum Texas an' fum all out dar."

"Comin' whar?" asked Uncle Remus.

"Comin' here ter dis ve'y town."

"Is dis Affiky?"

"No, 'tain't, but it's on de road, an' de colored folks is a-movin."

"How long is dey gwine ter stay 'roun' yer?" Uncle Remus inquired, straightening up.

"Tell de ship come," said Chloe.

"Ah-yi!" exclaimed Uncle Remus. "Twel de ship come. Dat des zactly what I 'lowed. Dey er gwine ter stay twel de ship come, en bewixt this time en dat, what dey gwine do? Who gwine ter feed um?"

"Dey gwine ter feed dey se'f," said Chloe, indignantly. "Who feed 'em whar dey come fum? Day had ter work dar—ist 'em work here."

"I ain't so mighty sho en certain 'bout der workin'," said Uncle Remus placidly. "I kin noticin' dis, dat whar you fin' niggers so keen fer ter trapse about fum post to pillar dey ain't apt ter hurt deyse'f wid work. Some un um bin runnin' fum work ever sence de farmin' days wuz over. An' dey er makin' a great to-do 'bout gwine off ter Affiky kase somebody done gone en tole um dat all dey got ter do after dey git dar is ter set in de sun en watch de truck grow. All dey got ter do is set dar en let der ha'r grow bushy. Ain't de man what wuz 'vidin' out de money wid dat ar John Henry pre'acher a white man?"

"What of—he is?" responded Chloe, snappishly; "what dat got ter do wid it?"

"Dar 'tis!" exclaimed Uncle Remus triumphantly. "You dunner whar he come fum. You dunner how long he gwine stay. You dunner whar he gwine. Yit de niggers is givin' 'im der money, en makin' ready ter go ter Affiky. Dey er des er swarmin' ter Atlanta en makin' ready ter cross de Atlanta Ocean, when 'twont mo' dan kyar um across town en back. En yit, here you is talkin' ter me 'bout bein' er white folks nigger."

"I don't keer! I don't keer!" exclaimed Chloe. "I know what Brer John Henry say."

"Ef dat ar white man wuz ter come honevin' roun' me," continued Uncle Remus, "I'd do 'im like de Coon did de Polecat."

"Go off fum here!" said Chloe. "What de Coon do?"

"One mighty col' day, Mr. Coon wuz layin' up in his house, which he call it de Holler Tree Tavern. He wuz all quiled up in dar warm en snug, when he year somebody knockin' at de do'. Hit 'us Mr. Polecat. Mr. Coon say, 'Who dar?' Mr. Polecat say, 'His's me.' Den Mr. Coon say, 'What you want?' Mr. Polecat say, 'Open de do', I wanter come in en warm.' Mr. Coon say, 'What you name?' Mr. Polecat say, 'I'm name Coony Coon, frum Coon Holler. I'm de bes' frien' yo' gran'pa is ever had.' Mr. Coon crack de do' en peep at 'im, en den he say, 'Uh-uh! you don't look like coon, you don't walk like coon, you don't talk like coon, en I know mighty well you don't smell like coon. You can't come in here!'"

"I say it!" exclaimed Chloe, restored to good humor.

"Miss Sally," said Uncle Remus, turning to the lady of the house who came in just then, "I'm gwine 'roun' en tighten up de chicken house en de sto' room twel dish yer Affikin move is done blowed over. Chlory dar——"

"Miss Sally!" exclaimed Chloe, "I'll batter quit here ef you don't make dat ole nigger man go on 'bout his business. He been in here yoonin' de whole blessed mornin'."

But before the lady could say anything Uncle Remus was rapidly walking across the yard with a rake on his shoulder.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

Bismarck's Latest Story.

Bismarck's continued conversations with German journalists still keep the gossip columns of German dailies full of anecdotes of great men the ex-Chancellor has known. His last story concerns Nicholas I. of Russia. The Czar suffered from a disease that his physicians told him could be relieved only by a rubbing of the spine. Nicholas was anxious enough to try the prescription, for he was in great pain, but in all his court he had no one whom he would trust to give him the treatment. So eventually he sent a courier all the way to Berlin with a written request that Frederick William II. should send him five non-commissioned officers of the Guards to rub his back. The officers were sent, rubbed the Czar's back for a few weeks, and were then dismissed to Berlin with presents of $1,500 each.

In speaking of the matter to the Prussian King subsequently the Czar said: "I trust my Russians as long as I can look them in the eye, but to let them go to work at my own back—that is more than I care to risk."

As regards the present Czar, Bismarck thinks: "He is a man of peace and wishes no war, yet I doubt that he can avoid it. Most of the Russian army are in very bad quarters, and from time to time require a war for a change. A factor in precipitation of the last Russo-Turkish war was the growing discontent of the Russian army."

Bainbridge's Athletic Doctor.

From the Utica Herald.

Bainbridge has a resident athlete scarcely inferior in physical power to the celebrated Dr. Winship of Boston. He can lift from the floor with hands and arms from the shoulder 1,600 pounds; he extends his arm at full length, horizontally, bearing in the hand extended 88 pounds; he can, from a standing position, hurl a weight of 56 pounds 24½ feet, and has done these things repeatedly. This person is the well-known physician and surgeon, Dr. Robert De Lancey Evans. Dr. Evans is also Chief of the Fire Department of this village, having just been re-elected to that position.

Undisputed Merit.

THE great success of the Royal Baking Powder is due to the extreme care exercised by its manufacturers to make it entirely pure, uniform in quality, and of the highest leavening power.

All the scientific knowledge, care and skill attained by a twenty-five years' practical experience by its present manufacturers are contributed toward this end, and no pharmaceutical preparation can be dispensed with a greater accuracy, precision and exactness.

Every article used is absolutely pure. A number of chemists are employed to test the strength of each ingredient, so that its exact power and effect in combination with its co-ingredients is definitely known. Nothing is trusted to chance, and no person is employed in the preparation of the materials used, or the manufacture of the powder, who is not an expert in his particular branch of the business.

As a consequence, the Royal Baking Powder is of the highest grade of excellence, always pure, wholesome, and uniform in quality. Each box is exactly like every other, and will retain its power and produce the same and the highest leavening effect in any climate, at any time.

The Government Chemists, after having analyzed all the principal brands in the market, in their reports placed the Royal Baking Powder at the head of the list for strength, purity and wholesomeness, and thousands of tests all over the country have further demonstrated the fact that its qualities are, in every respect, unrivaled.

HE, SHE, AND THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

The Different Manners of the Sexes as the Camera Sees Them.

A young man in a rough business suit, who had evidently run in to get a likeness of himself for the sake of gratifying a craving of the girl that was fond of him, had bustled into the photographic studio just in advance of a lady of considerable beauty, who was heavily enveloped in furs and wrapped in veils.

"I'm in a great rush," exclaimed the young man to the artist, whipping out his watch. "Can I sit at once?"

"At once," responded the artist, bustling about in an encouraging way.

With one or two quick movements the young man had laid aside his gloves, hat, and coat, after which he hurried into an inner room, whither the artist had led him. In a moment he was propped in front of the iron head rest, the artist gave the lapels of his coat a twist and a pull, brushed a vagrant lock of hair back from his forehead, told him where to fix his eyes, and then worked his instantaneous machine. That was all there was to it, and, with a rush, the young man jumped into his coat and was off about his business.

The lady, in the mean time, had divested herself of her furs and veils, and was surveying herself in the pier glass of the outer room. She had powdered her nose six times and combed her bangs almost continually since her entrance. Her costume was startlingly rich in quality and rare in coloring, and her arms and neck were unclothed. When she was bidden by the artist to enter the room where she was to pose she began to explain just how she wished to be taken.

"You will readily notice," said she, "that the right side of my face is rounder than the left, so you will turn the right side toward the camera. I will sit in what I consider a graceful position, and then you may place my chin at the proper angle of elevation. Have the full right arm show, and be very careful to bring out this bead ornamentation on my waist. My husband wants a full face, but I prefer the three-quarters, so I guess you may make a proof of both positions. Have my hands show also. I will hold a book if you have one. Be very careful when you arrange the head rest not to muss my hair, for I had it done by a hair dresser on purpose for this picture. And do try to have me look easy and natural. I'm so afraid this thing behind me is going to make me ramroddy and awkward. I want the proofs sent to my husband's office, also the bill. One moment, please. I'm not comfortable. That position will certainly make me look ugly. There, this is much better now, isn't it? But I don't want my neck twisted in that way. It won't look smooth a bit. Do get me a hassock for my feet. Oh, please don't disarrange that trimming. I want that to hang straight, and not every which way. Oh, dear, hurry. I'm getting so nervous, and my neck seems breaking in two. No! I'm going to lower my eyes, not raise them. The lashes show better when I look down. There; this expression will do. I wish you would just——what! Oh, you didn't! Well, now, I didn't know you were going to take me just then. I wasn't ready. I really——"

And so she rattles on, taking up still more time when the artist poses her again, and finally almost weeping when she is told that she must keep quiet and allow herself to be photographed according to artistic methods. After the sitting is finished and innumerable questions concerning proofs and other matters are asked, the lady gradually gets into her furs, and, when she has gone, the fatigued artist finds, by consulting his watch, that she has been in the studio just one hour, or fifty-six minutes longer than the young man that preceded her.

CULTIVATING BETTER GRASS.

Small Beginnings for Improving the Lawns of the City Parks.

Sixteen little rectangular sods, each with a labelled stick at one end, like very wide grains with very narrow headstones, occupy a bed in the nursery grounds north of the Central Park green houses. From this small beginning Superintending Gardener Woolson expects to transform all the public lawns of this town as suggested in an article in THE SUN recently. He looks forward to the opening of spring with feelings of mingled sorrow and joy, sorrow at the prospect of seeing the lawns of Central Park take on fresh ugliness, joy at the prospect of beginning the grass garden that is to transform this ugliness into uniform beauty. The grass garden is to be laid out in March or April. A strip 200 feet long just west of the Circle near the northern end of the Park is to be divided into squares for a great many varieties of grass. Ultimately the whole length of the garden is to be a grass walk—a wide strip of pos annual, a kind of grass that flourishes only when trodden on.

Besides the sixteen varieties of grass contained in the sods taken