MEN GOING TO ——

SATURDAY NIGHT DINNER AT THE RESTAURANT OF FAILURES.

Bohemia with Soiled Linen and Unpaid Debts—Lights that Failed in Literature, Art, and Music who Meet and Tell One Another Their Views About Success.

From the outside one would never notice the building particularly. It stands on one of the side streets that branch from lower Sixth avenue to make wonderful angles over in Greenwich village. A sign conspicuously displayed at the front is ornamented with an Italian name and this legend: "Table d'Hôte, with Wine," which means too often that hotel refuse and tincture of logwood are served within at prices which preclude the possibility of anything better. Entrance is gained through a swinging door into a low-ceilinged room stretching the length of the house and further, for an extension has been built on to accommodate the extra tables necessary to the trade. Here on a Saturday night at dinner time there is revelry which the passer by hears from the sidewalk; loud laughter, and the periods of after-dinner oratory and bursts of discordant song. Perhaps he thinks as he goes on that it is very Bohemian; and so it is, if soiled linen and unpaid debts give their possessor his birthright in Bohemia. For such Bohemians this is a centre point. It is the Restaurant of Failures.

Every Saturday night they gather here, these failures, and tell each other their views on success in life. In his own splendid anticipations each is on the verge of achieving this success. Most of them have at some time in their life lines had a taste of it; a taste that should have inspired, but has only delauched. Eminence in music, art, literature, drama, this is the goal they hope to reach by a journey for which they are always preparing, and upon which they will start to-morrow. In the past they have set their names on men's tongues, and they will do it again; only give them time. And while they are boasting of their yesterdays and dreaming of their to-morrows the world has gone on and left them in a hopeless obscurity. So, drawn together by the community of hopes that are hardly ambitious, and by the necessity of fellowship in their shiftlessness, they form a sort of organization, and in the intoxication of telling what they have been forget the misery of what they are.

An artist who strayed into the place once, and has been going back to it periodically ever since, because, as he says, he has "a mild mania for junk and wreckage," took a friend to the Restaurant of Failures one Saturday night not long ago, and pointed out to him some of the characteristic types. It was hardly necessary to point them out, for they made themselves known frankly. A somewhat extended scrutiny greeted the newcomers as they entered the place.

"That is a financial sizing up," remarked the artist. "It is intended to make out whether we have money, and if so what manner of men we are, in order that they may the better contrive methods to borrow it from us."

As he spoke he motioned to a small table whence a good view was afforded of a long table formed by the juxtaposition of a number of the smaller ones, around which sat a dozen of the regulars. All were eating and all were talking, each of him or her self, that being the universally individual topic of conversation.

"There they are," said the artist. "They're the ones who gave the name to the place, the Restaurant of Failures, but not one of them would recognize it as having any connection with him or her self."

A Babel of voices interrupted him. Above them all rose the tones of a tall, thin-faced man, dressed in seedy sombreness, who rose in his place shaking his fists savagely as he proclaimed in a reedy voice:

"They don't know literature when they see it. There isn't an editor among 'em that can get his mind on anything beyond the business office. Poetry, real poetry, is a drug on the market. Look at the stuff they print, eh?"

"Rotten," ejaculated a red-faced, puffy fellow to whom the inquiry seemed to be directed. "Rotten. I've tried it myself. Why, that 'Lament of the Downtrodden' of mine was——"

"To-day I took my last poem all along the row," interrupted the first speaker, "and I positively couldn't place it. Think of that! He! Why, ten years ago when I wrote 'Streamlets of City Song' they were all after me. You remember that famous bit that headed the volume, Arthur:

"Night in the city, a shadow that falls
Black as the pit from its thousands of walls,
Covering silently all——"

"Hold on; no speeches yet. We'll call on you after dinner, old man."

The interruption came from a tall young fellow in a soiled velveteen jacket, down beyond the collar of which his black hair fell untidily. With a scowl the poet subsided, and the other having secured the attention of the table, availed himself of it.

"Boys, recognition is coming to me at last," he declared proudly. "I've got a big order. The real thing this time. No more pot boilers for me. I've always said I'd show these high-art fellows that a man who can paint what he sees will win in the end. And now I'm going to do it."

"Who's the sucker?" gloomingly demanded a sleepy-looking man who sat sprawling back in his chair.

"P. G. S," replied the other mysteriously.

"You know him,"

"C. O. D," inquired the poet with a sneer, "that 'd be more your size, I judge."

"Not so bad; not so bad," commented a fat little fellow in a waistcoat that had once been gorgeous. "I'll put that down," and he did so, with great care in a small notebook.

"That's Perley, who writes things that he calls jokes," explained the cicerone in a swift aside. "He sends 'em to all the comic papers, and finally, if he's lucky, he gets 'em printed in one of the locality weeklies that are made up of two editorials and the rejected matter from other papers. The tall man is Garvin, whose friends printed a book of poems for him by subscription, and so started him on the downward path. You probably don't know the 'Lament of the Downtrodden.' I wouldn't myself if I hadn't heard the red-laced chap howl it about it every time I've been here. It made the name of Chellich known for a week, and he's never done anything since. As for the greasy one, he calls himself D'Endrel. He makes the worst pictures of any man in New York. The sleepy looking duck who prodded up D'Endrel was a bright chap once and a clever cartoonist. Might be yet but for absinthe. Just as much at home here as the rest, but he despises 'em, because he alone of the whole gang knows what he is and what they are. They call him Smithson, but he's like the White Knight's poem: it isn't his name, it's only what he's called."

Meantime the artist had become a centre of interest to the crowd. The fact that there was a prospect of his having money was sufficient to set him upon a pedestal. A dozen questions assailed him.

"Oh, a hundred now and the rest when it's finished," he remarked with a nonchalant air.

"That's one of his elegant bluffs," commented a particularly shabby man of whom the paint smears on his cuff predicated that he was also an artist, which, perhaps, explained his tone, on the ground of professional jealousy. He said it to puff the young fellow sitting next him, with no particular pains to render his words inaudible to the rest.

"I know what that job is," he continued. "It's a nude for Pete Shaughnessy's saloon. Pete got Stendley to do one for him, and when Stendley struck him for the price, he told him to take it out in trade. Sten's been doing a continuous jag performance ever since on the worst whiskey that Pete puts up. Not much chance of Raphael, Jr., getting a raise out of him."

"It's worth trying, any way," declared the puffy youth in a low tone, and he went around to the artist and said something in his ear.

"Awfully sorry, old chap," returned that worthy, "but I've used it all settling up a few little outstandings. Besides, I never lend, you know."

"Infernal hog," muttered the other, as he went back to his place. "Got no sympathy for a friend in hard luck."

"Did any of you see my article in the *Lamplight* this week?"

A particularly shrill voice put this question, and the owner of the voice, a sharp-faced, keen-eyed woman with a worn and yet vicious expression, looked eagerly around the table. Then, without waiting for a reply, she went on:

"They've held it now for nearly two months, and wouldn't give me a cent on it till it was published. I'd like you all to read it. It's in my best vein, I think, much like the story I had in *Scribner's* in '87, when Mr. Scribner himself wrote to me and said——

"Yes, I remember that," said the tall poet. "I had a quatrain in that number myself. Those were the days when they appreciated great work."

"How'd you ever work 'em?" murmured the sleepy-looking man.

"Look here, Smithson," retorted the other hotly, "you've got no right to talk. What did you ever do, I'd like to know? There are men in this city, big men, who've been glad to know me. I'm somebody yet, and I'll show them so. I've got an idea that——

"Keep it bottled," said the slumbrous one, sprawling further down in his chair than ever. "I had ideas once. When I got drunk to get new ones. That series of cartoons that swung the State in '80 were done on drinks. All whiskey, every one of 'em. Time came when I couldn't get an idea, no matter how deep down in the bottle I went. But I'll have 'em yet. I'll do something to show you what I am. This old brain isn't worked out by a long shot. I'll sweat off next week and get to work."

"That's the intermediate condition of drink with him," remarked the cicerone sotto voce. "He's puffed up with it now, but he'll see things true after a few more of absinthe. You'll see. However, it's all true about what he has done."

The cartoonist had straightened up in his chair as he spoke, but presently lopped down again, closing his eyes.

"Much good he'll ever do or ever did," remarked the long-haired artist contemptuously. "Slate and a pencil is his size. Now, it takes a man with an eye for color to carry out the notions I'm working on. Here, lend me a sheet of paper and I'll outline it. Here's the centre figure, a brunette——"

"Es war in Leben hässlich eingerichtet
Das bei den Rosen, gleich die Dornen stehn."

Every other sound sank away into insignificance as a powerful voice, with a lamentable crack in its tones, boomed out the "Trumpeter's Song."

"There's old Heiser broken loose again," exclaimed a pale boy, who had been devouring all food voraciously. "He's got the voice, though, hasn't he, Crandall?"

"Such as it is," replied the particularly shabby artist, to whom the remark was addressed; "and there's too much of it, such as it is."

"Not so bad, not so bad," began the fat Perley, producing his notebook, but noticing that nobody laughed, he changed his mind and put it back again.

The voice had dropped the verse midway, but now its portly owner rose to his feet majestically.

"Help!" murmured Garvin, the tall poet, appealingly. "If somebody don't shut him off we're lost."

"Say, Heiser, old man," cried the shabby artist, "Give us a speech, 'Decadence of the latter-day opera,' or something of that sort."

"How?" rumbled the big voice. "Speech? How shall I der speech make? It is not for me. My business is to sing."

"Don't mingle your business with our pleasure, then," snapped Smithson, awake again.

"How, den, you little fool-head, toad-hopper?" cried the big German, "you shall talk to me so? me who haf been der idol off t'ousands? Ich bin Heiser vot——"

"Oh, that's all right, Heiser," interrupted Garvin. "We all know you ought to be on the stage at the Metropolitan now, if you had your rights."

At the touch to his vanity the singer struck an attitude and stood for a moment, swelling, while the cicerone hastily whispered:

"Fifteen years ago there wasn't his superior in the world. Nothing was too good for him. He's spent more money in a single year than that whole crowd will ever make in a lifetime. Went through every cent as fast as he could get it, and now he's glad to get an engagement singing German sentimentals at——There he goes again."

"Vot yes dies opera now?" cried the singer oratorically. "A lod of toot-whistle singbirds. Dey do not know vot it iss to sing. Dey go aproad und come back und der fool-in-der-head public cries dem out for gread ardiists. Bud to be an ardiist, dot iss to feel, to feel in der heart all you sing. I show you vot I mean. Take der Efening Sdar song. Some sing——

"The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed—his—shed,
Now hangs as mute on T—hara's walls
S-i-l——"

"Who the devil's got my seat? Move 'long, goo' people."

The interruption, in a singularly sweet, if wavering voice, had come just in time to cut the German off. With a wrathful look he sunk into his chair while the newcomer, a slight man, still young, with clear-cut features from which all the dissipation that had sagged and wrinkled the skin could not blot the purity and refinement, left the group of alarm to behind him and staggered to the table.

"Pierrepont, and hopeless as usual," said Chellich, but he got a chair for the newcomer and placed him next himself. Every one at the table had a word for the man, a half kind, half regretful word, for all felt in him what they were blind to in themselves.

"Don't let me interrupt," said he unsteadily. "I'm—I'm—I've been drinking a little. In fact I've made a beast of myself. You all know me; I plodge."

"Don't bother, old man," said the surly Smithson, putting his hand kindly on the other's shoulder; "you'll be all right in the morning."

"Yes; I know. I know. I say, old man, did you see her? Has she been here to-night? Have any of you seen her?"

A glance of pity passed like speech from man to man around the table. The sharp-faced woman coughed, a quick, little cough. The German swore under his breath. Smithson slipped his hand across the other's shoulder with a half caressing gesture.

"No, she hasn't been here to-night," said he gently. "I don't believe she's coming round. Have a drink with me. Here, waiter, bring two absinthes."

"Too bad," signalled Garvin to the table in general as the newcomer dropped his head, and the table signalled back assent with semi-circular nods.

"I'll tell you the story in full some time," whispered the cicerone. "No time now. That's a real tragedy loiling there. The rest are all farce tragedies. It didn't matter so much with them, any way, but he was worth some hing better. I *knew* he was, from the old Judge was right in most cases. She was a beauty, the real thing, and Pierrepont's model. There was genius latent in him, and the flame flashed up when he met her. Two pictures painted from her made him almost famous. The third would have assured his fame. I saw it when it was half done; no one ever saw it further. He sold the two pictures, and she sold him. Ran away with another chap; a good-for-nothing fellow. Pierrepont would have married her; wanted to marry her. He's never seen or heard of her since. When he gets very far gone he comes here looking for her, because they used to come here together. They all know his story, and when he comes like that they get him drunk as quick as possible, because that's the only way. Look at that forehead, and the eyes, and mouth. Have you ever seen a finer face? He was all that it promised once. There's an epitaph across it now."

Meantime the drinks had come, and Pierrepont, swallowing his at a gulp, called for another, and after that another. Instead of befuddling him they brightened him up.

"I know I am a fool to come here looking for her," he said apologetically, "for she's never here any more, but—Oh, well, what does it all matter? supposing she should come. Look at me! What could such a wreck find to say to her? Do you know, I envy you fellows." He laughed rather mirthlessly. "You've got something to live for. Isn't it true? At least, you think you have something to live for, and so, of course, you have. It's the thought, the thought." He stopped uncertainly and looked about him.

"I pinned Smithson, stung by the unintentional slur, as the other speech," he cried. "Yes, you pity us," he cried, "and you have the right. You're dead and damned, and you know it, and won't know it. Because we flatter ourselves with possibilities, and drug ourselves with poisoned hopes to the belief that we are still alive and part of the world, you pity us and laugh. I tell you, this place is a morgue, and we're the corpses that fill it."

A blank silence followed as he pushed back his chair, threw the money for his dinner on the cashier's desk, and strode out through the door. Then Pierrepont began to apologize.

"Oh, don't mind him," said Chellich. "What the devil has got into the fellow, any way? Ah, here comes Brenton. How are you, old man?"

All the crowd greeted the newcomer effusively, and he responded to their welcome in a half condescending manner.

"How are you, Chellich? Ah, Garvin, you here? Well, Miss Caroline, how goes the world? Perley, haven't seen many of your jokes lately. Art booming, D'Endrel? Hello, Crandall, what's the matter with Pierrepont here? On the search again?"

"Yes, as usual," said Chellich; "he's asleep now, I guess. You know how he goes; collapses all of a sudden."

Brenton took the seat that Smithson had vacated. He was a big, pompous man, prosperous looking, but a clear skin and a face whose lines were characteristic were a peculiar sear. As he sat down it was easy to see that to all the others he was a man of consequence.

"Exit tragedy, enter comedy," remarked the cicerone in a low voice. "Brenton holds a place of some influence with a certain number of pfs, who, to use his own phrase, he never gives, you may be sure, to these people. But that doesn't keep them from always hoping. In their minds he is the embodiment of success in life because he has a position that brings him a good living; yet he is, next to poor Pierrepont, the most lamentable failure of the set. Yes he was capable of doing good work, but he has hopelessly lost every ideal he ever had. Beyond his little routine of daily work he has no mental life, socially he is an outcast from such people as should be his friends by his right of birth, education, and position, see that scar? That is from a fight in the house of the Lotorfles Mme. C——. He is worse scarred morally than physically. In his soul he knows he's a failure, and that is why he comes here. Like drawn like. Besides, here he is king. Better a ruler in hell, etc. Listen! Now I feel like a showman exhibiting his prize wild animals. Let's get out before he begins calling for sketches of making 'em himself. That's his regular game.

"Then Chellich will begin to Lament for his lost ideals, and Garvin will stream with 'My song.' D'Endrel will tell how they pinched pictures that woman will 'read from her own writing,' she always has a second-rate magazine up her sleeve. Heiser will sing, and, in short, they will all go through their outfits. It's very rarely Smithson or Walling do. As the cicerone finished his friend, was making his way out. Brenton had risen to his feet, and was introducing himself to read what he described as "really a very clever little sait of Kipling's, which I found copied in a weekly; so good I really think I'll see to its being republished."

Before he had read three lines the cicerone had whispered:

"'The Song of the Bandar-log,' the monkey's song from 'Kaa's Hunting.' Quite appropriate to the occasion." He held the door open and stood listening. The suave, smooth voice read on evenly:

Here we sit in a branchy row,
Thinking of wonderful things we know,
Dreaming of deeds we mean to do,
All complete in a minute or two,
Something noble and grand and good,
Won by merely wishing we could.
Now we're going to—never mind!
Brother, the tail hangs down behind."

The cicerone let the door slam.

"And they don't see it," he said.

THE HORSESHOERS' BILL.

A Scheme to Advance the Interests of Veterinary Surgeons in Cities.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: A bill has just been worried through the Legislature of this State, ostensibly to regulate the practice of horseshoeing in cities having a population of 50,000 inhabitants or more. The bill is now under consideration by the Governor. A similar bill was offered last year, and passed both Houses, but the acuteness of the Governor saved the State the disgrace. There are so many who seem to think that the American people are trying to establish a cunning system of centralized legislation instead of juster modes of liberty. The bill, urged under the same auspices, was presented last year, and provided a board of examiners consisting of one master horseshoer and two veterinarians, but it is so apparent that it was a scheme of a few veterinarians to control that the present bill has been modified so as to have one veterinarian, two master horseshoers, and two journeymen shoers. This change is, evidently, a sop to pacify the majority of horseshoers, because last year a large number of the horseshoers of this city sent a petition to the Governor requesting him not to sign the bill.

The third section gives evidence of the "nigger in the fence;" it reads as follows:

SECTION 3. "Any person who has been practising as a master or journeyman horseshoer in any such city of this State for the period of not less than four years preceding the passage of this act may register within six months after the passage of this act upon making and filing with the Clerk of the county in which he resides an affidavit stating that he has been practising horseshoeing for the period hereinbefore prescribed, and, upon complying with this section, shall be exempt from the provisions of this act governing an examination." And he must pay $2. Any person who has been practising as a master horseshoer in any place outside of such cities for a period of four years, upon presenting satisfactory proof thereof to such examiners and filing an affidavit thereof with the County Clerk of the county in which any city to which this act applies is located, shall be entitled to register and practise as a master or journeyman horseshoer in such city, without being examined as required by this act."

Now, in a city of 50,000 or more inhabitants if a horse-owner is unable to get satisfactory work at a given shop he has only to go to the next street and choose more satisfactory service. No legislation in the world can equal competition in assuring good work. There is in this bill the apparent spirit of a hidden design in compelling the horse-owners in cities and towns of less number of inhabitants than 50,000 either to submit to a poor workman in his own vicinity or lose several hours and suffer the inconvenience of travelling to another town to have shoeing more properly done. If the censorship which is in the bill is important in large cities, and is really intended to improve horseshoeing, it must be more important in smaller towns, where there is less competition for the people's protection.

The silly part of the whole business, and it is the chief reason for saying this. The bill requires a master shoer or a journeyman to have practised four years prior to the passage of this act in order not to require examination. It is proverbially true that many men can learn more in four months about correct horseshoeing than many others can learn in four years. To oblige the brighter man to wait four years is decidedly un-American. So that since excellence of workmanship should be the true consideratum it can very properly be left to the master shoer to select his journeyman. A thorough master shoer can test the abilities of an applicant in two hours, and be more certain of the workman's abilities than by a certificate which has cost the poor man $2 and which only provides that he shall have worked four years at the business in certain lines of territory.

An explanation of the whole business lies in the fact that the logic of events is fast making it evident that the later method of horseshoeing is fast proving that most of the lamenesses of horses can be more surely corrected by the new mode of shoeing, which has been discovered by the cooperation of intelligent horseshoers and interested and intelligent laymen, and that to perpetuate the old and barbarous methods of firing and blistering by giving vets. a control over the employment of men would be a great injustice. It is well known that the bill originated with a few members of the veterinary school, and the original bill was drafted by one of their number. What is very significant in this connection is the fact that there are in every large city more veterinary surgeons than can make a living, and that the college of farriery, horseshoeing for the purpose of greater improvement in shoeing is in sight, and if the horseshoers are left to themselves to work out the better system a great good is in prospect, but to legislate a control by men who do not understand horseshoeing would be a wrong ever to be regretted.

To call in a veterinary surgeon to examine as to the capacity of an applicant for a job in a horseshoeing shop would be as farcical as to call in a divine when about giving a diploma to a vet. The divine would know fully as much about veterinary practice as a vet. knows about horseshoeing. Let the shoemaker stick to his last.

GEORGE T. CHAPMAN.

THE THEATRE AND CONCERT FUND.

Distribution of the $37,000 Among this City's Benevolent Organizations.

Every theatre in town, to be opened lawfully—and no theatre can continue to be open unlawfully without the connivance of the Police Department—must pay a tax of $500 a year, which ostensibly goes into the city treasury, but actually forms a part of what is called the "theatrical and concert license fund," no portion of which is received by the city. Every place of amusement at which concerts are given must pay for a license, too, regulated according to the time covered; and the proceeds of these licenses from theatres and concerts amount this year to $37,708.75.

Under a law passed by the last Legislature, the supervision of charitable institutions devolves on the State Board of Charities, and those charitable institutions which do not conform to its regulations or submit to the examination of its officers, are precluded from receiving public aid. The money collected from the theatre and concert licenses passes through the Mayor's office, the Mayor granting such licenses, and afterward is turned over to the Comptroller to be paid out by him under requisition of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. In the division of the money raised from licenses the larger part is paid now to the Actors' Fund for the relief of destitute members of the theatrical profession, so that to some extent the annual tax imposed upon theatrical managers comes back to them indirectly. The Actors' Fund receives from this source this year $11,018. The balance of the money is divided among benevolent institutions. First come the hospitals and this is the division of the fund among them: Manhattan Hospital, $500; German, $1000; St. Mark's, $700; New York polyclinic, $250; Flower, $100; New Amsterdam Eye and Ear, $200; Beth-Israel, $100; St. Joseph's, $250; St. Mary's, $200; Italian, $350; Lebanon, $100; Montefiore Home, $700; St. Francis, $500; Manhattan Eye and Ear, $300; Maternitas, $100.

Four benevolent societies of the foreign colony of New York participate in the division: Italian Benevolent Society, $200; the French Benevolent Society, $200; the Swiss Benevolent Society, $200, and the German Benevolent Society, $200. Besides, $1000 is appropriated to the relief fund of the Grand Army of the Republic, $150 to the relief fund of the German Press Club, and $600 to the Press Club.

The dispensaries receive shares of the public fund as follows: Harlem Dispensary, $250; East side, $100; West side German, $125; New York Eye and Ear Infirmary, $150; New York, $425; Demilt, $425; Northern, $425; Eastern, $425; Northeastern, $425; Tompkins square Homeopathic, $225; Northwestern, $425; New York Orthopedic, $225, and Maxim, $125.

The balance of the $37,000 fund is distributed among thirty other charitable institutions, $150 a year being given to the free ice-water fountains of the Moderation Society, $100 to the Women's Prison Association, $100 to the Crescent Diet Kitchen, $100 to the Helping Hand Association, $100 to the Wilson Industrial School, $100 to the International Medical Missionary Society, and $100 to the New York Female Assistance Society. Some $2,350 was given to the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, $2,000 to the Visiting Nurse Society, and $1,000 to the United Hebrew Charities.

Capt. Haughey's Brother Locked Up.

James P. Haughey of 209 West Thirty-sixth street, a brother of Police Captain Haughey, was arraigned in court yesterday morning on a charge of intoxication. He gave as an excuse that he had been out of work several months, and had felt so elated over obtaining a job that he got drunk on Friday night. Magistrate Crane discharged him. He lounged about the prison entrance on West Tenth street and abused Policeman Kipp of the West Thirty-seventh street station as the policeman entered the building with a prisoner. Kipp arrested him, and Magistrate Crane fined him $5. As Haughey had no money he was locked up.

GEOGRAPHY.

NEW PACIFIC TRADE ROUTES.

The Commercial Highway of the Future May Take in the Aleutian Islands—The Gnomonic Projection in Map-making.

In the course of a recent address before the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers, Capt. Henry C. Taylor of our navy spoke of the future of American commerce on the Pacific, and pointed out the convenience and value of a high latitude route to Asia.

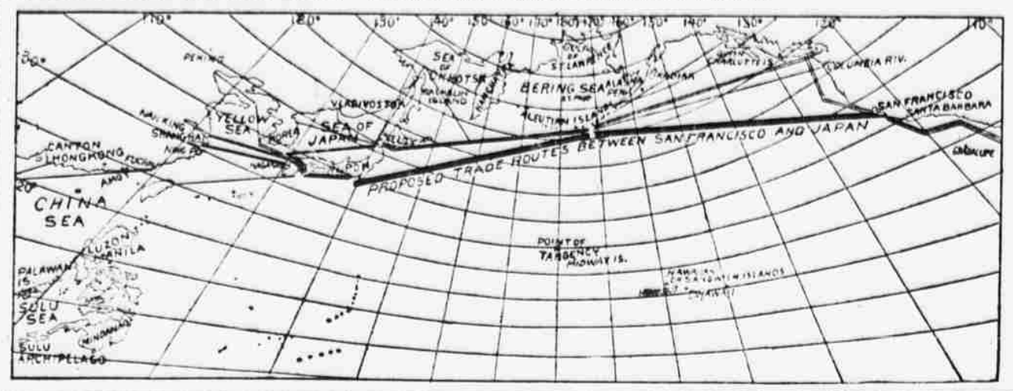
In explanation of his views he exhibited a chart which conveyed to the eye the facts relating to sea routes as depicted by the modern method of map drawing called the gnomonic projection. This, as defined by Commander Sigsbee, the chief of the Hydrographic Office, is "a projection upon a plane tangent to the surface of the sphere, the eye being at the centre of the sphere." The results produced are palpably different from those familiar in earlier map drawing, and they are particularly important in illustrating Capt. Taylor's chief point, namely, the situation of our Aleutian chain of islands in its relation to trans-Pacific commerce. Capt. Taylor's chart is one of much detail, and contains also the rules for the measurement of distances by differences of latitude, as well as the various lines needful for this purpose; but the simple outline map given below will be enough to illustrate his main point.

In speaking of this chart Capt. Taylor said: "You are aware of the errors of the rectangular or Mercator's projection upon which many of our charts and maps are constructed, and have doubtless noticed the curved lines which ocean routes follow in high latitudes, representing correctly the shortest distances, but appearing upon the charts as curves of more or less deflection from straight lines. It is desirable, in studying this question of commerce in peace and of strategy in war, that we should have constantly before us a graphic statement expressing facts directly to our mind, without the imagination being compelled to conceive other representations. With this in view, the method known as the gnomonic projection was put forward a few years ago by our Hydrographic Office. It supposes the eye to be at the centre of the earth, where, being in the plane of all great circles of the sphere, it will see these circles projected as straight lines upon a plane tangent to the surface of the earth where the visual ray strikes it. Some distortion will occur as we remove from the point of tangency, and the chart shows it near the margin; but this does not alter the fact that the straight line upon the chart represents the shortest distance between any two points on the earth's surface."

This chart, as Capt. Taylor observes, will show that communication between our Pacific coast and the northern countries of Asia is "natural and easy" for freight carriers, and that the doubts entertained concerning the long voyages of the Pacific with the large coal supply required and the corresponding reduction in cargo capacity are "in fact groundless." The distance between San Francisco and Yokohama is 4,500 miles on a great circle and 4,800 on an east and west course; and even taking in Honolulu as a coaling station, the distance is 3,400 miles thence to Yokohama.

"I attribute much of the delay in fully understanding this North Pacific question to the use of the old maps and the absence of this gnomonic projection, for we cannot doubt, with the latter constantly before men's eyes and in their minds, that our commercial leaders would have long ago recognized that upon the ocean routes between San Francisco and Yokohama, Puget Sound and Hakodati, the Aleutian Islands offer a favorable break in these long lines, and that coal ports at Ounalaska and other points in that chain of islands would bring the question of the coal supply within the bounds of profitable experience, confining the voyages to distances of about 2,000 miles. We are, moreover, assured of good ports in the Aleutian Islands, and that the fishing banks discovered by the Fish Commission steamer Albatross in this vicinity will rank among the most productive in the world, forming a basis for a fish-curing industry, and providing return cargoes for the colliers that visit these islands. I have represented upon this chart the principal lines of future commerce. They indicate the probable routes to be followed as the rich countries of Northern Asia are developed."

It was further pointed out that this development, which used to be expected only for the early part of the twentieth century, has been so much hastened by the war between Japan and China that it may be said to be already at hand. And the completion of the Nicaragua Canal, instead of leaving this proposed northern route out in the cold, would, according to Capt. Taylor, really help it. "You will perceive, in the future, lines of freight steamers from New York and New Orleans passing through the canal and touching at Acapulco, Mazatlan, San Diego, San Francisco, Puget Sound, Ounalaska, Petropaulovsky, Hakodati, Yokohama, and this adding advantages of local trade between the various points of the routes to the interchange of commodities from the extremes of the line, while reaping the advantage of small coal supply and large cargo space by this division of the route into numerous small sections." The idea thus presented will be to many persons novel, and it suggests that the full value of our Alaskan possessions is not yet generally understood.



MAP OF THE NILE ROUTE.

Chief Points of Interest in Regions of the British and Italian Operations.

This sketch map indicates the places of greatest interest along the Nile route which the British expedition to the Soudan will follow, and also the most important positions within the Italian sphere of operations in Abyssinia. The broken line just south of Wady Halfa is practically the southern boundary of Egypt proper, though the line has never been very clearly defined. In ascending the river from Cairo to New Dongola, the capital of the district known as Dongola, the British column will travel about 1,200 miles, partly by steamer, partly by rail, and partly on foot, with camels forming the baggage train.

There will be 10,000 men in the expedition, including about 100 British officers. Whether or not the British intend to push on to Berber or Omdurman, their expedition is an actual invasion of the Mahdist domain. For years the Mahdi and his successor have kept a large force at Dongola, in order to repel, if possible, any invasion from Egypt. The region of which the town of New Dongola is the centre is very fertile, and if the British capture it they will thus cut off large food supplies from the dominion of the Khalifa, and will drive the dervishes out of one of their present centres of mischief.

The attitude of the dervishes toward Egypt and England has really been less menacing of late than on several occasions within the past few years. In Lord Cromer's report on Egypt for 1895 he says: "With the exception of a small raid on a village in the Wady Halfa district, and an insignificant incursion into the Tokar oasis near Suakin, on the Red Sea, the dervish forces in the immediate vicinity of the Egyptian advanced posts, although of considerable strength, have maintained a strictly defensive attitude." Wady Halfa has long been practically the most advanced post of Egypt on the Nile, it is about 300 miles from Wady Halfa to Dongola.

It remains to be seen whether the British, after taking possession of Dongola, will not move at least 300 miles further up the river and establish themselves at Abu Hamed, a very important post in the Khalifa's domain, commanding, as it does, the short cross-country desert route north to Korosko on the Nile.

The two most important results of the British expedition, so far as its purposes have been revealed, will be to divert the attention of the Khalifa from his alleged plan to west Kordofan from the Italians, who took that important centre from him several years ago, and to prevent the dervishes from raiding further in the fertile oasis of Tokar, near the Red Sea, south of Suakin. Kassala is now threatened by the dervishes, who are just a little ways from the town on the west side of the Mareb River. It will be a great boon to Italy if the Khalifa withdraws his force before Kassala and sends it north, in the hope of saving Dongola. In this event the Italians would be able to concentrate their attention upon King Menelek in the region of Adua and Adigrat. It was near Adua that the Italians suffered their recent great defeat.

The news of the British advance will, of course, make a great commotion at Omdurman, the capital of the Mahdi's dominion. Kartoum, the old capital of the Egyptian Soudan, is now nothing but a heap of ruins, but Omdurman, on the other side of the Nile, is a very large though a very poorly built town. According to Siatin Pasha, the population of Omdurman is fluctuating, and sometimes as many as 400,000 people are gathered there.

A NEW TRANS-CANADIAN LINE

Proposed to Be Built 400 Miles North of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

QUEBEC, March 28.—The latest wildcat railway scheme hereabouts is the construction of a new transcontinental railroad through the Dominion of Canada, which would be, for a good part of its course, 400 miles north of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The fact that hundreds of millions would be wasted upon the project is not likely to deter the promoters from pressing its claims upon the Government in view of the approaching elections, and the part played by the Canadian Pacific on the eve of other general elections stands a good chance of repetition.

The whole Dominion, from the Federal Government down, is dominated by railway rings. The proposed new transcontinental line is traced on the map of Canada by its promoters from Quebec, as its eastern terminus, to Lake St. John, to which it is already completed, a distance of 190 miles, thence by the valleys of the Ashnapmouchouan and Nottaway rivers to James Bay, 300 miles, from James Bay to Peace River, nearly 1,500 miles, and thence to the Pacific Ocean at the mouth of the Skeena. On the score that the Canadian Pacific Railway is dangerously near to the American boundary line, in places, and therefore is veiled for a military highway between the Atlantic and the Pacific, it is probable that a determined effort will be made through Sir Charles Tupper and his British connections for imperial aid or guarantee of bonds. Of course nobody expects to see such a road built in the present generation, but millions of money may be expended upon preliminary surveys and works, in the construction of certain promising links, and especially in corrupting the electorate for the purpose of maintaining the Government in power.

According to the present outlook, the scheme is the result of a huge combination that it will be difficult indeed for the Ministry to withstand. For some years past there has been a determined move in Manitoba and the Northwest in favor of the construction of a line of railway from Winnipeg to James Bay, on the pretence that by way of such a line and of a steamship route through Hudson Strait, lies the shortest highway for the output to Europe of the great grain crop of the Northwest. The subsidizing of this scheme has thus far been made impracticable by the vigorous opposition of other parts of the Dominion, and especially of the province of Quebec. On the other hand, proposals for Government aid to a railway from Quebec to James Bay have been thwarted by the promoters of the Winnipeg scheme and the influence of the other provinces.

The extension of the proposed railway from James's Bay, north of Lake Winnipeg, to Peace River, and thence to the Pacific, near the mouth of the Skeena, with, if necessary, a branch to Winnipeg, would give the following results in point of mileage as compared with existing lines: Quebec to Peace River, via Roberval and James's Bay, 2,500 miles, as against 2,917 miles, via C. P. R. and Edmonton; Quebec to Winnipeg, via Roberval and James's Bay, would be only 1,440 miles as compared with 1,572 miles via the C. P. R. But for generations to come such a road would not pay working expenses any more than the C. P. R. would if deprived by the United States of its bonding privileges.

There may and probably will be large amounts of public money frittered away in the near future as a result of the present movement, the only practical result of which, at least for some time to come, is likely to be the construction of that part of the proposed transcontinental route lying between Lake St. John and James's Bay. In fact this is the only link of the chain likely to give any return upon the cost of construction. It would traverse the immense belt of fertile land round about Lake Waswanipi and drained by the Nottaway and its tributaries, the country lately discovered by Henry O'Sullivan and Dr. Bell of the Dominion geological survey, which is said to be almost large as the entire fertile area of the province of Quebec. It has a favorable climate and is well timbered, having tamarack alone, says Mr. O'Sullivan, quite sufficient to supply sleepers for all the railways in Canada. Such a road would also be the outlet for the great fishery wealth of James's Bay, and the vessels engaged in it would be able to winter there and to secure at least two cargoes of fish and oil per year, one in spring and one in autumn, instead of only one in two years as now, when they have to enter the bay one season and only leave it the next on account of the difficult and dangerous short season of navigation in Hudson Strait. The route from Lake St. John to James's Bay by way of the valleys of the Ashnapermouchouan and Nottaway offers exceedingly easy grades for railway purposes, and the proposed line may be materially shortened by utilizing for over a hundred miles the navigable waters of the Nottaway. The construction of this branch line would open up to sportsmen a wonderful country for fish and game.

A NOVELTY IN IRRIGATION.

Driving a Tunnel to Drain a Mine and Water a Desert.

"An irrigation company, with a novel plan for getting water, has been formed in Salt Lake," said James H. Bacon, President of the Park of Salt Lake, while at the Holland House yesterday. "Some bright fellow who knew that the soil at the foot of the mountains in what is known as the West Mountain or Bingham mining district was as rich as the best of Utah desert lands learned also that the miners up in the mountains had to keep pumps running to prevent the lower levels from becoming flooded with water, so he said: 'Why not take water that is a nuisance in the mines and put it where it will do some good?' Capitalists were found to carry out a combined drainage and irrigation scheme. A tunnel has been started that it will take about a year's labor to complete. They propose to drain the Dalton and Park mines to the 2,000 foot level for a small royalty and to turn the water loose over 2,000 acres of land which they have acquired. The land is worthless without water, but if there is enough water in the mines, and very likely there will be, the land will become worth $100 an acre. It is certain that this tunnel scheme for getting water might be profitably applied in a hundred places on the desert where it never has been considered at all."

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