LIFE IN A LIGHTHOUSE.

INFORMATION FROM KEEPER BETHEL OF ALLIGATOR REEF.

His Station's Tower Five or Six Miles Out at Sea—A Motto from Thomas Jefferson—The Duty of Keepers to Keep the Light Burning and Stick to Their Post.

A lighthouse keeper is not to be caught every day in New York, particularly one from that long range of submerged rocks called the Florida reefs. But when Jacob Bethel, one of the keepers of the big Alligator lighthouse walked up Broadway several days ago, few people would have suspected that his business is to keep a lamp burning, and that his home is in a little iron house twenty feet above the sea, with a great iron funnel growing out of the roof and reaching up to the lantern. The light-keeper of this age is not the moss-backed old fisherman he might be imagined. If Mr. Bethel can be taken for a fair sample, the lighthouse keeper looks like a thriving business man and talks like a man of science.

Mr. Bethel's first trip North since the Huron was lost off Kitty Hawk, nearly twenty years ago, was for pleasure and instruction. He has been visiting some of the famous lighthouses of the New England coast without finding, he says, anything better than the great iron towers on the Florida reefs.

"First rate," he said, in answer to a question. "I always did like it up this way, everything but the abominable water you float your ships on. I never can get used to the dirty water of your rivers and bays. Down my way we see bottom in anything under four fathoms; but in this black water of yours you can't see through four inches.

"Can't you hear for the racket?" he laughed, looking around at the maze of trucks and cable cars. "Well, now, maybe I make a better New Yorker than you do. This noise makes me feel more at home than anything else. We get it all the time, you know, from the water breaking over the reefs."

When some questions about his peculiar business were asked, Mr. Bethel quickly showed that light-keepers read the newspapers.

"Yes, I know," he said, "if you're going to write anything you want something about our lighthouse libraries. That's the favorite subject. We get four or five papers down at Alligator, and if I've seen one article in the last year about our little libraries, I've seen twenty. No? You don't want to know anything about the libraries? You want something new? Well, you're a funny fellow, to go to a lighthouse keeper for anything new. Still, we do have a bit of news sometimes. I don't know whether you've heard up this way that we are all in danger of having our heads blown off. It's a fact. Of course you know that the Government has recently changed the character of the oil we burn—put us to using mineral oil instead of animal oils. We could store animal oil in the lighthouses safely enough, but such quantities of petroleum as we have to keep on hand put us in constant danger. In such a light as the Alligator we burn a trifle more than 2,000 gallons of mineral oil a year. Say sixty or seventy barrels. We are very much exposed to lightning, of course, and just suppose the lightning begins to meander among these seventy barrels of oil, what's going to become Alligator light and its keepers? There is an appropriation for building detached structures for storing this oil, but it will take years to supply every lighthouse with an oil house, particularly where they stand right out over the water, as ours does, five or six miles from land.

"I see the red sectors are not so common up this way as they are with us. We're a little ahead of the North in sectors, maybe because we need them more. They are the red streaks in the lantern, you know. Our light, for instance, has a radius of 20¾ miles. In some directions all is clear water, and in others there are dangerous reefs and shoals. The red glass is set in the lantern in such a way that when a mariner is sailing in dangerous water and looks up at the lantern he sees a red light. That is a delicate hint for him to change his course and get out. When he is sailing in clear water he sees nothing but a white light, and knows that all is safe. All the principal lights on the Florida reefs have recently been fitted with these red sectors, and they are a great improvement.

"Why do we have three keepers at Alligator instead of the two usually employed? Because old Alligator is a very important light, and the Government won't take any chances. Everything bound into or out of the Gulf of Mexico has to pass us. Even by putting on a substitute I had much work to get a three week's furlough. I have to be back next Tuesday at noon, and that means Tuesday at noon in the lighthouse service. I don't know about the navy, but I don't see how any Government service can be more strict than ours. Did you ever see one of these?"

He took a big letter case from an inside pocket and drew out a small card, much the worse for wear, and handed it to THE SUN man.

"That is a sort of motto in our service," he said. "Every keeper has one of these cards."

What was printed on the card, in good, clear type, was this:

DEC. 31, 1896.—The part which relates to the conduct of the keeper of Cape Henry Lighthouse is submitted to the President for his decision.

GALLATIN, Sec'y Treas'y.

Indorsement:

I think the keepers of lighthouses should be dismissed for small degrees of negligence, as the calamities which even these produce, and that the opinion of the Collector in this case is of sufficient authority for the removal of the present keeper.

TH. JEFFERSON.

"That's drawing it pretty strong, isn't it?" Mr. Bethel asked. "And that opinion is still in force. We have a good straight line to toe. Sometimes a keeper is allowed to increase his salary by doing some outside business, but it must be something that does not interfere with his regular work. Some of the keepers are tailors or shoemakers, and keep a shop in the lighthouse. That can only be when the light is on land, of course. Two or three keepers are preachers, and preach in neighboring churches. Some are Justices of the Peace, and quite a number are teachers. But, whatever they are, they must toe the line.

"Suppose a man's light goes out? He sends in an excuse, does he? Says he was out of matches, or the lamp was out of order, or any good reason he can think of? Well, he might as well save his paper and ink. If the light goes out, the man goes out, too. No excuse is accepted if a light goes out, not even if the keeper was alone and had a broken leg and couldn't crawl up the stairs. The keeper is there to keep the light burning, and he must do it or get out. Intoxication is the other capital offence. If an inspector finds a keeper intoxicated, he not only has authority to dismiss him on the spot, but he can also put him instantly out of the station. I have often wondered what would be the world work at Alligator, where we are five miles from land. They could hardly throw the man overboard.

"That reminds me of the circulars we sometimes get from headquarters urging keepers to keep their grounds in good order and offering to send seeds for the garden. We have a good site for the garden, but it needs draining. At low tide the water is not over six or eight feet deep all around us, but in a good southeast blow our ground would be too damp for most vegetables. We have never asked for any seeds.

"What do we get for this kind of a life? The legal pay of a lighthouse keeper is $800 a year, but the department divides this up according to the amount of work and responsibility. At Alligator one keeper gets $800 a year, one gets $640, and the third gets $480. Not very much, to be sure; but we are satisfied with it, for there are not many temptations to spend money out there in the Florida Straits. They supply us with some rations because we are so far from market, but we feed ourselves principally. They also supply us with fuel. That's according to regulations. Just think of the Government's supplying fuel in a country where it's summer thirteen months in the year, and where on a cool December afternoon we could poach eggs on the iron beams. We never make any requisitions for fuel, for Government fuel means coal, and I don't suppose there ever was a coal stove on the Florida reefs. Nobody there would know how to use one.

"But on the whole the Government treats us well, and in return we expects the best we are capable of. The men in the service are very different from what you would expect if you judge by the salaries. They are not fishermen and beachcombers. There are a great many students in the service—some young men who are preparing for college, but more who have gone through college and are devoting themselves to some specialty. That may seem strange at first, but it is not strange when you consider the circumstances. No place in the world is so well adapted to the needs of a student as a lighthouse, provided always that he has the books he needs. There is nothing to interrupt him, nothing to bother him. For my own part, I have learned more in my five years at the Alligator lighthouse than I ever learned in five years before.

"We have some stock stories in the department, as I suppose all departments have, and our prize story is of the Judge now sitting on the bench who got his knowledge of the practice of admiralty law while acting as a light keeper on the Florida reefs. We are all appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury, on the recommendation of the Lighthouse Board. At first the candidate receives only an acting appointment. After serving three months he is examined by an officer of the navy who is the lighthouse inspector of his district, and if he passes the examination he receives a full appointment. The only requirements are that a man shall be able to read and write and keep accounts, pull and sail a boat, and have enough mechanical ability to make the minor repairs about the premises and keep them whitewashed and in order. At the larger stations, such as the lights of the Florida reefs, young men who have seen sea service are preferred as assistants. I got my own appointment through that. No political pull, so far as I have ever seen, has any effect in getting a man into or out of the service. The department is entirely free from politics and it makes no difference whether a man votes for silver or gold so long as he attends to his business.

"Some things are required of us that must seem strange to an outsider. A light keeper must be a real fire worshipper. His lantern must stand higher in his affections than his family or his own life. Nothing excuses a keeper for deserting his post while the lighthouse stands. If I had a wife and children in the Alligator lighthouse and there came such a storm that it was morally certain that the tower would be destroyed within a few minutes I could not take my family ashore with me but leave my place. I must stand by the light in preference to everything. No personal consideration can be considered for a moment when the light is in danger. In the first lighthouse on Minot's Ledge the keeper saw that the tower was going, but he stuck to his post and was killed. That is what the department expects of us. When there is danger of the property being destroyed we must abandon our own effects and look after the Government's.

"Do you remember the Sharp's Island lighthouse off eastern Chesapeake Bay a few years ago? The building was lifted up, thrown over on its side, and carried away by the ice. As it was of wood, it floated, and the two keepers clung to it. After drifting for sixteen hours it grounded at midnight on an island, and the keepers got ashore with the lens, its pedestal, the oil, the library, and even the empty oil cans. In the same storm the keepers of a neighboring light got frightened and went ashore with their families. They argued that no vessel could need their light while the bay was full of ice, but that did them no good. They were immediately dismissed, and the keepers of the wrecked Sharp's Island light were put into their places.

"Twenty thousand dollars? No, the Alligator light's apparatus did not cost twenty thousand. No light house in this country or any other cost that much. The public's idea on that subject is somewhat exaggerated. Our structure cost $185,000, and some of the towers have cost more, but $10,000 is above the average for the actual lighting apparatus. The finest lighting apparatus we have seen in this country, the most expensive, and probably the best that has ever been made, is what we call the hyperradiant lens. It is made in Paris, and when set down in this country it cost a little over $15,000 without the lamps and other requisites. This is a fixed white light made by a constant-level lamp, burning seven wicks. The lens is twelve feet three inches high, and the pedestal increases its height to about twenty feet. It is twelve feet in diameter and weighs about 24,000 pounds. The lamp used alone has the lighting power of 1,080 candles, but the lens increases the intensity of the light to 42,120 candle power. The luminous range is over twenty-seven miles, and the annual consumption of oil is 2,250 gallons, or about the same as our Alligator light.

"Why do we import these lenses? I suppose because anything can be bought only where it is offered for sale. Whether we could make such a lens in this country I am not able to say; at any rate we don't make them. Some of our apparatus seems very intricate when you read a description of it, because a lot of scientific terms have to be used in describing it, but it is all extremely simple in operation. The simpler the apparatus the better it stands the test.

"We pretend to have the entire Atlantic coast lighted—that is, a vessel sailing along the coast is supposed to have at least one light always in sight; the last one is not sunk before the next one appears. That is very nearly the case, but not absolutely. It is a fact with the entire New England coast, where the Cape Cod region is the best lighted coast we have. That is in our second lighthouse district. The rule holds good along Long Island and down past New Jersey and Delaware. But there is a little strip of about ten miles in the Maryland coast, off Chincoteague Bay, where no light is visible. There is another dark strip of less than five miles a little further down the Maryland coast, and another of about the same size in North Carolina, between Harbor Island Bar and Cape Lookout. This is because vessels must stand so far out to clear Cape Hatteras that lights there would be useless. Between Hatteras and Cape Florida there are several dark stretches, aggregating perhaps fifty miles. With these few exceptions a mariner sailing along the coast from Quoddy Head to Key West is never without a light.

"Some of us may be going South. What, when I think of those fellows up at Moose Peak and Petit Manan and Mount Desert buried in ice all winter? Hardly."

THE DEAD MAN'S MINE.

Two Convicts Who Expect to Open Another Monte Cristo When Set Free.

SALT LAKE CITY, Nov. 12.—In cells of the Utah penitentiary two men sit and think of the opening of another Monte Cristo when their terms expire. The men are known as Matt Warner, alias Ras Lewis, alias Ras Christiansen, and William Wall. A charge of manslaughter was proved against the two convicts and they were ordered imprisoned for a term of five years. The crime was committed only a few months ago, near Vernal, a small frontier settlement in Uintah county on the border of the Uintah Indian reservation. Two men were killed and a third was seriously wounded in a fight over the location of a famous gold mine.

Nearly a half century ago, according to Utah legends, a great gold field was discovered in one of the hidden cañons of the Uintah Mountains. The claim was operated for one week, and by order of Brigham Young the owner left the mine, which he never again beheld. Early in the fifties, so goes the story, one Thomas Knowles, an old California miner, came to the city of Salt Lake. He called upon President Young, who then acted as Governor of the State of Deseret. The Mormon received Knowles in a very hospitable manner, and before the interview ended a bargain was made by which the miner was to deliver his weight in gold to the Mormon President within three weeks from that date.

On a bright June morning old man Knowles and his son, a 14-year-old boy, started from the Mormon city for the deep cañons of the snow-crowned Uintah Mountains. Man and boy, accompanied by a train of burros or little pack mules, travelled for five days to the southeast and camped at night on the banks of a small rippling mountain stream. When daylight dawned they discovered in the water flowing at their feet large nuggets of shining gold. They soon constructed some sluice boxes from the mountain pines and began the work of washing gold from the sand. In less than a week the man and the boy returned without their pack mules, which had been stolen by the Indians, but with two sacks, weighing eighty-five pounds, filled with native gold.

The golden treasure was delivered to Young according to contract, and Knowles was made to swear that he would never again enter the cañon, except with the consent of the Governor. Years passed, and Knowles died without revisiting his rich deposit of precious metal. When Brigham Young passed away, young Knowles, feeling no further restraint, decided to locate the golden cañon. Accompanied by a young man named Enoch Davis, he started for the place where he had beheld the glittering nuggets. After several weeks spent in searching, the men found the narrow mountain gorge and entered its dark shadows. They camped beside the old sluices, and began making preparations for taking out the gold. A band of Indians, seeing their territory being encroached on, fired into the camp and killed young Knowles. Davis escaped to the city.

In a few months after making the first attempt Davis tried, with the aid of a map drawn by Knowles, to locate the precious cañon. All efforts proved futile, as the Indians drove white men away from the treasure field. At last Davis removed with his family to Vernal and worked at his trade—a blacksmith, thinking that some day the Indians would be compelled to surrender their claim on the mountains, and he could then locate the gold pinnacles. Years passed away and Davis became a drunkard, and abused his wife and family. In one of his drunken brawls he murdered his wife and cast her body into a potato pit. A trial ensued, and Davis was convicted and sentenced to be shot.

While the doomed man was lying in a cell awaiting the executioner, he determined to unfold the mysteries of the Knowles mine. The old man was interviewed, and the prisoner related the history of the rich placer. Davis, too, was spared for a season, while prospectors were sent into the mountains to follow his directions and discover the golden treasure. After many weeks of diligent search the miners returned with a sack of ore, which upon being assayed showed only a trace of gold. The search was given up, and the prisoner was speedily executed. An artist friend received the sketch of the mine and for a time all thought of wealth in the Uintah Mountains seemed to be banished.

As the snows of spring melted away and made the high cañons accessible, some daring prospectors attempted to enter the forbidden gorge to locate the Knowles mine. Two companies pitched tents near the supposed spot. An unpleasantness was created by the factions failing to agree on the division of the prospects. The desperadoes imprisoned in the Utah penitentiary, according to the evidence produced in court, were employed to assist in ousting one camp of prospectors from the cañon. A morning attack resulted in a regular pitched battle, which ended in the killing of two men and the serious wounding of another. The cañon was deserted at once, and no miner has since entered its shadows.

Among the Indians this spot is known as Dead Man's Mine. It is reached only by a long, dangerous journey up a small mountain stream, boxed in on either side by tremendous bluffs, rising many hundred feet above the water. No Indian has ever descended the craggy mountain slope to the creek, and none dare pass within the sound of a gunshot of the place where young Knowles was killed, as they believe that bad spirits inhabit the cañon. At present no prospector seems anxious to seek the lost mine. The prisoners expect when liberated to enter the cañon and claim what is supposed to be the greatest gold field of the world.

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SOME COMFORTS OF HOME.

INCIDENTS OF A START MADE AT KEEPING HOUSE.

Pleasures and Troubles of the Husband and the Wife After the House Had Been Settled in Order—Problems Encountered—Experiences in a Search for Dinner.

The woman who would go housekeeping declared at the outset that she would not move into her new home until it had all been set in complete order.

"I want to get it all ready for you," she explained to her husband. "Then, when we do get into it at last, everything will move along smoothly and you won't be bothered a bit. I do so want to keep you from being bothered at the start, because if you began with a bad impression of housekeeping, you'd never get over it."

So there began a period when she started out in the morning cheerful and bright and bustling and came home in the evening tired and gloomy and bedraggled. Her husband remonstrated with her in vain.

"You oughtn't to work so hard," he would say. "You ought to let me help you."

She rejected all such suggestions sadly, but bravely and firmly.

"No," she would reply, earnestly, as she described how she had tacked down a piece of carpet in the attic that day, or cleaned out the ice box. "This is my work, and I intend to show you that I can do my share. I am going to make you a comfortable home." And with fresh courage she would start out the next morning with the determination of putting the linen closet in order.

All things come to an end in time. Thus it happened that one evening she announced to her husband that the house had been settled, and that on the following day when he went home from business it was to his new dwelling that he was to go. The sight of the new house, full of cosiness and warmth and subdued lights and comfort, pleased him mightily.

"Ah!" he exclaimed as he tossed his overcoat on a chair in the hall and jammed his hat on a hook of the hat rack, "this is real living at last! How kind it was of you, my dear, to do all the work of fixing up the house yourself and reserve for me this delightful surprise!"

A patient, weary smile succeeded the bright look with which his wife had come forward to greet him.

"It was my fault; I ought to have told you," she said, as she took the overcoat up from the chair and the hat off the hook of the hat rack. "See the nice nails I have driven for you here in this closet. I put them there on purpose for you to hang your coat and hat on."

"You are too good; you think too much of me," returned the husband. "It was quite unnecessary. The hall would have done quite as well. You take entirely too much trouble for me."

"The trouble is nothing," the wife replied softly. "I do not mind taking trouble for you; and then," she added, examining anxiously the leather seat of the hall chair on which the coat had rested and the bronze hook on which the hat had hung, "and then, the furniture will be much less likely to be damaged if you don't put your hat and coat on them, and you will like that so much better, won't you, dear?"

"Huh!" said the husband.

She led the way into the cosey sitting room, sank gratefully into a soft, low armchair, and took upon her lap two objects which she had laid aside when she rose to welcome her husband. A faraway look came into her eyes as she contemplated them, and her features resolved themselves into an expression of care and doubt and indecision. Her husband noted her contracted brows and sympathized with her.

"What is the matter?" he asked gently.

"It is only a new problem that I have to solve," she replied. "You know that in housekeeping as soon as one problem is settled another arises."

"Yes, I suppose so," he said. "Every day a dinner has to be planned. By the way, what are we going to have for dinner to-day?"

The wife was holding her head first on one side and then on the other as she peered first at the article she was balancing in her right hand and then at the article she held in her left hand. Her expression of care and doubt and indecision grew deeper as she gazed, and she was so absorbed in her study that she did not reply for a moment.

"Dinner?" she exclaimed finally with a start. "Oh, yes; dinner."

"What have you there?" asked her husband.

A light of sudden hope came into her face. She sat straight up in her chair and looked appealingly and confidingly at her husband.

"Perhaps, after all, you can tell me," she said.

"At any rate, you had better tell me," replied her husband, serving himself for the communication.

"Well," she said with wrinkling brows, holding up one hand, "you see this pocketbook?"

"H-m-m," remarked the husband, with a well-defined suspicion of what was coming next.

"And this hat?" holding up the other hand.

"Ha!" remarked the husband, with the suspicion changing rapidly into absolute certainty. "Now, my dear," he remonstrated quickly, "I think that is a very nice hat. A very nice hat indeed. It is as good as new; just. And then you forget how becoming it is to you; how I have always admired you in it."

The wife put down the pocketbook and held up the hat with both hands, so that she might inspect it the better.

"I do not see," continued the husband, in his most persuasive manner, "you really do not need a new hat."

The wife looked at it doubtfully.

"You're sure you prefer the hat?" she asked, as she put down the hat and took up the pocketbook and began to examine it critically.

"Of course, of course, my dear," replied the husband in a tone full of conviction.

"But it is such a nice pocketbook," she relented with symptoms of doubts returning as she turned it over and over.

"Yes," he retorted with all the determination he could muster, "and it's just as nice in its present condition as it would be if its condition were different."

The wife laid down the pocketbook with a long, happy sigh of relief.

"I'm so glad to hear you say so," she said. "I thought it would be the best way, too, but I wanted to be economical, and you know the pocketbook will cost so much more than the hat."

"The pocketbook?" asked the husband, perplexed.

"Yes," was the reply. "You see it has to be mounted in silver, and the skin costs so much."

"Well, what has that to do with it?" he demanded.

"Do with it?" she replied. "Why, a pocketbook to match my new dress."

"I don't understand," he murmured feebly.

"How strange," returned the wife. "It's simple enough. I asked you whether I had better get a dress match my hat or one to match my pocketbook. You said to get one to match the hat, and so now I have to get a pocketbook to go with the dress, don't I?"

The husband looked around the room, hesitated, and finally advanced to the nearest chair. His wife followed the movement with eyes, first questioningly and then with growing alarm.

"Oh! oh!" she exclaimed, as after some indecision he manifested an intention of sitting down on the chair. "What do you mean to do?"

He stopped short in the act and looked at her. She hurried out to the chair and removed it firmly out of his reach.

"You must promise me never, never to attempt to do such a thing again," she said gravely, "unless you wish to ruin my peace of mind."

"But I wanted to sit down," said the husband blankly. "I felt the need of it."

The wife considered one chair after another, and then a light broke upon her.

"I knew it," she said sorrowfully, "and yet I tried so hard to avoid it. It kept me awake—that thought that I would forget something."

"What do you mean?" the husband asked.

"I've forgotten the chairs," returned his wife, looking thoughtfully about the room.

"Forgotten the chairs?" exclaimed her husband in amazement. "Why there are so many chairs here now that I can't walk across the room without stumbling."

"Yes," was the reply, given with a gentle, unoomplaining smile, "but don't you see that every one of them has a scarf or a cushion on it, and you know, dear, that you must never even think of sitting down on a chair decorated so. It's bad enough to have company use them," she added with a sigh as she gave a caressing touch to a pink satin bow tied on the back of a bony gilt chair; "but people do talk so if you seem careful of your furniture.

"Huh!" said the husband. "Then there's no place for me to sit down."

"Poor boy, you can have my place," said his wife, indulgently. "But you were speaking of dinner. You must be tired and hungry after your work, and so you will like to see the dining room, will you?"

"Yes," said the husband. "I've a ferocious appetite to-night, and dinner's late, isn't it?"

She took him to the dining room door and told him to wait there.

"It's all ready," she explained, "but I want to light the room up before you come in, so that it will all burst upon you at once."

A moment later she threw the curtains apart and stood with her eyes ready to feast upon his face when the expression of delight and pleasure and appreciation should come over it at the sight of the golden oak dining room and shining silver and sparkling glass.

"Huh!" remarked the husband. "It's very nice. Dinner not ready yet?"

"Why!" retorted the wife. "Why, it's perfectly ready!"

"I see," continued the husband, "that you have lots of spoons and forks out; that, I take it, is a sign of an elaborate dinner."

"But tell me," she interrupted, "do you like these white candles with pink silk shades?"

"Oh, yes," he replied. "I suppose they give as much light as any other. But shall I ring for the girl to bring the dinner in?"

"Or would it be better to have yellow candles with heliotrope shades?" she went on.

"It doesn't matter," he replied. "Shall we sit down now?"

"Some women," she resumed, "only think of matching their complexion or their dress; but I think of what looks best on the table."

"What have we got to eat, dear?" asked her husband.

"To eat?" she replied. "Oh, of course, you must see that, too," and she led the way to a closet door, which she unlocked. It looked and smelled like a miniature grocery store. On the shelves were ranged piles of canned goods, packages of spices, boxes of cereals, bottles of condiments, jars of preserves. One whole side was taken up with tin cans and stone crocks, each of which had the name of its contents in big letters in front. Under the shelves were barrels of flour and other staples, and boxes of starch and soap. Hanging from the ceiling were hams and bacons and sausages. The husband's eyes glistened.

"That isn't all!" cried the wife, triumphantly, and away she flew to the cellar, where she pointed out barrels of potatoes and cabbages and turnips and beets. The husband's smile broadened.

"And that isn't all!" gurgled the wife with delight as she raced up the stairs and made for the icebox. In it she pointed out steaks and roasts, and chops and chickens.

"Isn't it glorious?" she asked, breathlessly.

"Quite so," her husband answered. "And you have all that besides what you have cooked for dinner?"

"Just think," she proceeded with growing enthusiasm, "of having all these provisions in case of a blizzard, when we couldn't get out to buy anything. Now, what shall we have?"

"They'd be pretty good things to eat now," he interjected.

"Oh, I do so wish a blizzard would come this winter!" she sighed. "Do you think we will have one?"

"I think," he replied, "that I could supply a very fair imitation of one if I had only something to set it to work upon."

"Now, tell me the truth," she said earnestly. "Don't you think that housekeeping is perfectly grand?"

"Yes," he returned; "but I want dinner."

"Oh, dinner," repeated the wife suddenly coming down from the clouds.

"You haven't forgotten about it, have you?" he demanded in sudden alarm.

"Oh, no!" she replied. "I have some nice tea and some toast and some fine cake. That'll be enough, won't it, for the first night? You know I hadn't much time, and then I really couldn't bring myself to take anything out of my store room. It looks so beautiful now."

The husband groaned and ate.

THE END-OF-THE-CENTURY JAPAN.

Notes of a Thoughtful Observer of the "Nation with a Future."

NAGASAKI, Japan, Oct. 10.—A visitor to Japan will still find it a most interesting country, even if he confines his tour to the beaten tracks, and the beaten tracks of to-day are the unbeaten tracks of yesterday. It is true that much of the picturesque so far as the people are concerned has departed, never to return. No daimios, with their escorts of retainers, are to be seen, no swords are worn, hari-kari is extinct, and the feudal barons of yesterday are the dapper men in European clothes of to-day.

Much of the glamour has gone, the treaty ports have been or are being vulgarized; but Japanese scenery still remains, with its rich vegetation, noble groves, mountainous sections, and varied outlines. Besides this, the common people away from the railroads and beaten tracks are still agreeable and interesting, and the almost unlimited extension of the passport system following treaty revision affords opportunities for travel but lately within the reach of the ordinary tourist. As a matter of fact, Japan can be said to be open in all parts to any tourist, who will accept Japanese modes of travel and the fare and life afforded by the native tea houses. Japan is prosperous to a probably never before. Imports, relatively considered, are being reduced and exports increased. The manufacture of articles for home and foreign consumption is steadily increasing, both in quantity and range, and the much-many articles hitherto beautified by Japanese taste and art are being cheapened in quality and appearance in answer to the demands of foreign buyers anxious for larger profits, still Japanese art and artists yet exist in the higher forms, and the Japanese Government and royal household do very much to stimulate and reward their creations. The foundation and development of the museum in Ueno Park in Tokio will alone do much to revive and sustain the ancient artistic skill in many directions. The Japanese were bar excellence the decorators of the world, and, in my opinion, they still remain so.

Though prosperous, Japan has had its share of misfortunes this past summer. Formosa is still unassimilated, and absorbs much in the way of life and money from Japan, while the late tidal wave in the north of Japan has cost Japan much more in the way of life than did the China war directly and indirectly.

Politically, Japan is still in transition. Universal education will in time bring a demand for universal suffrage, and at present all child Japan is going to school, and the traditional existence of the Mikado and the reverence for his throne still render an irresponsible Ministry a possibility, but the existence of a Parliament, with a life ruler and without a Parliamentary Government and Ministry, is an anomaly which will not have much longer duration. Already signs of its change, arising from questions of budget and taxation, are in the air.

And then there is the partially educated, unemployed and, it may be called, the half-baked element to be dealt with. With us it is found in the Populist and new Democratic parties. Here, under the collective name of Soshi, it ranges from honest dissatisfied and fanatical patriotism to the domain of the bravado and paid assassin.

It has been said not inaptly that Japan is the child of the old and the new. With this statement in view, it is not reasonable to call the Japanese mere copyists and imitators of civilization. The good things of the civilized world, inaccessible to Japan from its long isolation, require careful choice, adaptation, and assimilation. This will remain the Japanese for many years, and invention and original progress will come in due time and later.

Modern warlike appliances and methods have proven a great success in Japanese hands, and the stimulus will extend to the use of such methods in more peaceful directions. The genius for organization is an element of the Japanese character, and though national self-esteem seems to have reached its maximum just now, it does not prevent a continued reaching out for the good things of the civilized world. Here a danger lies. If Japan desires to play the part of a great power in the game going on in the extreme Orient she may find a setback which will place her in strength and unsettled conditions with the South American republics—a future prophesied for her by the shrewd sir Harry Parkes.

But, fortunately, a middle class is being formed in Japan from the mercantile and commercial classes—classes which formerly were rated among the lowest, both socially and for integrity. With the increased prominence and influence of these classes will come a counterbalance weight for peace and against useless war.

The Japanese are rapidly getting all of the threads of administration, both in private and public life, into their own hands. This is wise for many reasons. They need all the employment they can get, and though they can undersell the Europeans, with his superior and stronger fibre, the European is the more masterful and can overlive, as Lafcadio Hearn puts it—override, as I would put it—the less vigorous Japanese. Few Europeans now remain in the Government service, and comparatively few in the employ of the great railway and steamship lines or industrial works in Japan.

Of the inner and domestic life of Japan a passerby can honestly say nothing. Japan and the Japanese to Americans have been like adopted children. We have opened our hearts, our homes, our private and public establishments to them, freely and with the utmost hospitality. It has not been my fortune to hear that this unrestricted hospitality has been returned to Lind. But, in speaking of the inner life and consciousness of the Japanese I am, in the words of the domain which Lafcadio Hearn has made his own, Whether he alone has discovered what others have failed to see and delineate, or whether he has discovered what may not exist, I am not competent to say. I think, however, I can safely say that Hearn does not lack imagination.

VOYAGEUR.

Cuba Will Be Free!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Now is the proper time for Mr. Cleveland to act in regard to the Cuban question, unless he expects to wait until the flag of Free Cuba waves over the Morro Castle, not because our Administration has in any way helped the cause of civilization, but because of the noble efforts of an American people, with courage to fight for their rights, and with sufficient energy to repel the hordes sent to crush them.

When we see our beautiful sailing fortresses lying idle in the harbor, and when we think how useful the powder expended in mere salutes to a Viceroy would be in helping our brethren who are fighting against a foreign foe, how miserable seems the waste and how empty the show!

The people of the United States, through their representatives in Congress, have urged the Executive to demand of Spain a speedy settlement of the war, but Mr. Cleveland and perhaps his Secretary of State have turned to them a deaf ear.

Nevertheless the citizens are "marching on," and at the dawn of next year the rays of a new star will shine brilliantly in the constellation of the American republics!

ARTHUR PIERRE.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.

SERVANT GIRL QUESTION

WOMANFULLY GRAPPLED BY THE HAUSFRAUEN VEREIN.

A Thousand Domestic Servants Already Under the Benign Rule of the Council in Whose Deliberations Only One Man Has a Say—Premiums for Long Service.

The Deutscher Hausfrauen Verein met on Wednesday afternoon in the assembly hall of the Café Logeling, 237 East Fifty-seventh street. About forty of the 234 members were present. The afternoon was spent in hearing the report of the Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. Sam Sanders, a young man who works in a bank every day until 3 and then goes to the office of the Verein at 107 East Fifty-ninth street, and spends two hours straightening out the feminine tangles there accumulated during the morning. By the constitutional provision there is only one man in the society.

Der Deutscher Hausfrauen Verein, or, in the language of its English constitution, "The German Housewives' Society," was organized in 1895 by Mrs. Leo Rosenberg, a physician's wife and four or five of her friends. It has been said on authority that was masculine, and therefore doubtful, that the original plan was an inspiration of Dr. Rosenberg. At any rate, the society was incorporated in September of this year. The object of the society, says the English translation of the constitution, is "to guard the interests of the employer as well as of the employee." The present practical application of this general statement is an effort to secure good servants for members of the society and to insure good treatment to servants hired through the society. This quotation from section 4 of the constitution is self-explanatory:

"The institution is conducted by a President, Vice-President-Director, four Directors, and one male Secretary-Treasurer receiving a salary."

Mr. Sanders, however, denies that he accepts a salary. "It is the part of a man who is to charity at all inclined," he says, "to keep the ladies apart from their annoyances."

Mrs. Rosenberg, who is the President, sat at the table at the head of the hall at Wednesday's meeting, and the Vice-President-Director and the four other directors sat on either side of her. In front of them in a semicircle of three rows, sat the rest of the society. Mr. Sanders sat at a little table at Mrs. Rosenberg's right. German is the official language of the society. In seasons of great diversity of opinion when twelve or thirteen members were expressing their views with simultaneous volubility, sometimes an ingenious person resorted to English and thereby monopolized the bewildered attention of the company.

The report of Mr. Sanders showed that since the society opened its office in September the membership has grown from 86 to 234. The treasury, which is filled by the initiation fees of $3 and the semi-annual dues of $2, has a surplus of $708.28. The society has expended a little more than $300 during its existence for clerk hire, rent, and incidental expenses.

Mrs. Rosenberg is an unassuming, attractive young woman who is very fluent and determined while she is speaking German, and deliciously definite and diffident in expressing herself in English. In addressing the Verein she fairly bubbled over with pleasure in the way her scheme was working itself out. Her audience shared her joyousness. Spectacled grandmothers and anxious, inexperienced young matrons smiled and laughed aloud and smiled again while she recounted the simple objects and methods of the society and the success that seemed to come to them so easily. With cheerfulness that was almost hilarious she exhibited a letter that showed how nicely the benevolent end of the scheme worked. Section 15 of the constitution reads as follows:

Servants who have been placed in positions through this society will receive assistance in case of need from the funds of this society as far as prudent, in case of sickness they will receive free medical aid and medicine as the society pays Dr. Gunther's office, as they cannot be placed in a hospital, however, however, the servant is already in the employ of a member for the sum of two weeks and has contracted a sickness during this time.

On Tuesday, for the first time in the history of the society, a servant in the household of one of its members desired medical attention. Whereupon her mistress wrote a letter to the Secretary describing the case. Kopweh, Rückenschmerzen, grosse Müdigkeit und Appetitlosigkeit were the symptoms, and gave it to the sick servant to take to the office of the society. The housewife, it is provided, must always certify to the symptoms of the beneficiary. The servant took the letter to the Secretary's office. It was there stamped with the society's stamp, and with the stamped letter in hand as a voucher the servant went to Dr. Rosenberg, who gave her medicine without charge to the society. Mrs. Rosenberg read the housewife's letter and exhibited the society's rubber stamp to the assembly beamed on itself in merited self-appreciation.

It was decided not to limit the benefits of the organization to Germans, but that die Amerikanische Hausfrauen solien auch wahlbar sein. The only point causing difference of opinion during the meeting concerned sections 16, 17, and 18 of the constitution, as follows:

16. Servants will receive from the society's funds the following premiums:

(a) On ten years' uninterrupted service in a family	$100
(b) On five years' uninterrupted service in the same family	45
(c) On three years' uninterrupted service in the same family	30
(d) On two years' uninterrupted service in the same family	20

These premiums will be paid immediately upon leaving such place.

17. If the society shall not have sufficient funds wherewith to pay said premiums, an equal assessment shall be collected of each member to pay such premiums.

18. Only those servants are entitled to the premiums as specified in Section 16 who have been entered on the society's books as members, and who can prove having been employed in a continuous service by a member of the society and under the latter's protection for one or the other term as specified in Section 16.

Mrs. Senner, wife of the Commissioner of Immigration, did not at all or in any way approve of the sixteenth section. Why, she asked, should a member who had kept bad servants, one after another, for short intervals, be required to pay assessments for reward to the servants of others who have no cause for dissatisfaction to show? In brief, she argued that:

"I hire incompetent, blundering servants whom I cannot keep; they cost me great trouble and much expense. The Frau Doktorin has a servant, who is faithful, careful, and efficient. After all my troubles and losses I must pay money out because she has had no troubles. It is not just! It is not reasonable!"

Mrs. Rosenberg pointed out that the possibility of assessment was most remote. There was money in plenty in the treasury now, and the membership was growing. Under the most deserving circumstances a servant could withdraw only $195 from the treasury in twenty years. In that time her own employer alone would have contributed $83 to the general fund. Yet, if the worst came, there for failures and deaths, there was ample promise of money in the treasury to meet all possible demands upon it. The assessment was only an emergency provision.

Mrs. Senner was not in the least convinced. Always smiling, she shaking her head one side or the other with engaging emphasis, she tripingly discoursed on the broad human principles of equity and common decency. ("Es schickt sich gar nicht.") A gentle crescendo chorus chiming in a steadily growing undertone showed that she was claiming the approval of the Verein. One after another dropped into the discussion in a whisper, and gradually raised her voice as she became sure of her words.

The Vice-President, Director, and the I., II., III., and IV. directors stated their faith in the constitution in the same whisper at first, but always good-hatured and rather as if pleased that a discussion had been started than as if under any strain of contention. Mr. Sanders rose and leaned over his table, and continued his voice to the accompaniment of chorus. Mrs. Senner seated herself, rose, and addressed the meeting, arguing gently, and with sweet determination all the time. The differences subsided and left Mrs. C. Fendler, a trustee of the Ladies' Health Protective Society, defending the established constitutional provisions. When she finished everybody said something more. There, everybody laughed, and the whole matter was laid over until the May meeting, with a committee of six to consider it meanwhile.

When an opportunity was reached the members did not go out and congregate by the door upon in angry whispering groups, as women's conventions have been known to do. They rose up in their chairs and laughed and everybody told everybody else how nice the Verein was and how sorry all the others would be that they didn't come. Though, of course, they said more charitably, the rainy weather fully excused the many absences for not coming.

"We are so happy," said Mrs. Rosenber