AMERICA IN SOUTH AFRICA.

GROWING DEMAND FOR OUR PRODUCTS AND MANUFACTURES.

Consul-General Stowe's Account of a Trip to Kimberley and Through the Transvaal and the Orange Free State—American Goods Found Everywhere and More Wanted—The State of the Country.

Probably the latest account of the territory over which the British-Boer war is going on was written by the United States Consul-General at Cape Town, James G. Stowe. He made a tour of inspection through Cape Colony, Natal, the Orange Free State and the Transvaal, and embodied his observations in a report to the State Department, dated June 15, 1899, and entitled, "Commercial Development of South Africa."

He travelled first from Cape Town to Kimberley, 647 miles. The journey consumed two days and one night and was made in one of the compartment cars which in South Africa take the place of sleeping and dining cars. At night he had "a bed consisting of one sheet double, one small pillow and two blankets made up," for which he paid ten English shillings, $2.43. The scenery in the Hex Mountains, which were traversed the first afternoon, reminded him of Colorado. "In the distance on each side could be seen the 'coppies' (hills) assuming all shapes and heights. These wastes were covered with a stunted bush, the food of the sheep which once roamed about in large numbers, now sadly decimated by disease. At the foot of the coppies are some fertile fields, whose principal products are Kaffir corn and mealies. The Kaffir corn is in the tassel, not in the ear, the mealie is like our own Indian corn, but smaller in ear and grain, and when ground and mixed with cold water is more palatable than our Indian corn when scalded. The mealie is planted in rows and left to mature. It is never cultivated; hence the plant runs to stalk and not to ear."

The monotony of this long ride was broken by occasional small herds of cattle, sheep, goats or ostriches. These last, less timid than their four-footed companions, came up to the fence and stared at the train as it rushed by. The fences, by the way, were of American barbed wire, but built with genuine Dutch solidity, attached to heavy iron posts and gates, imported from Europe. Kimberley Mr. Stowe found to be a city of 35,000 inhabitants, most of them attracted to the place by the greatest diamond mines in the world. The general manager of the mines, Gardiner F. Williams, is also the United States Consular Agent. "I was pleased to find," says Mr Stowe, "that many of the most responsible positions in the mines are filled by Americans. The United States also furnish most of the 2,000 horses and mules used in the mines and some of the 200,000 pounds of beef and 25,000 pounds of mutton consumed by the 15,000 natives and 25,000 whites employed in the mines. I was not at all surprised to see American machinery here," Mr. Stowe remarks. "The immense driving gear of a pumping engine 'made in England' had to be sent to Chicago to have the cogs cut. The company is operating an ice plant, made in Chicago, and three more have been ordered, each with a capacity of five tons a day, and 20,000 cubic feet of cold storage, besides a complete dynamite plant, with an American to manage it. The 150 miles of railroad in and about the mines are laid with American rails, and every tie and sleeper is of California redwood, which in this country is the wood par excellence for this purpose. Three ships from California have recently arrived with cargoes of redwood and Oregon pine. The ice company sells its product for half a cent a pound, while in Cape Town the price is four cents. All the water used in and about the city flows through pipes made in the United States. I was pulled to Kimberley by an American engine, and there are several others in use in Cape Colony."

Mr. Stowe was interested in the arrangements made by the company for the comfort of its employees. "No company in the world," he declares, "does more. It has built the village of Kennilworth, covering 500 acres and occupied by white employees at nominal cost. Water and light are supplied free, and there is a clubhouse, a library, reading rooms, athletic grounds, a park and vegetable gardens, with vines and fruits of all kinds in profusion." The natives are housed in compounds. "On the four sides of a large square are erected one-story buildings of corrugated iron, opening to the centre of the square. They are divided into rooms which hold twenty persons, who sleep in bunks three high. Within each compound is a store which supplies the natives with clothes, food, &c., at very reasonable prices. In the centre of the square is a large swimming pool, well patronized. Adjacent to the compound is a hospital, free to the sick and injured. Extended over the whole enclosure, which occupies several acres, is a wire netting, to prevent the throwing over of diamonds enclosed in tin cans, &c., as was once the natives' practice. Outside the compound and ten feet from it is a barbed wire fence ten feet high, with fourteen strands of wire. An underground passage leads to the mine shaft, and the men are examined as they return from work. Within the compound I visited (there are three) were 3,500 natives, and, as it was Sunday, they were all enjoying themselves, dancing, playing on musical instruments, beating drums, reading the Bible or 'Pilgrim's Progress' in their own language, singing hymns, cooking, sewing, smoking hemp in cow horns and gambling. Some were clothed, some not; some had their teeth filed to resemble a saw, others had their heads shaved except a fringe at the back. Some were tattooed, and nearly all had holes through the lobe of the right ear, to hold anything that might come to hand. I saw spoons, straws, feathers and stubs of cigars disposed in this manner. The natives are under contract for six months and receive from 1 shilling to 3 shillings (24 to 79 cents) a day. They are not allowed to leave the compound during the time of the contract. No liquor is furnished them. They are happy and contented, and the system is good for the native, the industry and the country. They are kept in a detention room one week before their contracts expire and made to wear gloves made of two discs of leather, locked to their wrists. Their clothes are taken from them and examined, and at the end of the week they leave without any diamonds."

The Kimberley mine has often been described, but Mr. Stowe's account has the merit of freshness. "The mine," he writes, "is the crater of an extinct volcano. What is now a level prairie was once a volcano. Cropping out on the surface appeared a blue rock, which was found to contain diamonds. The mouth of the crater is 312 feet below the surface. They dug 300 feet lower, so that the mine is now 612 feet deep. The rock is elevated to the surface by powerful machinery and conveyed to the floors or level ground, at present occupying about 200 acres. Here it is left for a year to the action of the sun, wind and rains, until it decomposes and falls apart. It is then taken to the crushing and washing machines and afterward to the pulsators, which separate it into different sizes and again wash it. Finally, it passes over shaking tables, covered with grease, which catches and retains the diamonds. These are then washed in acid and taken to the valuator. Roughly speaking, out of 3,000,000 tons of blue rock three fourths of a ton of diamonds are obtained. The valuator assorts the diamonds according to color and purity. I saw on his table the output of one week, worth $300,000. A syndicate of buyers takes the product of the mines."

Though Kimberley and its mines are already good customers of the United States, Mr. Stowe thinks "we ought to have still more of the trade, especially in galvanized, corrugated sheet iron, which is used extensively throughout Africa. The immense buildings in the Kimberley and Johannesburg mines are composed of it, as are also thousands of dwelling houses, barns, warehouses, fences, &c. The merchants in all African cities carry it in stock, of regular lengths, packed by European manufacturers in bundles of twelve sheets held together by iron bands."

Leaving Kimberley, a ride of 197 miles brought the Consul General to the borders of the Orange Free State, the Transvaal's ally in the present war. Here a different scene was presented to the eye. "The land was more fertile. The houses of the Kaffirs and Bastentels are seen, the former looking like tops of balloons, the latter square and built of stones. The Kaffir huts show the natural skill and inventive genius of the tribe. Long branches or trunks of a tree that grows high and has a small diameter are planted in the ground in a circle, bent to the centre and fastened. Then the native that grass is woven in and out between them, making a habitation waterright and yet cool." The panorama presented in the ride of 354 miles across the Orange Free State is monotonous, but not unpleasing. "More and better farming is noticed; the crops are more diversified. In the fields, plows and reapers and mowers of familiar home patterns gladden the eye of the American traveller. These implements, imported from the United States by dealers at Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, East London and Durban are sold extensively throughout Africa. Though much of the land is still idle, the Free State is prosperous and the Dutch farmers, unlike their neighbors and allies across the Vaal, welcome all comers to citizenship on easy terms."

The Transvaal customs officers detained the Consul and his fellow travellers for five hours at the boundary of the Republic before allowing them to set out for Pretoria, seventy seven miles inward. Pretoria is the seat of government and the residence of President Kruger, but, like most capital cities, it is not, as Mr. Stowe expresses it, a business centre. After a short rest in the pretty little hill capital the Consul proceeded to Johannesburg, over the comfortable Netherlands railway, a handsome property said to be owned in Holland. "I never rode," he says, "over a better road bed or in more comfortable cars. The latter was equipped with every modern convenience and the dining cars reminded me of home." There seems to have been but one drawback: "The cars are all of iron, even the sides and covering, and in warm weather, I am told, they are like an oven." These iron cars have figured in the recent despatches from the seat of war.

Of Johannesburg, Mr. Stowe says: "It is busy, bustling—the only real city in South Africa from the standpoint of an American. The buildings would do credit to any city. The streets are wide, but the motive power of the street railways consists of mules and horses." The Boers fear that the substitution of other power would impair the market for their horses and forage, and that is a consideration of more cogency to their thrifty minds than mere speed. Anyway, it is only the obnoxious foreigner who is never in a hurry. American genius and push have had a large part in building up Johannesburg upon the foundation of its mineral wealth. The managers, superintendents and consulting engineers of the mines, Mr. Stowe found to be Americans, almost to a man. "I was glad," he writes, "to find that their ability was recognized by other countries. J. C. Manion, United States Consular Agent, has been the means of introducing American machinery and supplies of all kinds to the value of millions of dollars. For miles on each side of the city extend the headgears and smokestacks of mines, more than 100 of them, which have made the city and State what they are and enabled President Kruger to sell a farm for $400,000 the day I was in Johannesburg." Some idea of the magnitude of the mining interests is afforded by Consul Stowe's observations. "Over fifteen tons of gold per month is the product of the mines, and new discoveries are reported daily. The main reef crops out at the surface and the veins dip to great depth; some of the shafts are going down to 3,200 feet levels." And here is another incident of direct bearing upon the war: "Complaints are made of the price of dynamite, which costs 70 shillings ($17.03) per case and could be bought outside of the State for 10 shillings ($2.73). The government granted the concession to a company, which makes thousands of pounds sterling out of it annually. A concession for the manufacture of candles has been granted, so that the miners will have to buy of the home manufacturer, as the duty is prohibitive. The railways, I was told, charge for freight from the border to Johannesburg, a distance of forty seven miles, as much as it costs to haul from the seaports, 1,000 miles away. While the United States cannot now compete for the candle trade, I am pleased to state that the candle factory will be equipped with American machinery throughout."

From the Boer metropolis Mr. Stowe went to Durban, in Natal, the most important port of entry, Cape Town excepted, on the South African coast and a favorite winter resort for Johannesburgers. The imports at Durban for the first two months of the current year were 27,967 tons, valued at $550,828. Americans have a large and rapidly growing share in this business, and the reason is apparent from the following incident which Mr. Stowe relates as one of many similar: "A Durban merchant said to me: 'I recently ordered five tons of loop iron of an English manufacturer. After the order had gone forward one of your American salesmen came along and made me a price $10 a ton less. I gave him an order for five tons, and then tried to have the English order cancelled, but the English house refused, saying that "no one could make and guarantee a first class article at the price named, and a test would prove it." When the iron arrived I tested both, and the American was several per cent. better.'"

At the Durban hotel where he stayed the American Consul found the doors and trimmings, and even the electric lights, were of Yankee origin. "In fact," he said, "I was during my whole trip all the time putting my hand on something American. I was told that our screwdrivers, hammers, hatchets, chisels, &c., were so cheap, though good, that it did not pay to have them ground or repaired—that it was better and cheaper to buy new ones."

Mr. Stowe stopped also at Port Elizabeth and Mossell Bay. In the latter port he found a British ship discharging a cargo of 1,000 tons of rails from the United States for a new railroad. Here also the Consul found American goods to be in growing favor. In a conducting note Mr. Stowe comments upon the telephone service in various South African cities. "In Kimberley," he says, tersely, "the service is American and good; in Johannesburg it is Dutch and everybody continually finds fault; no service after 5 o'clock and a year's subscription, about $75 a month, in advance, in Durban it is German and fair."

In a later report to the Department, dated Aug. 25, Consul Stowe announces that the imports at Natal from the United States during the preceding ten months had increased by nearly a million dollars, whereas those from Great Britain increased only $678,983. A large trade in American fruit and shade trees had also grown up, and there was an active demand for sprayers and chemical preparations to destroy insects.

SIGHTS FOR NEW YORK ALONE.

Aspects of the Great City as Seen from the Brooklyn Bridge.

Nearly a million of New Yorkers will carry forever in their memories a great gallery of mental pictures for which the Brooklyn Bridge has furnished the point of view. Night and day, summer and winter, that great highway in the heaven serves as the vantage place whence the delighted eyes of men and women take in the varying aspects of the clustered city, and the goodly panorama of its matchless harbor. Who can forget that red Sahara of the East Side in mid August as seen from the hitherward tower of the Bridge? A heat and fiery light as of the nethermost pit is reflected into the sky from that sweltering human hive, and not even the moist influence of the East River itself can mitigate the pitiless horizon. How wonderful, too, the midwinter view of the same region, when all those miles of dull red housetops are robed in white, and a Christmas peace and purity seems to have descended upon the town.

The views from the Bridge alter in sympathy with the hours and the seasons. The coming of twilight throws a magic calm over the serrate sky line of downtown New York, when the orange fires of a dying autumn sunset glow through the chinks and crevices of the mock mountain range and the pearly plume of a steam jet here and there, feathery-soft against the serene sky, seems to proclaim a truce of God over the hurrying town. Then it is that the waters are haunted with cold lights of the upper sky and with alternating glooms of their own, both full of suggestions that rouse a sympathetic pleasant melancholy in imaginative minds.

But the Bridge itself, what a spectacle is it at any time of day or night! Seen at early morning from the surface of the water it seems an airy creation of the night spun of mist and moonbeams, or merely a stupendous piece of spider work, such a thing as spirits rather than human beings might tread. Seen at night from the ferryboats that ply afar, it looks little more than a great string of beads, strung high in air, beads that glow and twinkle like enormous gems. The first glimpse of the Bridge, even in sober daylight to an observer approaching from afar on the waters, suggests a structure of the upper air, done in ice or some such perishable stuff, stretched between lofty pinnacles, and sealed from the soiling touch of those that tread the earth.

On windy moonless summer nights, when there is just sufficient light to reveal the lower courses of cables sloping into unseen heights, be that finds himself midway in the promenade can scarce resist the notion of being at sea upon some gigantic craft, a ship greater than any that ever yet plowed the seas or cast its anchor in earthly ports. Interminable before and behind run the parallel, but apparently converging seams of the deck; far toward prow and stern glimmer the warning lights, and singing through the cordage that runs to the unguessed heights of the invisible topmasts rushes the spiced sea breeze. Right onward holds the great ship while the promenader imagines shadowy sails bellying in the breeze, hears the creaking of the cordage, feels slant of the deck as the gigantic hull heels over under stress of wind and press of canvas, and smells the sea odors as far below the bulwarks, the great waves leap in vain.

Dewey After the Manila Bay Battle.

From the Boston Daily Globe.

Admiral Dewey, in conversation with some friends, told an interesting chapter in his Manila experiences after he had destroyed the Spanish fleet. The battle itself, he declared, was nothing, but it was after the battle had been fought and Spain's power on the sea destroyed, that his troubles commenced.

"There were at that time," he said, "thirteen ships of all nations in the bay, all of them, with the exception of the British, unfriendly, all of them officered by experienced men, all of them watching for the slightest mistake that we might make.

"The situation was full of complications. There were any number of delicate questions coming up to be decided, questions which ought to have been decided by a lawyer well versed in international law, and not a sailor who knew only such law as he had been able to pick up, and whose law library was extremely limited.

"The situation at one time was such that it took almost the entire time of two officers to search the books to see what we might do and what we were not allowed to do. Why," said the Admiral, with an expressive gesture, "a good lawyer at that time, a man familiar with international law, would have been worth his weight in gold and diamonds and rubies."

"And probably, if you had had a lawyer on your staff," said one of his audience, "he would have made any amount of trouble for you and the Government, which you avoided because you made common sense take the place of law."

SHIPBUILDING IN ENGLAND.

Why American Yards Are Not Patronized—A Famine of Names.

LONDON, Oct. 20.—Why are not more British ships repaired in American yards, and why do not American shipbuilders have a chance to construct vessels for the companies across the Atlantic? Some time before the present shipbuilding boom began in America the English yards were full of repair work and new vessels under construction. Many companies that had fleets in the transatlantic trade waited six months or a year to get their ships into a dry dock when they could have them repaired in the United States in less than half the time. They gave orders for new vessels which required two years to complete, when the same craft could have been built in America in half the time. It would have cost no more to have the repairs made or the vessel built on the American side. The material was as good as in England, and the shipyard equipment in some of the larger plants better. But they did not do it.

If the managers of any of the big shipping companies will talk on this subject it will be found that all give practically the same reason. They know the capacity of the American yards. They know the high quality of the machinery used, and also of the iron, steel and timber which Americans can furnish, and they know the rapidity with which a job can be turned out. They are frank to acknowledge all this, but this is what they say:

"When an order is given for a vessel the company requiring it expects that every portion of the specifications will be followed to the letter. If the steel shaft is to be 15 5-32 inches in diameter, it must not vary 5-100 of an inch from these measurements. If 15½ horse power is desired, it must not be one fiftieth of a horse power less. The displacement must not vary five tons in a thousand from the plans. If in any part the ship fails to come up to the specifications a lawsuit follows in nine cases out of ten, and almost invariably the court decides against the shipbuilders. The mistake of a single workman although slight, may mean the loss of $50,000 to the shipyard. The builders take an order with this understanding, and every man who works upon it knows that he must be exact, or it means the loss of his employment. They acknowledge that it has taken a long period of years for British shipbuilding to reach this state of perfection, and believe that by degrees the American industry is coming more and more up to their requirements, but they prefer to have work done at home, even if delayed six months or a year, in order not to run the risk of having it fall short of the requirements. Whether the job is a coaster of 500 tons or a vessel of 5,000 tons, they expect the same quality of work. All parts of the engine must be fitted so perfectly that there will be no friction in the bearings. Every bolt must be screwed home and every rivet tight. In work where two or three thousand men are employed at a time it is impossible for the overseers, no matter how many, to notice every portion. There are parts which a man may slight if he desires and no one notice it. The English managers say that a British workman is too much afraid of losing his job to attempt anything of this kind."

Foreign ship owners, especially those in Great Britain have about run out of names for new vessels and are puzzling their heads to get additional titles. There is a name famine. Some of the companies having American service have taken American rivers. In this and this place upon their registers. The Chesapeake & Ohio Steamship Company has named its boats after the Rapidan, the Chickahominy and other streams in the Virginias, for although an English corporation it cannot find anything new in its own country. This is also true of the Boston steamship company, running between English ports and Boston. One of its fleet is called the New England and others have titles familiar in this part of the United States.

For many years the ships of the regular lines have had names with the same meaning or the same beginning. The plan saved cable tolls, it advertised the line and it was a benefit in other ways. For instance the Johnston Line is noted the world over because it uses "more" at the end of each name. Two letters have made the White Star liners known. "Ia" and "ic" Cunarders end with "ia" while several fleets have had the affix "ian." "Ia" was also adopted by the Hamburg American Company, and there are nearly forty ships now in commission, the names of which end in these two letters. Sing a single word for a single moment of time, save a single dollar in cable despatches. A title rarely exceeds three words, and only three or four companies are so extravagant as to use this number. The State Line whose ships were named after several of the American States was a three-worder. The American line had the words "City of" before New York and Paris, but a few years ago painted them out.

In going over a list of vessels flying the English flag, one can learn a good lesson in geography. One company has taken the names of every prominent headland or bend and from this it is known as the Head Line. Another company has selected the capes, while all the principal rivers were represented many years ago. They have taken possession of the principal castles, the cities, the various shires and have appropriated nearly all the saints in the calendar. Even the manors and halls have been utilized as well as the bays and principal mountains. Titles of nobility are favorites with the shipping companies and one finds a large fleet of steamers bearing the King line flag, and another known as the Queen's line, while earl, lord, count and duke are represented in the merchant registers. The Queen seems to be the only one of the gentler sex who is favored. The names of duchess and countess are noticeably absent.

Besides the United States, the British ship owners have gone to Egypt, India and Australia for titles. The prefixes "ind," and "India" has a very decided flavor of the East Indies and shine of this line have such pleasant sounding names as Indrapura, Indrani and Indraeova. Occasionally one of these vessels goes to Southern ports of the United States, but they are usually built for service in tropical climates. Even the fields and moors along the river banks have been used, such as Lowmoor and Strathfield. "Dene" is another favorite ending.

One of the most unusual fleet titles is that used by the Johnston line, for the word "more" is from the Celtic, signifying "great." The original ships of this company were named after various species of trees, such as birch, ash, oak, pine, &c., consequently the translation of the Pinemore, means "great pine" and Oakmore "great oak." The list of trees has been exhausted, and additional names have been chosen such as Veda, Ulster, from Ulster in Ireland, and Ross. One of the largest fleets in the world has the word "mia" prefixed to every name. It is owned by a London firm and the vessels range from 2,000 to 3,000 tons register. They are very extensively used in the American trade and called tramps. Evidently the owners have tried to make their names as peculiar as possible and the registers show such vessels as the Inclimona and the Incheske.

The nationality of the various ship owners can also be traced in the way they have named their fleets. The Loch and Clan lines are owned by Scotch firms and such ships as Loch Lomond and Loch Maar are familiar to visitors to the Liverpool and London docks, and so are Clan McDonald and Clan Cameron. The Scottish term "firth" for bay has also been taken for a collection of some of the finest liners out of the River Clyde.

METAMORPHOSIS OF THE DAGO.

Contrast of Newly Arrived Immigrants and Their Americanized Relations.

There was a meeting outside the Barge Office. A batch of immigrants had come in, and Giulia and her man were in waiting to receive some newly arriving relations. Giulia was brave in her finest and most gorgeous raiment, combining a reckless love of bright colors with an ardent desire to look American. Her hat was a marvel of Third avenue millinery. Her bright blue dress was after the most approved autumn model, always, of course, from the Third avenue standpoint, and the pendant ear rings, great yellow brooch and jingling bracelets were dazzling to behold. To crown all, and give an irresistible finish, she had sprayed her plump hands into a pair of yellow kid gloves, momentarily threatening to burst. Pietro's scarlet neckties, generous expanse of shirt front, low cut mottled waistcoat and highly gilded watch chain limited his powers of self adornment, but his hat was a thing of beauty made up for all he lacked.

Shrill cries of "Ecco! Ecco!" directed the dull eyes of three persons in that direction, and extricating themselves from the excited crowd they withdrew to contemplate each other at their leisure. The contrast was painful on one side, heretically Indescribable on the other. Francesco and his sisters gazed blankly at their changed and resplendent relations. The man had on tight breeches of homespun, a gray flannel shirt with a red cotton handkerchief knotted at the throat, and was a picturesque specimen of Italian manhood. The women were bare headed; covert glances had been exchanged over Giulia's startling head gear. They wore huge, roughly cobbled boots, and short petticoats displaying striped blue and yellow stockings, and knit worsted shawls of variegated colors were lightly drawn about the shoulders and fastened at the open throat with monstrous coral brooches, the crowning glory of their attire. But Giulia! Truly she was a queen in comparison!

Never mind! Americanisms are quickly acquired, and if the brother is lucky six months may see their metamorphosis.

No Negroes Allowed in This New Town.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

PERRY, Okla., Oct. 24.—The white people of the new town of Billings, which came into existence yesterday morning, have made a decree that no negro shall live in the new town. There were quite a number of colored men who moved into the new town yesterday morning, but not one remained last night. Even the colored porters for the saloon, restaurants and hotels had to pack their grips, under orders from a vigilance committee, and leave the town. The saloon and other business men were told that their places would be boycotted if they kept colored help.

OLD TIME WHARF RATS.

A POLICEMAN IN A LABYRINTH UNDER THE PIERS.

Pursued a Boat Full of Water Thieves Into Their Retreat, Got Lost and Narrowly Escaped with His Life—The Clue to the Labyrinth—An Adventure in 1865.

"Here's an article on the wickedness of New York," said a West Side police sergeant to a visitor. "You would imagine from its tone that some yellow reporter had just discovered crime. Why, there isn't a part of the city to-day that a man can't go into with a reasonable degree of safety. Of course he may be sandclubbed in the shadow of some lonely street, but such cases are rare. Look at the difference in the water front of forty years ago and to-day. When I was a patrolman in '65 it was different.

"In '65 I was doing patrol duty in one of the riverside precincts. I was an ambitious young fellow, anxious to distinguish myself. The best way I could think of to do it was to watch the wharf rats, who were in those days pretty bold. From the produce wagons that passed along the river front they would swipe whatever came handiest. Then they'd dive for a wharf and dropping into the water disappear. The piers had no bulkheads at that time. It was an easy matter for a boat or a man to get under. Once under in all ordinary cases they were safe. The whole river front was built upon piles, in some cases filled in with dirt or rubbish. The planking was laid on the piles and earth spread over the whole.

"Well, as I have said, I was ambitious. On my off days in citizen's clothes I used to prowl around the piers. Sometimes I'd chase a thief under and follow him as far as I dared, running along the stringpieces. As up to the time I'm telling you about they always got away, I suspected that they had some hiding place way up under the city. In many places where filling had washed away under the action of the tide open channels existed wide enough for a good-sized boat running away back to nowhere. There was a regular labyrinth of these channels. A thing that struck me quite early in my little side detective enterprises was this: Rats whom we knew by sight would be chased to the river. They'd get away under the wharves and perhaps an hour later would be pinched somewhere up near Spring and Greenwich streets. We always suspected that there was some point in that neighborhood where a land exit for the water highways existed.

"One night I lay under a truck on a wharf near the foot of Canal street watching a large rowboat that came sneaking down the river in the shadow of the shipping. She showed no light and her oars evidently were muffled. I concluded that here was the best chance I'd ever get. I lay quietly watching her until she was just off my pier. Then she headed in. Before I had time to think she had passed underneath. I waited for what I thought was a reasonable time and then slid down the wharf front, swung in onto a stringpiece and looked around. The boat evidently had stopped. But a little way back I heard a sound that I recognized as the crunching of wood. Then there was a splash and a voice said:

"'There goes the last of the other one!'

"Somebody else in the boat muttered something and flashed a bullseye around in the bottom.

"'Here it is,' he said. 'Make a quick job while I hold the light.'

"Meanwhile I had been gradually getting nearer and nearer. By the light of the dark lantern that occasionally had the slide off I made out that they were boring a hole up through the pier. One man flashed the light when it was necessary, at the same time holding the boat steady, another used the bit and auger, while a third got together a number of burlap sacks. I didn't tumble to their game until the auger was withdrawn from the hole and something white began to run out into the sack held beneath. Then I remembered that there were a lot of hogsheads on the pier covered over with tarpaulins. These were being robbed of their contents by the ingenious method of the rats. When the truckmen came in the morning to cart off the hogsheads, they would find a number of empty ones.

"I should judge that the sugar hogsheads had been emptied of the sugar when a heavy rumble overhead frightened off the rats. Their retreat, however, was deliberate. They filled the sack they had begun on and then with no light showing went on up the channel. I noted before the light was shoved away that the boat was heavily loaded with boxes and barrels and that the added weight of the sugar brought its gunwale very near the water.

"Still walking along the stringpieces with practically no noise, guiding myself by the oar splashes and unobscured conversation that echoed back, I followed the course of the boat. We were some distance inland by this time, when the men in the boat, thinking themselves perfectly secure, lighted an ordinary lantern. After that it was comparatively easy to follow their course. Of course in order to keep with them, I had been obliged to move very rapidly, but I found time now and then to cut a notch with my knife in some of the piles. By means of the compass attached to my watch chain as a charm I managed to keep a general idea of direction, though as I had to keep out of sight I was often at sea behind a match I didn't consult it as often as I wished to.

"The boat's course became decidedly erratic from this time on. A multitude of channels opened out. The rats would follow one for a little distance with no apparent reason and then turn off to the right or left. Often after these turnings they would disappear completely for a time. Then I'd dig a notch in a hustle and follow after. Finally, after hours, it seemed to me, of this devious progress, they made two sharp turns and disappeared utterly, leaving me alone in the dark. Scratching a match, I looked at my watch pass to calculate their course and lay out my own. My reckoning was all right. So in about ten minutes I turned a sharp corner and came within thirty feet of them. The boat was moored to a sort of platform built around a number of piles. Boxes and barrels were stacked in orderly arrangement upon it, in a cleared space at one end a large torch was burning. All three of the rats were too busy unloading the boat to notice me, back in the whole scene in a second.

"Up to this time I had been absorbed in the single idea of tracking them to their hideout without thinking much of what I'd do if I found it. What I saw now convinced me that it would be imbecile to attempt a capture single handed. I sidled around the pile I was clinging to and with the idea of making some sort of detour around to my notched path clambered off to the right. Then I turned to the left for six piles. A turn here to the south and a three or four piles' clamber should bring me to the notched piles. I made the turn all right and reached the fourth pile. I felt of it carefully. No notch. The fifth and sixth yielded the same results. Then in a panic I went to pile after pile within a short radius. Not a notch.

"My stock of matches, from furtive lightings behind piles to keep the direction in mind while I was on the chase, had fallen pretty low. I took out my watch and then scratched one of my few matches. The watch had stopped, but the compass seemed to confirm me in my calculation of where the notched path lay.

"I was just about to let the match drop from my hand into the water when a round object came floating along in a direction my compass told me was southwest. I lit another match and waited. It came floating by the next pile. It was a round, wooden box about the size of those used for cheese. I climbed over to the pile it would graze and waited. The box, the compass, and the direction all coming together gave me the first same moment I think I had since starting on my fool's errand. I grasped the box and the idea at the same instant. There was no cover. I kicked the bottom out and slid the box up to my armpits around my body. Then I dropped into the water. You see the floating box and the direction had told me that it was ebb tide. I was lost and my only salvation lay in trusting to Mother Nature.

"At first I seemed to move slowly. The box was a flimsy affair. As the speed with which I was carried seemed to increase I had constantly to fend off from piles against which my life preserver would have been shattered. Then, too, the sharp edges cut into my armpits. Occasionally I'd venture to grief against some obstruction. Then I'd push off and start a new course.

"An additional fear was aroused as the rush of the waters became swifter, and my senses seemed to rush through space in time with them. Suppose I became unconscious. I swore a bit—in may fashion—been praying ever since I was a boy—and determined to last as long as possible. The monotony of the swirl, the regular swish and the hum of perhaps my mental activity got upon my brain. The elements were singing a symphony of death and my soul seemed to join them. I became calmer. The volume of sound closed in on me. It seemed as if I were in a vault whose roof and sides were sliding down upon me. Then without even the slightest warning glimmer I was swept into the light. I shut my eyes and screamed. The symphony did away with only like swish, swish to mark its time. A new movement began. Oars splashed, a voice said: 'What in hell,' which seemed so to mar the musical effect that I smiled as I went to sleep.

"Well, I reported back for duty from sick leave in the course of events and was assigned to the precinct just above the one in which I had carried on my original research. I had said nothing about my previous adventure. To tell the truth, for a long time I had been obliged to devote every energy I possessed to getting well. Then, when I was able to be around again the whole thing seemed sort of unreal, and I thought of it as all it was with that hazy recollection that we all have of most of our dreams. If it hadn't been that I was pulled out of the river in broad daylight I should have thought that I had fallen asleep under the truck that night and dreamed the whole business.

"After I had been in the other precinct several weeks the old restlessness came over me. I began seriously to consider what I ought to do in the matter. One day while I was patrolling Greenwich street in this mood, somewhere near Spring street, I noticed a fellow following in the wake of a produce wagon on its way to the market. Quick as a wink he grabbed a tub of butter from the back of the wagon and started on a run for the sidewalk. I forgot all about what I was considering and chased him. He ran into a barroom two or three doors below Spring street on Greenwich. I was about six feet behind when he got in. Running behind the bar he tumbled butter tub and all down a trap door that the barkeeper had opened for him. And I after him. I had no sooner got on my feet at the bottom than he stopped and half threw, half rolled the tub at me. It struck my shins and I went down. Then he pulled open a trap in the dirt floor and disappeared. As quickly as I could get up I dropped after him. Down sixteen feet and then into water, shoes first, I went. When I sputtered to the surface I heard the splash of rapidly moving oars. He had dropped into a boat and I into the water. I struck out vigorously. In a minute my head hit something hard. I put out my hands and caught something that felt like a board. I drew myself up out of the water and lying on my belly cautiously explored with my hands. I struck something that went over with a smash of glass. Then I stood up. I fished out my metallic match safe, and after several trials got a match lighted. I was on a platform with a lantern lying at my feet. Although the glass was broken I soon had a feeble light. Then only I saw where I was.

"It was the same platform to which I had followed the three rats two months before. But this time I noticed something that I hadn't before. A ladder led on to the roof from the back of the platform. Up this I climbed. Its upper end was just a little on one side of the last trap I had dropped though. I got up through the cellar to the trap under the bar and pushed it up suddenly. The barkeeper didn't hear it until I had it back on the floor. Just as he turned around my head and shoulders were clear. His legs were two feet from me. I grabbed them. He fell hard and lay still. I rushed to the station house and told the whole story in a few words. They sent out for the barkeeper. Then we moved to land water. The butter tub thief had to be caught before he could alarm the gang.

"As it was broad daylight, we had plenty of time. Our man would hardly venture out from beneath until dark. But we didn't rely too much upon that. Four of us got into a boat and started under. I steered by the notched trail as long as I dared keep a light going and then by guess. We had been under perhaps half an hour when a sharp turn brought us into a new channel. Suddenly ahead of us we heard oars grind in oarlocks, as though a boat had been quickly started. We struck out. Somebody from the other boat fired a shot. That was precisely what we wanted. It let us know just where they were. We didn't reply, but before they had fired more than six shots we bumped into them.

"There was such a mix up that I never could tell exactly what happened. Dennis Morgan, my side partner, told me afterward that I had pounded his head for a full five seconds against the gunwhale after we four had climbed into their boat. When things were over, and we had a lantern lighted, we found that we had two prisoners, one of them my friend of the butter tub. We steered out by compass, for the rats wouldn't show us the way, and landed all hands with no more death symphonies.

"After that all was plain sailing. The captain looked out for his end of it. The barkeeper pinched and out of the way, he put sixteen men on the platform and about a dozen more in two boats he found moored to piles not far from the platform. He sent me down with a boathook to cruise around the Canal street entrance and follow any rat boats that might come that way. But, although nobody entered there, they pulled some thirteen or fourteen that night at the platform, besides recovering a lot of goods stored there. Not a shot was fired. Only one head was broken, and that a rat one. The men in the boats weren't even called on. The men on the platform waited until all the rats had landed, and then they pounced on them before they had a suspicion. They were all sent up for various terms. The captain got a commendation and I got my promotion."

There was silence for a moment.

"Yes," said the sergeant, gazing into space with the air of a man who sees much there, "those were the days."

MAKING FOOTBALL PLAYERS.

Dr. F. C. Armstrong's Methods of Picking Out Likely Lads in Brooklyn.

F. C. Armstrong was a crack athlete at the gymnasium at Stockholm, Sweden, before going to the University of Pennsylvania, where he played end and made a name for himself as a dangerous opponent at football. He is now a practising physician in Brooklyn and spends all his unemployed time in coaching the boys of the Pratt Institute. Last year and the year before he coached the Brooklyn High School team, from which he produced young Gierasch, now a half back at Harvard.

"The first thing I do," he said when asked about his methods, "is to sift out the cigarette smokers. These chaps all have weak hearts and are no good. Their wind is short and they lack stamina. What I want is a lad with a good heart, one, say, that has the average beat of from 72 to 80. Oftentimes, however, you will find a boy with a beat less than 72, who is all right. The better test, therefore, is by the pulse. Then he must have lungs that will expand two and one half inches at the very least, and most of my lads can expand three and one half and many four. The next requirements are strong legs and back. If he has all these essentials and is moderately intelligent he can play football. I don't care whether his muscles are bunched and tight or loose and flabby. It is a silly notion of many persons that only those are strong who can show a great bunch of muscles. Well, I have seen college football players who could play through a game with a sprained ankle and broken nose; tear a hole in a line big enough for a train of cars to pass through and tackle with the ferocity of a tiger. Yet these fellows when stripped showed flat muscles and not much development. Hinkey of Yale and Simms of the University of Pennsylvania, the most terrific ends one could hope to see, were of this sort. Their strength was latent, not apparent.

"With all the physical requirements equal the lad with the most intelligence will make the best player. It is a fact not generally appreciated that one of the principal advantages derived from football is mental. The brain works in unison with the body. The nerves act as a lot of telegraph wires running to separate muscles. The stimulus is sent over them and as the muscular tissue develops, the brain tissue develops at an equal rate. They progress in unison, and out of a thousand schoolboys an expert can pick the ones who play football, simply by their carriage brought about by this mental development.

"The boys start in awkward. Gradually they learn to control their muscles, to handle themselves gracefully, and finally acquire self reliance that gives them the grit to encounter anything, and those are the ones who get along best in after life. You may know that a player must have quick of mind when I tell you that we had sixty nine different plays last year and the team had to remember these so accurately that when the long and involved signals were given each man could act on it before another.

"The more intelligent a boy is the better he will remember how to observe the rules and hints for self-protection. This is a most important part of the game. Were it not for carelessness and lack of training the bad accidents would be lessened by half. The most important thing for a beginner to learn is the proper way of falling on a ball. If you tumble on the pig skin with your body all curled up and your elbow sticking on the ground when twenty others fall on you, there is often a broken arm, collar bone or ribs to take care of elbows. Throw one arm out and the ball with elbow out flat, so that when the weight falls it will not snap the bone. Throw the other arm over the ball. In this position both teams can pile on you and do no harm. In any other position there will be a strain on some part of the anatomy.

"Now about tackling. The reckless boy who is playing for the grand stand will often get his head just where the runner's knee will strike it and there is a severe shock. The best way to learn tackling is with a dummy. I teach my boys to catch the dummy with head thrown to one side. That saves your head. The moment you have a grip on the runner pull him toward you with all your strength. That is the secret of good tackling. Another point is to get your man without frequenting and in doing this you may have to overlook the rule about the spiral the head to one side. The softest place to put it is in the other man's stomach. That makes a pretty tackle, too.

"My one advice to the back is not to keep head down until he strikes the line. Any one who has seen McBride of Yale run must have noticed how he dashes along with head up, watching where he runs, the only way to do, for with your head down you are likely to run into anyone, and then when he strikes the mass shocks low into an opening and emerges on the other side."

Bees Sting a Horse to Death