TOO YOUNG FOR A PRIMA DONNA

MME. GADSKI'S PLAINT ON THE SCORE OF YOUTH.

She Must Wait Patiently for Some Years Before She Can Permanently Add the Great Wagnerian Roles to Her Repertoire—The Ambitions of This Singer.

It rarely happens that a prima donna complains of being too young. They do not, indeed, complain publicly of being too old, as they are likely to keep any regrets of that kind to themselves. Mme. Gadski is therefore exceptional when she regrets frankly that she is too young.

"For," she says, "it is not considered possible that a prima donna should be of the first rank when she is still under 30. So I have to wait patiently until my time comes to be the first of the prima donnas in the company. I am so tired of being told that I am to be the great singer of the future. I want to be a prima donna of the first order right away."

When Mme. Gadski pouts with this remark one can realize that she is indeed a young prima donna, else she could never shake her head with such childish petulance. Even the delight of having won in a single season triumphs in two such varied rôles as *Aida* and *Pamina* does not satisfy the soprano when she thinks that according to the rules of operatic administration the rôles of *Elsa* and *Elisabeth* go first to two other prima donnas, and that even *Eva* in "Die Meistersinger" may sometimes be demanded by another soprano if she wants it and the arrangement suits the succession of operas.

"Now, there are the *Brunnhildes*," she says; "I'm not going to sing either of them, nor will I sing *Isolde* for some years to come. As Mme. Lehmann says, no woman should attempt those rôles until she has reached the fullest development of her physical powers, and this development comes when a woman is about 40. So you see that even then I shall have to wait a long time. Possibly I won't postpone *Brunnhilde* in 'Die Walküre' for such a long time. I have, indeed, sung that part in the past, but only a few times, and to accommodate Mr. Damrosch. I decided to give it up after a few appearances and wait until I was ready to make it a part of my regular répertoire.

"Now, Mme. Lehmann has offered to coach me in all the traditions of the parts as she learned them, whenever I am ready to begin; and you see what an advantage I have gained by waiting. No singer could wish for more than to triumph in those great rôles as Mme. Lehmann does."

Mme. Gadski in the interval of waiting for her most advanced Wagnerian days to begin is acquiring a wide répertoire in the French and Italian operas. She has added to her gallery of operatic figures during the past two seasons *Aida*, *Donna Elvira*, *Valentine* and *Pamina* and her success in these rôles has advanced her far on the road toward the high place in her profession that she is aiming to fill and will in the opinion of all who have observed her progress during the past few years reach so completely as to be the great Wagnerian soprano of her time. No theatre in Germany contains a soprano so certain to go to the head of the group of women who are to carry on the fame of the great interpreters of the Wagner heroines. It is the trouble of having to wait a few years that makes Mme. Gadski pout—pout charmingly, to be sure—when she thinks of what a youthful prima donna she is.

"I am also studying the music of the *Countess* in 'Le Nozze di Figaro,'" Mme. Gadski said the other day, "and I thought of the rôle of *Leonore* in 'Il Trovatore,' but I decided that there was too much coloratura in the music of the Verdi heroine for me. So I gave her up. I learned this year both the 'Stabat Mater' and the 'Manzoni Requiem,' so I have had a busy enough season.

Mme. Gadski was starting out to drive when THE SUN reporter met her at the door of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, at which she makes her home. It was a cold day, although the sun was shining. In front of the house stood a smart one-horse victoria. No other prima donna in the opera house would think of riding in the streets in an open carriage in this weather. But Mme. Gadski's splendid physical health shows that it has done her no harm. Her high color, her bright blue eyes and her golden hair, make her a perfect type of north German beauty.

"I never find that it harms me to ride in an open carriage," Mme. Gadski said as she smiled at the thought that she might catch cold. "I go out for the air and it would be intolerable to me to travel around in a closed cab. I have never had to take any special precautions about health—just the rules that keep other persons well have that effect on me. And you know how rarely I have ever been compelled to miss my performances at the opera house. Last spring in London I really was ill and had to miss the second half of my season. But that never happened before."

Several American students abroad have been under Mme. Gadski's eye and her interest in them has sometimes been rewarded in the familiar way. This way is forgetfulness or conduct of the kind that the singer met with in one or two cases.

"It was only last summer," she said, "that an American soprano whom I had met in this country came to my house in Berlin. I had seen her frequently here and she had asked my advice about her progress in her profession. She said that she had got money enough to come to Berlin and that she hoped I would be of any assistance that I could. She was especially anxious to study under my teacher. The woman who had prepared me for the operatic stage lives at Stettin and I wrote to know if she would take an American pupil that I would bring to her. She answered that she would and after seeing the girl from New York, we decided to go on to Stettin on a certain day. I prepared to leave at the time we arranged. The young American soprano was to have her voice tried, take the advise of my old teacher and remain there if she and the teacher came to an understanding.

"Late in the afternoon a letter was brought to me. The writer was the student whom I was to have taken to Stettin the next day. She wrote that she was very sorry to put me to the inconvenience of having made the arrangements to go to Stettin, as she had decided to go to Bayreuth. She said she was compelled to go on that day. So all I could do was to telegraph to my teacher and then write her a letter explaining as well as I could. I had almost exactly the same experience with another American who came to Berlin to study singing. I was disappointed, as these two girls, like most of the American that I have heard sing, had beautiful, natural voices."

Mme. Gadski has been the intimate friend of the young New York pianist Harry Graboff since he went to Berlin to continue there the studies begun here under Alexander Lambert. Young Graboff was for a while in Mme. Gadski's home, and has always been a daily visitor there while she is in the city. Her stay in Berlin has been confined to a few weeks of every year since she first began to come to this country. When Mme. Gadski came here with the Walter Damrosch Opera Company she was just at the outset of her career. She had sung at Mayence and occasionally at Kroll's in Berlin; but she was scarcely known in Germany, and to this day she is better known in the operatic world here than she is abroad.

"America will always have the best artists so long as they are so much better paid here," Mme. Gadski said, "and the rewards for the singers are so small abroad. I only know of two prima donnas who have made fortunes in Europe. They are Mmes. Sembrich and Lehmann. And Mme. Sembrich has sung a great deal in Russia. Here, where the rewards are so much greater, will the best artists always be glad to sing."

Mme. Gadski's little daughter Charlotte is now in this country, and her English is not only fluent, but free from accent. She is just 8 years old, and it was therefore very amusing to her mother to read in a weekly newspaper that the young lady was about to make her début in society this winter.

No history of a prima donna's love affairs was ever more romantic than that of the prima donna who met her husband when she went to sing at Mayence. He was at that time Lieut. Tauscher of a Prussian infantry regiment stationed at the Rhine town. He heard the young soprano sing in "Der Freischütz" and managed to make her acquaintance. It was not long before he had decided to make the young singer his wife in spite of the opposition that came from his relatives. His father refused to hear of the match. His ideas of the stage were of the old conventional kind and he did not want his son to marry so far outside his own circle. But love prevailed and the marriage took place. That did not serve to change the parental view of the case. So the young husband resigned from the army and set out to earn a livelihood for himself and his wife. Naturally, his preparation had not qualified him for many kinds of work, and he was fortunate to find employment with a large manufactory of weapons of war. That was an occupation for which he had knowledge, and he has succeeded in it. Nowadays he is willing that his wife should remain in professional life only to gratify her high artistic ambitions.

PLANTS FROM THE TROPICS.

Further Efforts of the Germans to Extend the Cultivation of Economic Plants.

THE SUN has already told how the Germans have been ransacking the islands of the Pacific for economic plants, such as gutta percha, Manila hemp, spices, and others that, if successfully transplanted into her colonies, may add to their resources. The German scientific periodicals are now telling of a similar mission sent to tropical America to introduce plants from that region into the German colonies.

Mr. Paul Preuss has spent nearly two years collecting plants and seeds from the low coast lands of Mexico to Ecuador and Venezuela. All his collections are sent to the botanical gardens at Victoria in the Cameroons. The idea is to introduce plants into undeveloped Africa that have proved to be of high economic importance in the comparatively well developed tropical regions of America. Dr. Preuss secured in Ecuador, Trinidad and Venezuela a number of varieties of the cacao tree which grows chiefly in those regions, though it is also profitable in other parts of tropical America. It is well known that cacao is the principal wealth of Ecuador, which is the largest source of supply, the product forming three-fourths or more of the total exports. He has obtained many kinds of rubber plants from Ecuador, Trinidad and Venezuela. He has taken gutta percha from Surinam, where the Dutch have transplanted it from the East Indies with apparent success. In Salvador he has secured balsam of Peru, which is valued as a medicine. Thus far it has been produced in commercial quantities only in this little republic. It is called balsam of Peru only because the Spaniards used to carry it to Callao, Peru, for shipment to Spain. He has also obtained a variety of the agave plants from Mexico and Guatemala. Henequen, one of the most useful fibres and second only to silver among the exports of Mexico, is a variety of the agave; and pulque, the national drink, is made from the sap of other varieties of agave.

The botanical gardens in Victoria, Cameroons, are regarded as specially favorable for agricultural experimentation. These extensive gardens have the rich soil that almost always results from the decay of the volcanic rocks. The altitudes in various parts of the gardens differ widely and in other respects also the gardens have climatic and other conditions which adapt them for the successful cultivation of a large variety of tropical plants.

So all these American products have been started on their African career in the gardens at Victoria. Their development will be carefully watched by men of scientific training. Their various requirements as to temperature, moisture and soil will be studied. Experiments will be made with them under differing conditions; and, if it is decided that they will flourish in the new habitat, they will take their place among the plants grown on the plantations of Africa.

The fact of deepest significance is that the world has begun to give so much attention to spreading tropical products all over the hot regions wherever they may be made to flourish. Everybody will remember that the introduction of the cinchona tree from Peru in to the East Indies was so great a success that Java now yields to the trade a far larger amount of quinine than is obtained from its native American home. Large success may also result from the present experments in transplanting other tropical plants to distant countries. The carrying out of these projects is likely to add a great deal to the economic importance of the tropics.

NEW YELLOWSTONE GEYSER.

Another Freak in the Norris Basin—Cucumbers All Winter in the Park.

HELENA, Mon., Feb. 12.—Major John Pitcher, U. S. A., superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park, reports that last month the ice crew of the Yellowstone Park Association, in going from the Lower Geyser basin to the new hotel as Norris Geyser basin, discovered an entirely new exhibition of volcanic action on the Porcelain basin, and that it had been named the Twentieth Century Geyser.

It is situated 150 feet east of the Constant Geyser. Its crater is 26½ inches wide and 41 inches in length.

Its eruptions are similar to those of the Constant, and about six times greater in volume. The length of the eruptions vary from eight to eleven minutes and are at intervals of from an hour and fifteen minutes to an hour and three-quarters.

The Norris Geyser basin has in the last twenty-five years presented a succession of annual surprises, the Twentieth Century being one. In 1880 P. H. Norris gives an account in one of his reports of a new geyser, which he named the New Crater.

It began in a mild form on the ridge north of the main road and steadily increased in activity until it was able to blow out all the soft material that had lodged between vertical masses of basalt and became a powerful double action geyser.

In 1880 a small steam vent began to attract attention, and for a year or two was known as the Tea Kettle. Before there was a hotel at Norris, camping parties cooked their food over this vent and warmed their feet during cold weather on the hot surface for a distance of thirty feet around this convenient out-door kitchen.

In the course of time, the Tea Kettle became more noisy and was known as the steam whistle; it became so powerful as to blow pots and kettles into the air and with such violence that their owners had to hunt for them among the bushes north of the road and some were never found.

One night the Tea Kettle and Steam Whistle vanished and a seething caldron of white alabastine paint occupied their place. This great paint pot is on the south side of the wagon road and may be seen by every tourist passing through Norris Geyser basin.

Some thirty or forty yards north of this paint pot and very near the Porcelain valley there broke out an insignificant sizzler—so named because of its action. For two years it made a noise resembling that of a frying pan, but during the winter of 1885, it became one of the most powerful geysers in the Norris basin.

It was then renamed the Hurricane. It discharged an enormous amount of muddy water in great horizontal waves over sixty feet from its crater.

The weather in the park this winter has been extremely cold at times, going as far at 36 degrees below zero and remaining at that for sixteen days at one time. Yet Mr. Henderson says, the cucumber vines in his greenhouse, which is built over one of the steam oozers never ceased to bear.

SOLVES THE COOK PROBLEM.

LONDON'S IMPROVEMENT ON A BOSTON ENTERPRISE.

A Company Now Delivering Meals Ready Cooked at Houses of Customers for Less Than They Would Cost if Prepared at Home—Variety of the Menu—Success of the Plan So Far.

The London housewife is seeing a great light upon her domestic horizon. It emanates from travelling kitchens and irradiates even the murky gloom of the domestic service problem.

It is only fair to say that the idea of the London distributing kitchens was borrowed from Boston, but the English syndicate that imported it has improved upon it until it glows in a fashion that makes the original Boston sunrise look like a tallow dip.

Presumably, families able to hire competent cooks and satisfactory staffs of servants will continue to have their cooking done in their own homes. The woman whose soul firmly cleaves to the delights of marketing and ordering and cooking will go on with her home programme, but for the dwellers in flats and chambers, for the housewife whose soul is harassed by struggles with ignorant or bad-tempered cooks and the depressing problem of catering for three meals a day, the time of deliverance seems to be at hand.

Her salvation arrives in up-to-date fashion on a motor car. She may sleep peacefully o' mornings, undisturbed by wonderings as to whether the cook came home the night before or has overslept or has left with morning light.

At the appointed hour a motor delivery wagon will stop at the door. A uniformed man will deliver the hottest and most appetizing of breakfasts, carefully packed in a food carrier warranted to keep hot things hot and cold things cold.

All that remains to be done is to serve the food upon the home table. The entrées come on shining silver-plated dishes piping hot, the coffee in a silver pot as hot.

If the housewife prefers using her own linen, cutlery and china, well and good. If not, the caterer supplies everything, and everything of good quality.

Of course, while the experiment is new, it is natural enough that the silver should be brilliant, the china without nicks, the linen immaculate. Possibly when the work has gone on longer, the service will be less dainty, but the company promises the reverse. A large corps of servants at the distributing kitchens does nothing save polish silver, and it is said that china, linen &c., will be replenished as fast as it shows signs of wear.

The central kitchens are well worth a visit, and the enthusiasm of Mrs. Daubeny, the manager, is contagious when taken in connection with the visit. Guests are welcomed at any time and demonstration dinners have frequently been given to invite criticism.

The great kitchens are scrupulously clean and nowhere else in England, says the manager, can be seen such a complete installation of all improved and labor-saving kitchen contrivances. Some of the equipment comes from America, but the largest part of the plant hails from Paris, home of cooking utensils and of cookery.

A large percentage of the cooking utensils are of nickel, that metal being more easily cleaned than the old-time brass or copper. There are innumerable devices for special cooking details, a host of utensils whose names and missions would be a sealed book to the ordinary cook.

The cooking is done by gas, with an occasional lapse into charcoal. The gas is more expensive than coal; but it is infinitely cleaner, quite as satisfactory and saves labor.

There are specially constructed gas stoves for heating the silver dishes in which the food is to be sent out. The fact that already hundreds of luncheons, dinners and breakfasts are sent out each day gives one who has not seen the kitchens some idea of the number of service dishes needed and of the size of the plant.

There are cooks enough to spoil any broth; but, fortunately, each cook is detailed to some one especial detail of the cuisine and only a few are turned loose upon the broth. The sauce chef sticks to his sauce; the pudding chef has no soul beyond his puddings.

There are East Indian experts among the cooks, men who can prepare curries of all sorts in a fashion to rejoice the souls and palates of that large class in London called Anglo-Indian. Col. Herbert trained these cooks. He himself was long head of the vice-regal household in India and what he does not know about Eastern cookery is not within the knowledge of epicures.

So here in the distributing kitchens are pantries and store rooms stocked with queer seeds and spices and powders and nuts and fruits and dried leaves—all the paraphernalia of the Indian chef; and here are concocted kubab curries, dry curries, devilled pine kernels, chutneys, all the weird and spicy dishes dear to the Anglo-Indian and the Englishman who has been introduced to them by relatives and friends.

Italian dishes are a specialty, too, and Italian cooks are prepared to open the eyes and tickle the palates of the Englishman who doesn't know his Italy. The ways of cooking macaroni are legion.

The kitchen menu offers eggs cooked in any one of a hundred ways, many of them Italian; for, though the French chef is a wizard handler of eggs, the Italian cook knows certain tricks of serving eggs with nut sauces that should rouse envy even in the heart of the Frenchman.

While the menu offered for selection is under discussion it might be mentioned that to offset the 100 styles of eggs there are sixty varieties of soups from which the diner may pick and choose—soups of all nations, soups made from materials which the ordinary Englishman would never remotely associate with soup.

Another dietetic point in which the English are sadly in need of education concerns the cooking of vegetables. Nowhere in the world is vegetable cookery so neglected as in Great Britain. The vegetable entrée of the Continent is practically unknown there. The distributing kitchen's propaganda may gradually change all this.

One of the big separate kitchens is given over entirely to the preparation of vegetables and there, as in the soup kitchen, the best recipes from all lands are put into practice by cooks trained especially for that work. Fifty vegetable entrées are on the list of dishes served to order.

In salads, too, England is lacking, and the common variety of English cook knows no more about salads than she does about sanskrit, but the Distributing Kitchens offer ninety-eight salads. A special department is devoted to meats and poultry, another to fish.

When the ordered dinner has been prepared, it is put in very best silver dishes and packed in patent carriers. Each carrier is heavily lined with green baize and a hot water tin covers the bottom. The covered dishes are set on this tin and three thicknesses of green baize are laid over them.

The carrier closes with an airtight lid and is put into an electric motor wagon on shelves heated by charcoal fires. The car whirls away, delivers its cases and returns to the kitchen. The company now runs 400 of these cars.

Later, the same car collects the dishes. Orders may be pinned to the baize cover, sent by card or telephoned. In case of unexpected guests, a telephone message will bring the motor car and an extra service whirling to the rescue, in the shortest possible time. Telephones will be put up in any shareholder's home free of charge for one year.

And the cost of all this? If the manager's estimates may be accepted, and there are statistics to back them, the cost of the meals is less than that of the same style of meals prepared at home.

In the first place one may live as simply or as lavishly as one pleases. It all depends upon the menus ordered. Which ever way one lives, says the manager, one saves money.

Setting aside the fact that even if one orders only simple dishes, those dishes are prepared in a fashion impossible to the average cook, the mere cost of wages, fuel, materials, kitchen equipment, breakage, waste, will bring the price of the home meal up to that of the meal sent from the kitchens.

The company says that it can supply a family of three grown-ups with breakfast, luncheon, afternoon tea and dinner in excellent style for 21 shillings a week, each. It also says that the cost of the same menu prepared at home, inclusive of the cook's wages, keep, fuel, &c., could not possibly be less than 25 shillings a week for each person. If this is true there is a money saving of 12 shillings, to say nothing of the incalculable saving in wear and tear upon the housewife's nerves and temper.

Under this system one maid could do all the work of the ordinary apartment or small house, including the serving of the meals. Home china, &c, could be used, and the food would certainly be better prepared than that served by the ordinary cheap cook.

For the benefit of those families, young married couples, or bachelor men or maids who do not want to keep even one maid the company intends to organize a corps of maids who will put in an appearance with the meal and serve it spending as much time as required at the house.

The new idea is certainly catching on in London. The kitchens are having a trade that already overtaxes their resources and makes it necessary to open branches in the different quarters and suburbs of London.

It will be interesting to watch the development of the scheme, its staying qualities and its effect upon the problem of city life.

If success does perch permanently upon its banners New York would do well to reclaim this American idea with its London improvements. A vast number of weary flat dwellers would doubtless rise up and call the innovator blessed.

HARPOONING A WIFE.

A Story of Three San Blas Indians in a Squall in the Caribbean Sea.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Every one down on the coast has heard of the gold in the San Blas country. Thus far no one has ever been allowed to take any of it away—aye, not even to prospect for it. These San Blas Indians guard their women like their gold, so closely in fact that a foreigner has never been allowed to sleep over night on their mainland. Even when the United States Canal Commission wished to run a line through that section they found it imperative to first make a treaty with the chiefs, guaranteeing that no member of the survey should either touch a San Blas woman or prospect for gold; the chiefs were, furthermore, given the sum of $75 each.

Now, my luck had always been not only neutral, but inclined just a bit in my favor, so I thought I would have a try anyway at that forbidden territory. Getting my outfit together I took passage on a little coasting sloop which was to sail to San Blas for a cargo of cocoanuts for the Colon market. Arrived at the anchorage, I went ashore and was lucky enough to run up against an old Indian with whom I had once talked in Colon. He recognized me and took me to his thatched hut for a cup of native chocolate. But I might as well have tried to obtain the origin and tenets of his religion as to get any satisfaction from him regarding the possibility of a permit to prospect. The "matches," San Blas for men, treated me well and wanted to trade me out of everything I had, sometimes offering crude little ornaments of pure gold—that gold I had made the dreary voyage in a coasting sloop to obtain.

I had a chance to see these adepts in their native waters spearing fish. They use a straight steel point fixed to a half of heavy rowa wood. The steel is about sixteen or eighteen inches long, without a single barb, while the haft is some eight feet or more. The weight of the haft usually counterbalances that of the fish, thus allowing the line to be drawn in without pulling the point out of the quarry. The San Blas are equally as good sailors as the Caribs.

My trip had been for nothing. While sipping chocolate with my old friend I asked him if I could obtain a boat to take me to Porto Bello. He said he would send his son and nephew with me. The son, Santiago, was a comely looking fellow, with the usual stunted San Blas figure; Valanda, the nephew, I had not seen, but when they began pushing the big canoe down the sandy beach I thought him no more than the ordinary squat moccasin except for a pair of very intelligent and sparkling eyes.

With usual Indian matter-of-factness, Santiago had decided to take his wife, Ntanga, and her little brother. Ntanga was just about the prettiest Indian I had seen from Belize to the mouth of the Orinoco, so I didn't object. She—but who can describe the beauty of an Indian girl? Our stereotyped expressions are too closely associated with our own ideas of beauty to apply with the proper force to a style with which we are unfamiliar.

At last we were off. The canoe was a Carib rigged dugout of quite large dimensions. I never liked a Carib rigged boat, but as there was every promise of fair weather I contented myself. The boom of the foresail of this class of craft is longer than the distance from the main to the foremast, and consequently overlaps the mainsail. It is good for a fair wind but very dangerous for a shifting breeze. In going about the foreboom must be lifted up to pass the mainmast. If she gybes she usually goes over in a strong breeze.

Before being half a day in that boat it was very evident to me that Ntanga was more in love with Valanda than her husband. Any one could detect at the former's eyes and tell that they held only longing for the little woman. Bound by tribal tradition, he could say no word of love to her. But his eyes were very dynamos, sending off sparks not to be mistaken. And hers were a pair of sparkling, responsive little magnets, receiving all that came within her range.

Late in the afternoon it began to look murky off to the east and steadily grew worse. It was evident that some bad weather was bearing down on us, but whether it was only a squall or regular heavy weather could only be conjectured. One never knows what is going to happen in these climes until it is full over with. However we were prepared for it. I wanted one of the sails lowered, but a San Blas thinks he can carry all sail until the first puff of a squall hits him fairly. Finally it was on us, and we were thinking ourselves in for nothing worse than a few minutes of a heavy rain, when there was a lull and all the air that had been pushed to the westward seemed to have gathered and started back with the force of a half hundred demons.

The foresail flapped—strained for the fraction of a second of the canoe careened over, and as we held our breath the boom snapped. Thank God! We were over the worst—but not the leech caught and the freed boom hung. The impact as that fierce gust proved too much for the little rope. It parted, leaving part of the foresail in shreds on the mainsail hoops. We were half buried in surging rising waves, but stood a fighting chance had not another gust, fiercer than the first if possible, caught the weather side of the canoe and fairly hurled us over, the swinging boom striking Ntanga on the head as she clutched at the sheet.

As I came to the surface I instinctively thought of sharks and began splashing with my feet as I grasped the keel of the boat. Valanda was already up and the boy, a natural swimmer, was crawling on to the bottom of the capsized craft. Dashing the salt water out of my eyes I looked for the others. Ntanga came up with a bound a few feet away and was plainly unconscious from the blow. The current was carrying her from us very swiftly. Almost at the same instant Valanda dived, but not in the direction of the girl. He went under the boat, but as I made ready to plunge for the fast receding woman, he rose to the surface and motioned me to remain.

In his hand a fish spear was grasped tightly, a spot of blood gathered on the first finger, caused no doubt by the wrench of loosening the spear from the thwart to which it had been made fast on the approach of the storm. With his agonized eyes speaking volumes to the now unresponsive figure tossed by the waves several yards from us, he crawled carefully to the canoe bottom. Keeping his eyes fastened on the object he quickly and stealthily, it seemed, raised his own body erect. Never will I forget him as he stood with supple knees, one bare foot clinging to each side of the keel, his arm poised aloft, watching for a sure chance to cast that fish spear at the woman he loved. As she shot upward again from the crest of a lashed wave, her one garment swashed about her graceful little figure by the mad waters, he flung the implement, a wave he saw not tossed the canoe—he lost his footing and fell.

But never for a moment did he lose the line. Raising himself to a kneeling posture he began pulling in rapidly. When she rose to the crest of the next wave he groaned lamentably. The steel point had missed the little roll of clothing and pierced her thigh. Slowly and carefully we now dragged her to the bottom of the boat.

The fierceness of the squall soon passed and we easily righted the canoe and bailed her out. But where was Santiago? Valanda simply answered, "Sharks," as he assisted me to dress the wound in Ntanga's leg. And I knew why he did not wish to swim for his love. Any exultation he may have felt was counterbalanced by the mortification of having missed his aim.

Arriving at Porto Bello these two lovers, with savage unconventionality, became man and wife after the simple tribal custom.

The boy seemed the only mourner of Santiago.

DID YOU HEAR ABOUT ROONEY?

WONDER IN TENTH AVENUE WHEN HE BROKE THE PLEDGE.

He Abstained From Drink So Long, Too—The Tenderloin Station Besieged by Friends Who Want to Know How It Happened—Rooney Can't Explain.

Sergt. Dillon was on duty behind the desk in the Tenderloin police station a few nights ago when a little thin man with a bunch of whiskers on his chin walked in and removing his hat said in a squeaky voice:

"Good night to yer, sir. It's a little bit av information that I'm wanting. Have yez a frind av mine here?"

"I don't know," said the sergeant. "Is it a man or a woman you're looking for?"

"A gintleman, sir," replied the visitor. "Mr. Rooney is his name and they tell me he's here in th' barracks."

Glancing over the blotter Sergt. Dillon remarked that he had a prisoner named Rooney charged with intoxication.

"He's a truck driver," said the sergeant.

"Faith and that's him," exclaimed the visitor. "He's as foine a man as iver wore shoes. Kin I git him out be paying for him?"

"Not until the morning," replied the sergeant. "You'll have to wait until he goes to court, unless you furnish a bond for his appearance."

"And yer cudn't let him go for a dollar, sir?"

"No."

"Well, eh, I suppose, thin, it's home I'd better go, but how cud Rooney be drunk whin he's a temperance man wid his pledge in his pocket?"

"Don't ask me," said the sergeant, "I'm no oracle."

Rooney's friend had just got out of the door when a big broad-shouldered fellow walked in puffing at a broken piece of a clay pipe.

"Sergeant," he roared in a basso profundo voice, "I'm Big Reilly from Tinth avenue. Have ye sich a man as Rooney here?"

"We have," said the sergeant.

"And what did Rooney do?"

"Got drunk."

"Drunk?"

"Yes, very drunk."

"Glory be ter the soul av Bridget! He promised her he'd niver touch th' cra'ter as long as he lived."

"Well, he has fallen," said the sergeant, smiling. "He has fallen from grace."

"Well, eh, kin yer take me horse and truck in bail for him?"

"Oh, you'd better bring some one here whom I know," replied the sergeant.

As Big Reilly passed out three men wearing overalls and blue jumpers entered. They lined up before the sergeant's desk and, standing in a row, removed their hats and said in chorus:

"Is Mr. Rooney here?"

"He is," replied Dillon.

"And what was he tuk up for?" asked one.

"Drunk," answered the sergeant.

"John Rooney drunk!" exclaimed the trio in chorus. "John Rooney drunk!"

"Now, how cud that be?" asked the middle man; "Rooney's been sober longer than anny man on Tinth avenue, and he said he'd vote for Sunday closin'."

"Kin inflooince git him out?" inquired a second member of the party.

"I don't know," replied Dillon. "You'd better get a bondsman now and settle for him in court. Rooney seems to have many friends."

"Friends, is it!" exclaimed the middle man. "John Rooney's got more frinds than aither McManus or Mr. Crimmins, th' conthractor."

"Well," said the sergeant, "bring some of them around for bail."

When the trio had gone a short, thick-set young man, wearing a sweater and a pair of tight trousers, entered the station.

"Hello, sarge," he said, "was Screw Rooney pinched ter-night?"

"We have a man named Rooney locked up for intoxication," said the sergeant.

"What? Rooney boozed? Screw Rooney tanked! Say, sarge, on de ley' he hain't hit a high hat in t'irteen months. Why, he's been on de sprinkling cart for more'n a year! Dat's de worstest I ever heard. Why, he hasn't been in Rafferty's nor any other power house in t'irteen months. Where did he git it?"

"Git what?"

"De medicine; de oil? None of dem undertakers on Tent' avner 'ud sell him anything."

"Well, he must have got it over in a Thirty-first street morgue," said the sergeant. "That's where they found him."

"Say," said the tough young man, "I feel like I had been smoking hop. I tell yer, sarge, dem dere guys what drink can't keep off de stuff. Jist as soon as dey smell de old Mulligan dey must have de ale dat goes wid it. Good night, sarge."

Then in came a negro.

"'Scuse me, cap'n," he said, "would yuh be so kind as to please inform me has yer got a gen'man in this yeah station by th' name of——"

"Rooney's here," interrupted the sergeant. "You're the seventy-ninth man who has been asking for him. Are you related to him?"

"Oh, no," answered the negro; "I jest come 'round 'kase he's ma friend. You see, yo' honah, Mistah Rooney don't earn much money, but whenever he's got a dollar he nebber draws de color line on na man. He jest gives ver the money. 'Deed, he does, Cap'n; but how did it come bout? Was he drugged wif knockin'-out drops? He ain't no gin chaser, 'deed, he ain't. Nebber shot crap, play poke nor nuffin' like dat. 'Deed, he didn't; he jist went ter bed early, smoked his pipe an' worked all day like a Citizens' Union. I know it, 'kase I work wif him. How'd he an' temperance come ter quarrel, cap'n?"

"Give it up," replied the sergeant. "But how did all New York hear that Rooney took the pledge?"

"Why, he tol' eberybody. De hull of Tenth abnue heerd 'bout dat last winter when he licked five men an' swore hisself nebber to drink anudder drop of poison in his born days."

After the negro had gone away a tall, thin man entered the station, removed his hat and, sidling up to the desk, said:

"Excusen me, Judge; but I am der barber from Tirty-four street. I heerd dot mebbe Mr. McRooney, which drives the moving cart wagon, got himself arrested on der station house for something which he didn't did, while he vere mit his truck on Tirty-first street making a move for a lady vhat lives in a house by der name of Daily, vhen she decisioned to removal to Chersey City because her son got a chob on Pennsylvelphia Railroad Company's ferry house. Is dot true?"

"Is what true?"

"Vhat I said."

"It may be true," remarked the sergeant, "but I can't tell unless you bring around an interpreter."

"Mr. McRooney is not Cherman," answered the barber. "He can talk mit me on English so good as I can talk mit you. But vhat did he did?"

"He got drunk," said the sergeant.

"Excuse me," continued the barber, "but dot vould be impossibleness. I shave him two, t'ree times a veak und he never smelled his breath from vhiskey in a year. He is vhat I call extemperate!"

"That's the word exactly," remarked Sergt. Dillon. "Extemperate."

"Sure," said the barber. "No matter vhen ve have a piut on my shop Mr. McRooney vould not a drink take for a million t'ousand dollars. Nobody could accept him to do it."

"All right," said the sergeant, "but if you want to get him out go and get a bondsman. He's sobered up now."

Ten minutes later a little stout woman with a green shawl over her head opened the door, peeked in and bowed gracefully.

"Good avenin', captain," she said, "cud you tell me if ye have a dacent man locked up here named Mr. John Rooney? I'm his neighbor, captain."

"I'm not the captain," explained Dillon. "I'm only a sergeant. But we have such a man and you're the hundred and tenth person who has called to inquire about him."

"Well, eh, is th' capt'in in?"

"No, ma'am; is there anything I can do for you."

"Well, eh, you are only the sergeant."

"That's all, but I represent the captain in his absence."

"Sure and it's a captain yez ought to be, an' that's no lie."

"Well, what can I do for you."

"If ye can let John out I'd be obliged ter yer, sir."

"Can't do it, unless you get a bondsman," replied the sergeant. "He was arrested for intoxication."

"For what?"

"Getting drunk. I know he was temperate for a year and all that, but he took too much and now he's locked up. Any man who can be good for a year deserves to be locked up if he goes to the bad."

"Well, eh," she stuttered, "whin a poor man has been good for a whole year, don't yer think he's a right ter tip his hat ter th' divil if he don't mane ter stop an' talk to ould Beezlebub, as poor John did?"

"He stopped too long," replied Dillon. "He might have run away after saying 'Hello!' at any rate. It was the devil led him there."

"'Deed and it was, for all cops are divils!" retorted the woman as she made for the door.

A man with a long beard was the next to inquire for Rooney.

"If you are a relative of Rooney's I'll talk to you," said the sergeant, "but if you are not I have no time to answer foolish questions. Are you related to him?"

"Well," said the stranger, "I am a sort of relationship. You see the woman I married was a widow. She had a grown-up daughter, and my father often visited my house so he fell in love with my stepdaughter and that made my father my son-in-law and my stepdaughter my mother and they had a child who became my uncle and my father's brother-in-law, for he was the brother of my stepdaughter who was his mother and of course also my grandchild for he was the son of my daughter, and——"

"See here," interrupted the sergeant, "where does Rooney come in?"

"That's what I was going to explain," said the man with the beard. "Mr. Rooney was the godfather of my grandson."

At this juncture a score of men and women appeared in single file and each volunteered to furnish bail for Mr. Rooney. The sergeant selected Rooney's employer. When the bond was made out the doorman brought Rooney from his cell.

"Oh, Mr Rooney," exclaimed the crowd as they hurried forward to shake hands with him, "how did it happen?"

"Well," said Rooney, "I'm afeerd I can't tell yez how it happened for it's worse than asking a man why does a rope walk or a horse fly. It was jist loike a Dootchman, intinding to write a book on painless suicide, and loading a shotgun wid cocaine ter kill himself widout suffering anny pain. I'm too much scattered now to concenthrate me attintion upon the subject."

SHORTENING THE WORK HOURS.

A Tendency Noticeable Even in the Hustling Business District.

"I see, said a downtown business man, "that many leading wholesale silk and ribbon houses are now to close at 3 P. M. on Saturdays. It is curious the extent to which the abridgement of our working hours on Saturday has spread. It is not so many years ago since we had no Saturday half holiday, or any shortening of working time on Saturday at all. We used to think, in this country, that we couldn't spare a minute; that we must keep plugging away, and that any hours that were not devoted to work were wasted. But we are coming to think a little differently now.

"We began with a cautious lapping off of an hour or two on Saturday afternoon, soon extending this, however, to the Saturday half holiday, the observance of which has now in this city come to be common, at least in Summer. In the retail districts it ceases with the beginning of fall, but the tendency there is to begin it earlier in the season and stop it later; while in the wholesale districts that half holiday, or at least a shortening of the hours of work on Saturday, now prevails to a greater or less extent, around the whole year.

"This is a fact quite familiar to those doing business down town, and of which those whose business keeps them engaged until fixed hours daily without regard to the day have striking proof when they come to go home on Saturday afternoons. Five days in the week they find crowded cars; on Saturdays at the same hour, even at this season, they find a seat. And these conditions are steadily growing more marked; the cars are becoming more and more crowded on five days in the week, and there is more and more room in them on Saturdays.

"It seems, to be sure, as though a man could do more work in sixty hours than in fifty-five, and so he could if he worked always at the same rate of speed; but we don't do that in this country. Here we not only hustle, but we like to hustle. At the same time we are rapidly getting richer, and getting to take things a little more comfortably; we don't feel as we used to feel, as though everything would fall down and go to ruin on the spot if we stopped work for a minute. In fact we are getting to take things, as I said, easier, and I look to see those shorter hours on Saturday creep in all trades, round the year.

"But I have no fear that this little more of leisure will breed in us slackness or idleness, for it may be said of the Americans in general, as we often hear it said of some one of him in particular, that 'he hasn't got a lazy bone in his body,' and I believe that the time will never come when we shall loaf at our work. In fact, I think a little more recreation yet would be a good thing for all of us, and make us still more effective than we are."

TENNESSEEANS FIGHT WHISKEY.

A Struggle That Threatens the Political Future of Some Big Men.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Feb. 14.—Developments have come thick and fast in the Tennessee political situation within the past three or four days, and the politicians are wondering where the anti-whiskey fight will end. It is evident that the war now being waged by the Tennessee anti-saloon league means the political doom of at least half a dozen men who have been leading in Tennessee politics for several years past.

The anti-saloon people have concentrated their fight upon State Senator James J. Bean of Moore county, in the Fifth Congress district, who is a candidate for Speaker of the next Senate. If Mr. Bean is elected the anti-saloon people feel that he will appoint committees which will result in the defeat of measures that might work to the detriment of the whiskey traffic in this State because he helped to kill an anti-liquor measure during the last General Assembly. This is why they have gone out after his scalp.

Within the past week a dozen petitions have been circulated in Mr. Bean's district Senatorial and literally signed by persons who say they will not support him. He is a Democrat, popular, and yet members of his party, under the pressure of the opposing influence, have declared they will work against him. If they carry out their promise it means his defeat. And that would break the backbone of the people semi-friendly to the whiskey interests. Some time ago Mr. Bean signed a pledge to support the anti-liquor measures in the next Legislature, but this does not suit the anti-whiskey league.

More than ordinary interest attaches to the result of the fight on Bean, because he is the prospective successor to Congressman James D. Richardson of the Fifth district, leader of the Democrat