# PULPIT VIEW OF SOCIALISM

### THE REV. PERCY GRANT EXPLAINS HIS SUNDAY NIGHT MEETINGS.

**They Are a Regular Service of the Church, He Says, and Are Intended for a Free Exchange of Opinions—Rarely Is There Trouble—What Their Real Purpose Is.**

It is the common complaint at present that men no longer attend church, and various answers are given when clergymen are asked to explain. The question, however, is not usually asked of the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant, whose pastorate of the Church of the Ascension, on lower Fifth avenue, has extended from 1893.

Mr. Grant has found himself of late in the searchlight of public interest because of his Sunday night meetings.

"Mr. Irvine's Sunday night meetings," says Mr. Grant, "are the third religious congregation gathered in the Church of the Ascension each Sunday, the first at 11 in the morning, where prayers are read and the rector preaches; the second at 4 o'clock, when evensong is said and a very elaborate musical programme is rendered, the associate rector, Walter Clifton Smith, preaching. The canons of the Episcopal Church permit a third service of an informal character. I usually read the prayer book service for Mr. Irvine at these after meetings, sit next him in the clergy stalls, and dismiss the congregation with a benediction. I have been in the habit of shaking hands with those who pass into the after meetings, but I am really almost a guest, as I am anxious that there shall be no impression of proselyting or curtailment of the freedom of speech."

THE REV. PERCY STICKNEY GRANT.

Some of the audience, Mr. Grant says, are curiosity seekers, but this element is small; some again are rampant individualists, not so eager to learn as to teach, hot headed, fiery tongued and impatient of control, no matter how tactfully exerted; but whatever their peculiarities they are all toilers, hand or brain workers as the case may be, and not asking for or desirous of any but mental and spiritual help.

Asked if this aggregation of types has not had a deterrent influence on the attendance of the regular pewholders, Mr. Grant says frankly that to his great surprise it has not. In the first place the meetings are not organized with the members of the church in view, but were essentially for the working men and women who did not or would not attend church. As it has turned out a fair percentage of the attendants at the later meetings are regularly confirmed members of the church, who manifest a keen interest in what has long since ceased to be a experiment.

Men prominent in Wall Street, labor leaders, trust makers and breakers, artisans and artists, men tackling the great problems of to-day with enthusiasm and those worn out with the struggle, address the meetings. In the future regular speakers of preeminent views are to be secured.

Episodes of human interest, pathetic, humorous, tragic, are narrated. Owners of dialects take frantic efforts to be understood, some struggle to have others comprehend what they do not comprehend themselves. While the bulk of the congregation are men, so that the audience looks like a men meeting at Trinity, women are represented in the after meetings, St. Paul to the contrary.

On the north wall of the parish chapel, where these Sunday night meetings are held at 8:30, is an interesting painting by a celebrated Spaniard, who took Salon honors with it. It represents a little crowd of crippled children on the beach, their feeble bodies dashing against the immensity of the sea. It is called "The Sad Inheritance." As you first note the long stretch of canvas, only the hopelessness, the frailty and the useless fight against conditions impress one; then you note the crutches and the helping hand.

"It is very human, is it not?" asks Mr. Grant, pointing to it. "It explains perhaps as well as any words could do the attitude of the Church toward humanity." Then he settles down to the serious talk of the interview.

"I am not a Socialist," he begins. "The Sunday night meetings at the Church of the Ascension on Fifth avenue are not Socialist meetings, nor is any attempt made at Socialist propaganda. This same statement is true of the after meetings which of late have occasioned so much comment, which are directed by Alexander Irvine. I met Mr. Irvine over a year ago and took an immediate interest in him. Mr. Irvine was born in the north of Ireland, was a member of the Church of England, served in the English army in the Sudan and received many medals for bravery. He studied at Yale for the Presbyterian Church, which he entered. He was very successful as a missionary on the Bowery and at the Presbyterian Mission there called 'The Sea and Land.' He later went to a parish of his own in New Haven. His theological and social views, which were born out of his long relationship to the poor, proved to be distasteful to his parishioners and he resigned his charge. He then determined to devote himself to helping men spiritually and to bettering their condition materially as a layman rather than as a clergyman.

"At the time I met him he was speaking at shop meetings under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. I had been asked to do this very thing and had declined, principally, I will admit, because I thought it was such a very difficult thing to do in the right way. Naturally I felt an immense respect and admiration for a man who had apparently solved this problem so successfully, who could talk to workingmen in their noon hour in a fashion to command their attendance in such large numbers.

"Later I asked him if he could not take hold with us in the Ascension parish in what we were trying to do for workingmen, a parochial undertaking which at the time had not been well organized or developed. After considering the invitation for some six months, an invitation which in the meantime was approved by the vestry of the church, Mr. Irvine came to the Church of the Ascension in a capacity that might be described as a "labor secretary." During my absence a couple of Sundays in October last I asked Mr. Irvine to preach for me in the evenings. He was so successful that I saw the place for him was the church, and not the Chapel of the Comforter. Mr. Irvine was now enabled to invite the people whom he met in shops to a convenient, attractive church, under conditions more agreeable in every way, where they could hear discourses that would interest them and where they would have all the advantages of a free people's church.

"By and by in order to give Mr. Irvine an opportunity to meet the people he preached to and become acquainted with them the congregation was invited to the neighboring chapel in the parish house, and something to eat was provided to promote sociability. The first night of these after meetings about thirty were present and an hour or so passed in conference, everybody meeting everybody else.

"In a few weeks persons of distinction commenced to drop in, writers, reformers, labor leaders, representatives of the capitalist class, and as a matter of course we asked them to say a few words to the others before they went. In the process of time an incipient People's Forum which Mr. Irvine had in the chapel was consolidated with these after meetings, so that in addition to the accidental and informal speeches there were extemporaneous speeches from the floor and brief remarks by any one who wished to speak. It is worth while making this somewhat detailed explanation, for it shows that the meetings have been an evolution and not the carrying out of a premeditated programme. As can be inferred from what has been stated, the primary object of the meetings was to give religious opportunity and offer hospitality to workingmen who for some reason or other were outside the churches. As a matter of fact they did attract this very class, men who had not been inside the portals of a church for many years.

"The two things that keep workingmen out of the church to-day are, first, their inability to have any confidence in the Christianity which is a belief, an emotion or a mystic attitude, but which is not keen to remedy social and economic injustice, which is not concerned to fill empty stomachs and to provide work for idle hands. The absence of the workingmen from the churches is the extremest challenge of the sincerity of Christian profession. They will attend only the church which shows an intelligent sympathy with their position in this matter.

"The second reason that is keeping them away is the narrow theology. They are not interested in a religion that comes from the past. One cannot listen to an open meeting of workingmen such as takes place in our parish house every Sunday night without immediately discovering that they are modern in every fibre.

"The spirit shown by these workingmen in their new sense of vital brotherhood toward the propagation of better social conditions is absolutely religious, indeed it is sacramental; it is largely associated too with almost an ascetic ideal. I find that many of these men are vegetarians by principle, total abstainers and non-smokers, simply by reason of the new sense of human values that has come to them through this more intimate interpretation of the meaning of universal brotherhood.

"The workingmen of this description, and it is this kind that fill the Church of the Ascension, have an enormous gift and benefit to confer upon the Church. On the other hand the Church has much to give the workingmen. There is danger that in their new perception of ways and means toward material improvements the more remote and yet fundamental needs of the soul may be overlooked or at least slighted.

"As for socialism, I have talked for the last six months with many avowed Socialists of all sorts and descriptions. I was very ignorant of what the word stood for and had considered it a dangerous doctrinaire and revolutionary propaganda. Whatever the earlier writers and speakers on the subject may have described it to be, I am convinced that here in America it is at the present moment a peaceful and evolutionary economic programme. Although not a Socialist, I can see what a man means when he describes socialism to me as a rationalizing of social and economic living. I can see what he means when he describes it as the next step when competitive processes have run their course and have expended their force. I can understand the social ideal which is one of cooperation rather than of conflict, even if the conflict be narrowed down to two great combinations, the combination of capital and the combination of labor.

"When Mr. Taft in the Chicago speech told labor that it should combine just as capital should combine, I can see a very dangerous situation suggested to us, which is nothing less than the consolidation of the people of this country into two great camps antagonistic to each other. It is certainly a more peaceful solution of the situation to suggest that these camps themselves combine in one large, cooperative and brotherly group. This may be considered an extreme form of idealism. So it is, but the Kingdom of Heaven is an extreme form of idealism, and perhaps the faith in human nature which can look with confidence to each of these remote possibilities explains the sympathy with which the Church can offer its hospitality to those visionaries who call themselves Socialists.

"Two or three other results of the most vital importance have shown themselves in these meetings. Men of the greatest difference in religious belief and economic convictions meet each other and hear each other speak. They soon are conscious of the sincerity and good intention back of what has been uttered. I am confident that it is only in such an atmosphere of acquaintance, of sympathy and confidence that any serious political and economic problems can be solved peacefully.

"Again, the extraordinary value that is evident to the most casual observer of these workingmen's meetings lies in the opportunity afforded for perfect freedom of thought and its expression. One or two of the after meetings have become demoralized and ended in mere wordy wrangles, tiresome and banal, but those were the result of accident and came about really by the mistaken impression held by a few fanatics and egotists that they could come to these meetings and shower personal abuse on each other for the delectation of a chosen audience and to further ends of personal ambition or of revenge. We shall see that they are not duplicated. Mr. Irvine and those assisting him do not propose to be bottle holders for political partisans while they indulge in Sunday night scraps.

"These wrangles, which have occurred on only two occasions during the winter, have had an unfortunate publicity, while it has been overlooked that the ordinary Sunday night meeting really resembles a Methodist experience meeting, the fundamental difference being that the speakers instead of confining themselves to talking about their conversion to Christianity have taken a broader range, telling the audiences their experiences of life and the conclusions they have drawn therefrom. In my opinion nothing can be more important than the sincere narration of such experiences brought by persons of different races, different religions and different classes. In fact I see in this variety of what may be truly called spiritual experiences the material for the synthesis of a new religious movement or conception of religion."

"What then," Mr. Grant, is asked by the interviewer for THE SUN, "do you expect to accomplish by these meetings?"

Mr. Grant replies:

"1. To show the workingmen of America that there is a warm place in the heart of the Church for them and that the Church is big enough to hold them and all their vital, intellectual honesty and breadth of mind about religious and social questions.

"2. That the Church is not a rich man's club, where only those things can be said from the pulpit that are agreeable to the rich.

"3. To make it clear that some of the most serious present day problems which seem to involve class bitterness and conflict can be solved by bringing together men who differ, and letting them discover the sincerity and good will of their supposed antagonists.

"4. To bring the new enthusiasm of a real sense of human brotherhood, with its many acts of self-sacrifice and its almost ascetic ideal, to revitalize some of the self-satisfied, worldly, somnolent Christianity of to-day. To bring to the social aspirations of the poor a deeper interpretation than that of materialistic advantage, and a more enduring benefit than an increased amount of the good things of life they now possess.

"5. I hope to give fresh reality to religion by showing that it is not the creation of a priestly caste, or our inheritance from any given race or a system of commandments, ceremonies and dogmas based upon any kind of authority, but that it is fundamentally the need of every life, and can be read in the experiences of human nature, and perhaps, after all, can best be formulated out of the sincere and outspoken conclusions about life from all sorts and conditions of men."

### KENTUCKY'S NEW SENATOR.

**One Trait of Gov. Bradley Exhibited to a Former Boy Editor.**

Twelve years ago when Senator-elect William O'Connell Bradley of Kentucky was Governor of that State a youth who at 15 was carrying the editorial burden of a weekly newspaper in a country town in Illinois drifted into Frankfort on a bicycle trip. There wasn't much to see in Frankfort except the State Capitol, so he went up there.

It was the young editor's first inspection of a State Capitol and his eyes were open for everything. Naturally the sign "Governor's Office" interested him and he quickly decided to call on the Governor. He sent in his card and presently the doorkeeper returned and said: "The Governor will see you."

Then did the visitor really wish that his curiosity about the Governor's office hadn't got the better of him. It would be manifestly improper to intrude on the Governor's time without some motive, and still the young editor couldn't think of any motive. On the way to the inner office he decided to take the Governor into his confidence and confess that there wasn't any cause for the visit except a small matter of editorial courtesy.

Prompted, no doubt, by that spirit that has made him the head of his party in the State, and that enabled him to win his fight for the Senate against apparently overwhelming odds, Gov. Bradley talked to the boy journalist for an hour, speaking most interestingly on subjects that could not fail to interest even a youth that didn't have a news instinct.

The Governor described his early experiences as a Republican in a Democratic hotbed, when to go to the polls and vote the Republican ticket was only one form of committing suicide. He told how at one period of his political activity it became necessary for all the Republicans of the town in which he lived to fortify themselves in a house and defend themselves against Democratic raiders who were thirsting for blood.

There were so many of these stories that the hour had passed before either the Governor or his visitor knew it, and when the boy editor finally excused himself he carried away a picture bearing the Governor's autograph.

When Gov. Bradley won his successful fight before the Kentucky Legislature a few weeks ago the editor, who had been reduced by lapse of time to just plain reporter, remembered those stories of the early days and wrote the Senator-elect asking the privilege of telling them to the whole country. Gov. Bradley's reply stamps him as a man who is going to make himself disliked in Washington if he doesn't change his mind. It was:

"There is nothing that is more distasteful to me than to talk about myself, and you must excuse me from entering into an account of my past experience as a politician. I have never written the same up and never really expect to."

# HAYTI'S STRANGE, AGED RULER

### NORD ALEXIS UNLIKE ANY OTHER KNOWN POTENTATE.

**Over 90, Bloodthirsty, a Believer in Voodooism and Ambitious—His Ragged Guard, Variegated Generals and Dilapidated Palace—Typically Ethiopian.**

PORT AU PRINCE, Hayti, April 10.—Possibly somewhere in the jungles of Africa or perhaps in the mystic East or on the planet Mars there is a president, potentate, shah, rajah, sultan or some other sort of ruler who is as strange and grotesquely impossible as President Nord Alexis of Hayti, but certainly there is none to compare with him in this hemisphere. Castro of Venezuela, that "monkey of the Andes," comes close, perhaps, but Castro's style differs, and while he defies the great Powers of the earth he does not approach in pure picturesqueness the venerable old man who sits in the Presidential palace here and runs this little black republic to suit himself.

Imagine a typical Ethiopian between 90 and 100 years of age, bloodthirsty and apparently only half civilized, a dealer of death to political enemies, a believer in voodooism, and you have a faint idea of what he is. For anything more one must come to Hayti and see for himself.

For one hundred and five years the country has been under the same sort of rule as now. The natives gained their independence from the French, and since that time the history of the country has been a record of strife and bloodshed.

Shut off from all the rest of the world, it has gone on a downward path until now it seems that nothing can save it from utter ruin except intervention by the Powers. No steps have recently been taken toward saving what is left and building upon it. The Government robs the people, and the people, thoroughly accustomed to this procedure, don't seem to care much.

Alexis rules with a hand of iron. Some day a revolution against him will doubtless be successful, if he lives until another may be organized, but for the present his will is law. A personal or political enemy is dealt with summarily and harshly.

The shooting of twenty-seven alleged conspirators on March 15 by order of Alexis is the most recent example of his way of ruling, yet as time passes and the perspective is larger that slaughter will be but a mere detail in the history of his régime, perhaps one of the worst details, but not so very much worse than many other things which have been done and others which will be done, no doubt, unless foreigners take charge of things.

The character of Alexis is easily accounted for. His father was a so-called Prince of Cape Haytien, the northernmost part of the country. Alexis the elder held a high position in the household of Emperor Henry Christophe, a barbarian, who left behind him when he committed suicide in 1820 a horrible trail of blood and deeds which native historians pass over as "many unfortunate acts."

The ideas of Christophe were handed down to Alexis, himself a page to the Emperor. A mighty and brutal man was Christophe, whose history as told here is scarcely believable.

Once Christophe doubted the loyalty of the chief of police of Port au Prince, and thereupon he asked this officer if he were really loyal. The chief naturally enough said he was, whereupon Christophe told him to prove it by bringing the heads of his, the police chief's, wife and daughter, which the chief did, and Christophe was convinced of his love and support.

At another time Christophe became enraged with the French and issued a decree that thereafter the official language would be English, and that if after twenty-four hours any one spoke French in his presence he would be executed. To complete the transformation he changed his own name to Henry and has since been known as Christophe and Henry and sometimes as Henri Christophe.

The traditions of Christophe which have been handed down from the last century deal with nothing save bloodshed and the atrocities he committed. His own death was violent and also somewhat on the heroic order.

In 1820 he was stricken with paralysis, whereupon his political enemies started a revolution. He swore to cure himself of his ailment and attempted to do so with a bath in a solution of herbs and peppers. It gave him momentary relief, enough to permit him to mount his horse and start for the front.

The paralysis quickly took hold again and Christophe was carried back to his bed. His soldiers went forth to battle with the rebels, Christophe directing the campaign.

Then came the news of desertions from the Government ranks and the revolution was thus made successful. When the King received this information he shot himself through the heart. It is doubtful if any one mourned the loss.

Having been imbued with this sort of rule, it is perhaps not surprising that Alexis is the man he is, although more than fourscore years have gone by since Alexis used to wait upon the Emperor Christophe. Alexis came into the Presidency in 1902 by force, as have all Presidents of Hayti. He had made other efforts in previous years, but had never been successful.

They say now that he desires to remain President until he dies, and that he also has an ambition to proclaim himself Emperor, but this latter ambition will doubtless be put aside until the present difficulties have been put out of the way.

Were it not for the earnestness displayed the whole situation would seem absurdly impossible. It is useless to call it opera bouffe, for from that point of view it is even more. The most picturesque part of life here is the army with its scores of Generals and all. It is extremely funny to a foreigner, but the soldiers themselves take it most seriously.

President Alexis on a Sunday morning granted an interview to the correspondent of THE SUN. The audience was given in a reception room of the Presidential residence.

This executive mansion lies in the southern part of the city. It is built of brick and wood, two stories in height, and strange to say is painted a slate color, with a dark and modest roof. The building itself is surrounded by a compound enclosed in an iron fence, with another surrounding that, giving two lines of protection.

On the east and north of the executive reservation lies the vast Champ de Mars, in the centre of which is a huge statue of Dessalines, who exterminated the whites in 1803. The Champ de Mars is like unto nothing else than a bit of pasture land, where a flock of sheep and many goats are constantly grazing. There are no drives or roadways; the native carriages drive anywhere in the reservation, and thus a network of roads, or trails, has marred impossibly what could easily be made an attractive spot.

On this Sunday morning there was a review of soldiers within the palace grounds. This the foreigners did not see, possibly because the soldiers were not in good form, or possibly because no one thought about extending them an invitation.

The entrance to the grounds is through a large gateway, a passage on each side for pedestrians and a larger one in the centre for horses and vehicles. Half clad soldiers filled the street outside and thronged the compound within.

The uniform—perhaps too dignified a word—of the private, who is a soldier only occasionally and a street laborer at all other times, consists of a sort of blouse, trousers tattered and torn and a dilapidated hat. The invariably wretched condition of the hats was surprising. No one ranking under the grade of colonel seemed to have need for shoes.

The officers of higher rank were uniformed brilliantly, but no two were alike. It seemed that each officer must have concocted his own dress. Sometimes there were brilliant scarlet breeches with a purple stripe, sometimes the order was reversed and another dash of color given by a green coat with a vast amount of gold lace. There was a marvellous variety of hats, the cockades with worn aigrettes resembling nothing more than a moth eaten feather duster.

There was a pause in our progress at the gateway, and a General—he must have been that at least—was called. He gave the sign, and after standing aside to permit the exit of half a dozen privates we were permitted to enter by the sentry.

This individual sat on a boxlike chair at one side of the gate. He had in his possession a long rifle, a chassepot of the type turned out about '70, with a bayonet. The butt of the gun rested between his bare heels as he sat on the box; the point of the bayonet supported the gun against the upright part of the gate, this making the opposite side of a barrier. To permit passage the energetic sentinel lazily reached down and lifted the gun toward him, then, after the party had passed through, he let it drop back into place.

The broad driveway was guarded by a number of soldiers and a small brass cannon, a Napoleon. The general smell of the place was neutralized a bit by sweet perfume from the rose gardens on either side. President Alexis is a great lover of flowers, we were told.

The doors of the palace were three, each with a chassepot leaning diagonally across, as at the other gate, with a darky sentinel to watch it. A highly colored—both in uniform and otherwise—officer nodded toward a sentinel and the party went through.

The first object seen within was a bust of Dessalines, a horrible looking black creature. Behind it was the most surprising thing in the palace, aside from the President, a beautiful marble statue of a boy, evidently French, and white as could be. The general effort to have black predominate was everywhere else, and the presence of this beautiful white boy was something of a shock.

The second floor was reached by a curving wooden stairway, rather rickety and not altogether clean. More sentinels. There were sentinels and sentinels, but the best of all was he who guarded the entrance of the reception room.

In the States his uniform would be called overalls except for the red facing. He sat on a box at one side of the door and never arose. In his hand he had a long unsheathed sabre—unsheathed, a glance showed, because he owned no scabbard. It was his duty to allow no unauthorized person to pass. When one he knew not approached he barred the entrance by jabbing the point of the sabre into the door casing opposite, and he kept it there until a word from some officer or official.

Generals and Cabinet Ministers passed by now and then, but this sentinel gave no sign of recognition. Every few minutes he dropped to sleep, to be suddenly awakened by the clatter of his sabre as it dropped from his relaxed hand, or by some person passing by. He sprawled over his chair in a loose jointed heap, like nothing else than a Mississippi River darky holding down a bale of cotton on the levee of a sunny afternoon.

The reception room was marvellous. A faded and much worn green carpet covered the floor. The walls and ceiling had a green paper of peculiar design, and from the ceiling hung a chandelier of Belgian crystal evidently long in disuse, for an exposed coil of wire hung from another part of the ceiling with an electric bulb.

Around the top of the room on three of its sides hung portraits of about twenty Presidents of Hayti. Every one was black as could be, and there were some most ferocious looking individuals. The pictures of Dessalines predominated, although those of Nord Alexis were a close second.

Leaning against the south wall was a huge portrait of Dessalines on a horse. It reached from the floor almost to the ceiling and was certainly a wonderful work. Yes, the President's nephew said, it was painted by a local artist. It looked it.

The horse was a tremendous bay and was as much of a physical impossibility as its rider. One foot of the horse was judiciously placed on the French flag, another upon a cat o' nine tails, a third on a broken chain, while the other was suspended in the air as if the steed were impatient to be on its way to the unknown destination off to the southwest toward which Dessalines was pointing with his sword, while turning to look back to the southwest over his right shoulder. If Dessalines himself had ever actually assumed such a position he would never have been murdered, as he was later, for he would pave passed away then and there with a broken neck.

At the other end of the room there was a life size painting of a woman with a bale of grass under one arm and a sickle in the other hand. She represented labor, and as the women do most of the work in Hayti it was technically correct. On the centre table was a bottle with a full rigged ship inside. Of course every one wondered how it got there.

The State Department rested on a long wicker settee in the shape of three or four large journals. Across the room was a satin covered sofa. The arms were broken off and could be seen underneath, where they had been thrown as a matter of convenience.

Presently there filed into the room the members of the President's military staff and those of the Cabinet. The soldiers were gaudily uniformed in green, red and purple, with gobs of gold lace.

One man wore a French tropical uniform of white, the simplest costume in the room. The others were in direct contrast, being in costumes as loud and brilliant as those of any comic opera ever produced anywhere in the States.

President Nord Alexis came in on the arm of the cleverest man in the country, M. Marcelin, the Minister of Commerce and Finance. He was dressed in a dark green uniform. The coat was like a regular frock and covered with four rows of brass buttons, two on each side.

The coat was open, showing a waistcoat which reached clear up to the white linen collar, which was rather out of shape. An old ready made black tie hung negligently to the collar button. But the uniform has no interest when one's eyes rest upon the man.

When in his prime Alexis must have been over six feet tall and very strong. All that is left now is the framework of what was formerly a splendid specimen of physical manhood.

His legs and body seem a mass of mere bone, shrunken until almost nothing is left. His hands are long and bony and themselves show great age. On one finger of his right hand he wore two tremendous diamonds in one setting. He had no other jewelry.

The face was as black as could be. It was far more Ethiopian than the average negro in the North. The profile was almost triangular, one side beginning with the low, sloping forehead and ending at the mouth, with its full lips concealing a jungle of discolored teeth. The chin dropped straight off and was large, receding in folds of loose, hanging skin to the neck.

A twisted mass of sparse hair decorated the huge and long upper lip, while a small goatee appeared from the lower. He wore gold spectacles which partially concealed his eyes. The orbs were sunken and that part which should be white was discolored to a sort of brown, making it impossible to distinguish where the pupil left off and the other part began.

The President speaks splendid French, and the entire conversation was in that language. Marcelin stood by and was very attentive. He headed off embarrassing questions and was evidently there to extricate the President from any conversational entanglement as well as to act as a witness.

The others stood in a semicircle off to the right of the corner in which the President had his chair placed. Alexis showed no hesitancy in answering all questions. He understood what was wanted, and being anxious to have the Northern papers say the proper thing he tried to put his side of the situation forward.

When the interview was at an end a round of champagne was served. The President himself merely tasted a concoction of cola, which he had some difficulty in getting to his lips, his hand trembled so.

Alexis is in touch with everything in the Government. Nothing can be done without his consent. A newspaper man recently took a trip on a Haytian gunboat. He was assigned to a certain room and asked to have another. The request was refused and it was explained that the President had directed that he take that particular cabin.

This is but one instance of his mastery of the details of running this country.

### HURRY SIGN TO THE WARSHIPS.

**Consul at Gonaives Finds a Way to Get a Telegram to Paducah's Skipper.**

PORT AU PRINCE, April 14.—In every revolution in the tropics there is some ludicrous incident which convulses the northern reader and conveys a wrong impression of the situation. The fighting sometimes is of a very serious character. Thus there was a fight in Santo Domingo once in which 35 per cent. of the entire forces engaged were killed or wounded.

But the peculiar and funny things do happen in spite of the bloodshed, and the recent Haytian troubles have produced a couple of incidents that would do for a comic opera. One happened when the British cruiser Indefatigable came into Port au Prince harbor after dark and fired three shots to announce her arrival. The town was turned inside out by the occurrence, as every one thought a fight was on for sure.

The other happening, which it is believed here has not received proper publicity, occurred in Gonaives several weeks ago. Gonaives is some miles north of Port au Prince and was the centre of the revolutionary movement which was begun by Anton Firmin in January.

The affairs of the United States are looked after at Gonaives by J. William Woel, a native of Hayti, but appointed Consular Agent at Gonaives as from Massachusetts. His real home is in Gonaives and his office is on the side, so to speak, for it pays only fees, which last year totalled $306.

Well, the revolution was getting along as well as could be expected about this time and the gunboat Eagle from Guantanamo put in to see about the situation. The Consul and others there were considerably alarmed and feared an attack. The commander of the Eagle made an arrangement with Mr. Woel to land forces in the event of trouble.

"The sign of distress the world over, Mr. Consul," said the businesslike naval officer, "is the ensign upside down, and if you want to bring me ashore in a hurry just go up on the roof and turn the flag over. Then we'll come to you."

The revolution went along, but there was no serious trouble and the consulate was never in danger. After a while the Eagle went away. Some days later the little gunboat Paducah arrived at Gonaives. A British ship was there too, as well as the French cruiser D'Estrees. Official visits were made ashore, and then the warships just settled down to remaining around for a while.

One day there came a telegram for the skipper of the Paducah. It was delivered at the consulate and the Consul wanted to hand it personally to the ship's captain. But there happened to be at that moment no ready way of getting a message out into the harbor.

Mr. Consul was puzzled, and besides, it was hot and very uncomfortable to move about. He remembered the words of the commander of the Eagle. "The ensign upside down will bring us."

Here was the solution. Up to the roof went Mr. Woel. He pulled down the flag, turned it over and hoisted it again. Then he walked down to the wharf with the telegram in his hand.

On the bridge of every warship in the harbor there was a bluejacket with glasses keeping a close watch on the city. The change in the flag was noted instantly. Bugles blew on the Britisher, the American and the Frenchman. It was "assembly" first and the word was passed to prepare a landing party.

In eight minutes threescore or more British bluejackets tumbled out of the big pulling boats onto the wharf and the Americans and Frenchmen were scrambling down the gangways of their vessels into their own cutters as fast as could be. The sailors were armed to the teeth and had machine guns along with them.

The naval contingents of three great nations were vastly excited, while the humble representative of the United States dragged on a cigarette and watched the proceedings with great interest.

The British commander was the first to see and question him. What's the matter? the trim, white helmeted Englishman asked. Why was the ensign upside down?

Nothing, nothing, said the Consul, except that he had a telegram for the captain of the Paducah. Then broke there forth in thunderous and violent tones a wonderful stream of Britannic wrath, to be soon followed by other streams from Americans and Frenchmen. The bluejackets, bitterly disappointed, returned to their ships.

Usually it is regarded as a pretty serious thing to land an armed force on foreign territory, but this little incident seems to have been overlooked.

**Not All Hawks Chicken Thieves.**

*From the Maine Woods.*

The hawks have as bad a reputation as the crows, and all hawks are called "henhawks" by those who are ignorant of what they do live on, but the majority of the hawks do not live on poultry, by any means. A great many live on insects, and mice form a large item in their bill of fare.

The sparrow hawk is the one that is to blame for the hard name given to his brethren, and it is he who kills the chickens and hens. When hard pressed for food other hawks rarely may carry away a hen or chicken, but this is the extreme rather than the average case.

# IN LONDON'S FINEST PARK

### REFRESHMENT PLACE INVADES A RESORT OF FASHION.

**One Being Built in Hyde Park in the Ring Where the Lords and Ladies of Many Courts Have Made Merry—On the Site Where Once Price's Lodge Stood.**

LONDON, April 4.—All through the gloom and fog of winter Londoners take small account of their parks and squares and have only a deadened appreciation of their charms. Few persons walk or drive in them except as short cuts to various destinations. But with the first warm hint of spring those once deserted places are crowded with Londoners big and little, who seek there the practical demonstration that springtime has come.

Never has the spring flower show in the parks been better worth seeing than this year. Flowers in England need only small encouragement to grow and the first mild weather brings out myriads of daffodils, primroses, crocuses and tulips.

This year the Green Park abounds in golden daffodils. In St. James's Park and along Constitution Hill the grass is starred with white, purple and gold crocuses. Regents Park has made a specialty of primroses, and Kensington Park has united all these in a multicolored carpet.

Hyde Park has its usual display of blossoms in which flaunting red and yellow tulips predominate, but to the horror of lovers of this largest and most fashionable of London's parks amid the flowers and grassy lawns is rapidly rising a "refreshment retreat," which is being built on one of the most popular and frequented walks. As a matter of fact history is only repeating itself and this new little tea place is to be on the very site of the famous "Ring" of bygone days, where for many generations fashionable ladies and gentlemen came to walk, drive and regale themselves on the dainties of their times.

It was Henry VIII., that royal property grabber, who "acquired" the church lands of the Manor of Hyde in 1536 and converted them into a deer park, where he and his successors could hunt to their hearts' content. Charles I. admitted the public to the park in 1636 and then gave it to his people as a place for races and athletic sports.

Stern old Cromwell seems to have loved to walk about the park, and it was he who conceived the idea of enclosing a great stretch of grass with a driveway about it inside iron railings, as a sort of recreation ground. After the Restoration the real popularity of this grassy lawn was established and it became a regular resort for fashionable men and women every afternoon through the spring and summer. Even the King and Queen visited the "Ring," as it was called, and sometimes lingered there to watch the games and sports.

In the very middle of the enclosure were nine pools or springs of sparkling water, where people congregated to drink cooling draughts and where careful mothers dipped their newly weaned babies for luck and health.

A wooden house was erected in the Ring called Price's Lodge, where light refreshments were served and which Pepys and his amiable spouse often frequented. He says "after going to see a fine foot race three times around the Ring we retired to the lodge to partake of cheesecakes and tankards of warm milk."

In Queen Anne's time the gayeties in Hyde Park flourished well. May day was high festival for the lords and ladies of the court. May poles were set up and dancers stepped to the rasp and screech of the fiddle strings and bows. Upon the new grown grass collations were served from Price's Lodge. With William and Mary's reign came a diminution of royal prestige for the Ring, but the fun and frolic evidently continued, as one chronicler, Tom Browne, describes it thus in 1700:

"Scores of gallant ladies in coaches, some singing, some laughing and others tickling one another, toy in the Ring and devour cheesecakes, marchepane and China oranges."

Then came a time when the troops were encamped in Hyde Park and the officers were massed within the Ring. This does not seem to have disconcerted in the least the gallant ladies, as they still continued to visit their favorite recreation ground in the afternoons, peep into the tents, joke with their occupants, and finish up with "hot dishes of tea and sweet drams of ratifias."

The first King George thought best to regulate the gayety of his court, and since some of the staider element were shocked at the reveries of the Ring restrictions were imposed upon those who visited the park daily. Hired coaches could not enter the park gates at all. Only persons of quality were admitted to the Ring. Children and servants in livery were relegated to outside the iron railings, where they had to wait while their august parents and masters took their walks around the Ring. However, the popularity of the recreation ground soon waned and the gallant ladies "turned their attention elsewhere."

Early in the last century Price's Lodge was pulled down and the iron railings enclosing the Ring soon followed. Refreshment and merrymaking were banished and the Ring became like any other stretch of grass in the park with the promenade around it.

In the gloom of the later Georgian period and the early Victorian era, Hyde Park became the solemn resort of fashion and wealth that it is now. Hired cabs are still tabooed and dignity and repose mark the daily progress of smart victorias in Rotten Row and the morning church parade which is to be seen on bright Sundays in the season.

That a refreshment place should rise on the old site of Price's Lodge is but fitting, and it is fitting too perhaps that tea and thin bread and butter should replace the marchepan, China oranges and syllabubs of bygone days. But it is doubtful if the stately ladies of to-day will regale themselves in the Ring as did the "gallant ladies" of past years, for John Bull and his wife take their pleasures sadly now, and the dignity of a drive in the park is not likely to be marred by taking tea within its precincts.

### RUSSIAN EMPRESS'S ROMANCES.

**Marriage of Princess Dagmar of Denmark and Grand Duke Alexander.**

*From Tit-Bits.*

How many people are aware that the marriage of the Empress Marie Feodorovna of Russia, the Czar's mother, who is at present in this country visiting her sister, Queen Alexandra, and who hopes to make her home in England, provided one of the most pathetic love stories in the annals of royalty?

Before the Empress, who was Princess Dagmar of Denmark, married Alexander III. she was engaged to his elder brother, the Czarevitch. In 1865 at Nice the Grand Duke Nicholas fell from his horse and was so badly injured that his life was despaired of. His fiancée hastened to him and never left his side till he breathed his last. The succession to the throne devolved on the Grand Duke Alexander.

He stood by the deathbed of the Czarevitch, who, in the presence of the Emperor and Empress, placed the hand of the weeping Princess into his, saying to her with almost his last words: "Marry my brother; he is true as crystal, and I wish it."

Enforced by political reasons, this bequest was law to the bereaved girl.