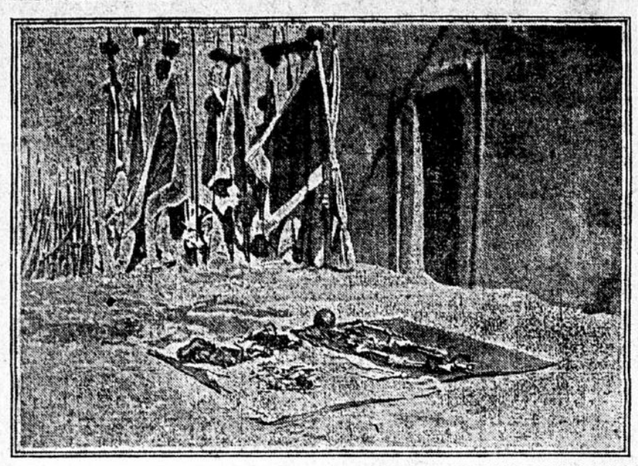
TID-BITS FROM HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE



THE SKELETON OF DE BAHAGLE AFTER RECOVERY BY THE EXPEDITION AGAINST FADEL-ALLAH.

AVENGING AN EXPLORER'S DEATH

London Graphic.

One of the most recent expeditions of the French forces in the Soudan has been organized against some Bornu chiefs in the district of Lake Chad in the huge district known as the "French Soudan," the limits of which were acknowledged and defined in the treaty with Great Britain in 1898. These chiefs had been implicated in the murder of a French explorer, M. de Behagle, who, after being captured and imprisoned, was put to death by order of the father of the chiefs referred to in burst of excitement following a victory over a small French detachment. The details which have now come to hand are from a French account of the expedition by Lucien Corpechot. The photographs would have to travel 2,000 miles, much of which is sandy desert, to reach the Atlantic coast at St. Louis.

The Capture of the Explorer.

In trying to make themselves fully masters of Kanem and the district round Lake Chad, in the southeastern corner of the French Soudan, the French were much troubled by Rabah, a native chief. On one occasion Rabah captured De Behagle, the explorer, and sent him to be kept as a prisoner by a chief named Djebara. Elated by a victory over the French under Bretonnet, Rabah sent word to his son, who was living in British territory at Dikoa, a town in Bornu, to put the explorer to death. De Behagle was hanged in the market place of Dikoa in September, 1899. The French sent out punitive expeditions under Lamy, Gentil and Joalland, which resulted in the death of Rabah and a sanguinary victory over his troops; but his sons, Fadel-Allah and Niebe, retired into the west of Bornu and reorganized the troops, reinforced them and marched again against French territory. The French, under Captain Robillot, drove them back; they quickly returned. When Colonel Destenave arrived, in July, 1901, at Fort Lamy, Fadel-Allah had chased away the sheik, Guerba, from Dikoa, and held the town with a large number of men. From that point he harassed the French posts, seized their couriers and burnt down their villages. The colonel had only a battalion of 400 men and a squadron of about 100 mounted infantry to occupy a line 1,250 miles long, stretching from the Ubangi to Lake Chad. He realized that if he was to make himself master of Kanem he could not leave on his flank and rear an enemy as active as Fadel-Allah. He rallied his company, divided them into three columns and set out for Dikoa. The attempted surprise failed, owing to the terrible nature of the road, and Fadel-Allah had evacuated Dikoa before the French arrived.

Colonel Destenave sent out parties to make reconnaissances to prevent the chief making a sudden attack. Captain Dangeville at the head of one of these parties surprised Fadel-Allah and his men sleeping in a village on the night of August 23. Fadel-Allah was slain and his brother, Niebe, and his followers were captured. The soldiers then went to search for the body of De Behagle in Deisoa. Guided by a child who had witnessed the interment they found the place of burial about two miles west of the village between a pond and a tree. The explorer had been placed in a sitting posture, and on his limbs were two iron shackles joined by a chain. Near by was the cord by which he was hanged and the wood to which is wrists were tied. The remains were taken to Fort Lamy and buried there.

Erecting the Lonely Monument.

In a well in Dikoa were found a quantity of baked bricks which were collected and erected into a monument in the place where the explorer was so cruelly done to death. The monument stands in front of the rampart of earth surrounding Rabah's garden, over which appear the feathery tops of the palm trees and the thatched roofs of the huts on a piece of grass scorched by the hot African sun and bordered by a sandy road and a straw hut. There was no lime, so for the time being the bricks were merely laid one upon another and joined by a kind of mortar made of sand. On the upper portion of the monument runs the following inscription, repeated in Arabic on the lower part: "To the memory of De Behagle, the explorer, treacherously put to death by order of Rabah.—The French avenged him by the death of Rabah and Fadel-Allah, the capture of Niebe, and the complete destruction of the Rabistic power: October, 1899—August, 1901."

The "French Soudan" has an area of probably 50,000 square miles and an estimated population of nearly 300,000. The French first settled in this part of Africa about the beginning of the seventeenth century, but the settlements (more than once captured by the English and again restored) languished until the appointment of General Faidherbe as governor in 1854. He began a most vigorous line of action, subdued the Berber chiefs who prevented the French advance inland, and annexed and proclaimed protectorates with extraordinary celerity, though the two powerful chiefs, Ahmadou and Samory, occasioned them a great deal of trouble during the years 1887-90.

HUMOR AND GOWNS

New York Times.

Two Englishmen were discussing with Mark Twain the old topic of American humor as not appreciated by foreigners.

"But are the English really so obtuse?" asked one of them.

"Obtuse! You can't get an idea into an Englishman's head with a surgical operation," declared Mark Twain.

The questioner remained in solemn thought for a moment. Then he broke in a hearty laugh.

"Quite a delicate joke!" he exclaimed. "Though, of course, if you were to open the Englishman's skull you would kill him, would you not?"

Mark Twain turned to the second Englishman. "What did I tell you? He wants to know whether it wouldn't kill him!"

The countenance of the second Englishman was like a blank wall. "Wouldn't it?" he queried.

This is the story of a Parisian gown and a dinner the other night at the house of Richard Watson Gilder. One of the guests, the wife of a former judge of the supreme court of this state, was so late that the others, despairing of her coming, sat down to the table. As they waited for the first course to be served the attention of all was centered on the gown which one of the women wore. It was a remarkable dress, complicated in design, startling but exquisitely correct in its combination of colors. In a word it was a dress which could only have been devised by some Parisian modiste, and it was regarded with all the polite interest which could properly be subtracted from the feast of reason and flow of soul which is wont to characterize the dinners at the home of the editor of The Century.

Just as the soup was finished the doorbell rang, and presently the tardy guest was announced. There was a suppressed gasp as she entered the dining-room. She is a woman rather noted for her good clothes, and she wore—the identical design of dress, down to every shading of color and minuteness of trimming, of which the other woman, so far, had been the proud possessor. There was an awful silence—for the gowns were extraordinary—then a titter and a laugh rippled around the table. There was nothing for it but to compare notes. Both gowns had indeed come from Paris.

"And they swore to me," said the first woman, "that the design was exclusive."

"When did you order yours?" asked the wife of the ex-judge.

"In the early autumn."

The tardy guest smiled a tired smile of conquest. "I selected mine last season," she said.

THE PRESIDENT

Jacob Riis in the Cosmopolitan.

That is Theodore Roosevelt as I know him: A man with a healthy belief in God and in his fellow man, who stands in the life of the people for honesty, square dealing and high courage; his mark that of a clean, strong man who fights for the right and wins; at 43, with such ideals, upon the top-rung of the ladder of honorable ambition, with a career behind him as scholar, statesman, soldier, that comprises the strenuous work of a dozen lives; the youngest of our presidents and the young man's president, type and hero of the doers of our day, of those who hold the future in their hands. Hail! to the land and the people that face the dawning century with such a leader! To him hail! and to those who follow, for this is the meaning of that life: the triumph of the common people, of the common virtues. There is in it from end to end, of all that makes it great, nothing that any one of us may not strive and hope for, and in striving help make the world better. Theodore Roosevelt, it has been truly said, is great on lines along which each and every one of us can be great if he wills and dares.

LITTLE FACTS ABOUT GREAT RULERS

It is said that the Negus of Abyssinia is running Kaiser Wilhelm close in the variety of his accomplishments. Menelik recently showed to M. Lagarde, the French envoy, says Tit-Bits, plans which had been drawn up for the new royal palace at Addis Ababa, the architect being no less a person than the negus himself. When the first sewing machine he had seen arrived in Abyssinia out of order, Menelik looked it over, found out what the matter was, and repaired the machine with his own hands.

Edward VII. has settled the form of his new title in his majesty's own calmly decisive way, says an English paper, which should henceforth be recognized by those fussy persons who are too fond of officiously pressing gratuitous counsels upon a monarch wiser and more experienced than themselves. Our sovereign's title has been so often modified to adapt it to the changed circumstances of the time that another alteration might have safely been allowed with less remark and foolish criticism. Edward the Confessor called himself simply "King of the English." The Conqueror added "Patron of the Normans." William Rufus tacked on "Duke of the Normans" and "Dei Gratia," and Henry II. "Duke of Aquitaine." John became "King of England and Lord of Ireland."

The treasurers of the Kremlin are said, on authority, to be worth over $100,000,000, and the gold on the walls of the Palace of Tsarskoye Selo, with its walls and ceilings of amber, tortoise-shell, ivory, and mother-of-pearl, has been valued at nearly a quarter of a million pounds.

But it is doubtful whether the czar's wonders of gold and jewels can rival those of the sultan, the accumulations of centuries of predecessors. The sultan is as careless of his treasures as the shah, and the room in which they are kept has rather the appearance of a lumber-room than a treasury of countless millions. But no disorder can conceal the richness and splendor of gold vessels filled to the brim with diamonds and sapphires, rubies and emeralds; of suits of armour, crowns, sword-scabbards, chains and rings blazing with gems; although, as a traveler recently declared, "One cannot fail to grasp with amazement at the spectacle of hundreds of beautiful pearls worth probably $360,000 contained in an old tobacco tin."

King Edward has presented M. Paderewski, the celebrated pianist, with six fine specimens of the sheep bred on his majesty's own farms. The animals were transported to Morges, in the canton of Vaud, Switzerland, where M. Paderewski has a beautiful villa and farm. Here he occupies his leisure time with sheep-breeding.

King Leopold II. of Belgium is a clever and studious man, and he has two or three particular hobbies. One is pretty well known to mankind as the Kongo State, the foundation of which was practically due to his majesty; another, his magnificent forty-horse power Panhard motor-car; yet another his horticulture, and this he indulges to the full at his palace of Laeken—which stands a few miles out of the Belgian capital.

Scindia, Maharajah of Gwalior, the chief of the princes in central India, is one of the most enlightened rulers in the world, young as he is. He is about 25 years of age, a tall, well set-up, dark-skinned, handsome fellow. He is a fine sportsman, and—for an oriental—he is singularly enthusiastic and energetic in many departments of life. He has been thoroughly well trained for the business of governing a great country by a series of picked Englishmen, foremost of whom was Sir Lepel Griffin, who ruled central India when Scindia was a mere child. Later on came Colonel Donald Robertson, the resident at Gwalior; the boy's own tutor, Mr. Johnstone, and his medical attendant and guardian, Surgeon Colonel Crofts, a splendid specimen—mentally and physically—of the best type of Anglo-Indian.

A SYSTEM AND MONTE CARLO

London Truth.

When a system is played against a bank like that at Monte Carlo, the percentage against the player is not on the amount of his capital, but on the amount that he staked on the tables while playing his system. Supposing that I have a capital of £10, and that I play £1 each coup until I have either lost my £10 or won a similar amount of the bank; I should in all probability have to play about 200 coups in order to do the one or the other. Therefore the percentage against me would not be on £10, but on £200. If this bank percentage were 2 per cent, I should consequently be paying £4 for the right to risk £10 at even chances.

I used to know long ago one of the chiefs of the old Homburg gambling bank. I found him at Monte Carlo in the same position there. He was fond of calculations, and one day we averaged the amount staked at the tables each day, and we found that the annual gross profit of the bank was almost exactly the percentage on the amount staked in the course of the year. There can be no business in which the return is more certain or greater. Consols return less than 3 per cent per annum. A mine that pays a dividend of 100 per cent is a Pactolus. But a coup at Monte Carlo takes a little less than one minute. The percentage is, if I remember rightly, a little under 2 per cent, or, in other words, the bank charges 2 per cent for money per minute. This must make the mouth of the veriest usurer water.

AMERICAN DRINKS

Ainslee's Magazine.

One of the entertaining new-world features in London is the American bar which, installed perhaps in an ancient public-house where De Foe played piquet of a winter's night, or Dryden had his armchair, seems disreputably out of place. I have before me now a gaudy leaflet with the caption, "At the Bull and Mouth, 31 Hart street, near British Museum," which says that "the American refreshment drinks served in this place are dispensed by Frank Haberlandt, the original boy from the sunny south, America's champion dispenser, mixologist and connoisseur, formerly of the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, the Planter's House, St. Louis, and Pabst, New York."

I also have been at the Bull and Mouth, and can testify that Mr. Haberlandt makes good his advertisement, whatever it signifies. For he captures the English trade in his line as thoroughly as Mr. Yerkes does in street transportation. From the same motives that urge Englishmen to learn the American game of draw poker, and thus fall easy victims to the "grafting" fraternity, they are also moved to drink American cocktails, indulging in both unwisely. I saw a fine type of Englishman, red-faced, cheery and confident, a man of 60, who was proud of having three sons fighting in South Africa, enter an American bar and sip his first cocktail. It pleased him wonderfully, and he ordered six more in quick succession. They carried him home. Next day he came back for more.

SIR JUNG'S $2,500,000 TURBAN

Sir Jung Bahadur, prime minister to the King of Nepaul, wears a turban decorated with jewels worth $2,500,000, including an enormous ruby in front. The young Sultan of Johore, who is now very much to the fore in London society, also makes lavish display of jewels. At the theater recently he wore twelve diamond and ruby rings—six on each hand—a diamond stud of colossal proportions decorated his shirt bosom, and his waistcoat buttons were diamonds, too.

A BABY WITH FIVE GRANDMAS

Judging from this photograph, little Ruth Margaretta Hart, of Mitchell, S. D., aged 1 year, is an every-day sort of a baby. But the smiling little girl is really remarkable for the reason that she is the proud possessor of five living grandmothers. There are two grandmothers and two great-grandmothers and on great-great-grandmother who is a hundred years old.

FULTON'S SUBMARINE BOAT

It is not generally known that Robert Fulton invented a submarine boat. A writer in the Era tells of his remarkably successful experiments in that line while in France:

On the 3d of July, 1801, he embarked, with three companions, on board his plunging boat in the harbor of Brest and descended in it to the depth of five, ten, fifteen, and so to twenty-five feet; but he did not attempt to go lower, because he found that his imperfect machine would not bear the pressure of a greater depth. He remained below the surface one hour. During this time they were in utter darkness. Afterwards he descended with candles; but, suffering by their consumption of air, he caused, previously to his next experiment, a small window of thick glass to be made near the bow of the boat, and he again descended on the 24th of July, 1801. He found that he received from his window sufficient light to enable him to count the minutes on his watch. Having satisfied himself that he could have sufficient light under water; that he could do without a supply of fresh air for considerable time; that he could descend to any depth, and rise to the surface with facility, his next object was to try the boat as well on the surface as beneath. On the 26th of July he weighed anchor and hoisted his sails; his boat had one mast, a mainsail and a jib. There was only a light breeze, and, therefore, she did not move on the surface at more than two miles an hour, but she would tack and steer, and sail on a wind of before it as well as any common sailing-boat. He then struck her mast and sails, to do which, and perfectly to prepare the boat for plunging, required about two minutes. Having plunged to a certain depth, he placed two men at the engine, which was intended to give her progressive motion, and one at the helm, while he, with a barometer before him, governed the machine which kept her balanced between the upper and lower waters. He found that, with the exertion of one hand only, he could keep her at any depth he pleased. The propelling engine was then put in motion, and he found, on coming to the surface, that he had, in about seven minutes, made a progress of about 500 yards. He then plunged again, turned around while under water, and returned to near the place he began to move from. He repeated his experiments several successive days until he became familiar with the operation of the machinery and the movements of the boat. He found she was as obedient to her helm under water as any boat could be on the sruface, and that the magnetic needle traversed as well in one situation as the other.

CHANCES IN THE PHILIPPINES

Former Minnesota Soldiers, Now in Manila, Tell What a Young Man Needs to Get a Start There

FORMER members of the Thirteenth Minnesota regiment now established in business in Manila were recently interviewed by The Journal correspondent in the Philippines capital with regard to the opportunities presented for young Americans who would locate in the islands if the inducements were great enough. The men interviewed all agree that without capital, "a strong government pull," a profession or a disposition for hard work, young men who are comfortably situated in the United States had better stay at home. They agree that the islands are wonderfully rich in mineral and agricultural resources, and that there are plenty of profitable avenues open for the investment of capital. Once a man becomes acclimated, the climate is healthful, provided ordinary care is taken along certain lines. They are convinced that there will be nothing much doing for capital until the guerilla warfare ceases.

What Capt. Trowbridge Says.

Captain Trowbridge, who was well known in Minneapolis, is now chief of the secret service department of Manila. He has been in Manila nearly four years and says he is well satisfied with what he has found there.

The climate is excellent, "provided one knows how to take care of his health." Generally speaking, business is good, but the best appointments are grabbed up by men with a pull.

"I would not advise a young man to come over here," said the captain, "unless he had something good in sight. One thing he should always remember is that $100 a month here is no better than $50 in the states."

After the fall of Manila, in which the Thirteenth regiment took a conspicuous part, Captain Trowbridge was in the police department until the resignation of General Franklin Bell from the head of the bureau of military information, then the former succeeded him. When the Thirteenth was ordered home, Captain Trowbridge secured a transfer to the Eleventh cavalry as a first lieutenant, and soon after was placed in charge of the bureau of illumination. He was made chief of the secret service department Aug. 7, 1900. In January, 1901, he was made captain of the Eleventh.

He was honorably discharged from the regiment June 13, 1901. The regiment had been ordered home and he wished to remain in Manila as a civilian.

Captain Trowbridge takes a positive stand against the use of liquors in the islands. If a man wishes to preserve his health, he says, he should let intoxicating drinks strictly alone. His three years' experience there has taught him that lesson. His only "tipple" now is lemonade. Smoking is considered beneficial. It is believed that the smoke kills the disease germs.

Captain Trowbridge predicts that when the insurrection is at an end and the vast resources of the islands can be properly developed, there will be no end to business opportunities. The men who are on the ground, he thinks, with small capital at their command can, by exercising discretion, place themselves on a sound financial basis. The climate is similar to southern California, and invariably proved injurious to American women and children.

The present form of government "makes things too easy for the natives, who believe that the Americans are afraid of them. "They are incapable," he declares, "of appreciating American institutions and the spirit of democracy that pervades them. Every effort at the establishment of a civil government has failed. The lower classes of Tagalogs are continually being thrown into a state of insurrection by the mestizo adventurers who are actuated sololy by self-interet.

Hvoslef Has Prospered.

John H. Hvoslef was practicing law in Minneapolis before the Spanish war. He enlisted in the Thirteenth regiment, but left the service by special dispensation soon after the regiment's arrival at Manila. He is now practicing law in Manila and is one of the most successful lawyers in the city. He married a wealthy Spanish widow of great beauty and high social connections last year. His home on "Calle Alix" is filled with comforts. Next Christmas he expects to take his wife to Norway, where his aged father and mother are still living. His father is the archbishop of Norway. He has a brother practicing medicine in Minneapolis.

Mr. Hvoslef is satisfied with the climate. He advises young non-professional men without capital to stay away from the Philippines. He believes there are wonderful opportunities for young men with capital. The mineral resources promise vast returns. Business will not be good until the "revolutions is over and, sad to tell, it is far from ended." The commission is doing good work, and will ultimately accomplish what it has undertaken.

Two Sanguine Views.

George H. Le Duc, who formerly lived at 2537 Bloomington avenue, where his mother and sister still reside, began civilian life in Manila as a municipal detective under Captain Trowbridge. He is now chief of the custom house detectives, and is an expert Spanish scholar. It was Le Duc who captured the secretary to General Recarte during the closing days of the insurrection when Manila was full of refugee insurgent officers. Incidentally the young man got hold of a bundle of insurgent documents which have since led to the arrest and execution of several insurgent officers for ordering the massacre of American prisoners.

Mr. Le Duc takes a more encouraging view of the situation. "Close application to any pursuit," he is sure, "is bound to yield abundant harvest."

John H. Dow, another Thirteenth man, is the only scenic painter in Manila, and has met with gratifying success since discarding the rifle for the brush. There are plenty of opportunities, he is convinced, "for young men with lots of push and small capital." Agriculture, he believes, offers better returns than any mining proposition that might be entertained. Immense fortunes are to be made in the next decade in plantations.

"Good Chances" Says "Skidmore."

"W. G. Skidmore, D. D. S., 76 Escolta, Manila, P. I.," says Manila is the healthiest city in the world for its size. He weighed 155 pounds upon his discharge from the army and now tips the scales at over 200. His mother came out from the United States six months ago at his solicitation, and has enjoyed excellent health since her arrival.

"There are plenty of good business propositions and money to be made, but one must have brains and a willingness to work, the same in Manila as elsewhere. As soon as congress gives us stable laws and we know where we are at, Manila will boom and the whole island prosper; at present no franchises can be secured and capital is shy. Agricultural prospects are bright and mining prospects offer great inducements. I feel sure we will be able to duplicate the Klondike story in the richness of deposits in these islands. Gold, silver and copper are found in abundance. Rich coal mines are awaiting development. There is lots of money to be made in the lumber industry. These islands mean much to Uncle Sam and his standing among the nations of the world."

Chinos Needed McDermid Thinks.

R. R. McDermind, who has engaged successively in court reporting, the newspaper business and brokerage, believes the admission of the Chinese is essential to the industrial development of the islands at this time. He commends the work of the educational department of the insular government, and thinks it "a potent factor in impressing these people with the value of our institutions to themselves."

"The Philippines," he adds, "are a good field for young professional men, but people with dreams of sudden wealth to be acquired without a good stock of honesty and good purpose had better stay away. Government employment offers inducements to young fellows who desire to cast their lots with the islands and who wish something to lean upon while waiting for opportunity. People with money can successfully invest it in various ways, notwithstanding unstable conditions."

CUBA MUST SELL HER SUGAR CROP

Else Agricultural Ruin Stares Her in the Face —All Depends on the United States.

BY FREDERIC J. HASKIN

Correspondence of The Journal.

Havana, Cuba., Feb. 15.—That the agricultural interests of Cuba are in a most critical condition is no fault of the United States military government. In the face of a most discouraging condition of affairs everything possible has been done to relieve the situation and, all things considered, the results have been nothing short of remarkable. The end of the war found the rural population of the island crowded into the cities and towns in a starving and destitute condition. The possessions of these people had been ruined and every means of earning a livelihood taken from them. Cuba has no manufactures. Her living comes from the soil and when her agricultural interests are interfered with there are many empty stomachs in the land. Thousands were reduced to abject, pitiful beggary, and wandered aimlessly through the streets, half naked, hungry and sick. If one sat in a cafe a dozen emaciated arms would be thrust through the window, while as many weak voices pleaded piteously for bread. Before the government of the United States gave heed to Cuba's cry for the succor nearly 500,000 of her people died. That is the record of the last war and more fell a prey to hunger and disease than were killed in battle.

The Ruin Was Complete.

After the temporary relief of these famishing people had been accomplished they were returned to their country homes—or more properly speaking, to what they had formerly called homes. The ruin of the country districts of the island could not have been more complete if it had been swept by a cyclone from boundary to boundary. This was all the more to be regretted for the reason that the country people of the island are its best citizens. They are the wealth producers. They attend strictly to their own business and have been in no way responsible for the frequent and bloody wars that have blotted Cuban history. Yet they have suffered most of all. Between looting squads of Spanish soldiers and marauding bands of insurgents they were literally between the devil and the deep sea.

Work of the Military Government.

The military government did everything in its power to assist these worthy people. Over $200,000 worth of axes, hoes and other tools and implements were distributed among them without charge. In addition to this sum $168,000 was spent in importing 8,000 head of Mexican cattle for distribution among the more needy. Other live stock was brought in by the authorities and furnished to the small farmers. The duty on all kinds of American farm machinery was first reduced from 40 to 10 per cent, and later to 5 per cent. The general taxes were reduced fully 50 per cent, and the municipal government has exercised the most extreme leniency in collecting land taxes from those who could ill afford to pay. Both the freight and passenger duties have been altogether abolished.

The authorities have done every reasonable thing to foster and revive the stunned agricultural interests, and now let us contemplate the results.

A Remarkable Showing.

In less than three years, from a condition of absolute ruin, the Cuban planters have produced the second largest tobacco crop in the history of the island. The sugar planters have done even better than this. Better when it is considered that it costs less to plant tobacco, and that quicker returns can be had from this crop than from sugar cane. Last year the sugar crop amounted in round numbers to 615,000 tons, which was over 100,000 tons more than the United States produced with the advantage of fifty years of uninterrupted experience in the cultivation of cane. This year's sugar crop in Cuba, if it is all cut, will exceed 800,000 tons. This showing is indeed remarkable. It is a credit to the military authorities who have made it possible, a proof of the thrift of the native planters, and a sure indication of the wonderful fertility that has been claimed for Cuba.

COUNTRY ROAD IN CUBA, BUILT BY AMERICANS.

Ruinous Competition of Bounty Fed Sugar.

After such a favorable statement the reader will be wondering what Cuba can have to complain about. The trouble lies in the fact that she cannot sell her sugar, which is her principal product, at a profit. There is a reason for this but it is not within the power of local authority to remedy it. The trouble comes from the outside. There is no country more abundantly blessed by nature for the production of cane sugar, but all sugar is not made from cane. In 1840 France introduced beet sugar and contributed 50,000 tons to the world's supply of the sweet staple. The beet industry spread rapidly over Europe and in ten years the amount produced annually ran up to 200,000 tons. These figures were doubled during the next ten years and by 1870 900,000 tons were coming on the market every year from this source. This dangerous rival of the cane industry was being fostered by bounties from Germany, Russia and other European countries while poor Cuba was fighting bravely and apparently hopelessly to free herself from the yoke of Spanish tyranny and suppression. She had so much trouble at home that she was hardly conscious of the growing strength of this menace to her chief industry, and powerless to defend herself in any event. The full significance of the situation dawned upon the island planters last year, when this bounty-fed beet sugar was thrown onto the market in a quantity thousands of tons in excess of the world's consumption. Of course this surplus lowered the price of sugar until it went below the cost of production to both cane planter and bee raiser. But this made no difference to Europe. It had the bounty to fall back on.

Cuba has no such resource at hand. She has been impoverished by war and cannot afford to operate her plantations at a loss, not even for a single year. She needs money to buy bread and every other necessity of life. She has no reserve fund to tide her over a period of depression. There is no fight in her. Europe knows this and would throttle her commercially. The foreign enemies of cane sugar have timed the playing of their trump card to drive their principal competitor out of business. The United States only produces one-fifth of the sugar it consumes, and the enormous consumptive powers of her great and rapidly increasing population afford a market that will enrich the nation that can supply it even on the smallest margin of profit. With Cuba out of the way the foreign producers can regulate prices by governing their output, and will practically have things their own way. This statement makes clear the cause and effect of Cuba's trouble. She is up again a combination that is too strong for her.

One Chance for Escape.

There is just one chance of Cuba's escape from the destruction which threatens her, and that is the protection of her powerful friend, Uncle Sam. The strength of his brawny arm is her only refuge. While he has torn her free of the clutches of Spain, he has kept her trade, in most respects, barred out by a wall of protection as high as that set up against his most formidable rivals in the world trade. That is where the venerable old gentleman has made a grave mistake. He cannot reasonably expect his young ward to hold her own against the crafty powers of commerce. He has done a first rate job of house cleaning, but living does not merely consist of being clean. Unless he sees that she gets living prices for her products all his work will have been in vain. The present sanitary conditions and school measures cannot be maintained unless the situation is relieved.

Wonderful Possibilities.

Under favorable conditions the possibilities for producing wealth by the cultivation of sugar cane and tobacco in Cuba are almost incalculable. Her greatest sugar crop was raised on one fourteenth of the area suitable for its cultivation. Her greatest tobacco crop was produced on less than one-tenth of the area under cultivation. The great possibilities of the future for these great staples can be better comprehended when it is stated that only three per cent of the entire territory of the island has ever been touched by the plow, and less than 10 per cent of the area incorporated in farms has ever been under a state of cultivation.

The territory of Cuba is divided into six provinces reaching from east to west in the order named: Santiago, Puerto Principe, Santa Clara, Matanzas, Havana and Pinar del Rio. The island is 759 miles long and has a breadth varying from 27 to 90 miles. The tobacco comes from the two western provinces, Havana and Pinar del Rio, but principally from the latter. Santa Clara and Matanzas, the two central provinces, produce the bulk of the sugar. Puerto Principe is a great cattle pasture, having approximately 550,000 acres of fine grazing lands. Santiago, the eastern province, leads in the production of coffee, bananas, yams, cocoa and Indian corn.

Oranges, pineapples, bananas and rice are raised in all of the provinces.

The Values of Land.

Land of a good quality can be purchased in the interior of Cuba for $2 or $3 per acre. Real estate near the sea coast, which is adaptable for fruit and tobacco raising, can be bought for from $6 to $8 per acre. The improved tobacco lands of Pinar del Rio command higher values, ranging from $30 to $75 per acre. Cuba is sorely in need of desirable immigration. Her soil is incapable of supporting a much larger population if her resources can only be developed. Good labor is very much in demand, and there are splendid openings for capital.

Hard to Get Good Titles.

One great hindrance to the settlement of the island has been the difficulty in securing good titles to land. Cuba is very old, and the boundaries of her land owners have always been uncertain. The old custom of making land grants to those who distinguished themselves in the service of the crown was the principal cause of this trouble. On other occasions the king, feeling jovial and generous after an ample meal, would give away a few hundred miles of territory in Cuba just to prove that he was a good fellow. This generosity of the sovereign might not have been so bothersome to posterity if Cuba were about ten times larger so that every fellow could have gotten what was coming to him. There has always been a constant conflict of claims. These disputes have even involved the boundary lines of provinces, and not long ago, during a townsite squabble, three different records were produced, one to show that the place should be on one side of the river, another on the opposite side, and still another three miles away from the stream. For several hundred years no exception had been taken to the location of this place, so imagine the feelings of the inhabitants while this controversy was on. A commission has been appointed to provide measures for adjusting these matters, and little trouble may be expected from this source in the future.

GATHERING WILD FRUIT IN THE INTERIOR.

The vital issue is a market for the products of the island. All other things are secondary to this need. Seeing that the United States has taken a hand in the affairs of the island with the intention of bettering them, a good job ought to be made of it. Old Glory is waving over our little neighbor and the world should be shown that wherever this flag flies riot and famine are permanently trampled underneath the feet of peace and plenty.

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