THE D'ESTE—GUELPHS

Struggle Begun Seven Hundred Years Ago Between a Royal House and the German Empire.

Brunswick is a tiny State, of some 1,500 square miles, with a population of less than 500,000 all told—one of those pretty sovereignties, indeed, that excited the sarcasm of Carlyle, the ridicule of Thackeray, and which have furnished the theme of so many comic operas, among them being Offenbach's "Grand Duchess." Yet it is this out-of-the-way and sleepy Duchy, which few American tourists have ever taken the trouble to visit, that is just at the present moment the scene of a conflict which may be said to have commenced between seven and eight hundred years ago, the struggle to-day, as in those olden times, being between the illustrious House of Guelph-d'Este and the German Empire. True, the latter was personified in those bygone centuries by the Hohenstauffens, whose place has been taken to-day by the Hohenzollerns. But the Guelphs are the same, and now, as then, are fighting for their throne and to prevent the empire from depriving them of their dominions. The House of Guelph-d'Este, which has in the past occupied the thrones of Bavaria, Modena, Hanover, of Great Britain, and of Brunswick, is represented to-day by three princes, a father and two sons. The former was born as Crown Prince of Hanover, is known as the Duke of Cumberland, a title which he inherited from his grandfather, the sourth son of George III. of England, and is the lawful heir to the ducal throne of Brunswick, which became vacant by the death in 1884 of his kinsman, Duke William. The Duke of Cumberland, as sexagenarian, and married to Princess Thyra, of Denmark, sister of the Queen of England, of the Kings of Denmark and of Greece, and of the widowed Czarina, has, as I have mentioned above, two boys, the elder of whom has long been a confirmed invalid, while the other, Prince Ernest, celebrates next week his eighteenth birthday, and in consequence thereof, his majority. For scions of royalty are supposed to attain the age of discretion, and to emerge from their minority, full three years earlier than youths constructed of an inferior order of clay. These three princes are the last of the Guelph-d'Estes, and it will therefore rest with young Prince Ernest to perpetuate a dynasty, the name of which was wont to constitute the battle cry in some of the most sanguinary and prolonged wars of the medieval epoch. Should Prince Ernest die without issue the line would become extinct, which could not but prove a subject for congratulation at Berlin. For the Guelph party, ever since the constitution of the Teutonic Empire in its present form, has been one of the most powerful factors in German politics, so potent, indeed, that Prince Bismarck, even in the days of his greatest glory, was compelled to negotiate with its leader for its assistance, to secure the enactment of government measures by the Reichstag, a party which remains the principal champion of the particularism of the minor States against the policy of centralization and absorption by the German Empire. It is not that the Guelph party is lacking in Teuton patriotism, or that it objects to the alliance of all the various sovereignties of Germany into the federation known as the German Empire. But it insists that each State should retain its independence, without any interference by Prussia, or by the latter's ruler, who, as president of the confederation, bears the title of German Emperor.

Now the chief of the Guelphs, that is to say, the Duke of Cumberland, to whom most of the members of the Guelph party accord their allegiance, and from whom they derive their political inspiration, has always declined to recognize Prussia's annexation of his father's kingdom of Hanover at the close of the war of 1866. It is said that he is bound by a deathbed promise to the old ex-King never to abandon his claims to the crown of Hanover, and that were he inclined to forget the pledge, he would be reminded of its provisions by his aged mother, who makes her home with him in Austria. Be this true or not, it is a fact that there are a very large number of people in the former kingdom of Hanover belonging to the aristocracy, the bourgeoisie, and even the peasantry, who still look to him as their lawful sovereign. They represent families whose members fought gallantly for Germany against France in the war of 1870, but who resent Prussian domination, who send messages of loyal affection, and of unswerving allegiance, to the duke on the anniversary of his birth, and of his wedding day, and who receive in return expressions of his appreciation of their fidelity to his house on the occasion of their family festivals. The Guelphs, therefore, while they do not constitute any danger to the German empire, cannot be regarded with anything but disquietude by Prussia.

It is on this account that when in 1884 the throne of Brunswick became vacant through the death of old Duke William, leaving the Duke of Cumberland next in line of succession, Prussia opposed his being allowed to take possession thereof until he had formally acknowledged not merely his adherence to the Constitution of the German Empire, but also his willingness to accept the existing order of things within its borders, by proclaiming his recognition of the annexation by Prussia of the kingdom of Hanover, and his abandonment of all pretensions to its crown. This the Duke refused to do, and the late Prince Bismarck thereupon appealed to Bundesrath, composed of the plenipotentiaries of the various sovereigns of the Confederation, and obtained from them a vote that the Duke of Cumberland could not be allowed to occupy the throne of Brunswick as long as he maintained his pretensions to the crown of Hanover. This decision was communicated by the Chancellor to the government and legislature of the Duchy of Brunswick, who thereupon, in accordance with the terms of the ducal constitution, elected a regent to fill the throne until such times as their de jure sovereign, the Duke of Cumberland, was prepared to qualify himself for the crown, in accordance with the requirements of the Bundesrath. Their choice fell upon the enormously wealthy Prince Albert of Prussia, who died a couple of months ago.

Before proceedings to elect another regent, the legislature and government of Brunswick communicated with the Duke of Cumberland, asking him whether he was willing now, after the lapse of two and twenty years, to furnish the assurances demanded by the Bundesrath. The Duke, after consulting his principal adherents, addressed a letter to the Chancellor, Prince Buelow, as presiding officer of the Bundesrath, and to the Kaiser as the chief of the German Confederation, declaring that he, as well as his eldest son, were prepared to surrender their rights to the throne of Brunswick, to his youngest son, Prince Ernest, who for his part was ready to fulfill the requirements of the Bundesrath by renouncing for himself and for his descendants all pretensions to the crown of Hanover. The Duke, moreover, declared that in the event of his boy Ernest dying without issue, he would regard himself as his successor, being his nearest relative, and the senior Agnate of his House. Emperor William and Prince Buelow, thereupon, each of them sent replies to the Duke, intimating that they were unable to agree to his proposal, and that as far as they were concerned, the House of Guelph-d'Este could not be permitted to occupy the throne of Brunswick until all of its male members, that is to say, not only young Prince Ernest, but also his elder brother and father, had definitely renounced all their pretensions to the crown of Hanover. In fact, the Chancellor did not even take the trouble to refer the matter to the Bundesrath, as he had been requested to do by the Duke of Cumberland, and by the government and legislature of Brunswick. This has excited much discontent at Brunswick, and a certain amount of sympathy for the Duke, it being held that the Chancellor is usurping for his office a function that pertains to the Bundesrath, namely, the right of deciding matters concerning the constitution and welfare of the Empire as a whole.

The Brunswick legislature and government have now by an almost unanimous vote determined to leave the matter of the succession in abeyance for three months, in the hope that within that time the Duke of Cumberland may see his way to comply with the new demands of the Kaiser, and of the chancellor, even although they have not yet been indorsed by the Bundesrath. At the end of that period the legislature, in the absence of any satisfaction from the duke will proclaim the throne as vacant, the house of Guelph-d'Este debarred from the succession, and will elect a new dynasty in its stead. Of course, there are manifold objections to this scheme, in the eyes of the sovereigns, not only of Germany, but also of other countries of Europe. For the entire principle of the monarchical system is based upon hereditary succession, and upon right divine, rather than by the will of the people. Once the latter are accorded the perogative of electing by popular vote not merely their rulers, but their dynasties, the entire doctrine of legitimism falls to the ground, and hereditary transmission of the crown becomes inoperative unless sanctioned by the legislature in each instance. In one word, it would mean the supersession of the present order of monarchical succession by democratic elections, such as those held in America for the office of President of the republic. Then, too, it is improbable that the Duke of Cumberland will company with these fresh demands made upon him, which he regards as unjustifiable. He is bound by no ties of affection to the people of Brunswick, to whom he is a total stranger, whereas he is deeply attached to his old Hanoverian adherents, and he does not see his way to sacrificing their loyal affection for the sake of the Brunswickers.

Curiously enough, at the very moment when this fight between the head of the house of Guelph-d'Este and the German empire is in progress on the subject of the thrones of Brunswick and Hanover, a conflict has developed between the Hohenlohes and Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria about the world-famed Villa d'Este at Tivoli, near Rome. While the Duke of Cumberland, as chief of the Guelphs, is likewise the head of the house of d'Este, many of the private estates of the latter have passed through the distaff side of the family to Archduke Francis Ferdinand, the heir presumptive to the throne of Austria, and who by reason of his inheritance of the d'Este property makes use of the d'Este name and arms in conjunction with those of Hapsburg. Among these states is the villa d'Este, which, during the lifetime of its former owner, the last Duke of Modena, was loaned by him to Cardinal Hohenlohe, on the condition that he should keep it in proper repair. That prince of the church spent the bulk of his fortune upon this beautiful place, which, of course, at his death reverted to the Duke of Modena's heir, that is to say, his grandson, Archduke Francis Ferdinand, and the Hohenlone family now demand that he shall either transfer the ownership of the villa to them, or else restore to them all the money which Cardinal Prince Gustave Hohenlohe expended upon the place. The archduke, who, true to his name of d'Este, is quite as obstinate as the Duke of Cumberland, refuses to comply with either alternative, and legal proceedings have been instituted. The villa was built in 1549 by the courtly and clever Cardinal Hypolite d'Este, son of Alfonso d'Este, Duke of Ferrara, and of Lucrezia Borgia, the celebrated daughter of Pope Alexander VI. It occupies one of the grandest sites of that Tibur of ancient Rome, where the Caesars, their courtiers, and their senators were wont to spend their villegiatura to escape the heat of the plains. Emperor Augustus, indeed, held court there, Zenobia spent her long captivity at Tibur, and both Masseanas and Horace dispensed hospitality at villas which they had there. Tasso wrote some of his most famous poems under the trees of the villa d'Este, when he was secretary of the cardinal, and Michael Angelo was not only a frequent visitor, but likewise devised many of the beauties of the place.

The origin of the house of Guelph may be said to have been lost in the dawn of history. It was a dynasty of considerable antiquity even in the days of Charlemagne, and in the year 1050, Cunegonde, sister and sole heiress of Guelph III, sovereign Duke of Corinthia, married the Margrave Albert d'Este, so-called on account of his ownership of the little Lombardian town of Este, the Atteste of the old Roman era. He was the grandson of the Carlovingian Duke Albert II of Tuscany. The son of this marriage succeeded not only to the Este possessions of his father in Italy, but also to the Guelph dominions of his mother's brother in Germany, as Guelph IV, and marrying a daughter of Otho II, Duke of Bavaria, became, on the latter's death without male issue, Duke of Bavaria by the favor of the Emperor. During the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the rivalry of the Guelph-d'Estes and the Ghibelines may be said to have kept all Southern Germany and Italy in a constant condition of turmoil and warfare, and it is on record that in one year alone as many as 100,000 lives were sacrificed in this way. Duke Guelph IV of Bavaria had a younger brother of the name of Frico d'Este, from whom all the d'Estes who subsequently occupied the thrones of Ferrara, Modena, and Reggio were descended. The last of this line was that Hercules III, Duke of Modena, who, dying without male issue, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, bequeathed his Duchy of Modena to his son-in-law, Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, who took the name of d'Este, and who was the grandfather of the present owner of the villa d'Este. The descendants of Guelph IV lost the throne of Bavaria, but received in lieu thereof the Duchies of Celle and of Brunswick. Ernest Guelph-d'Este, Duke of Celle and Brunswick, had two sons, Henry and William. From the elder of the two descended that line of Burnswick which came to an end with Duke William, who died in 1884. The younger son, William Guelph-d'Este, was the founder of the line of Hanover which occupied the throne of England from the beginning of the eighteenth century until the death of Queen Victoria, and which is now represented alone by the Duke of Cumberland and by his two sons, who, princes of Great Britain and Ireland, owe their rights to the Crown of Brunswick, to the extinction of the senior line of the Guelph-d'Este family, of which indeed they are the only lineal representatives in the male line direct.

EX-ATTACHE.

AN INGENIOUS JUDGE.

A Sherlock Holmes on the Bench in London and How He Thinks.

From the London Chronicle.

The wits of London's East End County Court judges and magistrates are sharpened by continual contact with litigants of every nation and of the lowest class, many of whom, with their witnesses, lie with a fluency that all the shrewdness of the bench is needed to expose.

But the bench is usually master of the situation. As an instance of a judge's acuteness and painstaking care, take an interesting decision of Judge Smyly's the other day in the Shoreditch County Court.

It had been suggested by the defendant that an invoice, produced, had been rewritten and made out to another person than the original document. His honor said he had made a minute examination under the glass of the invoice and the envelope in which it was contained. He found that one pen had apparently been used up to a certain point, and the pen thrown down. On carefully reading it through, however, the writer seemed to discover that he had omitted to fill in some most important words, "as per agreement."

Trying to draw the picture in one's mind's eye, continued the judge, it could easily be imagined that the writer picked up another pen, the nearest to his hand, off the desk, and filled in these words, after which he picked up an envelope and addressed it.

The last three words of the invoice and the envelope were in a different pen writing. That, to his honor's mind, under the circumstances, stamped them as contemporaneous documents. If they had been copied it was only natural to suppose that the person would have started and finished with one pen.

He found for the plaintiff for the sum on the invoice produced.

SIDEWALK TALK.

It has been suggested that, as associated with street illumination and cleanliness, bad sidewalks might well receive attention.

The subject of sidewalks is certainly an alluring one, and not unworthy of treatment by the poet's pen. In plain prose, hallowed associations—dreams of countless feet bearing their mortal burdens of joy and care and hope and fear, by which it has been worn—may cling about an ancient sidewalk, however dilapidated its appearance. As a matter of fact the more dilapidated the better, so far as the hovering muse is concerned.

Among bad sidewalks all have known the old plank village sidewalk of blessed memory, that flipped and flopped beneath the passing tread, and rattled and banged and sagged and creaked, and rose up in the night and smote the shins of belated wayfarers, is distinctly worthy of mention.

Nor should one forget the suburban sidewalk of gravel. In good condition it serves its purpose well, although it has its faults, and is the source of some irritation of soul to the unfortunate mortal who is on his uppers. But it sometimes wanders by hedges and lawn, and beneath spreading trees, and with all its faults people love it still.

The flag-stone sidewalk in its crabbed old age, with its ragged edges and corrugated surface and treacherous puddles, is, perhaps, as desperately wicked as any which peripathetic humanity was ever harassed and maddened. But after all, it is an aristocratic old sinner, and in its youth made a spacious footway about the lawns of costly mansions or led straight up to hospitable doors, as likely as not along stately colonnades of elm or poplar, pine or hemlock. As the old flagstone sidewalk has almost entirely given place to the parvenu, but trim and serviceable granolithic sidewalk, its faults may as well be forgotten in remembrance of its former high estate.

The old brick sidewalk of Washington possessed a deviltry which was all its own, and in its day was a holy terror and a woe forever. At its best it was soon worn down to a rough and pebbled surface, which caused the development of a cakewalk tread in all our oldest inhabitants. In rainy weather its endless chain of puddles brought despair to the hearts of well-dressed women and bad language to the lips of gents in pants. And after a hard frost followed by a thaw, it rose and fell in billows on the sodden ground, and the rich, thick juices of the generous soil gurgled and seeped and squirted forth until the nether garments of every living soul were striped and mottled in dirty yellows and browns, with just plain mud as a background.

Numerous relics of this most remarkably bad of all bad sidewalks still remain. But as they have been rapidly disappearing during recent years, and inasmuch as it is the policy of the Commissioners to have granolithic replace worn-out sidewalks, we do not think there is much room for complaint in this connection.

It would be a source of some satisfaction, however, and would add materially to the attractiveness of our streets, if all property owners, as so many have already done, would replace their sidewalks with the regulation material soon after noticeable signs of old age appear, instead of waiting until their condition becomes intolerable.

HE REALLY HAD A SNAKE.

After Being Discharged Dr. Bohl Exhibited It in Police Court.

From the Kansas City Journal.

"He was staggering along about Ninth and Walnut streets and taking most of the sidewalk. When I approached him he threatened to open his valise and turn loose a lot of rattlesnakes on me. He was in no condition to be on the streets." So testified Patrolman Elvin Gray regarding "Doctor" Otto Bohl when the latter was arraigned in Police Court on a charge of being drunk.

After court was over Dr Bohl was taken before the judge, given a lecture on sobriety and told to go on his way and sin no more.

"What have you in that grip?" asked Judge Kyle, out of curiosity.

Dr. Bohl opened the grip slowly, placed in his hand and came out with a squirming, writhing reptile—a snake, genus garter. The "soaks" in the courtroom covered their eyes with their hands and made a bolt for the door.

"This one," said the doctor, "I found recently in Troost Park. It's my friend and constant companion, eats and sleeps with me. It will follow me anywhere. I often take it out and let it play around in the grass of the parks." About this time the snake had run up the doctor's sleeve. The spectators shuddered distinctly.

"Brrrrmn" came from Judge Kyle's lips, which were tightly pressed, "that'll be about all. You may go, but don't let any of your pets get into your boots."

High Feed in Kansas.

From the Eldorado (Kans.) Republican.

The following menu was put up for four men in this town:

Roast Walnut River Crawdads
On the Half Shell.
Baked Walnut River Black Bass.
Grated Sod Corn Bread.
Broiled Butler County Prairie Chicken.
Brown Essence.
Baked Sweet Potatoes.
Escalloped Spuds.
Fried Butler County Quail.
Walnut River Frogs' Legs Salad.
Chili Sauce.
Apple and Pumpkin Pie.
Cake and Fruit.
Butler County Cheese.
Sorghum and Honey.
Maryland Biscuits.
Coffee and Buttermilk.

Every item on this bill of fare, except the coffee, is a Butler County product, and if there is any city paper that can present a better one we would like to see it.

MAGNATE HARRIMAN

One of Five Men Who Control Our Railways.

ROSE FROM A BROKER'S CLERK

His Remarkable Success in Reorganizing and Combining Railroad Systems—A Lover of Agriculture and Fond of Literature and Art—How He Dominates the Residents.

E. H. Harriman, who has just defeated Stuyvesant Fish in the fight for control of the Illinois Central Railroad, is a conspicuous figure, and an interesting one, in the world of finance and railroad development. He rose from a broker's clerk to be a capitalist of national fame. "It took some nerve to throw away $5,000,000 or $6,000,000 worth of railroads and to put $6,000,000 or $7,000,000 more new ones in to do the same business. I only use that as an illustration of what was done on the Union Pacific." That, from some remarks by Harriman to the stockholders of the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific at a San Francisco banquet, is typical of the man. He has an iron nerve—and it ought to be added that his nerve is backed up by good judgment. A dozen years or so ago no one had heard of E. H. Harriman in the railroad world. To-day he is one of the five men who practically control the policy of the railroads of the country.

Mr. Harriman was born at Hempstead, L. I. His father was an Episcopal clergyman, and beyond being able to give his son a common-school education and the benefits of his own college acquirements he had nothing to offer. At the age of fifteen the son went to work, and showed no signs of future prominence except in the excellent judgment that he possessed in agricultural matters and his knowledge of horses. He was laying up a stock of knowledge, however, but even as a boy he was taciturn, and few people knew much about him.

Began as a Broker.

He became a New York broker in Wall street, and then a private banker. He was first heard from through his activity in opposing, as a minority security-holder, the reorganization of the Erie Railroad by J. Pierpont Morgan. Later he appeared as the controlling power in the Chicago and Alton Railroad; and then his influence as a railway financier began to attract attention. He directed the reorganization of this company. He next turned his attention to the Kansas City, Pittsburg and Gulf Railway, which he reorganized into the Kansas City Southern. A recent writer of railway notes quotes the late Collis P. Huntington as saying: "Keep your eye on Harriman. He is going to be a big man in the railroad affairs of this country. He has a genius for reorganization and combination." When the Union Pacific-Southern Pacific combination was effected the prophetic words of Huntington came true. E. H. Harriman succeeded the prophet at the head of the Southern Pacific.

By this time the Morgan-Hill interests were watching Harriman closely—and a good many things happened. Speculators in railroad stocks are not likely to forget that fight of Harriman's which kept Wall street in a ferment for many days. Harriman is quick, far-sighted, and a bold financier, and has the Gould faculty of gathering around him executive men of first-class ability. In business, to those in his employ, he is imperative, and wants to be obeyed with military precision. He is a kind employer, however, and if an employe does his work right he is appreciated, and need not worry about his relations with the head of the Harriman house. Although reputedly a brusque and uncomfortable man to interview at his office, where business dominates everything, away from his desk he discloses social qualities of a most charming character. He is well informed on literature, art, the sciences, and other topics. Several years ago he fitted out a carefully equipped and planned scientific expedition to Alaska, which he accompanied in person. He chartered a vessel and paid all the expenses, the result of the expedition being cleverly and instructively described in a volume printed for his own personal use and distributed among his friends.

Interested in Blooded Stock.

It is at his stock farm, however, that Mr. Harriman is seen at his best. On the subjects of agriculture and horses he stands high. His splendid estate at Arden, New York State, is in a high state of cultivation. His pastures are well stocked with blooded animals, and his stud farm is the best in the country for the breeding of trotters and pacers. Arden is near Tuxedo, in Orange County, and the Orange County Horse Show Association owes its existence to Mr. Harriman, who organized it and is its president. He started the good-roads movement there, building at his own expense a splendid road from Southfield to Arden to connect with the good roads all over his own estate, following it up with generous gifts wherever an effort was made to build a road in the country.

The growth of stock raising by Mr. Harriman on his Arden estate is interesting. When he had been on the farm only a little while he wanted to own at least one horse with a national reputation, and so he bought Stamboul, the most famous stallion in the country in his day. Shortly after the purchase Stamboul was taken to California, where he was entered for the $20,000 purse for trotters, winning easily in 2:07½, making the world's record, which he held for a considerable period. The horse next in fame owned by Mr. Harriman was purchased after the death of Stamboul, and is the famous trotter John R. Gentry.

Was a Self-reliant Boy.

There are a few persons still in Wall street who remember a self-reliant boy, taciturn, energetic, and independent to the point of surliness, who ran—or, rather, walked—errands for a firm of small brokers for a year or two. James Stillman, president of the National City Bank, who is a congenial chum of Mr. Harriman, said some time ago: "I do not believe that 'Ed' Harriman ever hurried except at his own volition." Young Harriman had rich connections, but he disdained their help. He primarily announced his intention to work his own way up the financial ladder. As a boy he was a speculator, and it is a tradition of Wall street that he was invariably successful. He had a genius for divining the quickest way to make money. He was scarcely more than twenty-five years old when he was able to buy a seat in the New York Stock Exchange. It was on August 13, 1870, that he became a member of the stock exchange. He started in the stock-brokerage business with a brother, and his immediate success was in dealing in the securities of the Illinois Central Railroad, of which company he subsequently became an influential director.

At this period, according to well-authenticated reports, E. H. Harriman's first milion was acquired. The purchase of the Yazoo Valley and Mississippi Valley Railroad by the Illinois Central was reputed to have been profitable to Mr. Harriman as well as to other men who were interested in carrying through the deal.

Every man who lives in Arden, except the station agent and train dispatcher, is directly in the employ of Mr. Harriman and probably no railroad man who was distasteful to him could hold his place there. The post-office is in a grocery store in which Mr. Harriman owns an interest. The public school is in a building which stands on his property. The rest of the citizens of Arden work on his 20,000-acre estate. Many of the young men are employed to look after the game. The young women find work about the creameries. "Uncle Hank" and "Pop" are their favorite names for the railroad man, and he seems to like them. When he is at home he spends a good bit of his time giving the Arden youngsters rides in his automobile, a big red touring car, into which he has crowded as many as twenty at one time. "Mr. Harriman in New York and 'Pop' Harriman in Arden are two very different men," said one of the leading citizens. "Out here he forgets that he has millions upon millions, and is just a good, kind, friendly neighbor. He won't talk to you about railroads or finance or public affairs. He will talk for the hour about the crops, the cows, the condition of the timber, the presence of game or anything that has to do with the country he loves so well."

Mr. Harriman is president of the Happy Life Club, which is a social organization for the grown-up folk of Arden. His daughters are members of the Worth While Club, the basket-ball organization of the girls of the village. His son belongs to the Arden Jockey Club, a hunting organization, the membership of which is confined to the young men of the estate. The ruler of a principality has not more power over a settlement than Mr. Harriman has over Arden, yet no subjects in the world are more content than his retainers. For instance, he only allows two New York newspapers, one morning and one afternoon issue, to be sold in Arden. He will allow no liquor there, milk being the principal beverage.

HEAVY ORDNANCE.

"I see, according to a dispatch in The Herald," said the Grouchy Philosopher, lifting an ancient volume of Milton from its dusty shelf, "that England proposes to build a new type of monster gun to meet the conditions brought about by Germany's plans to outclass the Dreadnought. The dispatch says the pattern chosen will probably be a gun of thirteen and one-half inches caliber, about fifty feet in length, and weighing nearly ninety tons. Let us see what the author of 'Paradise Lost' has to say regarding heavy ordnance in his tremendous battle of the angels. The angel Raphael, describing the contest, tells how the van of Satan's army to right and left divided—

"Which to our eyes discovered, new and strange,
A triple mounted row of pillars laid
On wheels (or like to pillars most they seemed,
Or, hollowed bodies made of oak or fir,
With branches lopt, in wood or mountain felled),
Brass, iron, stony mold, had not their mouths
With hideous orifice gaped on us wide.

"If Milton were writing to-day he'd have to improve on that, or Rudyard Kipling or some other heavy artillerist would silence his guns, eh? Sad comment on human progress, isn't it?"

SIGNALS FOR VISITORS.

How Artist Lets His Friends Know When He Is Home.

From the New York Press.

There is an English artist, famous for his pictures of the sea, who has adopted a seaman's device for letting his friends know whether he is at home or not, and also when he is at work and too busy to receive callers. His scheme consists of a mast set up at the entrance to his grounds, the mast being fitted with crossyards and a gaff like the mizzenmast of a ship. On this gaff he has a halyard to which is fastened a black ball such as is used in the navy for signaling. When it is hoisted half way up to the gaff end his friends know he is "not at home," while when it is run up to the peak they are made aware of the fact that he is at leisure.

A scheme of the same sort was tried by two bachelors last summer who lived in a little bungalow on one of the salt water bays near New York. Owing to the distance of their house from a base of supplies it was often inconvenient for them to have any more visitors "drop in" to a meal than they had provided for; yet, as such was the habit of other members of the little colony along the shore, they decided to take a leaf out of the yachtsman's book and use a "meal pennant."

At first the rectangular bit of white bunting flying from the staff in front of their cottage excited a good deal of derision in the colony until the folk in the other bungalows had it explained to them that the sign meant those particular two young men and their guests were at meals. The "tip" was not only taken to heart by the other housekeepers in the place, but the custom of running up a "meal pennant" became general, to the consequent relief from occasional embarrassment of a host caught with not too well supplied a larder.

ONE OCEAN LITTLE KNOWN.

Vast Area Between Africa and India Not Well Traveled.

From the Geographical Journal.

Perchance of no area of our great oceans do we at the present day know less than of the Indian Ocean within the tropics. Fifty years ago in the days of the great China and Indian clippers it was, save for a small area to the north of Madagascar, alive with white wings anxious to take advantage of every slant of wind or the smallest current. Its minutest characteristics were then the subject of anxious study, whereas now its greater part is to most navigators an unknown sea.

With the opening of the Suez Canal there was a profound alteration of trade, and the most important routes now start not from Mauritius or the Cape, but from the Red Sea. Hundreds of steamers, laughing at winds and currents, pass annually from Aden to Bombay and Colombo on the one hand, and to East African ports, to Madagascar, Mauritius and Seychelles on the other.

From Colombo again there are regular lines to Calcutta, Singapore, West Australia, Mauritius, and South Africa. But except on the lines from the Red Sea to Colombo and from the latter to the far East and to Australia, there is a relative absence of competition, a want of that necessity for accurate knowledge of the winds, currents and topography which is only called for by a keen desire for saving time or mileage.

The routes across her surface are also wide apart, and her islands are commercially unimportant. Great areas are seldom or never crossed by ships. In our six months' cruise of his majesty's ship, the Sealark, we never saw, except in port, a single steamer, and only one solitary brig, a small trader from Mauritius to the Chagos.

THE KICKIN'EST ONE YET.

Kick, kick, kick!
Your short, stout legs, Oh, Gee!
I strive hard not to utter
The thoughts that arise in me!
Kick, kick, kick,
Till the bed is bereft of clothes;
Kick, kick, kick,
Your bare pink heels and toes.

Kick, kick, kick!
Keep kicking, awake, asleep!
Till at the hour of midnight
The blankets are in a heap!
Kick, kick, kick!
From sun's set till its rise!
Kick, kick, kick!
Despite all lullabyes!

Kick, kick, kick!
Through long, long nights and cold
Till the east grows opalescent,
And the weary night grows old!
Kick, kick, kick!
You glad-eyed crowing tot!
Kick, kick, kick!
It's a cold that your dad has got!

—Houston Post.

GOING ABROAD

Observations of a Feminine Rambler.

The most interesting features of Antwerp are close to the Quai. The steamer stops at this port three days to coal, water and provision, and take on immense quantities of freight from Belgium and south and west Germany. Jack and I have rambling notions about sight-seeing, and we decided to cut out Brussels and after a glimpse of Antwerp, take flying trips to Bruges and Ghent.

I loved Antwerp for the little Christmas trees selling in the market place for 15 and 20 cents, and thought regretfully of one I paid $10 for last winter. The market place, by the way, was the loveliest sight imaginable with cut flowers on great wicker trays and bunches built six feet into the air, as well as the most magnificent specimens of potted plants. The Reubens and Van Dycks satisfied my love for pictures, and in "The Descent from the Cross," a sibilant guide pointed out, with an air of intimate acquaintance with the Reuben's family, the perfect likenesses of the first wife, the second wife, the cousin, the friend, and even the big Flemish horse, with fetlocks like bunches of celery, which was wont to carry the master upon his journeyings. There was also a dog in one of the pictures that Van Dyck—Reuben's pupil—thought should figure among Reuben's relations and pets, so he, Van Dyck, took the liberty of painting his canine majesty into one corner of the canvas, thus completing a domestic picture in a great masterpiece of art.

Within the cathedral, guides are kept busy lowering and raising the rep hangings before the pictures. The exquisite face of Christ, painted by De Vinci on marble, and as fine as a miniature, cannot be seen without climbing onto some steps, and having a lighted candle held in exact position to catch the divine radiance of the countenance. Jack liked the Flemish oak pulpit that represented the different nations of the world, and the figure of Africa on the dark side was of immense interest in that it had a Pocahontas, representing America, for a near neighbor.

Sunday morning's service at the Cathedral is quite a cheerful affair. All the little chairs are set with backs to the altar. People wander in, kneel for a moment, and then turn them about and sit down. After a brief rest they rise again, return the chairs to their original position, and saunter out. Women come to church without their hats in the most informal way, and an army of poor feminine specimens go about at intervals of ten minutes beseeching alms. Warders, in picturesque, long, lace-trimmed coats and blue sashes—like the one worn by the president general of the D. A. R.—carry their great staffs of office up and down the aisles, and parties of little children, hand in hand, saunter from nave to nave. The Cathedral is so large that all sorts of things happen at the same time. For instance, I listened to an organ recital in one corner, while Jack sat under a French sermon in the center aisle, and our friend, the Countess Schlieffen, listened to mass in another part of the church. About the entrance to the Cathedral it seemed rather like a railway station, so many people were passing in and out, and there were so many meetings between old friends and so much kissing going on among the Belgians and French. The way the men of these two nations kiss is something amazing. They are never content with one salutation, but they kiss each other's cheek at least six times in order to express the proper degree of friendliness. Jack used to blush a beautiful crimson every time he witnessed one of these osculation matches.

A promenade bridge is built above the docks at Antwerp, and here the natives came in hundreds every afternoon our ship was in port, to listen to the deck concert and behold an East Asian liner making ready for her long voyage. It was rather disconcerting to find people gazing through our porthole or wandering about the interior of the vessel at any and all hours. Up in the smoking-room, too, the way visitors disposed of sandwiches and drinks was startling to behold. Evidently it is a great occasion in Antwerp when mail steamers, bound for the Orient, are in port.

Antwerp has a reputation for rather Frenchy shops, but I went into about twenty-five looking in vain for ordinary neck ruching. The fashionable neck adornment seemed to be an enormously high laundered collar that turned over a billowy bunch of lace, a most villainous combination of discomfort and elegance. Finally, at a milliner's shop, I purchased for the equivalent of 85 cents a neck ruching that went once and a half around my neck and was a fat roll of white chiffon made upon an inch-wide band of black percaline. Frenchy, wasn't it?

I laughed at the remembrance of the honeymooners gone off to Brussels for "Spitze," when the best lace manufactories in Belgium are right at Antwerp.

Ghent, once numbered among the foremost cities of Europe, offered to me a singular picture of the contrast between the memories of its brilliant past and its modern industrial life. The celebrated old Flemish town carried us back to the tenth century, and when I reached that period—it happened at the Cathedral of St. Bavon, where we went to see the Van Dyck altar—I refused further retrogression, and decided upon a visit to the former abodes of the counts of Flanders. But at Gravenkasted it was even worse, the ninth century looming out of the past to reproach Jack and me with our modernity.

"Oh, oh," groaned Jack, when we got to Bruges, "this is a city of the dead, for sure."

Everything was of the past and full of memories of vanished greatness. I almost wept over the guide's plaintive tale of how Bruges was once one of the most brilliant commercial cities of the world: how it vied with Venice as a center of world commerce. The deserted loneliness and quiet stillness of the streets and alleys, once gay with life, were tomblike in their effect. Life was only apparent in the principal thoroughfares. Elsewhere people either slept and dreamed of the days gone by, to the greatness of which the magnificent surviving monuments attest, or there are no people to sleep. Workmen's small houses, dating from Middle Ages lined the tranquil streets through which we made our final way to the solitary, peaceful Beguinage. Jack's countenance was so lugubrious that I was glad to get him back to Antwerp and safely on board the Prinz Regent, with the prospect of again lifting anchor.

Upon leaving Antwerp, to the gayest of music and waving of handkerchiefs from enthusiastic Belgiums, tugs took charge of the vessel until we were safely beyond the shipping, when our own steam carried us through the tortuous windings of the West Scheldt. The landscape, of typical Netherland character, was heightened in charm by overhanging clouds. Broad, green marshy pastures with cattle, solitary wind mills, trim villages, and comfortable-looking peasant farm buildings formed a succession of charming pictures. It all looked very "comfy" and peaceful, until we reached the ancient Dutch harbor town of Vlissingen, which was formerly a fortress and is now a sea bathing resort, and the starting point of one of the channel services to England.

When we reached the Wandelaar Lightship, we noticed a decided difference in the appearance of the water. High, foam-crested waves broke on either side the steamer. The North Sea looked like glacier water—light green with a milky shimmer, and sometimes shadow-black. As far as we could see, ships with bulging sails and steamers of all shapes, sizes, and nations arose and fell upon this most frequented of ocean routes.

Past lightships and into the English Channel, we soon sighted the English coast, and then into Southampton waters between the solid land and the Isle of Wight. We came to anchor near Netley Hospital. In the green timberland of Hampshire, that rose on either hand, the most delightful country homes showed through the trees. Beautiful sailboats raced by us, and before long the tenders appeared with the London passengers, freight, and fresh vegetables.

I never in my life beheld such inordinate quantities of luggage. One English admiral and his family had thirty-two pieces, all systematically numbered. I imagined they were bound for the Orient, but no, indeed, they were only booked for Italy. The assortment of crated bicycles, baths, dogs, perambulators, hampers, and boxes was a beautiful tribute to the Englishman's domestic instinct. The admiral had, apparently, refused to leave one household god at home behind the white cliffs, but was carrying the entire collection into flea-bitten Italy.

There was a French governess—uncrated—attached to the party, which explained why a small school "form"—an old-fashioned desk—was included in the luggage.

Now, in truth, we settled for a delightful voyage. No further stop until Gibraltar. The rugged dangerous coast of the Island of Ushant brought us close to France, and numerous fishing smacks with tan-colored sails steered through the rocks in reckless disregard of shipwreck. As we got well into the Bay of Biscay, I judged from the numerous falling off of deck passengers and sundry pale and agonized countenances that here indeed was the "sailor's roughest road." That night I stayed up late to watch the wonderful phosphorescent effect on the waves. The captain took Jack and me over to the second cabin deck to see the whirlpool stirred up by the twin-screws of the steamer. It was a splendid sight, but we didn't stay very long on account of several chatty parrots who were carrying on animated conversation with their owners. There must have been forty parrots in the second cabin all together. I inferred that a lingo-bird is part of the regular outfit of the British officer when he goes for Indian service.

I hated to retire that night; I was so afraid of missing the Spanish Main. Jack called it coast, but I liked better the buccaneering sound of Main, and then, too, I had a reverential leaning toward the "Province of Galicia," about which I once recited a poem in school, and I did not wish to miss it. But above and beyond these things, Cape Finisterre held a grandeur for me that may or may not be understood by the average reader.

In my "yearning" days, I once extracted from an art supplement—to which my mother subscribed for a year on the installment plan—a vague and indistinct sepia copy of Jules Breton's "Sunset in Finisterre." I took a "Child Eating Bread and Milk" from an ornate frame and in its place put "Finisterre," which thereafter graced every room in my childhood's home. During the spring and fall cleaning, a vital question was whether to hang "Sunset in Finisterre." As depicted in my copy, the sun had long set, for not a glow of it remained visible. As a work of art I considered the group of gossiping women in the foreground perfect, and the cottage was a thing I sketched with frequency into my own art productions. My brothers referred slightingly to the two cats in the picture, and cast slurs upon the citizens of Finisterre for permitting porkers to grovel in the streets. But to me, Finisterre represented a hallowed spot, and could I now renounce my early ideals and sleep the while our vessel passed by Finisterre? A thousand times, No!

I did not obtain a wholly satisfying impression of the cape, but I contented myself with addressing a souvenir postal card to my most skeptical of brothers, and upon it I wrote: "Sunset off Finisterre."

It was about here, I believe, that I came a cropper with my German. Every morning as I luxuriate in my berth, wondering whether I should or should not get up for my breakfast, I hear one little German steward pipe a musical order in the direction of the pantries for what sounded to be "Ein