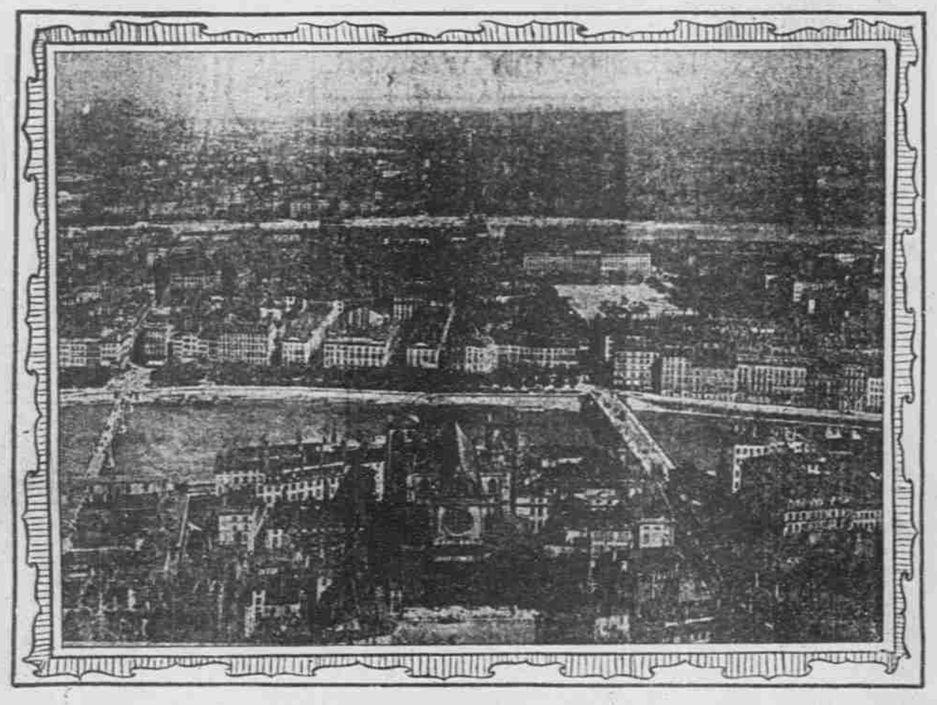
AMONG THE SILK WORKERS OF FRANCE: Velvet Metropolis of Lyons and Its Four Hundred Factories.

Frank Carpenter Visits the Weavers Who Manufacture Goods That Sell at $70 a Yard.

The silk-workers and bare-armed, bare-headed girls.

FACE OF CHRIST WOVEN IN SILK

In the silk reeling-room.



VIEWS OF LYONS FROM FOURVIER.

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.

Lyons, France, Oct. 9.—I am in the silk center of the world, where for more than four centuries the finest gowns of the belles of all nations have been turned out on common hand looms. Lyons makes about $30,000,000 worth of silks and silk goods every year. Its satins and velvets go all over the world, and within the past few months it has been busy making the rich red velvets which were worn at the coronation of King Edward VII.

The city is the commercial center of middle France, and, next to Paris, the chief city of this Republic. It took me eight hours on the railroad to cover the 280 miles between here and Paris, and I now find myself in the rich valley of the Rhone, in one of the most beautifully located cities.

Lyons is surrounded by hills. It lies on the lowlands, under the mountains, at the confluence of the Rhone and the Saone. On the other side of the Saone are the Heights of Fourvieres, with a great tower upon them, up which we shall climb for the view. We walk through the town, passing the site of a Roman palace, in which the most cruel of Roman Emperors, Claudius and Caligula, were born. We go over one of the Saone bridges and by a cable railroad are elevated to the foot of the tower. Another elevator takes us up to the top, and we are 600 feet above the river, hanging, as it were high over the city. Behind us are the Golden Mountains of Lyons, and beyond them, over a valley of gardens and trees, are the mighty Alps, their snowy peaks forming a ragged silver mass against the clouds. The day is clear and we see the snowy cap of Mont Blanc a hundred miles away. Turn about now and look down into the valley. There is the Rhone, fresh from its glacier cradle in Mont St. Gothard, and nearer still, flowing almost at our feet, is the Saone, winding about through the town side by side with its twin sister, the Rhone. Between the two is the greater part of Lyons, and as we look we see the silvery streams embracing the municipal maiden in her silken clothes and going singing on together to the sea.

FAIRS WERE HELD HERE IN MIDDLE AGES.

Stop a minute and think where we are. We are in the heart of one of the oldest parts of Europe and on the site of one of the most famous cities of France. This Rhone Valley was a trade route in the days of Julius Caesar, and great fairs were held here in the Middle Ages, to which merchants from Amsterdam to Venice and from other parts of Europe came to buy and sell. The Gauls had a town in this site 600 years before Christ was born, and at the time Christ lived here was a Roman city. On this very hill one Roman Emperor caused 20,000 Christians to be massacred, and in the days of the French Revolution the Tribunal, finding that the guillotine would not kill the Lyons aristocrats fast enough, tied them together with ropes, in rows of sixty, and executed them by wholesale with cannon loaded with grape shot.

The Lyons of to-day, however, devotes itself more to business than to politics or religion. It is a great manufacturing center. It contains 500,000 people and with its suburbs has about three-quarters of a million. Standing here on the tower you can see the smokestacks of its car shops, tanneries and chemical works, and there across the valley, on the other side, is the famous Croix Rousse (Red Cross), the hill where the silkmakers live, where the fashions of generations have been woven and where to-day some of the most beautiful cloths of the world are produced. The hill looks but little like a manufacturing center. It has no vast brick buildings, walled with windows, such as you see in the factory towns of our country; it has no smokestacks pouring volumes of black into the clouds, and it looks more like a residence section than an industrial one. Still Lyons has hundreds of silk factories, and the most of them are situated upon that hill.

HOUSES SIMILAR TO AMERICAN TENEMENTS.

Suppose we visit it. We descend to the Saone, cross the bridge and take the trolley car through the city to the cable station at the foot of Croix Rousse. We go into the car dropping a sou, or 1 cent, at the turnstile, for that is what is charged for the ride. We enter a box car where a score of silk workers are standing, and in a moment find ourselves riding to the top of the hill. A few steps from the station above takes you into the heart of the silk industry of Lyons. We can tell it by the click! click! click! which is heard on every street and in every hallway. The houses are lean five-story structures, built along alley-like streets, with narrow entrance doors. They look like tenement buildings and they are indeed little more than tenements, great beehives filled with laborers, every cell of which is a little factory. Most of the work in the great silk department of the Rhone is done on hand looms, and there are 400,000 men thus employed in this department. Even where power looms are used the work is largely that of house industry, several weavers having, in a single room, looms worked by electricity, paying therefor a few cents per day per loom.

We enter one of the buildings and walk up the narrow stone stairs. We hear the clicking going on as we mount from story to story. The building is rudely constructed and without modern conveniences. We knock at the door, pounding loudly in order that we may overcome the noise of the weaving. A Frenchman in his shirt sleeves, with a cap on his head, opens the door and asks us to enter. He has just left his loom and at our request he again goes to work. The loom is old-fashioned, and he works it with his feet, throwing the shuttle by hand from one side to the other, through the silk threads.

MAKING PATTERNS FOR DRESS GOODS.

He is making a pattern of dress goods which may eventually be worn by some of the Four Hundred, or may shine perhaps on a Virginia belle at a White House reception. I ask him his wages. He replies that he earns 5½ francs, or 70 American cents, a day of eleven hours. He has been working at his trade ten years and is one of the best-paid men in the building.

Going on, we enter room after room, each has one or more looms, with bare-armed, bareheaded men and women weaving away. All kinds of silks are turned out, and the wages in all cases are low. The men earn on an average 60 cents a day and the women 48 cents. The best workmen sometimes earn from $1 to $1.25, and a very few as much as $2.40, or 12 francs, per day.

In some buildings we find the looms worked by electricity, the lightning having been called to make brocades and silks for our ladies' dresses. The electricity is furnished by a society at such a rate that a man gets electrical power for 5 cents a day and pays for his loom on installments. With such looms the men can make better wages, working in the same room in which their families have been living and working for generations.

I have talked with many of the silk men of Lyons, both factors and laborers. I find a general belief that the days of such house industry are numbered. Lyons has been gradually losing its standing as the chief silkmaking center of the world. Other countries are coming into competition with it, and its trade is slowly but steadily falling. Germany is making beautiful silks with the best of modern machinery at Krefeld, not far from the left bank of the Rhine; the English have long been known as makers of fine silks; the Russians are doing some wonderful weaving near Moscow, and the Italians are rapidly regaining the place they held in the Middle Ages as one of the chief silk-manufacturing peoples of the world. It used to be that the most of the raw silk brought from China came to Marseilles; a large part of it now goes to Genoa on the North German Lloyd Asiatic lines, and the output of Italian silk goods steadily grows.

WE NOW MAKE OUR OWN SILK.

The United States, however, is injuring the trade of Lyons more than any of the European countries. Before our Civil War we annually contributed about $30,000,000 to the Lyons silk weavers. Now we make 90 per cent of the silk we consume, and, notwithstanding our enormous increase in wealth and population, our Lyons purchases do not amount to more than $10,000,000 a year. The French writers claim that the falling off in their trade is due to our protective tariff, which has built up the silk industry of Paterson and other American cities. In these places the silk is made in large mills, and the cost is so reduced that American commercial travelers are now selling American silks in Europe. We already weave two-thirds as much silk as France, and our silk exports may yet become one of the features of the American commercial invasion of Europe. I am told that a number of the French factors have already removed their plants to the United States and that others are remodeling their mills on the American plan.

I visited this afternoon the biggest silk mill of this country. It has 420 looms and two or three times that many employes. The hands are bare-armed, bareheaded girls, well dressed and in many cases good looking. They are all the daughters of the men who work on the house looms and are the descendants of many generations of silk weavers. The mill is somewhat like a great cotton factory, save that more bright colors are used. In the reeling-room the threads are of all the hues of the rainbow, and the thousands of spools make a maze of brilliant tints and shades. The factory is well lighted, and it is equipped with all the modern conveniences of our factories. The wages are very low and there is no trouble in getting employes.

POWER LOOMS USED IN WEAVING VELVET.

I was interested in the velvet works. The finer of such goods are made by house industry, although power looms are generally used. The weavers have found they can not make wages by using their old hand looms, and they have had them remodeled so that they can now earn 75 cents and upwards per day. Much of the velvet woven in Lyons is brocade, and that in most beautiful patterns. Silk and velvet curtains are made, some of which cost as much as $800 a pair. I saw velvets to-day which sell for $70 a yard, and was shown curtains which require four months to weave. The finest of the velvet are made in these little rooms.

The velvet is woven about wires, the threads being cut through to the wires with a knife and the wires taken out. The velvet has to be made thread by thread, each line being cut separately, so that a slip of the knife would ruin the cloth.

I visited one factory which made 8,000 yards of red velvet to be worn at the coronation of King Edward, and another where I was shown specimens of furniture coverings made for one of the Vanderbilt families at a cost of $21 a yard. Think of paying $21 for a chair seat! And this is what the stuff costs in France. The price will be doubled by the time it gets into one of the Vanderbilt palaces and is fitted onto its luxurious sofas. Every time one sits down upon it he or she will cover a yard of it. It would make me uncomfortable to sit down on $42 at one time.

The very best of the French silks seldom get to the United States, as our duties make them almost prohibitory. Velvets which will sell at $4 a yard in Lyons would cost $10 a yard in New York, and silk brocades at $5 a yard would be doubled in price after they had passed through our Customhouse and paid the charges of the middlemen.

HOW THEY SELL SILK IN LYONS.

I have gone through some of the largest of the Lyons silk stores. They are to be found in buildings not unlike our factories. You enter an unpretentious stairway and on the second or third floor may find a door with a little brass sign, marked with the name of the merchant. Entering, you come into large rooms with long counters running through them. There is no silk on view, for the goods are stored away in cases or drawers until brought out for the customers. The rooms are well lighted and parts of them are walled with mirrors in order that the colors may be shown by reflection as well as by direct light. Some of the oldest styles are the most beautiful, and these are repeated from age to age, new designs are continually being invented and the greatest artists of France are engaged in designing. The French are noted as designers, and they have schools here which teach designing. Some of the factories make pictures in silk, both for decoration and wall covering. The faces of the most noted men of France are thus woven, as well as fancy pictures of all sorts.

Lyons is doing all it can to foster its silk industry. It has its technical schools which teach all branches of silk manufacture. Young men come here from all parts of the world to study how to make silk, and many work in the mills for that purpose. There is one school which charges from 80 to 125 francs a year as tuition. The 80 francs is the charge for Frenchmen and the 130 francs that for foreigners. In this school the best of modern silk-weaving machinery is used and a great part of it bears the mark of American manufacturers. An American sewing machine sews the pattern cards together, and American methods of weaving are employed. All kinds of silks, velvets, plain and figured goods are made here, under the superintendence of the most skilled workmen, the boys doing the work themselves with the professional silk men as overseers.

MUNICIPAL SCHOOL ON CROIX ROUSSE.

I visited the Lyons municipal silk school, on the Croix Rousse, after going through the silk factories of that neighborhood. This school is sustained by the city, and is open only to Lyonnais youths. Any Lyons boy who has reached the age of 15 can enter upon the payment of $1.72 and learn all about silk weaving, designing and pattern making. The course of the day study is ten months, and there is in addition a night school, in which a course of three years is required.

There are about 200 pupils in this school. They belong to the rich and the poor, many of them being the sons of common laborers. Every boy has to keep a diary of his work, with the patterns of the silks he has made, and also copies of his designs. The school teaches all matters about the breeding of silkworms as well as all kinds of weaving and designing. The professor in charge, a kind-looking old Frenchman, wearing a skull cap and rough clothes, took me through one department after another. He introduced me to some of the students, and had them work at the looms before my eyes. The boys were as intelligent as those of the average college of the United States.

These technical schools of Lyons show that the people are trying to regain their supremacy as the silk-weaving center of the world. Similar schools should be established in Paterson, and otherwheres in our country, and the silkworm industry of the South, now in its infancy, should be encouraged.

MANUFACTURES ENCOURAGED BY FIFTEENTH CENTURY MONARCHS.

The wonderful silk manufactures of France originated through the encouragement of the silk trade by the French monarchs of the past. It was not until the Fifteenth Century that much silk weaving was done. Before that time the best of the silks came from Italy, the finest of silks, satins, velvets and other cloths being woven near Venice. Lyons, however, was a great fair city, and many Italian silks were brought there for sale. Then Louis XI imported Italian weavers, and along about forty years after the discovery of America Francis I induced many of the Italian weavers to settle in Lyons by guaranteeing them exemption from taxation, free lodgings and the right to carry swords, as well as immunity from imprisonment for debt. In one way or another he brought silk weavers from Genoa, Florence, Lucca and Venice, and thus founded his business, which has done much to make France rich. The industry thrived until the persecution of the Huguenots drove more than 200,000 of the most skilled of the French artisans out of the country and in a few years reduced the number of looms from 40,000 to less than 18,000. The Protestant weavers escaped to England, Germany and Switzerland and thus started the silk manufactures of those countries.

Since then at times Lyons has held the silk manufacturing supremacy of Europe. It probably holds it to-day, but the industries of Switzerland, Germany and England are steadily growing, and, comparatively speaking, Lyons is on the decline. Its greatest danger to-day is from the United States, which is increasing its silk product from year to year.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

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AUTHOR BUILDS HIS OWN HOUSE.

Charles F. Lummis Varies His Literary Work in California.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Probably the most interesting house from several points of view in America is in construction out in the suburbs of Los Angeles, Cal., in the Arroyo Seco, midway to Pasadena. It is literally a hand-made house. Charles F. Lummis, author of a dozen books on Southwestern subjects, the acknowledged man of letters in Southern California, and an authority on Spanish and aboriginal history in the Southwest and Mexico, is building his own house with his own hands—a house, too, of large proportions, with thick walls of stone, massive foundations of concrete, cabin doorways, quaint windows, solid floorings and a most durable roof—a house as strong as a castle, built to last for centuries.

Every day in the week the best known litterateur in Southern California is busy at housebuilding, from sunrise to sunset. Dressed in mechanic's overalls and jumper, he hammers and saws and joins woodwork for the door and window frames and carves and fashions interior wooden parts of his edifice when each is needed. In fact, he is doing all the work on his big and solid house, assisted by an Indian boy, from a New Mexican pueblo.

When a day's work with trowel, axe, chisel or hammer is finished and dinner with the family in the temporary dwelling hard by is over, Mr. Lummis climbs the stairs in the part of his house already finished. Then at his desk in his den until 4 a. m. he works away at one of the five books he is preparing under contract. He sleeps seldom over three hours out of twenty-four, and often not over two hours, and this has been his habit for several years.

"No, I don't feel at all wearied by so much work," said he the other day. "In fact, I never felt better in my life. My manual labor out in the sunshine at the bench or on the stone walls is a relaxation. It keeps my body in proper tone; it means a clear mind and buoyancy. Hard work never injured any well man. It's worry and fretting that use one up."

"But wouldn't it be more practical," it was suggested, "to give all your time to literary work and hire your house built?"

"Very likely, for most people, but not for me. I love manual work and I have some queer ideas as to what a house should be—how a man's house should be a part of himself and his individuality. Therefore, I am doing this house construction myself. That is my play and my pleasure. Almost anybody can write a book, as they are written nowadays, but it takes a deal of thinking to build a house of your very own and build it so it will endure."

When Charles F. Lummis came back from an exploring tour among the prehistoric remains in Peru and Bolivia in 1892 he bought a cottage home in Los Angeles and settled down again to bookmaking. The author's relaxation in those days was building henneries, dove cotes, rabbit pens and planting trees and shrubbery. In a few years the double lot was crowded with things of Mr. Lummis's construction and planting. So the man who had walked from Ohio to California, had lived for years on the frontiers and on the deserts and had tramped across the Cordilleras and Andes looked about him for something worthy his intense activity.

For a long time Mr. Lummis had planned some day to have a house of his own building. In the spring of 1898 he bought several acres of wild land midway between Los Angeles and Pasadena. Scarcely one person in a thousand would have seen home making possibilities in the rockstrewn, untamed spot. When a temporary home had been set up there for the family, Mr. Lummis began his daily toil under the guarled sycamores, clearing away underbrush, piling up tons of bowlders and excavating for the foundations of his house. At night, after long hours of muscular labor that would have finished almost any man, he wrote on a latticed piazza beneath a sycamore tree.

By the fall of 1899 Mr. Lummis had five rooms of his house finished and the family moved into them, while the author established his library and literary workroom in a unique apartment on the upper floor. Then the work on another and larger part of the edifice was begun, and it has continued until now.

All together Mr. Lummis has been hard at work upon his house some thirty months, and upon the broad lines he has laid out for himself he will be a housebuilder for at least six years more. He has spent weeks in patiently and artistically carving oaken plaques for the doors. Alone he fashioned and put in place the great round beams in the rafftered ceiling of the main apartments.

The author's plans call for a stone house, built after the architecture of the Spanish homes; that is, one story, with tile roof, built about an open square known as the patio. The only upper rooms are two used for library and den. A sprawling sycamore, ages old, has been carefully preserved, and when the house is done this tree will be in the middle of the patio. About the walls of the house will be generous cloisters, with Roman arches.

Mr. Lummis was working upon a stone wall for his cellar when a visitor called the other day. When he had reached a point in the work where he could leave it to his Indian boy helper, he laid aside the trowel and led his visitor through the part of the house already occupied.

It is a marvelous structure, rich in historic and literary treasures and extraordinary in artistic arrangement. Everything within the house has a story or some historic association. There are ceiling beams, saffron-hued with age, from the ancient Franciscan missions in California, a bell which hung in a little church in New Mexico, a vast number of relics (all so artistically arranged) of the Inca period in Peru, a frieze of ancient rubrics from centuries old documents from Spain and a case full of delicately embroidered fabrics from the tombs of ancient American chiefs.

At one end of the largest room is a bench, which was laboriously carved by a Franciscan monk in 1720 and was used for longer than a century as a ceremonial seat by the Pueblo Governors. Then there are Navajo blankets—not the coarse, heavy sort people buy nowadays, but soft and exquisitely colored, yet firm as sheet iron. They have but few counterparts anywhere. Hanging from the raftered ceiling are hand-wrought shelves upon which are tinajas (water jars) of primitive decoration from a half dozen ancient pueblos in the Southwest and Mexico, while smaller bits of the masterpieces of the earliest American potters are here and there about the house.

One might spend days there and find something of fresh interest every hour. All these things Mr. Lummis has been gathering together during his explorations and travels for twenty years.

The floors of the house are of smooth, reddish-brown cement. The fireplaces are odd little affairs in the corner of each room, constructed after Mexican patterns. The windows are unique. About the large pane in the larger windows, Mr. Lummis has set in a score or more transparencies, made of photographic negatives of scenes which he has explored and photographed in strange lands and among primitive peoples.

Locks and hinges on the main doors have histories. For instance, the great heavy front doors hang on enormous iron hinges taken from a prehistoric edifice in Tiahuanuco, in Bolivia. The ponderous lock came from a 200-year-old mansion in Chile. Door knobs of a score of unusual shapes (picked up among Aztec, Mexican, Incan and Spanish monasteries, temples and palaces) have been deftly fitted to Mr. Lummis's handmade and wonderful doors. Carvings in stone and wood from all the ancient spots in North and South America have been set in the solid walls, and here and there above the fireplaces are specimens of some of the earliest art in oil painting in America.

When at last the stone building is done, the author-mechanic will have months of labor before him in making and burning tiles for the roof of his house. Then, still yearning for more things to keep his muscles up, he will set himself about the making of all the home furniture, in which he has quite as many original ideas as he has in housebuilding.

"ROUSED BY A MIDNIGHT ATTACK"

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

If ever Williamstown, Ky., starts to burn down all the citizens of the place will be fully aware of the occurrence.

It started to burn down while I was there. I had been engaged to umpire a game of baseball, and occupied a room at the little hotel with the captain of the visiting team. Before morning I was awakened from a sound sleep by a pistol shot. Then I heard another, then more shots in quick succession.

All this was followed by a roar as of many voices and a furious rushing and bumping of heavy wheels.

In the midst of it I awakened my roommate. The pistol shots were still snapping like corn in the popper. My companion could only gasp:

"Great heavens! Is it the militia?"

Presently a great red glow suffused the night. Evidently the mob was getting in its work. We put on our clothes and crept downstairs. In the lobby we met the proprietor with a gun in each hand.

"Smith's barn is nearly to the ground!" he yelled. "Turn in the alarm!"

He dived behind the desk for more cartridges. Then we learned that in many Southern towns the way to notify the community of its peril from fire is to rise with small arms and guns as though repelling an invader.

HOUSEHOLD RELICS FROM DEVASTATED ST. PIERRE.

A SHELF IN THE HARVARD GEOLOGICAL MUSEUM.
Articles of domestic use illustrating the volcanic catastrophe at St. Pierre. In the center, under the cross, is a specimen of a volcanic "bomb."

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.

Cambridge, Mass., Oct. 24.—The geological department of the Harvard University Museum—the Agassiz Museum, as it is best known to the thousands who visit it every year from all parts of the country—will soon have on exhibition the unique collection of relics of the daily life of St. Pierre made by Doctor Thomas A. Jaggar of the Harvard department of geology during his scientific researches among the still smoking ruins of the demolished city. All together, the collection numbers something over 200 objects—knives, forks, spoons, coins, glassware, plates, platters and other familiar articles of daily utility. Some of them were picked up in the ruins by Doctor Jaggar himself, but the greater number, practically a gift from the French Colonial Government to the Harvard Museum, were selected by him from a mass of similar material gathered by the French soldiery during the days immediately following the full horror of the catastrophe and stored for safe-keeping in the Government vaults at Fort de France.

The collection at Harvard is an expression of a new and rather picturesque policy in a museum of this special character, namely, that of securing objects not only of geological but at the same time of human interest, showing, as in this case, the bearing of the various earth processes—volcanoes, earthquakes and the like—upon human life. A complete list of the articles brought together would very well reproduce much of the household life of St. Pierre on the very day before Mont Pelee finally poured forth its threatened storm of steam, vapor, sand, ashes and half-molten rock, and the shelves of the museum thus present a picture, more real even than photographic reproductions of the wrecked city, of the horror of a great volcanic eruption. Except for the volcanic dust, however, with which many of them are plastered, the various articles show rather the effects of the tremendous heat to which they were subjected than of the volcanic eruption that occasioned it.

It is the personal character of the collection that makes it of more than ordinary interest. Here are the forks, knives and spoons, for example, that were used on the breakfast tables of the city even while the great volcano, considered dead for half a century, was ominously drawing breath for the final destruction. Some of them are still separate; others melted together, twisted in masses, stained in various colors by the oxidization of iron, silver, copper or other metal, and by the overflow of the muddy, sandy stream whose component parts were as many as the elements—stores, houses and humanity itself all mixed together—that made up the life of the streets over which they were scattered by the force of the eruption and the falling of roofs and walls. Glass vessels, pitchers, fruit jars and other objects, whose use can now only be guessed at, are fused and run together by the heat; candlesticks are partly melted and bent to one side by their own weight; coins are welded together in indiscriminate chunks of metal, in which perhaps ten or twenty bits of copper or silver still retain enough of their former character to be recognizable, but cannot be separated one from another. There are pitchers, sugar bowls, jars and platters, many of them of solid silver and still bearing the monograms of families now completely wiped out of existence; plates still covered with the fine gray dust of the eruption, some welded together and others separate and still unbroken, although it is necessary to handle them with extreme delicacy; a cross fallen from a private shrine; and finally one of the two $5 American gold pieces that proved at once the presence of American money and the scarcity of gold coin.

The tremendous heat, which crumbled cemented walls often more than a yard thick and reduced to a level every roof and wall in the city except the towers of the Cathedral, played its most curious pranks with the smaller articles of tableware. Three spoons, for example, are joined together by their handles, suggesting some novel "Yankee notion." Other pieces have been molded into new shapes that recall the work of Renaissance silversmiths, and in which one can vaguely trace grotesque faces and graceful bodies; and the effect is heightened by the fact that the fire has given them an appearance of extreme age and a suggestion of the green coloring of Etruscan bronze. On the other hand, a cross from one of the private shrines of the city is almost uninjured.

The collection also contains a curious commentary on the state of mind of the people who owned and used the articles which Doctor Jaggar has gathered together, in the shape of a copy of the last issue of Les Colonies, the newspaper whose fatal optimism did more perhaps than any other one thing to keep the people of St. Pierre from flying before the threatenings of the volcano. This, of course, was not found in the ruins, having come as a gift of a French planter, but copies are now very rare, if not altogether unobtainable. Speaking of the volcano which on the day following was to silence and destroy its presses forever, the paper says:

"The departures from St. Pierre are increasing in number. From morning till night, and even during the night, one sees hurrying people, carrying packages, trunks and children, on their way to Fonds St. Denis, Morne d'Orance, Carbet and other places. The steamers of the Compagnie Girard are never empty. A few figures will give an idea of this mad flight. The customary number of travelers to Fort de France by this line is eighty a day; for the last three days the number has risen to 300 daily.

"We confess that we cannot understand this panic. Where could one be better off than at St. Pierre?"

How Doctor Jaggar obtained the collection makes an interesting story. During the weeks following the disaster, when the mountain was liable at any moment to resume its activity, the French colonial authorities carefully policed the ruins to prevent looting. The regulations, necessary as they were, naturally hampered the work of the small band of scientists which had hurried to Martinique. The soldiers were always liable to mistake the visitors' purpose, and permission even to excavate for specimens of volcanic rocks and bombs was obtained with difficulty. The first official visit of the French authorities, made for the purpose of opening the vaults of the city bank, found the ruins littered with minor articles of silver, copper and other metal, scattered here, there and everywhere over the surface of what had been the streets of the city. These the Government immediately began to get together in the hope of finding owners. But there were no owners to claim them. The fact that Doctor Jaggar had expressed a wish to supplement his scientific work by taking back to the United States a collection of these miscellaneous objects, not for himself, but for the University Museum at Harvard, came to the ears of Mr. L'Heurre, then Acting Governor, and the visiting geologist was invited to make his choice from the articles already gathered and held in the Government's possession.

The Harvard Geological Museum has, therefore, secured a collection that represents practically every kind of household article that the explosion of Mont Pelee scattered over the surface of the demolished city—a collection not only unique in itself, but affording the spectator a vivid impression of the direct personal results of a volcanic eruption, as well as a suggestive glance at the beginnings from which a future novelist may, perhaps, begin a future "Last Days of St. Pierre."