

THEY LIE IN ALIEN SOIL

But Memory Still Lingers Over Graves of Confederates.

WILL ERECT A MONUMENT

St. Louis Chapter Daughters of the Confederacy Will Beautify Alton Cemetery, Where 1808 Southern Soldiers Lie Buried.

ALTON, ILLS., Feb. 14.—Almost forty years after the Civil War the people of Alton are co-operating with the people of the South in the restoration of an old Alton cemetery in which 1808 Confederate soldiers have lain forgotten all this time. These soldiers died in the Alton Penitentiary, and were buried in this cemetery by the Government.

For several years after the war the little cemetery was kept beautiful by hands which strewed flowers upon the graves. The Government sent a small amount each year for the preservation of the grounds, and they were preserved.

Mounds Were Forgotten. But in time, the little field of mounds was forgotten. The flowers were no longer

to the memory of the Confederate dead in the Alton Cemetery. Men from the North and South will contribute through this manner to the raising of this monument. The mounds will be placed in the hands of the Daughters of the Confederacy in St. Louis.

The members of this organization will have the official power to distribute the money for the beautifying and restoring of the graves of the Confederate dead in this vicinity.

Blue And The Gray. These soldiers who lie beneath the unkempt mounds came from all parts of the South, from the Gulf to the Missouri-Illinois line. If a correct list of these graves can be arranged, naming the soldiers buried within, the relatives of these soldiers will know where their resting place is.

It is not alone the members of the Daughters of the Confederacy, not alone the members of the Daughters of the Revolution, who are agitating the matter of restoring this cemetery; it is an united effort on the part of the Blue and the Gray, side by side, hearts beating with one beautiful object in view, to honor the dead, be they the Blue or Gray.

A Touching Incident. Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir,—This reader of your valued journal has been greatly interested in the discussion pro and con of the placing of statues of General E. E. Lee in hall in Washington.

I have been reminded of an incident, illustrative of our people in Virginia and the South. Years ago at a General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, the venerable and beloved Dr. Lovie Pierce, then past four score, walked down the aisle of a crowded church to the chancel rail. As soon as he reached the venerable presence was observed, the vast audience involuntarily arose and stood. Arriving at the chancel, he bowed and repeated last verse of 2d Proverbs. "A good name

SHRINE OF PILGRIMS

Visit to Delfshaven, Where Miles Standish Worshipped.

DUTCH CHURCH-GOERS

Holland's Educational System—Its Night Schools where Carpentry Bricklaying and Veterinary Science Are All Taught.

There are old houses on each side of it, and the street looks as though it were a slice taken out of the Middle Ages and dropped down into the present. The church is made of well-burnt brown bricks with doors and window frames painted white. The windows are arched and they have many panes. The church has a clock tower and a spire, and in its day it must have been one of the best of its kind.

The sexton lives in a little house next door. She is a kind old Dutch lady, who would be good looking if it were not that she has lost her front teeth. She has a more pleasant smile. She took me through the church and showed me its curious features, including the pulpit Bible, which dates back to 1623, or eight years after the Pilgrims left Holland.

She pointed out a stone in the wall which was set in the church by some of the people of Chicago, and said that the Chicagoans had also taken away a stone from the floor. She said that two of the grave-stones had been taken by a Philadelphia man for the new England Society of Pennsylvania, and that this society also had the old altar box.

This old church has been used since the Pilgrims left and it is in use to-day. It has seats for about two hundred people—quaint oak benches with reading desks in front of them, upon which lie many Bibles. The Bibles are in Dutch and they look as old as the church itself. They are somewhat like the \$4 kind sold by our itinerant book agents, each containing the hymns as well as the full text of the Scriptures.

First Boxes For Cold Feet. Underneath each bench is a little square box-like footstool with a hole in the top. These stools are the only heating arrangement of the church. Before service, the sexton put a little pile of glowing coals in each stool and the women put their feet on the top of the stools and thus keep them warm during the long service.

The Dutch As Church Goers. The Dutch are very much like other nations as regards church going. They attend more regularly in the country than in the city. The village churches are full in the morning, and notwithstanding the long sermons, the people usually sit out the service. The first chapter is read by the school master, and in some churches the collector has a sign to the school master. The offerings are more often copper than silver, and in the poorer villages, a cent is a common donation.

The government gives certain yearly allowances to the different churches. The Protestants, who are in the majority, get a little over half a million dollars a year. The Roman Catholics get about a million, and the Jews only about \$4,000. All religions are tolerated, but the royal family and the most of the people belong to the Dutch Reformed Church, which is governed according to Presbyterian methods.

Holland's School System. Speaking about the schools, they are about as good as any in Europe. The Dutch are noted for their intelligence and learning and the government has for almost a hundred years paid more or less attention to educational matters. Only lately, however, has education been compulsory, the school age being from six to thirteen.

Holland has four universities with about three thousand students. It has twenty-nine classical schools with more than two thousand students and has academies and schools of all classes. There is a national academy of art, a royal school of music, a horticulture school and a national normal college for drawing teachers as well as others for training. There are also night schools for the working classes, industrial schools for the women and in Amsterdam there is a school for the training of lady chemists.

In the Fine Arts Academy at the Hague there are eight different courses attended by about five hundred students and other art schools in Amsterdam and elsewhere. The Dutch have housekeeping schools for girls, schools for butter making, fruit growing, horse doctoring and horsemanship, and in short, schools for almost everything under the sun. Lectures on agriculture are given to the farmers at the expense of the government, and in Utrecht the night schools have classes for carpenters, bricklayers, stone cutters, goldsmiths, sculptors, painters and lithographers.

Holland has also schools for the training of boys who expect to enter the government service, and especially the service of the colonies. In these schools, the languages of Sumatra, Java and others of the East Indies are taught. The boys learn all about the chief religions of the natives, they study their laws, their prejudices and customs so that when they are sent to govern them, they are able to do so intelligently. I doubt in fact, whether any government service is so well educated and so efficient as that of the Dutch East Indies.

For instance a retired Japanese official who was with me during my trip to Delfshaven. As we were riding back to Rotterdam, he told me that he spoke German, French and English, as well as the Dutch, and that he could write and speak two of the languages of Java. He had to pass an examination in these languages before he was sent out to the

East Indies, and this is the case with every man who represents Holland in her Asiatic colonies. A Dutch Venice. I like Rotterdam. It is one of the quaintest cities of Europe, and at the same time, one of the most business-like. It is somewhat like Venice, but more like Venice was in the middle ages, in the height of its prosperity. Almost the whole city is a quay or dock. It is cut up by canals, which lead in and out through the Maas, and one wanders through streets that are full of tall, lean buildings, finding barges, launches and sailing boats almost everywhere.

Along the Boompjes and in the islands of the Maas are enormous ships of every description, and in the canals smaller vessels of all kinds. There comes one of Rotterdam, Rotterdam is one of business cities. There are no carts in Venice. The town boasts that it has not a cow nor a horse in it. Rotterdam is filled with wagons, carts and drays of all kinds. There are streets full of carriages.

The canals have drawbridges and swinging bridges, and when you are walking or driving along you frequently find yourself suddenly in front of a black wall of boards twenty feet high, which whole street and the little carts which nosily rise in front of you to let a string of boats or barges pass through the canal over which you are going. Some of the people, sitting upon pivots, others divide in the middle and the others are stationary or suspension bridges, in passing which the smokestacks, masts and spars of the barges swing back upon hinges as they go through.

The canals by no means confined to the water. There are more carts and drays than there are boats, and the streets are crowded with men carrying burdens, and with dogs and women and boys hauling carts. Come with me to Hoogstraet, and you will see a dog pulling a cart. It is not more than thirty feet wide and all its tall four and five-story houses lean across from side to side as though drunk and about to embrace.

Take a stand in one of the doorways and watch the carts and carriages, the big wagons and the little carts which jam themselves this way and that. There comes a hay peddler dressed in a cap, blue smock and clogs. He has a cartload of grass, with two dogs harnessed in front of the axle. His pusses, and they sit and bark and run barking along. Behind comes a bareheaded woman with a green wheelbarrow filled with vegetables, and a broad peddler follows, dragging a long box upon wheels.

Where the Dogs Work. Further up the street are more dog carts and at every cart the dogs do all or half of the work. Indeed, I never knew but the expression "work like a dog" meant until I came here. Loads big enough for an American horse are pulled out by the dogs. There comes now, dragging a cart full of beer in bottles, which its master is delivering to his customers as he passes their doors. There is another behind pulling a load of salt, and others pass every few moments dragging cartloads of milk.

Now turn your eyes from the dogs to the people. See how business like they are. They have a solid look about them. The men are plainly dressed and there are more workmen than loafers. It is rare to see a tall hat, gloves or frock coat. The derby, the cap and business suits have taken their places. Many of the common women are bare-headed and the ladies old shopping dress more plainly than in London, Brussels or Paris.

The typical Dutch costumes are passing away and are only worn by the women from the country. There are two now who have on white caps with gold corkscrews at each side of their eyes. With them is a young Dutchman with velvet pantaloons, a yard wide and a short velvet coat, from the neck of which hangs a flame shirt, showing, but, he wears a soft hat with a turned-up brim, below which his thick hair has been cropped off so that it hangs down like a brush.

An Impossible Language. Listen to the Dutch talking as you stand here on Hoogstraet. What a jargon it is not English, it is not German nor French, and it seems to be a mixture of all. Some of the store signs look like English on a drunk, and we have to make out what they mean. Over there is a jewelry store, the sign words "Nieuw Zilver Metaalwaren" above it, and further on a grocery store with the sign "Boter en Kaas." Any one can see that the first sign means silver and the second means butter and cheese. It is more difficult when you spell dog store "Drogerijen," but any one could tell that "Scheuwaaren" means shoes, "Koffie" coffee and "Stragen" cigars.

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About an hour later I wanted to go to see a machine factory and was told that the "ederlandse-voor-Scheeps-en-Werktuigbouw-Pfjenoord," was one of the largest, employing thousands of workmen; and when I asked if I could not see the American consul general the same day, my landlady told me that he could, for he lived on Van Vollenhovenstraat, and I could drive there on my return from the factory. Indeed, I can't remember the simplest of these Dutch customs, and I find the language almost as difficult as the Choctaw or the Chinese.

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Johnson, a railroad engineer, admitted to-day that he had collected \$1,150,000 from the estate of the late Theodore Hostetter of Pittsburgh, but he denied that it was entirely a gambling debt. "I would not say that," he said, "but I am a better gambler, and he bet them as high as the cat's back."

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I became Ted's representative in sporting matters. I was his betting commissioner in a majority of his sporting ventures, and he trusted me as a friend. When he wanted to gamble with me, I gambled with him. I have matched pennies with Ted at the Waldorf-Astoria for \$50,000. I have bet a dog with Ted. "I became acquainted with Ted Hostetter eight years ago. He was a very young man then with all kinds of money and the instincts of a sportsman. He would bet anything for a dog, from a dog to a better explosion, and he bet them as high as the cat's back."

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