REPAIR SHIP A GREAT SUCCESS

IMPORTANT WORK DONE BY THE VULCAN.

Warships Are Enabled to Remain In Service For an Indefinite Period —Needs of Modern War.

New York, Aug. 8.—A special to the Tribune from Washington says:

The repair ship Vulcan is one of the naval successes of the existing war. That so wholly novel an adjunct to a modern fleet should prove her worth at once and so signally in the intricate science of naval conflict, is strong evidence not only of the need which she has filled, but of the vigilance and foresight of the engineer-in-chief of the navy, with whom her design originated and under whose direction her plant has been installed.

In preparing for this exigency, the navy, at the outset of the war, purchased the steamer Chatham, renamed her Vulcan, and fitted her out at the Boston navy yard.

It may here be noted that the Vulcan is not the first repair ship which the engineer-in-chief has projected. That the Vulcan has fulfilled the promise of her originator is shown by the fact that for further service our ships are not coming home except to be docked. The great fleet of Sampson lies in the land-locked Cuban harbor, with the Vulcan close at hand, prepared in every essential way for the duty which the navy department may prescribe, and this after many of these vessels had been months away from a northern machine shop and nearly a year from a dock yard. The character of the work now being done by the repair ship is shown to some extent in a letter from one of her officers who, writing from Guantanamo bay, says in regard to this vessel and its utility:

"I can only say that we are busy night and day. Our brass furnace is going every day, there having been unexpected calls for brass castings of all kinds and sizes. It seemed that every vessel in the fleet—colliers, transports, supply and warships—has either a winch, a blower engine or a dynamo broken down. New eccentric straps and rods galore are required, with new brasses, gun castings, etc. We have supplied also an enormous supply of stores to the different ships.

"We are busy all the time, and there is no vessel in the fleet but has had something done to it. The torpedo boats, small yachts and tugs require the most work.

"It will be seen from this how fully the Vulcan fits one of the most imperative needs of modern war, the maintenance of the 'fleet in being,' so that its massive warriors shall be, as Torrington said long ago, 'fit to lie in a line,' to be battleships after long service as well as before. The problem of the repair ship is one of many which the navy department has had to solve in the exigencies of war after a generation of peace. The department and the nation are to be congratulated that in meeting these conditions they can command the services of such men as the engineer in chief of the navy."

GEN. BLANCO HAS SUBSIDED

ANNOUNCES THAT CUBA WILL BE EVACUATED.

Spain, He Says, Has Been Forced By the Powers to Sue For Peace and Cubans Are Forgiven.

New York, Aug. 8.—According to advices received from Havana by the Cuban junta, Captain General Blanco appreciates the fact that he must soon withdraw himself and his forces from the island of Cuba. He has assumed a mild demeanor, which compares strangely with his previous bombastic attitude and frequently expressed determination to hold out in Havana to the death, and he is treating the insurgents with great consideration. In a recent proclamation he made known to the Spanish people of Cuba that Spain, through the intervention of foreign powers, had been forced to the disgraceful issue of suing for peace, and that there would be no more war, and no further use for soldiers. He offered a pardon to all Cuban political prisoners and more than 150 were released in Havana.

In explaining Spain's defeat in his proclamation, Captain General Blanco informs his readers that Spain, having suffered so much in the present war, could not resist the interference of foreign powers and go to war with all countries at once. So she was compelled to accede to their dictation and sue for peace. Havana, he says, will be given over to Americans and Cubans, and the Spaniards will evacuate.

Captain General Blanco assures the soldiers and all Spanish residents who wish to return to Spain, or go to other Spanish possessions, that they will be given free transportation by their mother country to their destination, and will be protected from interference from either Cubans or Americans. He suggests that the Cubans be forgiven and no longer regarded as enemies, and that no unkind feelings be cherished.

CHICAGO CASUALTIES.

Eight Violent Deaths and One Fatally Injured Yesterday.

Chicago, Aug. 8.—There were eight violent deaths and one fatally injured in this city in the past 24 hours. The dead are:

J. H. Banks, postmaster and former mayor of Willow Springs, Ills., committed suicide by shooting himself at the Briggs House; cause unknown.

Ralph Saunders, bicyclist, struck and killed by an Alton train, as he was completing a century run.

Louis Hansen, aged 7, killed by trolley car while jumping from a carette.

P. Morie, drowned while bathing in the lake. Attempts at rescue failed.

Jacob Zierkewitz, committed suicide by drinking carbolic acid. Cause unknown.

Jera Roe, died of scalds received by entering a bathtub half filled with boiling water.

Peter Mungac and John Bosch killed, and Steve Moss fatally injured at the Illinois Steel Works while cleaning flues of a blast furnace. Mass of red hot slagg fell on them.

HAWAIIAN COMMISSIONERS.

Reach San Francisco and Will Sail Next Wednesday.

San Francisco, Aug. 8.—The Hawaiian commissioners, Senators Cullom and Morgan and Representative Hitt, have arrived in this city and will take passage for Honolulu on the Mariposa, sailing on Wednesday. The party, which embraces several members of the commissioners' families, their secretaries and clerks, was heartily welcomed all along the route. At Auburn and Sacramento, stops were made and gifts of California fruits and flowers received. At the latter place the commissioners made brief speeches from the rear platform of the train. Their arrival here was too late for any demonstration, but before departing they will be entertained by the chamber of commerce and the Union League club.

Senator Morgan, in an interview, said that he thought the settlement of white families on the islands would solve the labor problem there. The Japanese contract laborers might be sent back home at the expiration of their term of service, but existing contracts must be respected.

AGUINALDO THE INSURGENT.

Characteristics of Admiral Dewey's Ally In the Philippines.

New York Tribune Correspondence: If General Emilio Aguinaldo, who has declared himself dictator of all the Philippines, were to walk the streets of an American city the casual observer would take him for a Japanese student or artisan. He is short, but well-knit, has the Japanese cast of face and form of head, and the casual observation would be strengthened by a bristly black pompadour of the kind so common among the mikado's subjects. There are no outward or visible signs or marks of genius except that the general is slow and deliberate, and that may be a sign of depth and breadth of mental caliber. Aguinaldo is unruffled alike in victory and defeat. In the privacy of his state chamber he may execute a double shuffle or survey himself in a mirror when his trusted lieutenants bring tidings of a fresh victory, or he may toss on his cot at night when the Spanish occasionally have the advantage, but the visitor searches in vain for the play of emotion, sentiment, hope or despair when he is presented.

The correspondent of the Tribune brought Aguinaldo the tidings from Hongkong of the seizure of the cargo of the Pasig. The interpreter was a little slow in breaking the news, but when it was told the chieftain simply said it was "too bad," and extended the warmest thanks for the unwelcome advices.

THE VALUE OF HIS HEAD.

Aguinaldo's chief concern now is the preservation of his precious head. Japanese heads are cheap enough nowadays, but the Spanish have bid this one up to $25,000. When he first landed here Aguinaldo fought with his men, but they soon came to need for more executive work, and an increasing fear of assassination and the leader sought safety in Cavite. There he is surrounded by a corps of his trusted followers. The safeguards which surround him there are such that he is protected from everything save the treachery of those in high places.

He has established headquarters in the former home of a rich native, situated on Calle de Arsenal, Cavite's main avenue. The house is broad, low, roomy and typically Spanish. It was in old Cavite that Aguinaldo was born 26 years ago, and he has established his aged mother and several of her relatives in his headquarters. There is a paved court at the street entrance, and a guard of insurgents line it on either side. They come to a present for Americans, and good form calls for a salute in return. A stairway leads from the court, and the landing at the top is large, and makes a good antechamber. Here stands guards in uniforms of a material suspiciously like blue gingham marked down to 9 cents.

There is little delay for the American visitor, and the summons to enter the reception room comes quickly. The presentations are simple. Aguinaldo comes in, extends his hand for a short shake, and then motions the visitors to seats. He wears a spotless suit of white linen, a white shirt with well polished front, a high collar and a black cravat tied in a bow, and red velvet slippers, embroidered in gold.

A VISIT TO THE GENERAL.

When questioned as to his troops at a recent interview, General Aguinaldo examined a small war map showing the provinces heading on Manila bay, and traced the movements of his troops, the distribution of his garrisons, the locations of his lines, and the prospective advances with a deliberation and mastery of details that at least carried the conviction of triumph. He smiled over the capture of Batangas without the loss of a man, but that was the only change in his countenance in a long interview. It took a long stretch of the imagination to fully appreciate that the quiet little man in spotless linen was the leader of an active rebellion and the ally of an invading force. Aguinaldo is quite comfortable in the looted town of Cavite. In his office he has a modern desk, backed with a bevel-edged mirror that came from some European mart; a couple of large, strong iron boxes for the dictatorial treasury, an abundance of easy chairs, an old grand piano several feet taller than the modern make, and a large hatrack of fanciful design. The only signs of war were the ends of sword chains that peeped through holes in the gingham coats of the officers in attendance, and a metallic standard holder that leaned against the hatrack.

The court of the dictator is not impressive. A chamberlain was identified as a boatman who had worked for some days for the newspaper correspondents, and there were other touches of opera bouffe. Aguinaldo's present concern is the defeat of Augusti, and he will not discuss the future of the islands. He and his followers, however, hope for a republic under a limited American protectorate. Aguinaldo seems to possess real ability, but none of his followers shine in the estimate of the Americans here. They are of a rather low order, as a rule, and generally ignorant and illiterate, and Aguinaldo himself has not completely proved his strength of character, but he has fought long and hard, success is in sight, and he is ambitious. So are his followers.

ANOTHER PROBLEM

To Be Considered In Connection With the Philippines.

In the current speculations as to the probable result of the annexation of Hawaii by the United States and the permanent occupation of the Philippines, the question of Aryan supremacy over the darker races presents itself not only as a political and commercial consideration, but in an historical and scientific sense. The general diffusion of European enlightenment among the Turanian peoples—a somewhat conglomerate term for the yellow races—goes on unabated in zeal, if not entirely unselfish in motive, from century to century; and yet, in comparison to them numerically, the Aryan race is but an atom in the immensity of human existence. Several years ago there was a book abroad in England which attracted the attention of ethnologists and left a decided unrest in its department of inquiry — Pearson's "National Life and Character." It dealt with the perpetual problem of history—and its most vital one—the relative advantages of the east and its dark or yellow races, over the conditions of the wast and the Aryan race. The west enthuses at every benefit it confers upon the Orient, both from humane motives and an innate pride in Christianity's triumph over heathenism. But it does not stop to consider that the white race is rousing in Africa and the Orient, the tremendous energies of effete pagan civilizations, which either as Cushite or Mongol have mainly ruled the world. An intelligent comprehension of the magnitude of the prehistoric past, in which these dark and yellow races were the leaders in colonization, and of their vast achievements, would readily convince any conservative mind that the Aryan people in the east will eventually have the alternative of race amalgamation, or of race obliteration; and that the danger line may not lie many centuries distant. To subjugate is not a successful method of blotting out, or permanently modifying the objectionable features of race genius. Even Spanish tyranny failed of accomplishing this aim in her medieval western conquests, as only a little more than three centuries elapsed before the liberation of the Latin-American countries from her rule and the re-establishment of native governments, Professor Pearson, in his book just mentioned, says that the white race cannot survive outside of the zone of the earth's surface which comprises Europe, North America, Australia and a small area of Africa and South America; and that, in consequence of this fact, it lacks room to expand, and must always remain numerically inferior to the darker races; that the territory to which the Aryan is by nature assigned is not only narrow in geographical limit, but comparatively infertile, and these conditions will diminish the ration of Aryan increase, in a general estimate of ethnologic population; that the dark and yellow races possess the richest sections of the earth, and that there are large, uninhabitable tracts of land in the tropical districts always awaiting settlement, but where only the dark or yellow races can exist. It is his belief that the sanitation which the European masters of Asia and Africa are attempting to teach the native races will, if successful, diminish the only obstacle to their present ratio of increase—disease and famine. We may also add that the cessation of tribal warfare through government intervention and control will be another factor in their favor. It is quite disagreeably ominous to read Professor Pearson's prediction that the darker races will eventually use the knowledge which the European imparts to gain the ascendancy over him, and that the Aryan will necessarily recede before the force he has regenerated. After the white man has lifted Africa and the orient out of their conditions of entire and semi-barbarism, he must perforce betake himself again to the limits of the temperate zone, which to keep inviolate of invasion or conquest will require immense standing armies. This is putting the question of Aryan civilization in the east upon a scientific basis, which it would be wise to treat with consideration. The dominion of Macedon passed away in the orient; the empire of the Romans fell, and eight campaigns of the European crusaders failed to even hold permanently the city of Jerusalem. Wave after wave of Christian chivalry was swept back by the Arab's lance from the plains of Syria. Three persistent European efforts have failed to subdue Asia; the fourth is in progress of experiment. The Hindu-Aryan race lived and ruled through its amalgamation with the dark people. Readers even casually acquainted with the Vedic text will recall the repeated and distinct statement of the Rig-Veda, that the native population, or "devil worshipers," which the Hindu-Aryans found in their march from the Indies to the Sarasvati—now the Sutty river—were a "dark race," while the Aryans were white people. Outside of the Europeans in India, where are now the white Aryans, and upon what social, religious or political plane does Hindu-Aryan India match Europe? It is an ultimatum which lies at the threshold of Asiatic regeneration. Aryan Europe must retreat or assimilate. Amalgamation is degradation; defiance is doom.

Mr. Pearson holds that the economic struggle between the white and yellow races has already commenced, and that the Asiatic cannot only undersell the European in all trade contests, but is forcing upon him the low wage system. America can vouch for the integrity of the latter statement, and, in fact, it needs only a little retrospect to see that the old feud between the Aryan and Mongolian assumes a threatening aspect. In central Asia, in the mythological era of the Iranian people, a dissension arose between them and the Mongol Turk, which extended to mediæval times, when the latter invaded the country of Iran or Arya, and penetrated to the walls of Vienna. In the determined resistance of the Aryans, the Turks were driven back to the Balkan peninsula, and, in time, the Aryans became the aggressors—mainly the Slavs, the Latins and Teutons. The Turk has almost lost his hold on Europe, and the old antipathy of Aryan and Turanian was fierce to the front in the late conflict of Greece with the Ottoman empire.

The race problem should, under every circumstance of our national legislative deliberations, be kept intelligently in the foreground, and the body politic educated up to its dangers as well as to its responsibilities. The recent expansion and prominence of Japan is a lesson it would be wise to study in its varied bearings, for it is undoubtedly the nest egg of the orient's political regeneration. It should be pointed out to the people of America, who have within themselves the possibilities of a transcendant destiny, that with their eastern protectorates the nations of Europe are not abiding in brotherly peace with one another, nor in the hearts of the dark and yellow races they have conquered. Asiatic lethargy is but a smouldering crater that may erupt at any moment to undo the accomplishment and palsy the energies of the Aryan industry which, in many instances, has there ventured its all.—Orton Troup, in Kansas City Star.

THE WHITE SQUADRON.

Story of Tow It Originated and Through Whom.

Notwithstanding it has been so much written about and so enthusiastically praised, the story of how the white squadron originated, and whose thought called it into being, has never yet been told in print.

Nor would it now be told had it not come, accidentally, into the possession of the writer. These splendid naval officers of ours who have to face any danger, courting, rather than shirking, peril, are as modest as they are brave, and, although they will relate with pride the achievements of one another, each is singularly reticent regarding any accomplishment of his own.

And so, when this story came to me, I determined to give it.

Commander George Francis Faxon Wilde, who has just been ordered to the command of the ram Katahdin, one of the most wicked and estructive of all the naval fleet, belonged to the famous class which entered the naval academy in the fall of 1861, and took the four years' course in three years. Young Wilde was two years and nine months in getting through. He was graduated in the high honor list, away at the head of the class.

He was a Massachusetts boy, born in the old town of Braintree. He very early determined that he would follow the sea; not as a common sailor, nor in an official capacity, but as a midshipman in the navy.

In the autumn of 1861 he learned that there was to be an appointment to the naval academy from his district, and applied for it. He was told that he was the 80th applicant, but that, if he chose to take the examination, he might run his chances.

That did not frighten him. He knew that he was a good scholar, and he was a firm believer in the good old proverb, "nothing venture, nothing have." He determined to make the trial. He did not tell anyone what he was going to do. If he won, it would be time enough to tell. If he failed, no one would know of his failure but himself.

On the day on which this examination was to be held he walked from Braintree into Boston, a distance of 12 or 15 miles, because he had money enough to buy a ticket on the railroad, and he would not ask for it, for fear he would be obliged to tell his errand to town.

He passed his examination bravely. There wasn't the hint of a failure from beginning to end.

He entered the academy, endeavoring as earnestly to take high rank in the class as he had to enter it.

The result was a gain of one year, and graduation with honors. He began active sea life at once. He was promoted from midshipman to ensign in November, 1866, and a month later was advanced to master. In 1868 he was made lieutenant, a year later lieutenant commander. In 1885 he was full commander, and was given charge of the Dolphin, at that time attached to the North Atlantic squadron.

It was while he was on the Dolphin that he originated the white squadron, for to this brave commander belongs the honor of making possible this snowy fleet.

In July, 1888, the Dolphin lay in New York harbor, just off the navy yard. The weather was intensely hot, even on shipboard, with all the means of ventilation, and the heat was almost insupportable. One day Commander Wilde chanced to touch the side of the ship, and was burned by the intense heat. He touched it again, almost blistering his hand. The exposed surface of the ship was like the top of a stove.

Suddenly a thought occurred to him. He sent a boat ashore with a note to Naval Constructor Wilson, asking him to come aboard the Dolphin. The constructor returned in the boat. Commander Wilde asked his visitor to lay his hand on the ship's side. He did so, but quickly withdrew it.

"What do you think of living in a furnace like that?" asked the commander.

"It's terrible!" said the constructor; "is there no way of cooling her off?"

"I have thought of a way and you can help me. I want you to send me some white paint, with instructions to use it on this ship."

The constructor looked startled and grave. Naval regulations declared that all warships should be painted black, and this daring young man was asking for a white hulk.

"Write me an official request to that effect," he said, after a moment's consideration.

The request was written and sent. In the meantime the commander had the ship's surgeon keep a record of the temperature of the ship. A week went by; no word came; the heat grew more intense and the men suffered. Then Commander Wilde wrote a private note asking why his official letter had received no reply.

Back came a supply of white paint, and a note, pithy and to the point.

"Here's your paint, but I shall not give you any instructions."

It was the paint the commander wanted; he could get on without the instructions. The paint was applied to the ship as rapidly as possible; the temperature began to lower, and when the work was done, there was a difference in the ship's temperature of 17 degrees, while outside the weather remained just as oppressively hot. The black paint absorbed the heat, but the white reflected it.

The Dolphin started on a cruise. At every port she entered she was admired, and the papers talked of the "white dove of peace" that was folding her wings in the harbor, and everybody flocked to see the beautiful ship.

One night the Dolphin came into Frenchman's bay, of Bar Harbor. The secretary of the navy—then William C. Whitney—was staying at Bar Harbor, and Commander Wilde expected his censure. The secretary came on board, but had nothing but words of praise for the appearance of the boat, and, when Commander Wilde told him why the boat was white instead of black, recounted the sufferings of the crew and his concern for their comfort and health, and showed him the surgeon's report, the secretary said: "You have done right. From this time all the warships shall be painted white."—Mail and Express.

MADRID'S CLIMATE.

Not Much Rainfall and Plenty of Blistering Heat.

North American Review: Along the Mediterranean shore Spain presents a narrow ribbon of fertile, delightful country. The region is often called "The Garden of Spain," and its inhabitants are active and industrious. In the province of Valencia, from the city of the same name to Alicante, garden follows close upon garden. Here are grown wheat, wine, raisins, oranges, dates and olives. In these regions irrigation is successfully practiced. The greater part of the water of the short coast streams is thus employed. Little rain falls, and what does come is dreaded, because of the violence of the storms and the damage done by floods to the irrigation reservoirs.

It is a great contrast to pass from these tropical shores to the wind-swept plains of interior Spain. The level country, inclosed by the Guadarrama and the Cantabrian mountains, forms in the west an extensive wheat-growing region. Toward the east, as the rainfall decreases, pasturage encroaches upon arable culture. In New Castile, on the south of the Guadarrama and in about the center of Spain, the political capital has been placed. The level country in which it has been dropped, as if by accident, is for the most part a waterless plain, swept in winter by the piercing winds from the naked mountains of the north, sweltering in summer under the effect of the sun's rays on bare rock and soil. The climate of Madrid has been tersely described by its inhabitants as "three months of winter and nine of hell."

COLOR LINE IN THE ARMY.

Difficulty In Making Negroes Commissioned Officers.

General Thomas J. Morgan in New York Independent: The question of the color line has assumed an acute stage, and has called forth a good deal of feeling. The various negro papers in the country are very generally insisting that if negro soldiers are to be enlisted, negro officers should be appointed to command them. One zealous paper is clamoring for the appointment immediately by the president of a negro major general. The readers of the Independent know very well that during the civil war there were enlisted in the United States army 200,000 negro soldiers under white officers, the highest position assigned to a black man being that of first sergeant, or of regimental sergeant major. The negroes were allowed to wear chevrons, but not shoulder straps or epaulets. Although four negro regiments have been incorporated into the regular army, and have rendered exceptionally effective service on the plains and elsewhere for a whole generation, there are today no negro officers in the service. A number of young men have been appointed as cadets at West Point, but the life has not been by any means an easy one. The only caste or class with caste distinction that exists in the republic is found in the army; army officers are, par excellence, the aristocrats; nowhere is class feeling so much cultivated as among them; nowhere is it so difficult to break down the established lines. Singularly enough, though entrance to West Point is made very broad, and a large number of those who go there to be educated at the expense of the government have no social position to begin with, and no claims to special merit, and yet, after having been educated at the public expense, and appointed to life positions, they seem to cherish the feeling that they are a select few, entitled to special consideration, and that they are called upon to guard their class against any insidious invasion. Of course, there are honorable exceptions. There are many who have been educated at West Point who are broad in their sympathies, democratic in their ideas, and responsive to every appeal of philanthropy and humanity; but the spirit of West Point has been opposed to the admission of negroes into the ranks of commissioned officers, and the opposition to the commissioning of black men, emanating from the army, will go very far toward the defeat of any project of that kind.

To make the question of the admission of negroes into the higher ranks of commissioned officers more difficult is the fact that the organization of negro troops under the call of the president for volunteers to carry on the war with Spain, has been left chiefly to the governors of the states. Very naturally the strong public sentiment against the negro which obtains almost universally in the south, has thus far prevented the recognition of his rights to be treated precisely as the white man is treated. It would be, indeed, almost revolutionary for any southern governor to commission a negro as a colonel of a regiment, or even a captain of a company. Even where there are exceptions to this rule, they are notable exceptions. Everywhere through the south negro volunteers are made to feel that they are not upon the same plane as white volunteers.

In a recent conversation with the adjutant general of the army, I was assured by him that in the organization of the ten regiments of immunes which congress has authorized, the president had decided that five of them should be composed of negroes, and that while the field and staff officers and captains are to be white, the lieutenants may be negroes. If this is done, it will mark a distinct step in advance of any taken hitherto. It will recognize, partially, at least, the manhood of the negro, and break down that unnatural bar of separation now existing. If a negro is a lieutenant, he will command his company in the absence of the captain. He can wear epaulets and be entitled to all the rights and privileges "of an officer and a gentleman;" he is no longer doomed to inferiority. In case of battle, where bullets have no respect of persons, and do not draw the line at color, it may easily happen that a regiment or battalion will do its best work in the face of the enemy, under the command of a negro chief. Thus far the government has been swift to recognize heroism and efficiency, whether performed by Commodore Dewey at Manila, or Lieutenant Hobson at Santiago, and it can hardly be otherwise than that it will be ready to recognize exceptional prowess and skill when performed by a negro officer.

All, perhaps, which the negroes themselves, or their friends, have a right to ask in their behalf is that they shall have a chance to show the stuff they are made of. The immortal Lincoln gave them this chance when he admitted them to wear the blue and to carry a musket, and right manfully did they justify his confidence. There was not better fighting done during the civil war than was done by some of the negro troops. With my experience, in command of 5,000 negro soldiers, I would, on the whole, prefer, I think, the command of a corps of negro troops to that of a corps of white troops. With the magnificent record of their fighting qualities on many a hard-contested field, it is not unreasonable to ask that a still further opportunity shall be extended to them in commissioning them as officers, as well as enlisting them as soldiers.

Naturally and necessarily, the question of fitness for official responsibility is the prime test that ought to be applied, and if negroes cannot be found of sufficient intelligence or preparation for the duties incumbent on army officers, nobody should object to the places being given to qualified white men. But so long as we draw no race line of distinction as against Germans or Irishmen, and institute no test of religion, politics or culture, we ought not to erect an artificial barrier of color. If the negroes are competent, they should be commissioned. If they are incompetent, they should not be trusted with the grave responsibility attaching to official positions. I believe they are competent.

NAVY SKY PILOTS.

Duties of Chaplains on Board the Men of War.

The ship's chaplain in the United States navy is an official of whom little is known, says the Commercial Advertiser, and yet he is a person of no little consequence in the service, and manifold are the duties he performs. In time of peace these duties are naturally far from onerous, and are much the same year in and year out. At such times he conducts religious service around vessels of the squadron to which he may be attached, and if he is energetic he may work among the men just as any minister or missionary works ashore among his parishioners. As a rule, however, he is careful not to force himself upon the bluejackets and marines, but contents himself with following the simple duties imposed by his office.

In time of war, however, he becomes a personage of far more importance, visiting the wounded in hospital, receiving messages from them for friends at home, comforting the dying, and, finally, when death comes, committing their bodies to the sea with the simple and impressive ceremony of the Episcopal ritual. From ship to ship he is hurried, constantly in requisition, going about the peaceful duties of his office amid the thunder of guns and din of battle, unarmed and on errands entirely foreign to those of all about him.

Long ago the navy chaplains were of coarser stuff than now, and the hard-drinking, hard-swearing character of the early century chaplain has no place in the service at the present time.

If need be, however, he can throw off his peaceful demeanor and become a man of war, and officers in the navy are now telling, sub rosa, the story of a chaplain who is at the present time stationed off the Cuban coast.

He was ordered south to join Admiral Sampson's squadron, but before going he applied to one of the officers at the navy yard who happened to be an intimate friend:

"Captain, I am ordered to Cuba," said he, "and I haven't any idea in what sort of a scrape I may find myself. You haven't a brace of revolvers, have you, that I can take with me? I want good ones, that you can depend upon in an emergency."

"I thought you were a man of peace," returned his friend, laughingly. "You wouldn't shoot anyone, would you?"

"My dear sir," said the chaplain seriously, "I am a man of peace, and I am, I believe, a servant of God. This war I believe to be justified in the sight of the Most High. It is a war for humanity's sake, for all that is noble, and while, under ordinary conditions, I should willingly sacrifice my life, I do not intend to give it up to those who are, in my opinion, battling for the side of wrong and oppression. On the contrary, if I have any opportunity, for the time being the peace-loving chaplain will be left in my cabin and my arms will be turned to the service of war."

There is a general impression among those who know little of life aboard ship that sailors are men of little religious inclination, and that therefore a navy chaplain is something like the proverbial fifth wheel, but such an impression is far from the truth. As a matter of fact, the percentage of those religiously inclined among sailors is much greater than it is ashore, and attendance at the religious services aboard ship is general. The men are not compelled to attend these religious services, but do it for the most part willingly, although there are, of course, instances of attendance for the "sake of appearances," and some few of the men put in an appearance regularly, believing that they can thus curry some favor with the "old man," as the vessel's commander is called. Chaplains discountenance such attendance, and do all in their power to show the men that they are not expected to be present unless they come of their own free will.

There are at the present time 22 chaplains in the American navy to look after the spiritual welfare of nearly 15,000 seamen. They are appointed by the secretary of the navy from civil life, and come of various denominations, no special rule being observed in the selection. Sect is not taken into consideration in any way, the appointments being purely personal. The division by denominations includes five Episcopalians, six Roman Catholics, the remaining 11 embracing several each of the Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian churches. As vacancies occur they are filled by the secretary of the navy without any reference to denomination, and a Catholic may replace, or may be replaced by, a Presbyterian.

As a rule a chaplain is stationed on each of the receiving ships at the various navy yards along our Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and on the vessels of the larger type, such as flagships, battleships of the first-class, cruisers of the first-class and training ships. They are not assigned by any rule, and are permitted to conduct their religious services and teachings according to their own will, it being an unwritten law, however, that as far as possible they are to refrain from denominating influence even while conducting their work acording to their usual method.

They are attached to the staff and hold a rank, ranging from that of lieutenant to captain, but these titles are never applied to them, and one and all they are know aboard ship as "chaplain." When a vacancy occurs it is filled in the junior grade, the rest, below the vacancy, moving up and receiving the increased rank and pay of their grade. This pay ranges from $2,200 to $3,500 a year.

The chaplains in the service at the present time are Wesley O. Holway, the oldest of the grade in the navy, who is now attached to the receiving ship Vermont at the Brooklyn navy yard; John K. Lewis, Frank B. Rose and David H. Tribon, all of whom hold the rank of captain; Henry H. Clark, Adam A. McAlister, Thomas A. Gill, Sylvester D. Boorum, Alfred L. Royce, William F. Morrison and Frank Thompson, who rank as commanders; Russell R. Hoes, Charles H. Parks, John P. Childwick, formerly chaplain of the Maine; Carroll Q. Wright, Walter G. Isaacs, Joseph P. McIntyre, Montgomery M. Goodwin, William H. I. Reaney, William E. Edmundson, John B. Frazier and Henry W. Jones, who rank as lieutenants.

The services aboard ship on the Sabbath are held in the morning, on the quarterdeck, at 10 o'clock, and as a rule a simple reading desk, covered with the ensign, is used by the chaplain. The Roman Catholic chaplains, however, have a small altar, where the eucharist is exposed. The regular church service is gone through, the ship's band—where there is one—participating and rendering the hymns, which are joined in by the crew.

As an example of the belief prevailing in the navy, and as an argument for the benefit of those who are constantly carping at the "ungodliness" of our sailors, the scene aboard the battleship Texas after the victory at Santiago furnishes a striking lesson.

"Don't cheer, boys," shouted Captain Philip, "the poor devils are dying!" and then he gave another order, summoning his crew to prayer. Four hundred marines, sailors, oilers and stokers, begrimed and all but naked, knelt on the quarterdeck at Captain Philip's order, "Thank God for the victory he has given us this day."

CONDENSED INFORMATION.

Retired chief gunners in the British navy who have received advantageous offers of service in the Argentine fleet have been forbidden by the admiralty to accept the positions.

The whole Moslem race despise and hate the sound of bells, which they say cause the evil spirits to assemble together. In consequence, they are never used on Mohammedan mosques.

England is being driven by the continuance of the South Wales coal strike to consider the desirability of the government's buying mines in order to be sure of a supply in case of war.

A bad shot while pheasant shooting has cost Hon. John Hufton, eldest son of Lord Hothfield, $6,500. He fired the charge into the face of one of his beaters, rendering the man totally blind.

A broad new street is to be run from Holborn, opposite Southampton row, to the Strand at the Church of St. Mary le Strand, in London, the county council having voted the improvement after considering the matter for nine years.

The largest lunatic asylum in England is at Prestwich, where the Lancashire county asylum has over 2,300 patients. Conley Hatch, in the parish of Friern Barnet, in Middlesex, six miles north from London, will accommodate 2,250 patients.

Germany is now the best educated nation of the continent, yet only 100 years ago German teachers in many parts of the country were so poorly paid that they used to sing in front of houses in order to add to their income by a few odd pence.

The human heart is 6 inches in length, 4 inches in diameter, and beats on an average of 70 times a minute, 4,200 times an hour, 100,800 times a day, and 36,792,000 times in the course of a year, so that the heart of an ordinary man 80 years of age has beaten 2,000,000,000 times.

MORSELS OF COMMENT.

Yellow fever in Philadelphia in 1793; 11,000 deaths.

Awful destruction by yellow fever at Philadelphia in 1762.

Pestilence of yellow fever in Cuba in 7132; great mortality.

Gibraltar visited by yellow fever in 1804; garrison decimated.

General yellow fever in West Indies in 1745. Thousands of deaths.

Yellow fever carried to Spain from West Indies in 1803; very fatal.

Philadelphia visited by yellow fever in 1802; city deserted by people.

In 1815 Mauritius lost one-fourth of its population from yellow fever.

Terrible ravages of yellow fever in Philadelphia, 1699; 1,700 deaths.

Yellow fever believed to exist among Indians at the discovery of America, 1492.

In 1804 a contagious disease desolated Spain and almost depopulated Gibraltar.

New York desolated by yellow fever in 1792. Services in all churches for abatement.

The surprisingly bad marksmanship of the Spanish gunners has brought to light some interesting facts concerning the relative skill of the Anglo-Saxon and Latin races. It is said by those who know that a dark-eyed race never makes good marksmen, and many instances are cited. It has become a proverb in England that no dark-eyed man ever goes on the team for the Elcho shield.

Short sight is more common in town than among country folk, for the simple reason that townspeople have less need for long sight; they have fewer opportunities for exercising their sight on distant objects, and their occupations do not favor its development by training or selection; but it is not, in the majority of cases, a proof of physical degeneracy, as can be seen in the case of the Germans, who are a notoriously short-sighted people.

BRIEF NOTES OF NOTABLES.

Samuel Edgar Francis, a waiter in a Boston hotel, has, by his own unaided efforts, mastered nine languages, and that without ever having been abroad.

It is reported in Berlin that Emperor William has contributed the sum of 20,000 marks as prizes for English and German sailing yachts at next year's Kiel week.

Galusha A. Grow, who has had experience with yellow fever in Texas, says it is not a fatal disease—in fact, not even dangerous. Typhoid he pronounces far worse.

Caroline Croft, formerly Caroline Abigail Brewer of Boston, has left $100,000 to two prominent physicians of that city for investigations to find some way of curing cancer, consumption and other diseases now regarded as incurable.

Wolodia Roujitzky is the name of a new child pianist, who made his debut in Berlin last October. Wolodia was born in 1890, and when only 4 years old the pianist, Emil Sauer, heard him play by chance, and prophesied a great future for him.

The German emperor has conferred on Dr. Julius Bosse, minister of instruction and of ecclesiastical and medicinal affairs, the Grand Cross of the Order of the Red Eagle with ivy leaves, in recognition of his recent services rendered to the preparation of the law regarding the salaries of evangelical and Catholic ministers.

The Shakesperean scholar, Professor Friedrich August Leo of Berlin, who died on the 20th of June at Allon on the Lake of Geneva, has left a part of his large fortune to the municipality of Berlin for the establishment of a "Leo fund." The fund will be devoted to the institution and extension of existing popular libraries.

Like Cato, who, in his 80th year, began to learn Greek, Lord Dufferin, who has passed the limits of three score years and ten, thinks it is really time he knew something about Persian. He has accordingly set himself the task of adding that poetic and figurative language to his already large store of linguistic accomplishments.

The master of Pembroke college, Oxford (Professor Bartholomew Price), was entertained at dinner the other night in the hall of queen's college by his old pupils and friends. The dinner was given to celebrate his 80th birthday. Professor Price has announced his intention of resigning the Sedleian chair of natural philosophy, which he has held for 45 years.

Queen Victoria has sanctioned the publication of a large collection of private letters which were written by her aunt, Princess Elizabeth, the Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg, who died in 1840. There are some interesting allusions to the landgravine and her residence at Homburg in Thackeray's famous sketch of George III. Princess Elizabeth passed most of her life in England.

Mr. Lecky's speech in the house of commons the other night, in seconding the Irish financial resolution, was marked by a wonderful grasp of statistical problems, and was an astonishing feat of memory. Without a glance at the notes he held in his hand, and apparently without effort, he gave a comprehensive resume of Ireland's financial relations with Great Britain since the union.

In a kiosk at the Turin exhibition are exhibited a large number of portraits, busts, autographs, medals, decorations, gifts of Paganini, together with instruments of music belonging to him. These objects for 50 years have been hidden in the Villa Gajone, near Parma. After the exhibition the objects will be replaced in the Villa Gajone, which is the property of Barons Paganini, nephews of the celebrated violinist.

LAGOON

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Aug. 7, 8, 9,

DAILY VAUDEVILLE PERFORMANCE—FREE TO ALL.

WANDA BROTHERS---Maryland Musical Mokes.

BLUSH BROTHERS---Horizontal Bar Champions.

LA VERNE---Slack Wire Artist. OHENE---King of Contortionists.

High Divers, Leapers, Ventriloquist and Numerous other Attractions.

Continuous Performance 4 to 10 p. m. Daily.

DANCING EVERY AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

ROUND TRIP 25c. Includes Everything.

Next attraction, next week, Pianka, Lady of Lions. A Great Show.