BUSINESS CHANCES

SOME THAT ARE OFFERED IN THE ARGENTINE.

ENGLAND GOBBLING UP THINGS.

AMERICANS WHO HAVE MADE FORTUNES IN REAL ESTATE.

What an American Bank Might Do—Chances for American Steamers and the Profits of the European Lines.

Copyright, 1899, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

BUENOS AYRES, Dec. 7, 1898.—The United States will not be able to compete with the European nations for the trade of the Argentine until it has closer commercial connections. There are two things that should be established at once. One is an American bank in Buenos Ayres and the other a line of steamers from New York to the Argentine, calling at the different ports of Brazil and Montevideo, and making rapid trips from one continent to the other. Both of these institutions would pay well. The bank would pay at the start. There is now more than $11,000,000 worth of exchange between Canada, the United States and the Argentine, and our trade with the east coast of South America amounts to more than $100,000,000.

At present all the banking is done through London, and the bankers there take a toll of about 1 per cent for doing it. This is a tax of 1 per cent on trade. None of the banking companies of South America is in the business for its health or for pleasure. They charge for every accommodation, and they make enormous profits. Some pay 16 per cent dividends, and nearly all give from 1 to 5 per cent on deposits. The 1 per cent is generally on accounts current, and on deposits of six months from 5 to 6 per cent is paid.

English Banks and What They Make.

Buenos Ayres has a number of foreign banks, whose capital runs up into the millions. The London and River Plate bank has branches in Brazil, Uruguay and London, with its chief office in Buenos Ayres. Its capital is about $7,500,000, and it has $5,000,000 reserve fund. Its deposits amount to about $80,000,000, and on all time deposits it pays interest. This bank keeps something like £1,000,000 of gold on hand. The Anglo-American bank has $2,250,000 capital, and the capital of the London and Brazilian bank is equal to $7,500,000 of our money. There are strong Italian banks in Buenos Ayres. There are German banks and Spanish banks, and, in fact, the only country that does much business with the Argentine which has no direct banking connections with it is the United States.

These banks do not speculate. They make two clearings every day, and so far as I know no foreign bank doing business in the Argentine has yet failed. The business is just as safe and legitimate as that of the United States, and if a syndicate could be organized in New York with several million dollars' capital to do business in South America it might pay big dividends. Such an institution might be gotten up by the directors of insurance companies and other companies who lend money, the stockholders to be men who are interested in shipping goods abroad. A manager could be sent from the United States to the Argentine to open the bank and connections could soon be established which would make the institution pay from the start.

Through such a bank Americans could learn the standard of the business firms on the east coast of the Atlantic. It would enable a large portion of our trade to be done on safe credits instead of spot cash and would put us on the same footing as the other countries who trade with the Argentine. It would also show the Argentines that we have enough faith in them to invest money in their country. They say that the people of the United States have always professed a great friendship for them, but so far have never done anything to help the country along. They would like to see some visible evidence of our affection, and say that if the United States will establish a bank and a steamship line they will be ready to believe in them.

About Our Visiting Commissioners.

The commissions of so-called American capitalists which have visited the Argentine republic to encourage trade have, I am told, done more harm than good. One was sent down a year or so ago. It was widely advertised, and the Argentine officials and capitalists made a great preparations to receive it.

When the commission arrived it was discovered many of its members were commercial travelers, who had taken advantage of the low rates of transportation to turn this international trade expedition into a drumming tour. One Jew peddler opened his stock of jewelry on the special car which the Argentine government furnished to carry the commissioners from La Plata to Buenos Ayres and tried to retail his ware to the distinguished Argentines who had come there to receive the commissioners. Another commercial traveler, a man who wore a long frock coat and derby hat, represented a bicycle firm, and went from one newspaper office to another proposing to give the editors bicycles in exchange for advertising. Another man was a mechanical expert of one of our leading wagon factories, who went about showing pictures of his shop as it was when it was started and as it is to-day, and another was a lumber man, who owned a saw mill in Alabama. The whole party, although it contained some good men, was, as far as international trade was concerned, a sort of Falstaff army, and its march through the Argentine brought ridicule upon the business interests of the United States.

At the same time that these commercial travelers were masquerading as American capitalists, some big English capitalists were quietly investing millions of dollars in Argentine property. The English capitalists do not send national trade commissions. They send their own financial agents out over the world with a good bank account behind them. They are always on the lookout for good things, and they can tell you just about what percentage nearly every new enterprise pays.

What England Owns in Argentine.

A large amount of the business done in the Argentine is with English capital. The best of the railroads are owned by the English. They have been recently buying up the government lines, and the day will come when they will own them all. The Argentine now has about 11,000 miles of road, representing a capital of more than a half billion dollars. It is fast increasing its trackage, and the Southern railway alone has 800 miles of extension in construction which it will complete within a year.

The Southern railway runs chiefly through South Argentine, and among the new lines it is building is one across Patagonia to the Andes. It will eventually cross the Andes and come out on the Pacific at the port of Valdevia, making the shortest road across the continent.

The Southern railway might be called the Pennsylvania railroad of South America. It has now 2,000 miles of track and is putting down new roads at the rate of three miles per day. Eight years ago the track of this company was only 838 miles. It now has a big reserve fund and it paid last year a dividend of 5½ per cent. Since it was organized it has never paid less than 5 per cent.

Other great roads are the Central Argentine, the Rosario and the Western Pacific. All of these companies get much of their rolling stock from England and most of them are now making their own cars. As to the Argentines themselves, they have not been successful in running railroads, nor do they succeed generally in the management of businesses.

Poor Men Who Have Risen.

I have met a number of prominent railway men in South America who came here poor, but who have made fortunes. Mr. Barrow, the general manager of the Southern, came to Buenos Ayres ten years ago to work for the Southern railroad at $60 a month. Within eight years he was at the head of the system, and he is now the most influential railroad man in the Argentine, with an annual salary, it is said, of something like $25,000. H. H. Loveday, the general manager of the Central Argentine, began as the traffic manager of a little pampa railroad twenty-five miles long. He has now charge of one of the greatest railroads of the country. Duncan Monroe, general manager of the Central Cordoba railroad, whose salary is said to be half as large as that of the president of the United States, came to the Argentine as a railway clerk, and there are a number of instances of rises equally remarkable.

Among the railroad constructors there are Americans, Swedes, Germans, Danes and Englishmen, and I am told that the constructing companies are always on the lookout for good men, although they do not care for persons who can not speak Spanish.

No Chance for Poor Americans.

No American should come to the Argentine without a knowledge of Spanish. This is the language in general use, and without it a man cannot direct his employes nor do business of any kind. The Argentine is no place for men without capital, unless they have extraordinary business brains and a knowledge of the Spanish. People with capital can buy their interpreters, but they will labor under disadvantages.

There should be many opportunities for investments. So far the electric railway system of the country is undeveloped. The streets car system of Buenos Ayres would be a fat concession if electricity could be applied. Its only electric railways at present are suburban lines. Rosario, which is a town of 150,000 people, is now usink nothing but horse cars, and Cordoba and Bahia Blanca could use electric railways with profit.

Money in Lands.

There is a chance to make money in Argentine lands, if a man will be content to buy at present prices and hold on. Real estate is steadily going up, and has been for years. Shortly after the Indian troubles in Patagonia public lands were sold for $400 a square league. A square league is 6,666 acres. Such lands were scattered throughout the different provinces, and many of the men who invested in them grew wealthy.

Two American photographers of Buenos Ayres, Messers. Chute and Brooks, bought five leagues for $2,000. An American dentist took sixteen leagues at the same price, and another American got five leagues.

Some of this land is now worth about $50,000 a league, which is a very respectable rise from $400. Of course, such chances are not common.

There is, however, a steady increase in values, and there are, I am told, lands on the Rio Negro near the Atlantic coast which are worth $30,000 a league, and plenty of good sheep land in the province of Buenos Ayres which will bring from $50,000 to $60,000. Right near Buenos Ayres city there are lands which are worth half a million a league, while far off on the frontier property is sold for $1,000 a league and less.

Most of the land, however, now belongs to someone. There is comparatively little good public land left, and the greater part of the real property is in the form of large estates, which by the Spanish law of inheritance must necessarily be subdivided every time the head of the family owning them dies.

An American Steamship Line.

When we have our own steamship line to the Argentine the chances for Americans will be materially bettered. This will be especially so as to our import and export trade. A nation cannot work well commercially without tools any better than an individual can. Our greatest trouble is that we have not the best tools of commerce. Our steamers are among our commercial tools, and the European nations have all the steamers. There is to-day not a single maritime port of importance on the coast of Europe that has not its regular steamers for Buenos Ayres, and the Argentine merchants can order by cable, and know that they will surely get their goods within twenty-five or thirty days.

The lines from and to New York are all English, and they are so slow that it takes thirty days to make the actual voyage, and they are so far apart that replies from cable orders are uncertain. There is a steamer from Europe to Buenos Ayres almost every day in the month, and one can leave Buenos Ayres for Europe nearly every day.

The steamships which go to Europe are much finer than those which go to the United States, so much better, indeed, that passengers to New York often go there by way of Liverpool or Southampton rather than direct. The fare is not very much more and the time not much longer, although the distance via Liverpool is greater by more than 3,000 miles.

Big Profits of European Steamships.

The steamship lines which ply between Buenos Ayres and Europe, as well as those which go from New York to Buenos Ayres, are making money. I am told that the lines between Buenos Ayres and New York annually divide profits to the amount of 15 per cent of their capital stock. They charge from $160 to $175 for passage, and their freight rates are considerably higher than the rates to Europe.

The European steamers are managed by companies with large capital. The Royal Mail Steamer Packet line, which plies between Buenos Ayres and Southampton, has a capital of $4,000,000. Its ships are very good, but the rates are high. The Compagnie des Messageries Maritime, which plies between Bordeaux, France, and Buenos Ayres, has a capital of $11,000,000, and it pays an annual dividend of from 5 per cent to 6 per cent. The North German Lloyd, with ships from Buenos Ayres to Bremen, has a capital of $9,000,000, and there are other English, German and Italian lines in which large sums are invested, and upon which big dividends are paid.

What American Steamers Would Do.

A line of American steamers, as estimated by Secretary Francois Jones of our legation at Buenos Ayres in an excellent report on this subject some time ago, would have a chance at the $175,000,000 worth of trade between the United States and the east coast of South America. It could reduce the time between New York and Buenos Ayres from a month to seventeen days, and allow a half day's stoppage at each of the larger ports on the way. Then the journey from New York to the Argentine would be almost a pleasure trip. The freight rates could also be reduced, and goods could be sent to the Argentine more quickly from New York than from Europe. At present we import about $80,000,000 worth of coffee, hides and other things from the Atlantic coast of South America, and we export about $2,000,000 worth of goods in return. Such a steamship line would materially aid in evening up the trade and would in the end put the balance in our favor.

Speculation in the Argentine.

A general idea prevails that the Argentine Republic is a very unsafe place for investments. This is not so. Property is now as stable in the Argentine as elsewhere. But the country went wild about nine years ago. It then had a boom in which both the Argentines and foreigners took part. This boom almost ruined it, and during it there was undoubtedly a great deal of fraud upon the part of the government officials as to their handling of the government finances and funds.

To-day this craze has passed. The people have learned a lesson from it and property is now stable. The biggest things are now managed by foreigners, and from year to year the government holdings grow less. A foreigner's property is perfectly safe. He has in fact equal rights with the naturalized Argentine, and he is subject to no heavier taxes.

All businesses, however, have to pay a license ranging from $5 to $20,000 a year according the amount of business done. Banking firms pay more, the highest tax on such firms amounting to $60,000. Foreight firms who do business, with or without a house in Buenos Ayres, have to pay from $100 to $500, and those who are only commercial travelers pay a fixed license of $50. This sum permits them to sell only in Buenos Ayres and national territories. If they go outside of Buenos Ayres there is usually a state tax, which is paid in addition, and this ranges from $100 to $200 a year, according to the laws of the state. There are of course other taxes on business such as stamps, etc., but these are somewhat the same all over the world.

Stock Exchange of Buenos Ayres.

As to stock gamblers Buenos Ayres has as great a number of financial bulls and bears as any other country of the world. Its stock exchange, or bolsa, is the financial center of the Argentine. In it you can feel the pulse of the money market and can see as crazy exhibitions of financial speculation as in Paris, London or New York.

The great boom which burst in 1890 came from the rapid growth of the country after 1880. Its growth was discounted over and over again, and in ten years more than $962,000,000 worth of stock was floated and of that more than half a billion dollars totally lost. There were land companies, railway companies, insurance companies, banks, and in fact almost every kind of institution capitalized at millions. Most of these have entirely disappeared from the market, while the shares of other companies have declined 99 per cent. I doubt whether there have ever been anywhere such loose business methods as prevailed here at that time.

The officers of the government were in many of the deals. The very hightest officials speculated with government money, and through the government banks allowed millions to be loaned on mortgages on worthless property. Europe sent vast sums over to Argentine to fill the gaps, expecting to get tens of millions back, and when the bubble burst the Baring Brothers and other long-established London firms came near going to pieces with it.

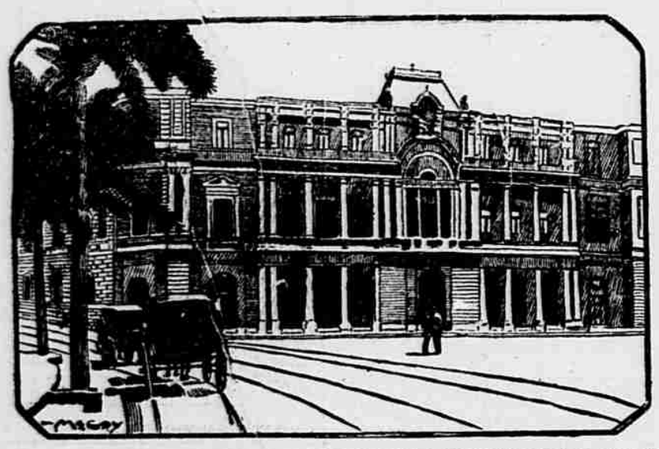
To-day the chief speculation on the stock exchange is in the money of the country. The brokers buy and sell gold, which is up to-day and down to-morrow, or rather they sell the credits of their country. In other words, the most of their business is in buying and selling their own notes.

There is no more interesting place in South America than this stock exchange of Buenos Ayres. Its doors are guarded by footmen in livery, and from 12 to 1 and from 3 to 4 p. m. you may meet upon its floors the brightest business men of the Argentine.

The membership costs almost nothing and the dues are less than $3 a quarter. The result is that there are 700 brokers and nearly every prominent business man of the city is a member of the exchange. The stock exchange is not unlike a business man's club, and if you could enter it without knowing where you were going you might well imagine yourself in the stock markets of New York or Chicago. The only difference is the language, for the men are of all nationalities and they dress and look just as their brother brokers do in London, New York or Chicago.

The same mutations of fortunes exist, and each man can tell you his own story of ups and downs—of fortunes lost and won. Speculation makes and loses money just as quickly in Buenos Ayres as in New York, and as the commercial relations of the United States and the Argentine grow closer I predict that the Yankees will hold their own on this stock exchange with the Italians, German and English, as they scramble for the financial plums of the Argentine Republic.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.



ARGENTINE STOCK EXCHANGE—THE GREATEST STOCK GAMBLING PLACE OF SOUTH AMERICA.

CHARACTER IN THE EYEBROWS.

How a Man Can Choose a Wife Successfully by Examining His Sweetheart's Eyebrows.

From the Boston Globe.

"It's all well for a girl to plume herself upon her pretty eyebrows," said an expert physiognomist the other day, "but I, who have been studying character for years, have perhaps a different point of view. Eyebrows show character, and the wise man will take note of them when choosing his friends. Eyebrows, for instance, that are wide apart denote a frank, generous, unsuspicious, and impulsive nature.

"When they meet one may be pretty sure that their owner's temperament is ardent, but jealous and suspicious. Eyebrows which are elevated at starting and continue in long, sweeping lines over the eyes, with a downward tendency, indicate artistic feeling.

"Straight eyebrows, forming a firmly defined line close to the eyes, denote great determination and will power. Those which begin rather strongly and terminate abruptly without passing beyond the eyes show an impatient and irascible nature.

"Sensitiveness and tenderness are indicated by slight arched eyebrows, and firmness of purpose and kindness of heart by those which are straight at the beginning and are rather arched at the temples. The eyebrows of people utterly devoid of mathematical power are raised at the termination, leaving a wide space between them and the corners of the eyes. On the other hand, if they are close to the eyes at the end, mathematical talent may generally be safely assumed.

"Eyebrows of the same color as the hair show constancy, firmness, and resolution; if lighter than the hair they denote indecision and weakness; while if darker we may probably be right in our surmise that their owner is of an ardent, passionate, and inconstant disposition.

"An energetic and easily irritated nature is shown by the hair growing in different directions; while short, close-lying hair, growing in one direction, indicates a firm mind and good perceptions. An ardent but tender nature is shown by the hair being soft and fine.

"When the hair of the eyebrows has a downward droop so that it almost meets the lashes when the eyes are widely opened, tenderness and melancholy are betrayed. The nearer the eyebrows are to the eyes the firmer and the more earnest the character, while the more remote the more volatile and flighty is the nature of their owner."

FAR-AWAY MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

Arab Wedding Lasts Seven Days—In Turkey a Screen Hides the Bride.

From the London Mail.

The Chinese have an elaborate wedding ceremonial. It begins with presents and the reports of astrologers. The parents then correspond. The girl's father offers his "ugly and ill-favored child"—for such is Oriental etiquette. The father of the boy, not to be outdone in politeness, describes his son as "slothful, indigent, and weak in intellect." The bride's procession, for which even a mandarin must make way, goes to the bridegroom's house and is carried over the threshold.

Japanese politeness is like the Chinese; female subjection is the same, but the national good humor makes it more tolerable. There is a beautiful symbolism in the lighting of the torches, when the bride's and bridegroom's lights are permitted to mingle.

The Persian wedding includes a torchlight procession of the bridegroom and his friends to the bride's house, where the groom and his companions secure her, and then return to the beating of drums.

An Arab wedding lasts seven days. The husband sees his wife's face after the ceremony is over. It is then proper for him to cry out in delight at its loveliness, and then, as in the Bible, "the friend of the bridegroom, who standeth and heareth him, rejoicing greatly because of the bridegroom's voice"—the people outside the tent raise an answering cry.

In Turkey the bride stands behind a screen during a part of the ceremony, and is first seen at its conclusion. A Moorish wedding is also a seven days' affair.

There is a clever custom sometimes followed in Persia. A crowd of young men rush into the feasting crowd, capture the guests, and shut them up in a dark room. They pay ransom to get out, and the money is added to the bride's dowry, a naive way of enriching the young couple.

War Against Tuberculosis.

The Prince of Wales presided at a private meeting at Marlborough house, on December 20, convened by him to promote a war against tuberculosis. The Marquis of Salisbury, the Earl of Rosbery and a number of men of science and physicians spoke on the urgent necessity of educating the people in the means of preventing consumption and of checking the spread of tuberculous disease among cattle.

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GODIVA IN THE BOWERY.

Comely Young Woman, Clad in Only One Light Garment, Strolled, Followed by Thousands.

From the New York Herald.

There was great excitement at the corner of the Bowery and Bayard street shortly after 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon, when a comely woman, intoxicated and clad in only one light garment, strolled along the thoroughfare. Her luxuriant hair was done up in papers. A large crowd of men and boys and even women were following along and surrounding her, some even crowding through the gathering to get a better glimpse of her.

As the woman was about to cross Bayard street on the east side, two cable cars were stopped by their gripmen, and the passengers craned their necks, some of them leaving the cars to get a closer view of the woman.

Two thousand persons had by this time flocked to the scene, blocking the streets, and Policeman David Day, of the Eldridge street station, happened along and attempted to take the woman into custody. This was no easy task, as she fought him at every turn and repelled his efforts to cover her with his overcoat.

Finally a woman whose name was not learned pushed her way through the crowd, and holding a flannel underskirt in her hand, waved it at the policeman, who, with great dexterity slipped it over the intoxicated woman's head and buttoned it about her waist.

The crowd jeered and yelled at this, and one boy shouted, "Get her a pair of stockings!"

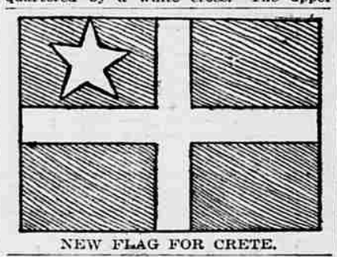
Followed by a howling crowd, the policeman at last reached the Elizabeth street station, going there, he said, because the distance was shorter than to his own station.

There it was discovered that her right foot was bleeding, and an ambulance was summoned from Hudson street hospital. When Surgeon Dodge responded he said the woman's great toe was injured, and that she was intoxicated. He dressed the wound, and she was locked up. She gave her name as Hannah Murphy, 23 years old, single, of No. 12 James street.

Crete's New Flag.

The powers have now decided on the design the Cretan flag shall take.

The ground of the flag will be blue, quartered by a white cross. The upper



NEW FLAG FOR CRETE.

quarter next the staff will, however, be red, bearing a five-pointed star.

The flag is a pretty one, but it can not be said to have given entire satisfaction to all over whom it will float. A section of the Cretans grumble that the flag does not sufficiently recognize the Ottoman suzerainty.

Time He Did Move.

From the Detroit Free Press.

"What possesses you to be moving this time of year, and in a snow storm?" asked his neighbor of the man who was excitedly superintending the packing of goods and the loading of furniture vans.

"Wouldn't stay here if they'd give me the place."

"Too much noise and confusion, too many children, don't like your neighbors, or what?"

"Look at that row of buildings. You can't tell one from the other after night, in a fog or even on a cloudy day. They're practically identical. Half a dozen times I've been humiliated and had to apologize for trying to make my latch key open some one else's front door, and the other night things reached a climax."

"Get into the wrong house and begin to act as if you were at home?"

"Worse than that. I never took a drink in my life. One night during the holidays a friend induced me to go to a turkey raffle with him. I won a big fowl, all right enough, and of course it got away. That looked suspicious. When I reached this row the snow was driving into my eyes at forty miles an hour. I rang a door bell and batted my eyes while I asked where Mr. Batton lived.

"'Why, you're Mr. Batton,' from the lady whose head was through the door.

"'I know it, but where do I live?'

"'Good gracious! He don't know his own wife,' and she pulled me in.

"Do you think she'll believe the truth? Not much. I'm going to a house I can find!"

More Like It.

From the Boston Globe.

Householder—"Do you pretend to say that this meter measures the amount of gas we burn?"

Inspector—"I will enter into no controversy, sir, but I will say that the meter measures the amount of gas you have to pay for."

A Chaldean Wine Cellar.

The wine cellar of the old Chaldean king, Argastes II., has been discovered near Lake Van, in Asia Minor. It was filled with colossal earthenware vessels, some of which have been sent to the Berlin museum.

She (a fair divorcee)—"Do you believe in second marriages, Mr. Singleton?" He (cautiously)—"Well—er—er that depends. By the way, how much alimony did you receive?"—Chicago Daily News.

From the Meggendorfer Blaetter.

"The count's family are very swell aren't they?"

"Well, I should think so! On their place every scarecrow has a monocle."

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UPON THE ALTAR OF ART

MUNKACSY SACRIFICED LIFE AND REASON TO HIS MASTERPIECE.

For Eight Months He Labored Almost Without Ceasing Upon "Ecce Homo"—His Search for a Model.

A Paris correspondent writes: Munkacsy—the greatest realist of the century, the painter of "Christ Before Pilate" and "Ecce Homo," pictures that have made thousands weep—has been pronounced hopelessly mad, and "Finis" has been written at the end of his great career. It is unnecessary to await the coming formality of death, for already the genius, the rare mind that was Munkacsy, is dead. The great fame of the Hungarian artist is wasted, the leonine head bent, the deep-set eyes that were wont to glow with the passion of his paintings are dim. When Munkacsy scrawled his name at the corner of his great painting, he wrote the epitaph of his reason. At that instant his wizard hand forever lost its cunning. His "Ecce Homo" was his suicide; it was the master's masterpiece—and his death blow.

Physicians and allenists agree that Munkacsy's terrible collapse is due to his intense application upon "Ecce Homo," the latest and greatest of his paintings. The master worked almost incessantly upon the picture for eight months. He ate but little, and slept less; he took no exercise, received no visitors, and only left his mansion in the Rue Villiers once during the whole eight months. And that was in order to find a model for his Christ.

Pursuit of a Model.

Wandering through the streets of Paris, searching from right to left, the gaunt man with the cavernous eyes seized on a man with delicate features, a spiritual expression and a curling beard. Munkacsy grasped his arm so tightly that he left his great fingermarks upon the slighter man's arm for many a day. "Be my Christ!" demanded the Hungarian. "The one I have imagined is finished, but he does not suit. Come, I pray you!" The big, seedy individual with the glowing eyes frightened the smaller man. He walked to the mansion in the Rue Villiers with the wild stranger, but he was careful to keep well out of reach. It needed the magic name of Munkacsy on the doorplate to reassure him.

With the stranger as a model, the master painted day after day, but still the Christ did not please him. "I like better the one I imagined. Go!" he said angrily, blotting out the work of a week with a furious stroke, and the stranger carried away a pocketful of francs and the conviction that he had been locked in the studio with a lunatic.

Steadily Munkacsy painted the "Ecce Homo." Hunger he did not know. He drove away the servants who came to announce that meals were ready, and only allowed a tray of food to be passed into the room upon the indignant demand of his wife. Often sleep did not visit him for seventy-two hours, and when weariness compelled him to drop his brush he lay in a tense, half conscious state, his face thin and white as that of a corpse. No one intruded upon the solitude of his studio except madame, and that under silent sufferance.

Dramatic Instinct of the Artist.

A victim of his ceaseless energy, Munkacsy was as well the victim of his powerful imagination. The fury of an intense dramatic instinct wrought upon him as an overmastering stimulant, and goaded him to a state close to madness. He was at one with the taunting Pharisees and the cruel Roman soldiery, as he painted those later figures. Their hatred for the calm figure on the portico was his, as his quick, angry strokes followed each other. And every day, had there been anyone there to see, he would have noted that the master grew more gaunt, his eyes more like flames bursting from caverns, his face whiter, his movements more nervous and uncertain!

At last it was finished. The colossal Christ looked sadly down upon the rabble from the portico of the Roman building. Pontius Pilate, cold, impassive, stood at the right, a Roman soldier the grim figure at his left. Below, the Jews strove with the soldiers to get a closer view and a better chance to mock the pretender. The figure on the canvas breathed rage. It was, indeed, finished, and the artist studied it musingly from his divan. But he had forgotten something. He staggered back to the painting and seized a brush. His strength hardly sufficed for the hasty scrawling of his name upon the canvas, down close to the portico, and then Munkacsy laughed—a strange laugh from the man who had been silent for eight months—a shrill laugh, that sounded like a cry—and fell prostrate before the picture. His brain was a wreck. He was helplessly mad.

His Work Was Finished.

The watchful wife, denied admittance, was listening at the door and rushed in at his cry. He was tenderly carried from the room, which had latterly been a torture chamber. No child was ever more helpless. The doctors pronounced his case spinal paralysis. Madame had heard him say that he wanted to die in Hungary, the country of his birth, her country and his. He was taken to Budapest. For a time he was kept at their home in the Hungarian city, but he developed the fury of a maniac and had to be removed to a hospital in the suburbs where he still remains.

Munkacsy is 54 years of age, and his wife, before her marriage, was the Baroness de Marches. He began life as a carpenter, the trade of his father. In the days of his poverty he painted a family portrait for a coat. His "Christ Before Pilate" was sold to an American millionaire for $125,000.

The Silent River.

Along the boundary of life
There flows a deep and silent tide
O'er which dense shadows hover;
Into its depths, grief, care, and strife,
Unnoticed, and unbidden glide
And sink from sight forever.

But from the other shore, no gleam
Of light comes through the shadows deep
To cheer our anxious vision;
But Faith assures, beyond that stream
Love, Hope and Joy for us will keep
The glorious land Elysian.

But ere we cross that silent tide,
We close our eyes in peaceful rest,
All earthly ties we sever;
And though invisible, our guide
Will lead the way He thinketh best
To where Love reigns forever.

Kansas City, Mo., 1898. L. A. PALMAR.

A Loud Telephone.

M. Dusand, of Geneva, has sent the Paris Academy of Science a description of a new telephone with which he has successfully experimented. From a distant laboratory he was able to send messages that could be distinctly heard in a large room by an audience of 1,000 people.

Just So.

From St. Paul's.

"United we stand—"

"Divided we fall."

SCHOOLS FOR ARTISANS

GREAT ATTENTION IN EUROPE TO INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION.

Belgium Maintains 225 Schools for the Training of Housewives and Excellent Institutions for Male Workmen.

One of the most interesting and instructive publications issued by the government for some time is the recent volume on "Foreign Trade Policies of the European Governments." Aside from the treatment of the merchant marines, colonial policies, tariff rates and commercial restrictions, the subject of state-aided technical education in the several countries is very fully discussed. Many of the branches taught in these technical schools are covered to a slight extent by private institutions in our own land, but there are a great number of special schools that are entirely unknown here.

In Belgium, for example, there are 225 state schools for the training of young girls in housekeeping, besides some 27 other schools exclusively for girls. For the young men, Flanders weaving appears to be the most important subject, judging from the number of schools devoted to it, there being no less than 42. In addition to these there are two state tailoring schools, a school for iron workers, one at Brussels for teaching the art of printing; two schools devoted to the advancement of the fishing industries, one at Ostend and the other at Blankbergh; a school for watch-making and instruments of precision; an upholstery and jewelry trade school, and the latest addition, a firearms school. All of these institutions are maintained by the government for the purpose of stimulating manufacturing interests and improving the quality of the output of the country.

Age of Specialism.

Political economists have called this an age of specialism, and the above list shows how apropos the name really is. Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria and Switzerland all support schools of somewhat similar character. In France almost every city renowned for a particular production boasts of one or more technical schools for the education of the young men and women in this particular line, the object being to maintain and improve the standard of work of their predecessors, and to introduce the new ideas that may appear in other communities.

Germany likewise has many great industrial and art schools, some of which are of international repute. The art schools of Nuremberg and Munich, where wood carving and metal work and general decoration are taught, are especially known. Then, too, there is the famous electro-technical school at Hanover, and the weaving and dyeing schools at Crefeld, Aix and Cottbus.

In Great Britain the Ancient Trade Guilds of the City of London practically control all technical education, although the government annually contributes $4,000,000 to the work. This peculiar condition of affairs is due to the fact that the guilds were the first to take up the work and, being immensely wealthy, they contributed large sums for the establishment of schools and providing competent experts and instructors. When the government became interested in the work the students of the guild schools had so thoroughly established their reputation in the commercial world that the government thought best to allow the guilds to continue the supervision of technical education.

There are over 67 trades and industries in which technical education is given in London. The list comprises almost every class of technical commercial work. It includes all the important chemical manufacturing industries, the mining and handling of ores in all its branches, milling, the manufacture of different fabrics, weaving and spinning, lithography, printing, masonry, pottery and porcelain, gas manufacture, iron and steel manufacture, paper manufacture, dyeing, tanning, baking, brewing, plumbing, watch and clock making.

A glance at this comprehensive but incomplete list of state tr