

**HEAD of GREAT HARVESTER TRUST**



CYRUS H. MCCORMICK

Cyrus Hall McCormick, the president of the newly organized International Harvesters' company, is the son of the late Cyrus H. McCormick, the inventor of the famous reaping machine which bears his name. Mr. McCormick was born in Washington, D. C., and was graduated from Prince-

ton in 1879. Since that time he has been connected with the McCormick Harvesting Machine company, of which he has been president since 1884. He is one of Chicago's most influential business men, and has been prominent in club life, particularly in that of the Commercial club.

**PHOTOGRAPH LED TO MARRIAGE**

Romance in Life of Miss Anna Cassin, Now Mrs. McClure. Mrs. Archibald T. McClure, who was Miss Anna Austin Cassin, is now in Newport, the summer home of our American aristocracy. It was the



Mrs. McClure.

Photograph of Miss Cassin, published in a magazine, that attracted the attention of Mr. McClure, who retraced his steps half way across the continent to secure an introduction, which latterly resulted in marriage.

**Magnificent Eastern Potentates.** The Indian princes at the coronation of King Edward were encircled with ropes of pearls, one or two of them had pearls attached to their ears, and diamonds, rubies and other priceless gems hung in clusters about them.

Of the Indian princes the most noticeable was the Maharajah of Gwalior, in a turban encrusted with jewels. His wrist was covered with a bracelet of diamonds, and on his back hung a shield blazing with jewels—a magnificent example of an eastern potentate clad in the splendor of the splendid east.

Ras Makonnen, the Abyssinian envoy, was another guest whose costume was of a character most striking. It included the curious-looking, crown-shaped headdress, formed from a lion's mane, which is only displayed upon high state occasions. Under his flowing robe he showed a superb breastplate of velvet interwoven with gold, and behind him an interpreter carried his gold shield and his immense sword, too sweeping and scimitar-like to be worn in a crowded room.—London Mail.

**A Free Criticism.**

Some time ago Sir Charles Wyndham presented London's Green Room club with a chair that had been the property of David Garrick. It happened to be at the time when Wyndham was acting the part of Garrick in the play of that name at the Criterion theater, and had settled down for a long run. At luncheon one afternoon soon after the presentation, Wyndham was discovered sitting in the Garrick chair in an attitude distinctly belonging to the period of periwigs and knee breeches. By his side stood a famous critic and a famous poet.

"Ah, Wyndham," remarked the critic, admiringly, "you grow more and more like Garrick every day." "And less and less like him every night," growled the poet.

**EPITAPH ON MEXICAN TOMB**

Neatly Worded Eulogy Over Grave of Notorious Outlaw.

Mexicans are fond of epitaphs, they rejoice in eulogies, they like to honor their dead. Their attachment for relatives is great, and monuments and flower-strewn graves show that the departed are not forgotten. The deceased may have left a bad record, and his friends may be anxious that his conduct should be forgotten; still this does not debar him from a neatly worded eulogy.

Just outside the cemetery at Vera Cruz there stands a fine monument which marks the resting place of a notorious outlaw, whose cruelty and violence made his name a constant menace to all peace and order. His wife, in spite of harsh treatment, was his faithful servant to the last, and after his death thought that she should show her respect for his memory.

She could not speak of his nobility and worth, and so, after much consideration, she caused the following inscription to be engraved upon the tomb:

"Juan Fernandez has passed to his reward; he was an unerring shot and knew no fear; owing to circumstances over which he had no control his talents were perverted from their proper course, but the world should be grateful for his life, as his example stands as a timely warning to the rising generation."

**New Silk from South Africa.**

Gold and silver silk is coming from South Africa, says an English publication. The fibres are spun by two remarkable spiders of Rhodesia, and an experimenter has found that the creatures may be reared in captivity and that the silk can be utilized. Both filaments have a brilliant metallic luster and are very fine and strong, the fineness of the golden silk being about that of the silkworm's thread, but the strength being much greater. A thread of steel of the same size, in fact, has only two-thirds the strength of this spider's thread.

**MAY SUCCEED HIS FATHER**

Elders Son of James McMillan Talked of for Senator.

There are rumors that Gov. Bliss of Michigan will appoint W. C. McMillan to the seat made vacant by the death of Senator McMillan. W. C. McMillan is the late senator's eldest



W. C. McMillan.

son, and manager of his large commercial interests. He has for several years attended to a great deal of his father's work as head of the Republican state organization. It is said he has a good chance of being elected by the legislature next January.

**CITIES OF PORTUGAL**

(Special Letter.)  
**H**OW this Portugal grows on one! A very terra incognita only two and a half days by steamer from London, or 46 hour by express from Paris. As pretty a land as one could ask for, an interesting and courteous people, scenery to delight rather than astound, hotels—only a few, it must be admitted, quite up to date—with prices as low or lower than Switzerland or Italy. Yet nobody comes here, except on business or very adventurous tourists.

I have seen just four Americans in my eight weeks in Portugal and her near islands, and perhaps a dozen English since I reached the mainland. My letter of credit, issued by an old and substantial London bank, gives just one place in all this country to draw money, which shows what its makers think of the probabilities.

It is generally understood that Lisbon is a beautiful city, but its misfortune, from the traveler's point of view, is that it is not on the direct route to anywhere. And there is a prevalent idea that when one has seen Lisbon he has had all that is worth seeing in Portugal.

Now, Coimbra alone is worth a journey across the Atlantic. Busaco rivals the Bavarian Alps, Coimbra has at least as many charms as Heidelberg. Mafra almost causes you to forget Escorial, Batalha is one of the great sights of the world. And these are only the beginning.

The inhabitants, less touched by

the embankment wall of the esplanade being some 30 feet in height, and the ground rising gradually toward the rear.

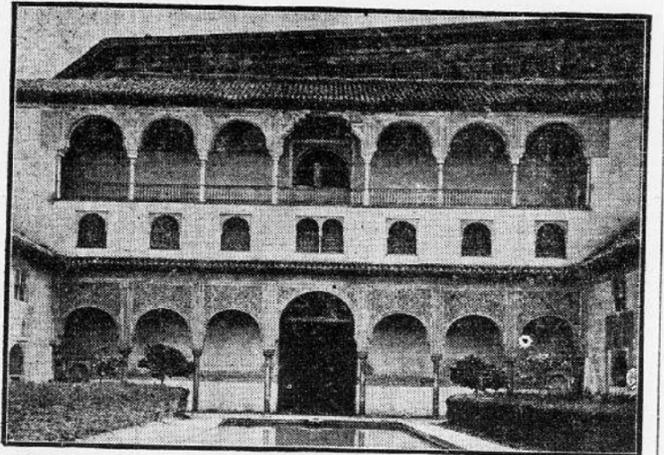
The region in the government-owned hills of Bussaco are worth a page in themselves, instead of the trivial mention that can be allotted them here. The people are indebted for this splendid reservation—as they are for many more in Portugal—to the monks, who have such an unerring eye for grandeur and situation, and showed such taste in adorning the vast estates which they acquired.

The story of the great convent at Mafra reads like a page from the life of Louis XIV. Between the years 1717 and 1730 the average number of workmen employed was 14,700, with a maximum of 45,000 men. One is not astonished to learn that the cost, \$20,000,000 (equal to double that at present prices), left the nation in a state of bankruptcy.

A church, a monastery and a palace are included in the scheme, besides barracks. The four-storied building forms a rectangle measuring 820 by 720 feet. There are said to be 2,500 windows and 5,000 doors. The chimneys in the towers, comprising 57 bells cost \$2,000,000 alone.

As these monks were expelled with the others, many years ago, this gigantic folly is only used now as a place for exhibition, and may all be inspected for 25 cents.

John IV. is credited with this, but he only followed an idiotic example. In order to show how grateful he was



PART OF GREAT CONVENT.

the 19th century than most others of Europe, retain to a greater degree their primitive customs and dress. They are not of one type, either, it frequently happening that entirely different faces are found in districts but a few miles apart.

The Moor left his impress, when will not soon be eradicated. The Goth perpetrated his fair hair and blue eyes over a large area. The purely Iberian race survives here and there unadulterated. Nevertheless, all are Portuguese in sentiment, strongly patriotic, ready to repel an invader from whatever direction he comes.

The Spaniard must keep his own side of the mountains—they want none of his rule. Their ancestors fought with Wellington to drive Napoleon's legions back to France. Today the young men serve their terms in the army, and the people willingly bear the heavy burden, that they may have—these six millions—a force to fight with should the integrity of their land be menaced.

Coimbra—the summer residence of royalty and diplomacy—is less than 20 miles away and I must get there before Don Carlos if I intend to view the interior of the palaces. The first



Relic of Arab Occupation.

thing to be done after alighting from the train was to drive to the Castello da Pena, a well-imitated mediaeval castle which the King-consort Ferdinand erected on the site of an old and disused monastery. Only the Moorish castle, a short distance away, dominates the Pena, where King Charles lives during the summer season.

This Castello dos Mouros, as its name implies, is a veritable relic of the Arab occupation, and occupies, as was usual with those astute conquerors, a rocky height difficult of assault.

Coimbra interests the traveler, as it contains the only university in Portugal. The town, which is somewhat nearer to Oporto than to Lisbon, contains about 14,000 inhabitants, and has some 1,500 students. It is picturesquely situated on Montego river,

for the events which secured the independence of his country. King John I. husband of Philippa (daughter of John of Gaunt), proceeded to wreck it financially by starting the immense structure known as Batalha. From 1388 to 1551, the ruinous work went on, impoverishing the country.

Afterward the earthquake of 1755, combined with the usual tactics of the French invaders of the last century, made sad havoc with it. At the present time it is as valueless as the one at Mafra, except to attract tourists, which are few. The figures of size and cost, as may be imagined, are stupendous. I wonder with what feeling the overtaken people of the country regard this monument of imbecility.

There are many other places in Portugal to which the traveler who has sufficient time may well turn, but let us close with a handsome, active, wholly interesting city of the present day, hardly second to Lisbon itself in attractiveness.

Oporto is a very few miles north of a line drawn east from New York, about as far away as London, and yet less known to most of our people than Buda Pesth or Odessa. A fairly good steamer makes the direct passage once in six weeks, I believe, but the Yankee would probably prefer the roundabout road via England, France and Gibraltar.

It is not too much to say that no American city of its size has so pretty a site as Oporto, whose 150,000 inhabitants are spread over a dozen hills on both sides of the gorge through which the Douro flows to the sea.

The common people, from the western point of view, are not "common" at all, but fill the streets with a kaleidoscopic procession at which one never tires of looking. The women seem in all outdoor pursuits to far outnumber the men. As they pursue their several ways with the inevitable burden poised on the head, the sinuous movement of the strong body is as rhythmic as an Arab dance. With the feet bare, the skirt held up by a loose band around the hips, the torso and head absolutely rigid, all the movement of walking takes place below the waist.

"Queently" is the inaccurate and inadequate expression that rises at once to the lips when the poorest market woman passes. Even the children acquire the same gait, for hands are never used to carry any article that can be poised aloft. A girl of 12 has just filled her bucket with water at the fountain opposite my window, and now goes down the street with 30 pounds on her head, erect, square-shouldered, full-chested, a very picture of grace.

There is a solidity to the city that impresses the beholder, massive masonry, tall towers, architectural gems everywhere. The numerous open markets are filled with meats, fish, vegetables, fruits, flowers, the latter in rank abundance. Except the professional beggars no one seems idle, and nearly all look strong and well.

**ALLEGED EMBEZZLERS SET FREE.**



John F. Gaynor and Capt. Benjamin O. Greene, who are fugitives from Savannah, Ga., where they were to have been tried on charges of conspiracy with former Capt. Oberlin M. Carter to defraud the United States government, were liberated from custody at Quebec, Canada.

Gaynor and Greene were arrested at the Chateau Frontenac in Montreal and taken to that city, but were brought to Quebec on a writ of habeas corpus.

For a while they were confined in jail, but were recently allowed to live at a hotel in the custody of their counsel.

Mrs. Gaynor was with her husband at Quebec, and through all his



troubles and litigation has stood by him, always ready to aid him when opportunity offered.

**ELKS MAKE GRAND DISPLAY**

Meeting at Salt Lake City a Most Successful One.

Wearing the prison stripes and keeping the lock step of the convicts, the delegates from Joliet, Ill., to the meeting of the grand lodge of Elks marched in the monster street parade of the Elks at Salt Lake City. They attracted much attention and were awarded third prize in the contest for the oddest uniform. To the Park City

**LIGHT IN RAILROAD CARS.**

Contemporary Points Out Danger in Use of Oil and Gas.

Another accident in the west in which a railroad wreck caught fire with the result that several persons were cremated whose lives otherwise might have been saved calls attention anew to a condition which, as the New York World has repeatedly pointed out, has the remedy immediately at hand.

The lighting of railroad trains with gas or oil is a relic of the past and should not be tolerated longer. Efficient and economical electrical appliances for lighting the cars are being used on the finest and fastest railway trains. The explosive gas tank and the deadly oil lamp have been relegated to the scrap heap on many of the up-to-date railroads; and in the interest of the safety of the traveling public electric lighting should become universal. If the railroad companies fail to look after their own best interests and extend the protection, state and national legislation in the end will compel them to do so.



George A. Cronk.

Elks of Park City, Utah, was given the first prize for the best display. Each member was arrayed as a miner, and each had with him a burro laden with all the supplies necessary to a prospector or miner. The "Cotton Pickers" of Greenville, Miss., with black faces and garbed in outlandish rags of a southern plantation negro, cake walking and dancing, and following a float laden with cotton bales, was awarded second prize.

The grand lodge chose Baltimore as the place of meeting for the annual reunion of the grand lodge in 1903. George A. Cronk, Omaha, was elected Grand Exalted Ruler.

**Parisians Excited Over Nothing.**

Paris papers of saffron hue are indulging in serious comment over a "chameleon horse" said to be in the Jardin des Plantes. This horse is reported to have changed his color in a single night. Inquiry at the Jardin des Plantes finally brought forth an official explanation. The authorities explained that this zoological marvel is simply a wild horse, which, like many other animals, loses its hair at certain periods. The horse in question is now changing its coat, which is at present slightly lighter in hue than formerly. So much for the "chameleon horse," and now Parisians expect a sea serpent in the Seine.

**Courtship in China.**

In China persons of rank do not see their future husbands or wives until the marriage ceremony occurs. Minister Wu has related in his inimitable manner how with a little planning and the assistance of a few friends he managed to obtain at a distance of thirty feet a glimpse of the young lady who had been chosen to be his wife. Mrs. Wu, who is a sister of Ho Yow, Chinese Consul General at San Francisco, was unacquainted with English when she arrived in this country, but she has been a diligent student and now speaks our language almost fluently. She is a typical high-caste Chinese beauty and is finely educated.

**Certainly Was Familiar.**

The Rev. Mr. C., who during his vacation was in the habit of writing a number of sermons for the winter's use, came down from the chancel one Sunday after service to speak to one of his vestrymen about some parochial matter, after which he said, "I had an idea while preaching my sermon just now that it sounded very familiar, and I have been rather worried lest I might have preached it already. I trust that you did not have the same impression. Did you ever hear it before?" "Only last Sunday," was the laughing answer.



Chancellor Andrews.

were married men. The lecturer pointed out the fact that most desperadoes are bachelors.

**Where the Llama Is Useful.**

In Bolivia, one of the highest inhabited countries on the globe—La Paz, the capital, being 12,000 feet above the sea level—much use is made of that graceful and invaluable pack animal, the llama, which will travel farther and with even less food than the burro but will not carry more than 150 pounds. The llama is some respects resembles the camel kneeling in camel fashion to receive its load, and it will not arise if more than 150 pounds are placed on its back.

**Pian Great Engineering Feat.**

The Strait of Canso, between Cap Breton and the mainland of Nova Scotia, is to be bridged. The task is an immense one, involving great engineering difficulties, and the outlay of about five million dollars. The bridge will be a cantilever, with a span of 1,800 feet, the longest in the world.