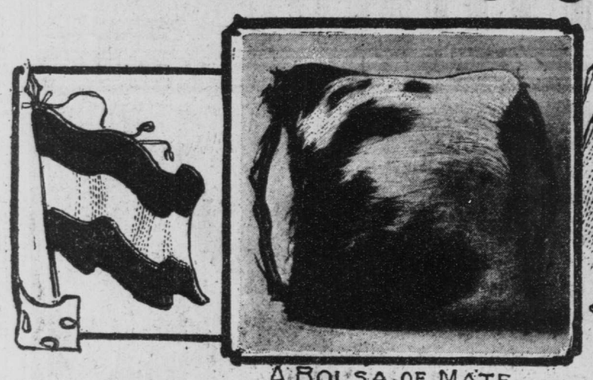
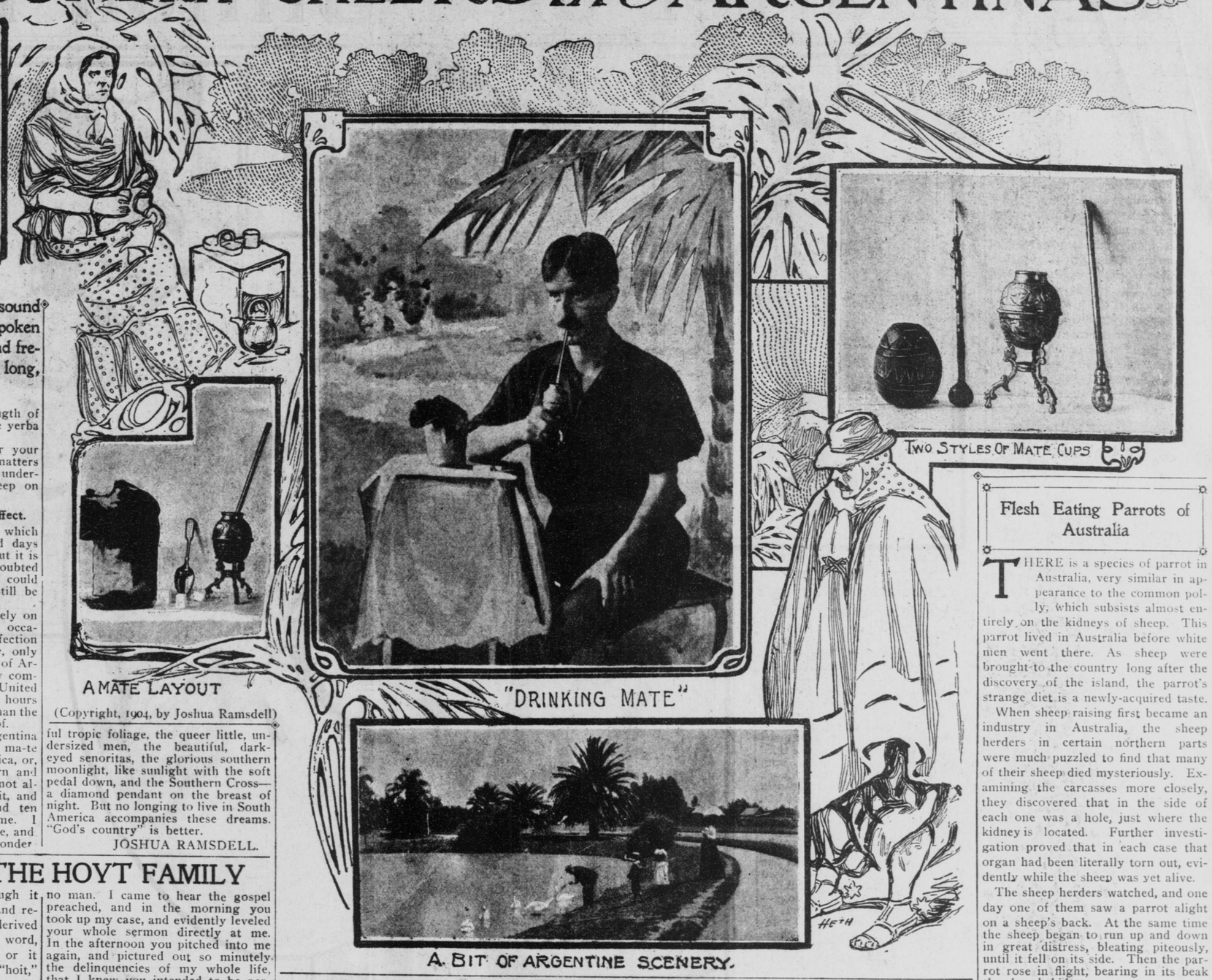
MA-TE *the* CUP *that* CHEERS *the* ARGENTINAS



A BOLSA OF MATE



A MATE LAYOUT

"DRINKING MATE"

TWO STYLES OF MATE CUPS

A BIT OF ARGENTINE SCENERY.

The name of this drink is pronounced Ma-te, with the sound of the "a" in the first syllable broad, as in "ah" spoken short. It is generally printed without the hyphen and frequently wrongly pronounced "Mate," with the "a" long, in one syllable, by North Americans.

AN Argentine soldier, condemned to be shot for striking a superior officer, was told on the morning of his execution that he could have anything he desired to eat or drink. He demanded ma-te.

Any other Argentina in a similar plight would have made the same request. He looks to ma-te for comfort and solace almost from the cradle to the grave. It is largely drunk throughout South America, but in the Argentine Republic it has no rival as the national drink. What tea is to the Japanese, ma-te, otherwise called "Paraguayan tea," is to the Argentinas.

The peon, toiling twelve hours a day for a wage of "veinte-ocho centavos," about 28 cents of our money, sucks his ma-te through a straw or brass bombilla from a gourd cup. The well-to-do merchant uses a silver bombilla and a silver cup, while the member of the Argentine "four hundred" possesses a ma-te service of gold, hand-engraved, handsomely chased and set with costly jewels. These sets are worth many hundreds of dollars, and are highly prized as works of art and curios.

The first thing a man sees in Argentina is ma-te. It is ma-te first, last and all the time there. When the tramp steamer, on which I took passage from New York to Buenos Ayres, steamed lazily up the muddy La Plata River, we were greeted by a Customs officer whose uniform was decorated with enough gold lace to supply a dozen major-generals. He held a gourd in his hand, and was sucking some unknown liquid through a tube. Afterwards I found out he was taking ma-te.

What Mate Is.

Ma-te is called "yerba" until it is brewed. It is the leaf of a shrub closely resembling holly, which flourishes in the semi-marshy places in Paraguay.

The leaves are gathered and carefully cured by the natives, and when perfectly dry are placed in huge wooden mortars and pounded until reduced to a brown, dust-like powder. This is placed in untanned cow hides, with the hair side out, and sewed up with rawhide thongs. Some of these bales, or "bolsas," contain a hundred and fifty pounds of yerba. Smaller packages, some holding about five pounds, are put up from the bulk in the same manner. A retailer buys a bolsa of ma-te, opens one end, puts it under his counter and sells whatever quantity the customer desires. Thousands of these bales of ma-te are piled in the warehouses, and the different colors of the hides which serve as the outer covering make a wonderful color scheme.

A Mate Service.

The ma-te cup is usually a pear-shaped gourd the size of a large coffee cup, with an opening the size of a half-dollar at one end. This gourd is polished and decorated with fanciful designs by the Indian women, and can be bought for five cents. A handsome, bejeweled, chased and engraved cup, made to order from your own design with your coat-of-arms upon it, can be bought for any amount you want to pay in Calle Florida.

The Buenos Ayres bombilla is a hollow tube, a quarter of an inch in diameter and eight inches long, open at one end and formed into a bulb a half inch across at the other. This bulb is perforated with numerous small holes, to act as a sieve for the yerba, and is the straw through which the ma-te is sucked. It is made of reed wound with grass or straw, stained in different colors, or of brass, or silver, or gold, as the owner's taste dictates or his purse allows. An alcohol lamp, a tea kettle, some lump sugar, and last, but not least, the yerba, complete the outfit.

A Pink Tea in the Argentine.

I visited the home of a native Argentine carpenter. He was a thrifty fellow and owned his own home—a queer little house built around a yard, after the Spanish manner, with only one entrance, and that right on the street.

We sat out in the patio, under a huge grapevine, which clung grimly to a stunted sago palm tree. The moonlight made fantastic shadows on the stone floor, as grandmother served the ma-te. This is how to do it:

The bombilla is put in the cup, three heaping spoonfuls of yerba and one or two lumps of sugar are added, and the cup is filled with hot water. It must not be boiling, but just on the point of it, as boiling water scalds the yerba and destroys the flavor. A little napkin is now wrapped around the cup and it is given to you.

You suck the ma-te very slowly and daintily through the straw. When you have exhausted the liquid, you hand the cup back to your hostess, and if you desire more you smile and say "Gracias," and she merely adds more hot water; but if you have had enough you look sad and say "Bastante." The same outfit is then passed to the next guest. All take their refreshment from the same cup. After the strength of the ma-te is gone, a little more yerba and sugar are added.

Conversation never lags, for your Argentina is a born talker. It matters little whether or not you can understand his Spanish; he will keep on talking just the same.

How Mate Tastes, and Its Effect.

It is a pungent, herby drink, which makes you think of childhood days and smartweed and sage tea; but it is refreshing and possessed of undoubted medicinal properties. A man could drink a quart of ma-te, and still be able to sleep at night.

Many of the peons live entirely on bread and ma-te, with a very occasional dish of "pocharo," a confection very much like our Irish stew, only more so. Although the laborer of Argentina suffers in every way by comparison with his brother in the United States, still he works longer hours and endures greater hardships than the American laborer even dreams of.

There is a saying in Argentina that if a foreigner learns to like ma-te he will never leave South America, or, if he does leave, he will return and make his home there. This is not always true. I learned to like it, and even brought a ma-te kit and ten pounds of yerba home with me. I often make it at my own fireside, and between sips, dream of the wonderful tropic foliage, the queer little, undersized men, the beautiful, dark-eyed senoritas, the glorious southern moonlight, like sunlight with the soft pedal down, and the Southern Cross—a diamond pendant on the breast of night. But no longing to live in South America accompanies these dreams. "God's country" is better.

JOSHUA RAMSDELL.

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STORY OF THE HOYT FAMILY

THE name Hoyt, although it has an air of dignity and reserve, is probably derived from an old Saxon word, "heiter," signifying "joyous," or it may come from the word "hoit," meaning to leap, to caper. Hence, the name belongs to that class which had its origin in personal peculiarities.

The word, as a surname, doubtless originated with some man who was noted for his lively spirits, and who excelled in athletic feats—in leaping and wrestling.

The Hoyt family, in general, seem to have inherited something of the physical ability of their progenitor. Many bearing the name have been noted for their strength and feats in running and lifting, as well as for their stature.

It is recorded of one Benjamin Hoyt, who was born in Salisbury, Connecticut, in 1706, that he held up the whole side of a barn, which would otherwise have fallen and crushed a number of persons. Single-handed, he carried into the fort barrels of water, which no other man could lift without assistance; and he could hoe two rows as fast as his neighbor could hoe one. His children were also remarkable for their great strength.

Another Hoyt was noted for his stentorian voice. Standing at the door of his house, he could call workmen from the field across the valley, three-quarters of a mile distant, throwing his voice over fifty acres of intervening woods.

The Hoyts have unlimited license in the orthography of their name. Some of the forms are Hoit, Hoite, Hoitt, Hoyte, Hoytt, Hoyet, Hoyett, Hoyette, Hoyght, Hoight, Hight, Hite, Hyatt, Hayte, Haite, Hayt, Hayts and Haight.

The family makes no claim to descent from the Norman invaders whose names appear on the Battle Abbey Roll, nor did any first settler in this country come over in those ships of historic fame—the Mayflower, the Fortune, the Ann, and the Little James. The family is also unique in another particular, that it has no record of descent from "three emigrant brothers"—a sacred tradition cherished in nearly every American family.

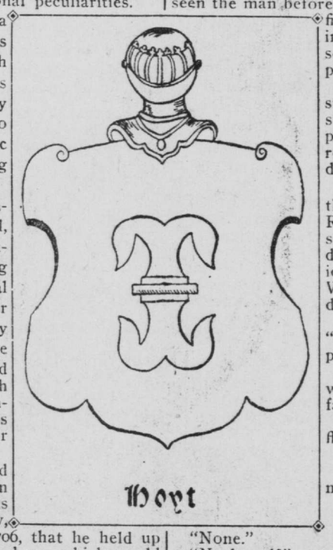
Simon and John Hoyt were the first to arrive here, but it has never been proved that they were brothers.

The family has had its full share of military titles. There have been colonels, captains and minor officers in almost every generation. One of the noted men of his day was General Epaphras Hoyt, of Deerfield, Massachusetts. He was as ready with the pen as with the sword, and was the author of one or two works on military tactics. He devoted his life to perfecting the volunteer military system of the country.

Ard Hoyt was a missionary whose discourses carried conviction, judging from the following anecdote:

After a sermon on human depravity, a gentleman stepped up to him and said: "I can take such insult from no man. I came to hear the gospel preached, and in the morning you took up my case, and evidently leveled your whole sermon directly at me. In the afternoon you pitched into me again, and pictured out so minutely the delinquencies of my whole life, that I knew you intended to be personal. I demand an apology."

Although the minister had never seen the man before, he had some difficulty in convincing him that his sermon was not a personal affront.



The following story illustrates the straits to which a preacher was often reduced in olden days:

One morning, the wife of the Rev. Ard Hoyt said to him: "My dear, our provisions are all gone. What shall we do?"

He answered: "The Lord will provide."

"But what shall we have for breakfast?"

"Is there no flour?"

"None."

"No Indian meal?"

"None."

"No potatoes?"

"None."

"No bread?"

"None, except a few dry crusts."

"Dry crusts! They are far better than we deserve. Let us have them and thank the Lord for His great mercy in giving them to us."

As there was a cow in the family, the crusts were put to soak in some milk and placed on the hearth by the fire, while the family had morning prayers. During worship, a pet dog tumbled into the now scalding milk. Great yelping on the part of the dog followed, and great consternation among the children. They were obliged to go to school without their breakfast, nor had they any dinner. The delinquent congregation, hearing of the straits to which the family were reduced, sent liberal provision before nightfall.

Unfortunately, there is no description accompanying the original engraving of the Hoyt arms, herewith reproduced. It is difficult to give a name to the charge, a device gules on a shield argent. It might be regarded as a form of the millrind, but for the absence of an opening in the center. The helmet is the open helm of the German Empire, and does not indicate the rank.

ELEANOR LEXINGTON.

A Necklace That Surpasses Diamonds.

A necklace quite out of the ordinary is composed of large, semi-translucent rose quartz beads, cut crystal and dull polished, opaque amber beads, separated from each other by sections of chainwork in dark finished gold. To the cultivated eye this necklace is more attractive than one of diamonds.

THE MERRY FROLIC OF KING KALAKAUA

ONE of the ladies-in-waiting to ex-Queen Liliuokalani tells the following story of Hawaiian royalty:

Immediately following the coronation of King Kalakaua, the merry monarch decreed that there should be two weeks of continuous festivities. He especially wanted his coronal procession to outshine anything ever handed down by legend or pen of the Kamehameha coronations; he wanted it to be a gaudy, glittering pageant, and one to be long remembered.

So he called together his unmixed Kanaka court and commanded his people to make preparations for a two weeks' frolic.

The route of the merry making was to extend along the beach to Waialua, some miles from Honolulu. Nor was this all. Kalakaua issued the proclamation that the women were to appear in regulation dress, such as the King's fancy dictated, and that was to be red waists, black peasant blouses, cut away in front to show the red beneath, and black skirts.

His obedient subjects were dismayed, because they could find no red material in the stores of Honolulu, but they were dutiful and did the next best thing. They bought men's ready-made red flannel undershirts as a substitute.

The King was pleased and the spectacular procession started.

The ancient royal robes of "aa" feathers were discarded and the monarch appeared in a short red chemise cut a la Hawaiian mode.

The chemise reached half way to his knees and afforded His Majesty ample range to strike from the shoulders or hit with the feet in the exuberance of his joy.

Kalakaua, his royal staff and subjects, rode on horseback and stopped whenever His Majesty so desired. The famous Hawaiian brass band led the procession and played "Our Very Own Hawaii."

The natives were covered with garlands of flowers, called leis, and sang and danced at the King's pleasure and with the King

The royal cortege stopped to fish, eat and bathe whenever Kalakaua commanded. Only the sovereign had a tent, and the subjects slept upon the earth when night fell.

So passed the merriest fortnight that history has ever recorded for a king. Their luans (feasts) were features of the day, where the King and guests sat cross-legged on the ground and ate from the democratic and generous poi bowl. Then the flower-bedecked natives told stories and played games and introduced the undignified and unkingly game of "Smudge."

This was Kalakaua's favorite amusement and one that was interrupted by an unexpected visit.

Miss West, principal of one of San Francisco's fashionable seminaries, with ten of her girl students, was touring the islands, and hearing of the royal cortege, persuaded her stage driver to overtake them. The tourists came upon an unusual scene and found the party playing Smudge.

She begged for an audience with His Majesty, and to her amazement, the attendant courtesied profoundly before a perspiring native, wearing a red chemise and his hands covered with smut, with which he was energetically dabbing at a swarm of natives around him. It was the King.

As soon as Kalakaua was informed that some American women desired an audience, he looked neither to the right nor left, but made a bee line for his tent, where he remained until the foreigners were out of the neighborhood.

THE KING WHO REFORMED

Years ago His Majesty King Liwanika, monarch of the Marotse, used to throw women and children to the crocodiles in order to amuse his leisure moments. He tied his enemies to the ground over nests of carnivorous ants, and scalded witches to death with boiling water. In fact, he was a South African king of the real, old-fashioned stamp.

To-day Liwanika still rules over his kingdom, which is nearly as large as the German Empire, but he wouldn't hurt a fly. Never did a king reform himself more thoroughly. He can hardly be persuaded to punish a subject even for serious crimes, and he allows himself to be bullied shamefully by his numerous wives.

This transformation in Liwanika's character was effected by a French missionary named Coillard, who gained great influence over him. Coillard completely reorganized the government of Marotseland on a humane and semi-civilized basis, and he induced Liwanika to negotiate a treaty of alliance with Great Britain; yet, curiously enough, he was never able to persuade Liwanika to become a Christian.

A few years ago Liwanika paid a visit to England and cut a big figure in London society, immaculately dressed in clothes of the latest style and cut. The Government made much of him, and many of the missionary societies invited him to speak at their meetings. But he only spoke once.

In that speech he referred to past and present conditions in his country in a spirit of wistful regret. The morals of his people had deteriorated, he declared, since he ceased the salutary practice of throwing them to the crocodiles. The population was decreasing because the missionaries, in spite of his influence and personal example, were succeeding in stamping out polygamy.

The other missionary societies cancelled their engagements with Liwanika, and he was never asked to speak again.

Flesh Eating Parrots of Australia

THERE is a species of parrot in Australia, very similar in appearance to the common polly, which subsists almost entirely on the kidneys of sheep. This parrot lived in Australia before white men went there. As sheep were brought to the country long after the discovery of the island, the parrot's strange diet is a newly-acquired taste.

When sheep raising first became an industry in Australia, the sheep herders in certain northern parts were much puzzled to find that many of their sheep died mysteriously. Examining the carcasses more closely, they discovered that in the side of each one was a hole, just where the kidney is located. Further investigation proved that in each case that organ had been literally torn out, evidently while the sheep was yet alive.

The sheep herders watched, and one day one of them saw a parrot alight on a sheep's back. At the same time the sheep began to run up and down in great distress, bleating piteously, until it fell on its side. Then the parrot rose in flight, bearing in its beak the sheep's kidney.

The news of this strange incident soon reached the scientific world, and several naturalists went to Australia to study the phenomenon. It puzzled them that the parrots should have acquired a taste for a food which was manifestly new to them.

Investigation proved that the parrots had previously lived on certain herbs in the fields. These herbs the sheep found a pleasing diet, to the cost of the parrots. At first the parrots were threatened with starvation, until, in desperation, they attacked the carcasses of dead sheep lying about in the pasturages. They soon learned that the daintiest parts were the kidney. A year's sheep plague supplied them with an abundance of dead sheep for food, and then they choose only the kidneys, leaving the rest.

Then the plague passed, and dead sheep became scarce. But the parrots saw no reason why a live sheep was not as good as a dead one, and they attacked them boldly.

Thus, by an encroachment on their means of subsistence, birds that were once herbivorous have become carnivorous. According to scientists, this will eventually cause a change in their physical appearance, their claws and beaks will become bigger and their feathers disappear.

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