

PASSENGER ELEVATORS.

RESULT OF A TRIP THROUGH THE UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE.

Writer Wellman Thinks You May Judge of a People by their Elevators, or "Lifts," as the English Delects to Denominate them—American Elevators in the Lead.

Washington, Aug. 22.—On the top floor of the United States patent office I came upon a large glass case filled with models of passenger elevators. I thought at once of the entertaining accounts of the English and European elevator or "lift" which Murrat Halstead has been writing. At a glance one would say some of the elevators in this case presented the plans on which the foreign "lifts" were built—clean, complicated, heavy, but strong and safe. Somehow or other the thought naturally follows that you can tell a people by their elevators. The elevator has become such an important feature of our civilization that it partakes of the characteristics of the people who make and use it. The elevator goes to a city or country, the inhabitants can be pretty well judged by the manner in which they carry you ver-

modern architecture and added millions upon millions of dollars to the value of cities. It is the elevator which makes it possible for the owner of a valuable piece of ground to rent ten floors to better advantage than he could formerly rent four. It is the elevator that has made it possible to build the great hives of humanity, a thousand workers under one roof, now so commonly seen. The elevator has even invaded the private house, and a number of patents have been taken out within the last year on machines particularly designed for use in residences. In New York there are a hundred houses with elevators, and many in Chicago, Boston and other cities. In the residence of Cyrus W. Field there are two "lifts," both of them beautiful pieces of machinery, and ornamental and attractive as furniture. It is now the popular thing to have a residence elevator, with carved woods in the car, rich upholstery and nickel plated cylinders. Even the White House has an elevator, though a very little one, just large enough for two persons to sit upon in, and not two if they are both as fat as President Cleveland was. Mr. Cleveland, by the way, is the last man that used this elevator, as it has not been kept in running order since he left the White House. There is not much use for it at best. It was put in for the accommodation of Gratian Garfield, who was too infirm to walk upstairs, and then the assassin Gaitan came along and spoiled Grandma's proposed visit to her son. The elevator has been an unlucky one from the start. Two White House employes have been hurt by it, and one nearly lost his life.

This case of models in the patent office, and the hundreds of inventions for which no money was furnished, are strongly suggestive of the ingenuity, the resources of man. The experts tell us all elevator machinery is very simple, and yet here are nearly eight hundred patents on elevators and parts thereof. Some of them do not appear to be very simple, either.

The elevator is a growth of the last twenty years, and therefore nearly everything about it is still protected by patent. This explains why elevators cost from one thousand to two thousand dollars. In the residence of Cyrus W. Field there are two "lifts," both of them beautiful pieces of machinery, and ornamental and attractive as furniture. It is now the popular thing to have a residence elevator, with carved woods in the car, rich upholstery and nickel plated cylinders. Even the White House has an elevator, though a very little one, just large enough for two persons to sit upon in, and not two if they are both as fat as President Cleveland was. Mr. Cleveland, by the way, is the last man that used this elevator, as it has not been kept in running order since he left the White House. There is not much use for it at best. It was put in for the accommodation of Gratian Garfield, who was too infirm to walk upstairs, and then the assassin Gaitan came along and spoiled Grandma's proposed visit to her son. The elevator has been an unlucky one from the start. Two White House employes have been hurt by it, and one nearly lost his life.

It is a very odd fact, pointed out to me on excellent authority, that the elevator has really had its greatest development in the west. The irrepressible man of statistics comes to our aid with the figures to show that Chicago uses a greater number of elevators than New York, and St. Paul and Minneapolis together a greater number than Philadelphia or Boston. This can be easily explained. It is not that the people of the east are more fond of walking up stairs than their friends of the west, but that the cities of the latter group had their growth chiefly after the elevator had assumed its present importance as a labor and time saver. New buildings in the west—and these western cities are largely composed of new buildings—are arranged for one or more elevators just as they are provided with roofs and drainage. No longer is the elevator looked upon as a luxury—it is a necessity, and no one who builds a great number of structures in the older cities were built, and these ancient houses wait and wait in vain for the day when the proprietors will see it to their advantage to tear them down and replace them with modern structures, elevators and all.

The fastest elevator in the world is the Chicago elevator. This is conceded by all authorities, and nobody denies that it is in keeping with the characteristics of the place. Chicago is a rapid town. The elevator expert of the patent office says the average speed of Chicago "lifts" is about 400 feet per minute, nearly all of the elevators in the large blocks running 500 feet or more per minute. In the great office buildings of that city there is no little rivalry in elevator speed, each new builder trying to outdo those who have preceded him. To people from the country it is a somewhat novel experience to be shot up to the roof of a tall building, past floor after floor in such rapid succession as to make one almost dizzy. At the coming down is a more unpleasant thing, going up for the sudden stops jar and shake many passengers into something akin to vertigo. Thousands of Chicago people will not ride on the rapid running elevators, and in one large office building of that city, where there are six elevators, two of them are run at a slow speed for the especial accommodation of passengers with weak nerves or susceptible stomachs. On the wire network which surrounds most elevators I remember having seen in a Chicago building a placard, telling people who were afraid of rapid traveling to take the stairs. It is needless to say, however, that the average Chicagoan likes his elevators, as everybody else, about as fast as it is possible for it to go.

The other extreme is reached in the city of Washington, where there are very few elevators except those in the government buildings. Nearly all of these are as slow as snails. They creep lazily up and down, the doors are opened in a leisurely way by the attendants and nobody seems to be in a hurry. This is in striking contrast to the methods used in western cities, where doors are opened and closed with a snap and a bang irritating to the nerves of timid passengers. In the government offices the elevators are large, roomy concerns, two or three times as large as those of the attendants and nobody seems to be in a hurry. This is in striking contrast to the methods used in western cities, where doors are opened and closed with a snap and a bang irritating to the nerves of timid passengers. In the government offices the elevators are large, roomy concerns, two or three times as large as those of the attendants and nobody seems to be in a hurry. This is in striking contrast to the methods used in western cities, where doors are opened and closed with a snap and a bang irritating to the nerves of timid passengers.

New York and Philadelphia strike a happy medium between Chicago and Washington. Their elevators are run neither at breakneck speed nor at so slow a pace as to try one's patience. In New York it is said there are now about 3,500 elevators, and in Chicago nearly 4,000. Of the "lifts" in New York more than 125 run to exceed 100 feet, the longest distance traveled being to the tower of the Produce Exchange—235 feet. In Chicago the tallest shaft in which an elevator runs is that leading to the tower of the new Auditorium building—about 250 feet. The highest elevator in the country is in the Washington monument, and that runs 500 feet. It travels at a rate of a little less than a hundred feet a minute, which is just about the speed an active boy or man can make running down the stairway.

The elevator has fairly revolutionized

man too his name and rank. Nicholas stated slightly, as if the name was familiar to him, and then he said coldly: "Follow me!" So saying he led the young subaltern (who followed with as firm a step as if he were going to a court ball instead of to apparently certain death) away from the main front of the palace through a narrow passage, and was winding round into a small room which seemed to have no furniture beyond a chair, a writing table and a lamp suspended above it. The czar seated himself, and, looking keenly at the young Russian, said, in the deepest tones of his commanding voice: "Now, what have you to say?" "Nothing," answered the guardsman, with the reckless courage of despair. "I might say indeed—and truly—that I knew not who your imperial highness was, but I will not plead even that excuse. My life is in your majesty's hands—do with it as you will!" Their eyes met, and for a moment the two men gazed fixedly at each other in silence. Then the czar turned round to the table and began to write.

Was it a death sentence that was being written so quickly and coolly? Suddenly Nicholas rose and handed him a sealed letter, addressed to the viceroy of the Caucasus. "Take this letter," said he, "and stop not by day or night till you deliver it." The young officer bowed, and departed without a word upon a journey of several thousand miles, which might very possibly have a violent and shameful death at the end of it.

Meanwhile Nicholas went back to the ball room, with the very ghost of a smile playing over his marble features, like moonlight upon a statue. He thought that he had merely got rid of a presumption, and was doubtless well pleased to have done so. What he had really done (though he himself never knew it) was to decide the event of a mighty war and to open a new chapter in the history of Russia.

Twenty years had passed since that night, and all St. Petersburg was in a fever of joy and triumph. The long war with the Cossack and the mountain tribes of the Caucasus was ended at last, and the terrible mountain chief, Schamyl, the life and soul of that desperate struggle, was entering the Russian capital as a prisoner, side by side with his conqueror, the great Prince Bariatinski. And Prince Bariatinski was no other than the grand duchess' former lover, the young officer of the Imperial guard.

Many changes had occurred since he left St. Petersburg on that memorable night, expecting to see it no more. The czar Nicholas had died by his own hand, with his iron heart broken by the disasters of the Crimean war. His daughter was far away, reigning over a loveless home and a crumbling kingdom; while her lover, the unknown subaltern of the guard, was now governor general of all southeastern Russia, knight of the Order of St. Alexander Nevski, and, for the moment at least, the most famous man in the whole Russian empire.

"Ha, Eagle!" cried a familiar voice in French, calling him by his regimental nickname, "how goes it, old comrade? We never could find out why Nikolai Pavlovitch (Nicholas) the son of Peter went there to the Caucasus in such a hurry; but, anyhow, it was the luckiest event of his life!" "So it seems now," answered Prince Bariatinski, with a momentary cloud upon his handsome face; "but I can tell thee that at the time I thought otherwise."

And probably the grand duchess had thought otherwise, too; for although she and Bariatinski never met more, it was whispered that she never wholly forgot the handsome young officer who had been so strangely taken out of it.

ALL RUSSIA IS BLAZING. KENNAN'S LETTERS TO THE CENTURY HAVE BORNE FRUIT. The Government Has Sent a "Commission" to Siberia to Investigate the Charges of Cruel Treatment of Exiles. A Sample of its Work. [Special Correspondence.] New York, Aug. 22.—George Kennan's articles on "Exile Life in Siberia," published in this Century Magazine, have proved of such importance as to arouse the interest of the whole civilized world. They have not only penetrated even into the Siberian wilds, and convicted in their bitter praise and blame his work in their behalf. As the result of Mr. Kennan's revelations all eyes are turned toward Russia, awaiting her action in a matter of such vital importance to millions of her subjects. That some forward movement must be made the Russian government well understands. Consequently a committee of investigation has been formed at St. Petersburg to make a tour of the Siberian provinces and report on the condition of the exiles.

G. Nienshaff writes a long letter to Free Russia, published in Geneva, Switzerland, and from his letter I have translated the following extracts: "The government, as announced in the Russian papers, sent a commission consisting of Gen. Rousinoff, De Harvier and staff to investigate the condition of the prisoners. The revelations of our terrible sufferings, made by the great American writer, George Kennan, have been the means of bringing the question up for imperial consideration. The Russian government accused Mr. Kennan of having betrayed its confidence, but we poor exiles held him for it if he has. We, the convicts of the city of Tomsk, had been advised ten days previously of the coming of these high officials. We consulted among ourselves and decided on what basis our complaints should be formulated and presented to the commission. The day of the arrival of the Petersburg officials the chief of police announced to us that his excellency Gen. Rousinoff would receive criminals and hear their complaints after 12 o'clock the next day at the Hotel Europe. 'All will have to visit him; those who wish to see him and those who do not will be conducted there or forward,' he said (as was the case with some of our colleagues). I was not among the first lot to enter the general's room the following day, but remained standing in the hall for some time, thus having an opportunity to study the faces of the poor fellows as they emerged from the general's presence. Their first act on coming out was to spit on the floor, their faces at the same assuming a sarcastic smile. We who were waiting understood the indications, and that our most moderate ideas of amelioration would have to be abandoned. Alas! all our bright expectations were scattered to the winds, our petitions had been in vain; there was no hope of a better condition for us. 'No,' X., and Z., please come to my excellency," shouted the gendarmer. We stepped forward and were conducted to his room. On entering we saw a man still young, with a very bald head and sharp gray eyes, dressed in some strange costume. This was Gen. Rousinoff, the same who offered his services to hang Serebri Perovski when the govern-

ment had sent him to the Caucasus. Without further ceremony, we were obliged to take our departure. On leaving the general said: "Very well, my wall, good-by; and with you, Mr. X., I will speak some other time, we shall see you again, if not at present then on my return, and I shall not bid you good-by, but au revoir!" We afterward ascertained that the general parted with every man in much the same manner. The result of the investigation made by this commission was that the Siberian Gazette, for giving employment to exiles, has been prohibited. An exile employed in the statistical bureau was discharged. The candy manufactory of A. M. Rousinoff was closed, and we were all finally sent from Tomsk. Even those whose terms had expired were sent with the rest. This is a sample of Russian justice. It was by such means as just mentioned that Gen. Rousinoff bettered our condition.

It is possible that these remarks about Rousinoff, if they reach the eyes of the Petersburg authorities, will in their estimation enhance the value, and will give an opportunity to hang more of the plus Perovski and realize his dream of the highest destiny of man. But let the world understand that there is little difference between the hangman Fradoff and Gen. Rousinoff, and what difference exists is certainly in favor of the former. COUNT A. NORRIKOFF.

When one of our number asked the general how many times he had visited the fortress, and when he replied only once in January, we were asked how it was possible to raise vegetables and take the baths in winter, and the general became confused, and said it must have been summer when he was there. Schamyl is the worst of all Russian prisoners.

THE BIG SHIP TEUTONIC. SPEEDY, THOUGH BEATEN BY THE CITY OF NEW YORK. She is the Longest Vessel of Any Kind Now Afloat, and Here is a Description of Her Race with the New York, Together with a Cut from a Sketch. To the modern school boy who studies geography the Atlantic ocean is getting to be "that body of water lying between Europe and America upon which ocean greyhounds race. There is to be no international yacht race this year, and the lover of salt water sports permits his interest to be absorbed in the records of the races between the leviathans that swim between England and America. The big race of the season has just taken place between the Teutonic, of the White Star, and the City of New York, of the Inman line.

The Teutonic had just been inspected by the emperor of Germany, and, fresh from the fluttering flags and salutes of a naval parade, started fifteen minutes after her rival from the harbor of Queens-town. The City of New York was also in trim shape, having been a month in the hands of those who gave her a thorough overhauling. It was about 2 p. m. when the City of New York got away. She lounged lazily along, waiting for her antagonist to get a good view. The ship of German make came up and steamed ahead of the New York, and, taking advantage of her headway, ran directly across the bows of her antagonist. The decks of the two vessels were crowded with interested spectators.

When the captain of the New York saw his rival showing her heels in such unbecoming manner he called for more steam. The Teutonic got her full headway, and as the hours slipped by it became apparent that the ship ahead was not gaining so much as she had been. After awhile those who were watching began to see that the New York was slowly gaining on the Teutonic and that the latter was slowly dropping astern. After awhile she passed out of sight in the mist.

But the City of New York, after three days rushing her engines, was obliged to slow down on account of heated journals. One engine was stopped altogether and the other run at half speed. This occurred at night, and the next morning passengers coming on deck and seeing officers looking anxiously astern, began to look themselves in the same direction.

The general spoke at length about permitting too much learning in Russia. There were too many universities throughout the country, he said; he also spoke strongly against the project of a university at Tomsk, and tried to impress on our minds that we exiles should not desire such an institution, for on its establishment we would all be sent to another part of the country to prevent the influence of state criminals from affecting student life. "If on investigation it could be proven that any of us were connected with any of the circle of the Tomsk gymnasium, you would be immediately transported to the Yakutsk colonies (hunnets), you will be punished severely, no mercy will be shown you, and you will be left entirely destitute."

Your excellency," said one of our number, "I should my wife and my children be made to suffer for others' transgressions, simply because one of the exiles had made the acquaintance of one of the students' circle?" "In Yakutsk," shouted the general in rage, "you will be yet more severely punished for the bad influence you exerted over our youth, the future hope of Russia, and you have your friends to thank for all!" Then he heard each one explain his grievance. Referring to the law and his secret instructions, he threw an immense amount of pathos into his tones as he advised us, as the best and shortest means to a solution of our troubles, to "petition the all merciful great White Czar, of whose mercy and goodness you have no conception, when the greatest contrition for causing him trouble, and you will be pardoned by him."

"After fourteen years of life in prison, in mines and in exile, such an act is beneath human dignity," our friend X. replied. "What! appeal for mercy after such unjust treatment? We became anxious for the fate of our friend who could show no clemency in the general's presence."

"Below your dignity to petition to the czar?" cried the general. The general rose, and so did X. "What shall I do? Why, I was kept four years in prison before I was brought to trial, and then when sentenced to the mines I was taken to the Petropavlovski fortress, where I was kept in solitary confinement, and even here I was kept in prison two years after my term had expired. This in addition to my severe sentence," said X., calmly but with determination.

"Ah! ah!" shouted Gen. Rousinoff, advancing toward X. "This is very interesting to me; very interesting, indeed, to listen to such language." Mr. X. next complained that the chief of police, Nekrassoff, suspecting him of the authorship of the letters accusing him of stealing the golden sash, intended sending him far away from Tomsk. He had purchased the instruments for his ship on borrowed money, and if the chief of police carried out his intentions, his creditor would be a loser to the extent of 1,000 rubles.

I next appealed with my grievances. "For six months I have been unable to obtain a passport to which I am justly entitled by law," I began. But at this juncture a gendarmer appeared on the scene and announced the criminals Golybief, Obdzinski and Roubieff, who

form that office. From that time Rousinoff was a man of straw. "Your names," said the general, looking over our heads. We introduced ourselves. He replied: "I know, I know. Being secretary on state criminal proceedings I know all about you without ever having seen you. I am going to one of us he said: 'You, if I mistake not, were on trial at St. Petersburg in 1883.'"

"No, sir, I was one of the nineteen in the Odessa trial." "Oh! yes, that is true." Pointing to another the general said: "You were one of the twenty-one on trial at Petersburg." "No, sir, I am an administrative exile."

"Yes! yes! I confounded you with Ivanoff. Take a seat, gentlemen," the general said as he pointed to a chair. He drew his own chair before a round table covered with books and papers. "I, as you know," continued the general, "as you know, the position of the political exiles living here, and to better their condition as much as possible within the jurisdiction of the law. I have been told you have considerable difficulty in obtaining work. This is not the wish of the government in sending you here; on the contrary, as you please, we are also willing to assist you in finding employment. One thing, you are positively forbidden to teach; you must not even think of such a thing. We are under moral obligations to protect our youth from bad influences—and your past, gentlemen—and the general made a graceful movement of his hand towards the door.

"I practice as a feldsher?" (assistant-doctor), asked one of our number, a medical student holding a diploma as feldsher. The general replied: "But you are deprived of all rights. I cannot take the court to restore you." I then spoke: "But I, as administrative exile, am not deprived of my rights. I would like to take up literary work, as a correspondent for the papers. Can I communicate with editors independent of police interference? I had been a writer previous to my exile."

"What is the use?" he replied. "Can you not get something else to do? What pleasure can you find in writing damaging articles against the government? Nobody reads them, and you know as much as I know that it is utterly false and untrue." I at last asked the general if he would permit me to serve as a clerk in the court of investigation. "You, sir?" he replied; "it is not a proper position to allow an exile to occupy. There may at times be secret investigations to make, even as to political character. You must admit that state criminals cannot occupy such responsible positions."

Weary and heart sick, we were on every hand met with the same old story. "We do not wish," continued the general, "to have you think we wish to persecute you because you are exiles. Another thing to be considered: when you have employment we are not forced to give you monthly rations. I would like to know every detail of your life in Siberia; how you live, how you pass your time, with whom you are acquainted—in fact, everything you do, so as to enable us to help you. For this purpose we have come to Siberia, and intend traveling all over the country, to study your life here, and compare it with the life of the inmates of Schlusselburg fortress, near St. Petersburg. I visited that prison a short time ago. It is every respect a model institution, and no better can be found in Europe. There they enjoy regular family life; and the commandant is kind and fatherly. Just think, each prisoner has his own little garden, where he raises vegetables, even flowers. On the occasion of my visit they presented me with bouquets from their gardens. Can you find anything of the kind in western Europe? Not even in France, with her stupid and nonsensical government. You must acknowledge, gentlemen, that nowhere in Europe are political prisoners cared for and nursed like children as in Russia."

The general spoke at length about permitting too much learning in Russia. There were too many universities throughout the country, he said; he also spoke strongly against the project of a university at Tomsk, and tried to impress on our minds that we exiles should not desire such an institution, for on its establishment we would all be sent to another part of the country to prevent the influence of state criminals from affecting student life. "If on investigation it could be proven that any of us were connected with any of the circle of the Tomsk gymnasium, you would be immediately transported to the Yakutsk colonies (hunnets), you will be punished severely, no mercy will be shown you, and you will be left entirely destitute."

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RELICS FROM OLD ATHENS.

THEY HAVE DISCOVERED MANY INTERESTING THINGS THERE.

Archaeologists Have Found the Work of Sculptors Who Lived Hundreds of Years Before the Era of Christianity. They Were Brightly Painted.

A great interest has sprung up throughout the United States in Greek antiquities because of the lectures recently delivered by Professor Mahaffy, of Trinity college, Dublin, at Chautauqua, who has only recently returned from Greece. This, perhaps, will render timely the following condensation of a long article that recently appeared in The Manchester (Eng.) Guardian regarding the excavation by the Greeks themselves of the Acropolis of Athens, which has long been finished after seven years of slow but continuous progress. This is considered to be the most important work done in Greece lately.

The platform of the Acropolis proves to be artificial. Originally the Acropolis was a conical hill, and the amount of earth and rubbish that was put there to broaden and level the top must have been enormous. Many statues and valuable relics were unearthed during the excavation, and although some of these have thrown little light on any obscure period of Grecian history, they have been of much importance in art. Nearly the whole surface of the hill has been dug down to the rock, so deep as twenty feet and more in some places. Thus walls and foundations are brought to view in the innumerable architectural fragments, drums of columns, capitals and moldings, cornices and reliefs that are scattered over the rebuilt surface of the table head on which the original Athens stood, and, lastly, in the wonderful archaic sculptures in the new museum which has been erected for their reception.

The earliest temple of Athena is the most interesting site recently uncovered. An interesting discovery is the partial recovery of the actual sculptures of the principal pediment of this earliest Parthenon. The style of the work belongs to the last decades of the sixth century B. C. In this temple in later days was found the special shrine of Athena Polias, the city guardian. It contained the olive wood image to which every four years the solemn procession of the citizen made its way, bearing on the mast of its galley car the festival mantle, or peplos, the goddess' birthday gift.

The archaic figures are perhaps the most wonderful series of objects brought to light. Many of these were found under the Acropolis but built immediately after the Persian invasion of 480 B. C. They are divided into ten principal classes—the early groups wrought in porous stone and routine figures in marble. Three of the pediment structures relate to the combats of Heracles. The subject is a three-headed monster with winged but otherwise human bodies, ending in the triple coils of serpents which taper off to fill the gable end. The heads have pointed beards, curling slightly under the chin of a brilliant blue color; the hair is also blue, the bodies red, the snake coils bluish alternately with red and blue.

The monster represents an ungodly Typhon whose lower extremities were composed of serpents, and whose triple body is described by Euripides. He holds in one hand a flat object, the significance of which is uncertain, and is apparently engaged in watching the struggles between Heracles and the Triton.

A number of archaic female statues clad in mantles and tunics are the most characteristic of the votive single figures. The most naively simple of these, with her woolen tunic and peaked red shoes, looks just like a peasant woman; her shoes are very like those of the Greek country people of today. The first figures discovered resemble those of an ancient island school of which Chios was a principal center.

These archaic statues have one and all a monotonous, meaningless smile, and the large staring eyes which, as seen in the primitive images of Athena, gave her the epithet of the "owl eyed." The eyes, indeed, play a very important part in these early figures, supplying, as has been demonstrated by a series of observations, the canon of measurement for the whole face. The breadth of the mouth, the length of the nose, the position of the chin and brows are in fact determined by multiples of the diameter of the pupil; the outline of which—as is still to be seen in the old head of Hera at Olympia, which shows a central point and scratched outer circle) was first traced with a compass. The whole construction of the face is thus mathematical.

A group consisting of two lions tearing down a bull is a recent find. This group is in high relief, sculptured on several tufa blocks set side by side; it is of great power, and the effect is increased by the brilliant coloring. The later of the archaic figures found show a great advance on these more primitive methods. As illustrations of art history they are of much importance, as they afford us a series of examples of the early Attic school of sculpture of the decades that preceded the Persian invasion. Before these statues were discovered the real character of this art was a matter of conjecture, and it was only to be gathered from a few isolated examples. But now it is revealed to us in a whole series of works of infinite delicacy and refinement. It is very interesting to note the stiff archaic style melting under the bright and genial influence of the Attic sky. The tresses of the hair—more icicles before—fall gracefully about the shoulders; warmth and life begin to be infused into the con-

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tors of the body; the drapery hangs in more elegant folds; individual expression now peeps forth in the face; the eyes are less staring and obliquely set; the chin is finer cut; the curve of the exquisitely modeled mouth dissolves in graceful simplicity, suggestive of that "holy and speaking smile" which was the distinguishing charm of this ripe archaic art.



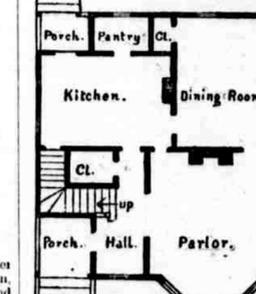
FIG. 3. A columnar base was found containing a fragment of a dedicatory inscription recording the fact that the statue which it had originally supported was the work of the sculptor Antenor. On the top of this base was a socket, showing that it was intended to receive the two feet of a statue. The figure is that of a woman holding up the corner of her mantle, like early Etruscan figures of Hope, although she seems to have held in her right hand a fruit rather than a flower. The folds of the falling drapery are curiously undercut, being hollowed out two or three inches, around the edge of the peplos runs a rich Ionic border of star flowers, with their petals alternately painted red and green. The chiton or tunic below is of a reddish purple hue; the hair, as in most of these votive figures, has been painted of a darker material. The eyelashes are of metal.

Brilliance of color seems to be most remarkable point in all the figures, of which they still show evident traces. As a rule, the faces themselves and the broader surfaces of the drapery appear to have been left in plain white marble. Such ancient conventions as gave crimson hue to the hair are most repulsive to modern notions, and yet, taking the figures as a whole, notwithstanding their original brilliance, no signs of barbarous or tawdry coloring are seen. The experience obtained from these Acropolis statues is unfortunately itself of a most transient nature. The colors, which are so fresh and brilliant when first brought into the light, fade almost before the eyes of the spectator.

AN \$1,800 HOUSE. Plans of a Handsome Frame Two Story Frame Two Story and Attic Dwelling.—Stone foundation. (Attic unfinished.) Parlor and hall finished in hard wood; inside



VIEW. Blinds, oil finish. Height of stories: First story, 10 feet; second, 9 feet 6 inches. Parlor, 6 feet 6 inches. First story contains hall, 6x14, with wardrobe off; parlor, 12x15 (with



GROUND FLOOR. fireplace; dining room, 11x15; kitchen, 10x10; parlor, 6 feet 6 inches x 6 feet 6 inches. Large china cabinet. Second story contains four large chambers, large sitting hall, bathroom and closets.



Estimated cost of building, \$1,800.—Architectural Homes, published by National Building Plan Association, Detroit, Mich. Retirement of Gibbs. George M. Gibbs, the famous one mile amateur runner of the Toronto Athletic club, has retired permanently from the path. His best record is 4m. 27.3s., made at the A. A. U. championship games at Detroit last September. In this race he defeated T. P. Connel, the star distance man of this country. Connel, however, turned the tables two weeks later at the Canadian championship games, held at Montreal, and there was then the pleasing spectacle of seeing the amateur champion one mile runner of America a Canadian, and the same time for Canada an American. It would be hard to say when both men were fit which would be the better at this distance, but if any odds were given they would be slightly in favor of Connel.—New York Sun. Nothing Known. We see by the papers that the "Congress of Hypnotism" is now in session in Paris. Hypnotism—that is a peculiar kind of sleep; deep and profound. We have that kind of a congress in this country, but it won't meet until next winter, unless the president call an extraordinary session.—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle. George Littlewood's Retirement. George Littlewood, the champion six day game-theft pedestrian, has permanently retired from the track on account of an attack of muscular rheumatism. This has encouraged Herty to challenge Alberto to a race for the world's championship.