

HAVANA

AND ITS PEOPLE.

A City of Pleasure Lovers, Who Attend Bull Fights With Half a Million Dead or Missing and Dance and Gamble in the Face of Death.

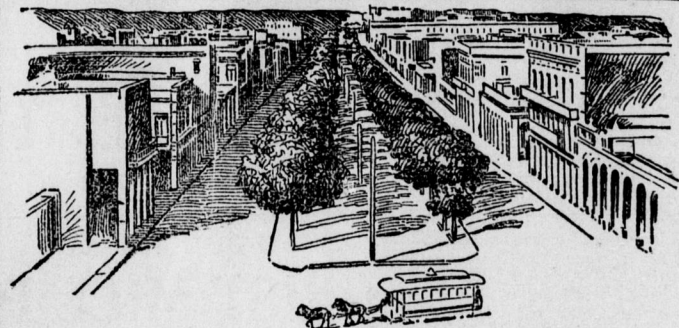
No city in the world is just now so much in the American eye as Havana, in whose harbor our noble battle ship was blown up, says the New York Herald. Here is a vivid picture of life in the Cuban capital as it is today:

"This sport is purely Spanish. We Cubans do not enjoy it, and who knows that before long it may be prohibited by an act of Congress?" The speaker was a handsome man, with a strong, thoughtful face, as he looked down into the bull ring in Havana several Sundays ago. Mazzitini, Spain's great toreador, had just brought a magnificent Mexican bull to his knees by a quick, daring thrust. The thousands of spectators who lined the amphitheatre, tier upon tier, were applauding frantically. Hats were being shied into the ring with reckless generosity, only to be disdainfully thrown back to the seats and scrambled for by the owners.

It was not such a crowd as one sees in Madrid or Seville. As the speaker I have just quoted remarked, bull-fighting, or bull butchering, is not a Cuban sport; it is essentially Spanish. Cubans love baseball. They do not play it now, because, silly as it may seem, Weyler forbade the game. This only makes them love it all the more.

All through the eager, excited crowd on that Sunday afternoon sat sad eyed boys in the uniform of Spain, with their Mauser rifles over their knees. Next to the President's box lolled

plantations are burned and devastated; the tramp of armed men and the rattle of gun carriages awaken all from morning slumbers; food is scarce and becoming scarcer; the bare necessities of life are dear and becoming dearer; yet the music and the dance go on. There is money to gamble at the clubs and pennies for the poor to risk in lottery schemes. Spain has spent £56,000,000 to put down the rebellion; yet the National pastime—the bull fight—goes on every Sunday as if there were no hungry, fiercely determined men in the hills. In fact, people are tired talking war; in society



THE PRADO—PRINCIPAL STREET IN HAVANA.

they talk of something else unless some novel incident occurs. Widows and mothers seem to have drained their drogs of sorrow and go about sad eyed, but composed, as if their grief were too deep for tears.

What is left of Cuban society wraps itself in exclusiveness and awaits its time. The wealthy land owners at the beginning of the war sought refuge in Europe or the United States. Most of them had no thought of reduced incomes. Then came burned fields and impoverished tenants; edicts of the government forbidding the foreclosure of mortgages, but always taxes more and more. Incomes were reduced, many stopped. In order to protect what they had, many once rich returned to Havana with scarcely enough to buy the coarser necessities of life. But it is still an exclusive aristocracy. There is no doubt about where the native Cuban aristocracy stands in this war. They were never frugal people. On the contrary, the men spent money like drunken sailors. Nor were they good business men. The commercial control of the island passed away from them years ago, and the American, Spaniard, Englishman and German became their masters. Several scions of the old regime were comparing notes on old times one evening in my hearing.

"Why," said one, "we sometimes came into Havana with big wagons and drove out to the plantations a whole band of music. We would then invite hundreds of our kinsmen and friends, and keep up a jollification for two, three, and sometimes four weeks."

The best troops in the Spanish service do not belong to the line, but to that admirable corps of military police known as the Orden Publico. This is a corps d'elite, composed of young soldiers, Spaniards to a man, all of whom have been selected from the regular army on account of their superior intelligence and physical qualities. They perform regular police patrol duty and do it with a degree of dignity and courtesy that might well serve as a model for department for the Greater New York police force. Their uniform is distinctively military, consisting of a dark blue tunic faced with red, wide blue trousers with red stripes, and a jaunty cap, something after the fashion of the French fatigue cap, until recently worn in our army. Ordinarily they are armed with a huge revolver, worn on the left side in a buff leather sheath, and a short,

half a dozen officers high in command. It had been rumored in Havana that there was to be another popular outcry against autonomy, and the sad eyed boy soldiers were there with their Mauser rifles to see to it that the dignity of the latest Spanish experiment for holding the island was not insulted.

The last bull is butchered and the crowd files peacefully out of the ring and starts on a trot for the ferryboat that runs across the bay. There was no outcry, and Havana's narrow streets swallowed up its bull fighting population only to disgorge it on the promenades of the Central Park when the lights are lit and the military band plays inspiring martial airs. Around and around the park the crowds stroll, smoking strong cigarettes or occasionally breaking ranks to eat ice cream at one of the numerous cafes.

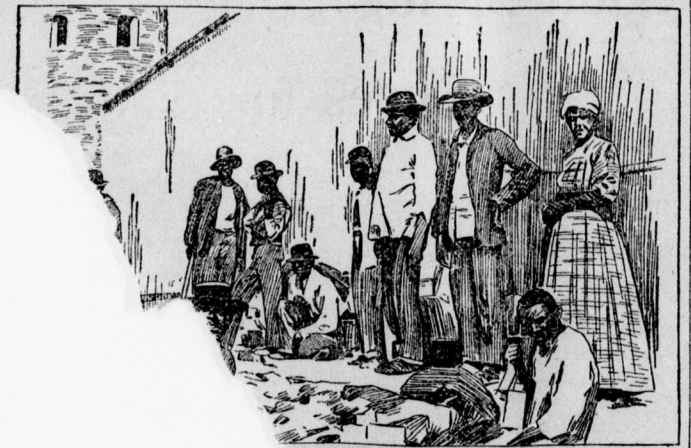
All Havana eats ice cream. They make it of the most unheard of fruits



A TYPICAL SPANISH SOLDIER.

straight sword. They are all admirably set up, and their arms, equipments and uniforms are the very pink of perfection, in striking contrast to the slovenly dress and dilapidation of things that characterize the average of the line.

I have had occasion to talk with an Order of the line. He testified to his corps with Rem-



ENCAMPED NEAR THE PUNTA.

ington rifles, distinguished itself by the mastery manner in which it handled the mobs during the riots,

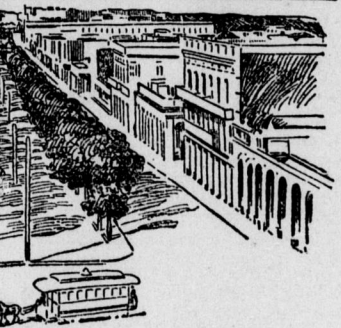
ington rifles, distinguished itself by the mastery manner in which it handled the mobs during the riots,



SPECTATORS AT A BULL FIGHT.

without once having occasion to fire a shot.

Although the evidences of war to be seen in Havana are scanty enough, it is amazing how frequently the insurgents manage to run the guard of the



THE PRADO—PRINCIPAL STREET IN HAVANA.

outposts and make forays into the suburbs. Hardly a week passes that a squadron of a dozen or so reckless horsemen does not make a night raid on the little town of Casa Blanca, across the bay, and a scant quarter of a mile from the Palace itself. These raids are made half in bravado and half for the purpose of looting the few stores in the place to procure supplies of liquors and provisions, and as a finale, before retreating across the hills to the westward, the raiders generally discharge a few random shots at the city across the bay.

To Make Shoes Last Long.

A man who has been a patron of boot stands for thirty years has learned something about shoes and how they should be cared for.

"I do not buy the most expensive footwear," he said, "because I consider it to be a waste of money, but a pair of shoes will last me two years before they show a sign of a break. They have to be reheelled always and sometimes half-soleed, but the uppers are good generally when I get tired of them and throw them away. It is all a matter of supplying the leather with the oil that it got from the animal in a natural way when it was hide and untanned. If you will remember, tannic acid is used on the hide in preparing it for commerce, and that is very drying. Indeed, leather in which too much of it has been used can never be made durable. It cracks and breaks in a little while. I am talking now of black shoes.

"Insist always that your bootblack shall use a slight quantity of oil when giving you a shine. Rubbing a little of it on with a rag will do. It sinks in readily and, as it prepares the surface, you get a better and more lasting shine. No bootblack will do this unless you tell him. After the oil and blacking have been put on, see that the final polishing is done with a piece of canton flannel. Never allow any one of the prepared polishes. They are all injurious. Three oil shines a week, and you will find your shoes lasting as long as mine do."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Drinking Without Cups.

The campaign for the sanitary baked pencils for use in public schools will not end until the ways of the health officer are the ways of the microbe. Dr. Hurty, Secretary of the State Board of Health, has been interested in reading of public drinking device which goes the individual communion cup one better in disposing of cups altogether in drinking. It is a drinking fountain placed on a pedestal, so as to be in the reach of the average human mouth. From the midst of the basin projects a little nozzle, shooting up a jet of water not very large nor violent. To drink a person simply lets the little water jet play into his mouth and takes his fill. The jet may be turned on or off. As there are no cups, and the same water never touches two pairs of lips, there is no chance for microbes which seek to travel from one mouth to another. The argument is that, as long as the water itself is pure, this is an absolutely safe method of public drinking.—Indianapolis News.

Apples as Brain Food.

German analysts say that the apple contains a larger proportion of phosphorus than any other fruit or vegetable adapted for renewing the essential nervous matter of the brain and spinal cord. Scandinavian traditions represent the apple as the food of the gods, who, when they felt themselves growing old and feeble, resorted to this fruit for renewing their powers of mind and body. A modern maxim teaches us "To eat an apple before going to bed, the doctor then will beg his bread."

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

There was recently opened at Leicester, England, a new municipal technical art school, in which there is a department devoted to instruction in hosiery and knitting.

One of the heaviest locomotives of ordinary pattern ever made is now running over the Great Northern railroad. It weighs ninety-five tons, exclusive of the tender.

Draughting compasses are being made with a flexible rubber suction cup on one end to fasten to the paper and hold the instrument while the circle is being drawn.

A statistician affirms that the majority of people who attain old age have kept late hours. Eight out of ten who reach the age of 80 have never gone to bed till after 12 at night.

The Belgian government is contemplating the establishment of an overhead single rail between Brussels and Antwerp. It is expected that a speed of about ninety miles an hour will be obtained.

If dry ropes are soaked for four days in a bath containing twenty grains of sulphate of copper to a quart of water, they will be preserved for a considerable time from the attacks of animal parasites and rot.

Coal is not only a source of heat and light, but a storehouse of colors, medicines, perfumes and explosives. From 140 pounds of gas tar in a ton of coal over 2000 distinct shades of aniline dyes are made.

A device for the prevention of vessels from foundering, recently tested with success in London, consists of gutta percha bags fixed under the decks which, when inflated with carbonic acid gas, raised a vessel loaded with brick and sunk to the deck level.

Green is the color most beneficial to the eye in diffused light, and reds and pinks the most harmful. In a strong direct light, however, blue and neutral tints are the best for the eyes, and pure white the most harmful, as is proved by the phenomena snow blindness.

The president of the Agassiz association, H. H. Ballard, recently caught an ant near its hill, shut it up in a box, carried it 150 feet away, and set it free in the middle of a shady road. What followed he thus describes: "It seemed at first bewildered. Then it climbed to the top of a ridge of sand, erected its body as high as possible, waved its antennae for several seconds, and then started in a straight line for home."

A London hospital physician has sent a circular to all the London hospitals, protesting against permitting cut flowers to be kept in hospital wards or in sick rooms. A pot of growing plants he believes to be free from germ-collecting possibilities. A small bunch of violets, or a few pinks, which the patient can handle, would be permissible, but not large bunches of flowers kept in water. These he would bar from sick rooms.

The Cricket as a Thermometer.

Professor A. N. Dolbear contributes to the American Naturalist the following interesting note regarding the variation of speed in the chirping of crickets. He asserts that the variation of speed depends so closely on the temperature that the height of the thermometer may be calculated by counting the number of chirps to the minute. Says Professor Dolbear:

"An individual cricket chirps with no great regularity when by himself, and the chirping is intermittent, especially in the daytime. At night, when great numbers are chirping, the regularity is astonishing, for one may hear all the crickets in a field chirping synchronously, keeping time, as if led by the wand of a conductor. When the numbers are so great the resting spells of individuals are unnoticed, but when the latter recommence they not only assume the same rate, but the same beat as the rest in that field. The crickets in an adjoining field will have the same rate, that is, will make the same number of chirps per minute, but with a different beat, as one may easily perceive by listening.

"The rate of chirp seems to be entirely determined by the temperature, and this to such a degree that one may easily compute the temperature when the number of chirps per minute is known.

"Thus at 60 degrees F. the rate is 80 per minute.

"At 70 degrees F. the rate is 120 a minute, a change of four chirps a minute for each change of one degree. Below a temperature of 50 degrees the cricket has no energy to waste in music, and there would be but 40 chirps per minute."

Soap Made From the Peanut.

A thrifty woman once discovered that the salted peanut and the salted almond are not very unlike except in the matter of cost. So that the plebeian nut has already had a more or less good domestic standing. Now comes Professor S. P. Sadler with a statement that will insure it a high place in trade.

Its oil, of a pale yellow color and "of agreeable flavor," is to supersede olive oil. "When once freed from the acid found in it in its raw state," says the professor, "peanut oil does not tend to become rancid as easily as olive oil."

Not only are we to dress our salads in peanut oil, but we are to wash our hands with soap made of the oil. Castile soap, with the Spanish name, will be banished from all patriotic American households, and peanut oil soap is to take its place.—New York Journal.

Described If Not Defined.

Teacher—What is velocity?
Pupil—Velocity is what a man puts a hot plate down with.—Philadelphia "all."

THE MEDAL OF HONOR.

Greatest Prize Which the United States Bestows Upon Its Soldiers.

The American Medal of Honor, itself of no intrinsic value and bestowing no rank or privilege, has been the sole reward of many of the most thrilling deeds in American history. The deeds which this medal recognizes are not familiar to the public, but it is more difficult to win than the Victoria Cross of England, the Iron Cross of Germany or the Cross of St. George of Russia, though it is hardly so famous as these even in our country.

The American Medal of Honor, as all the world know, or should know, is presented by the War Department, and will continue to be, upon all who "distinguish themselves in action." The order was founded by Washington, so that the country has never been without this power bestowing a mark of distinction on its heroes. The simplicity of American institutions has been responsible perhaps for the fact that this order is not more famous than it is. Unlike the ceremonies in European countries, there is no parade of troops in presenting it and no official ceremony of any kind. It is sent to the hero through the mails, and the name of the man who wears it does not appear in the Annual Register or the almanac.

The original order was founded by Washington in the year 1782. At first merely badges were used, which usually consisted of a narrow piece of white cloth worn on the left arm. The order at that time carried with it the privilege that the wearer should be permitted to pass all guards and sentinels as the officers were permitted to do. And Washington added to this order this characteristic sentence: "The road to glory in a patriot army and a free country is thus opened to all."

In the year 1862 the order empowered to confer the American Medal of



UNITED STATES MEDAL OF HONOR.

Honor was created and was amended in 1863. In this year the sum of \$20,000 was appropriated, and the interest of this has ever since been used for this purpose. The American Medal of Honor has up to the present time been conferred upon about 500 heroes, many of whom are still living.

Remedies For Sleeplessness.

Sleep with your head high.
Eat a light supper before you go to bed.
Take a hot bath before you retire.
Apply a rubber bottle of cold water to your forehead.
Apply cold compresses to your head.
Apply electricity to your head.
Take plenty of exercise, and avoid excitement.
Lie with the back of your neck on a hot-water bottle.
Have plenty of cool fresh air in your bedroom, avoiding draughts.

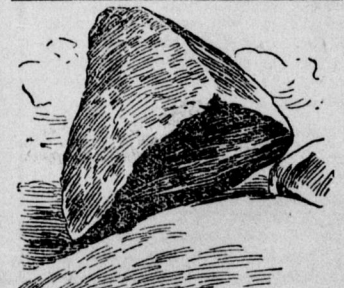
Rough on the Florist.

Orchids must bloom as they are advertised to, the English Court of Appeals has decided. A man who bought a bulb for \$100, which he was told would produce a white flower, and after cultivating it for two years obtained a purple blossom, has recovered \$250 costs from the vendor.

Oldest Banknote.

The oldest European banknote is Swedish, dated 1661. But the British Museum, in London, has a Chinese note three centuries older.

A Rocking Stone Weighing 270 Tons.
About a league distant from the town of Tandii, India, stands a balancing rock. It weighs 270 tons and



THIS ROCKING STONE WEIGHS 270 TONS.

is so nicely posed that it may be made to crack a walnut, and so firm that when an ambitious man once yoked a thousand horses to it he was unable to displace it.

The richest Princess in the world is the Crown Princess Louise Josephine of Sweden and Norway, and married to the Crown Prince of Denmark.

A TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

THE DRINK EVIL MADE MANIFEST IN MANY WAYS.

Seven Stages of Hum—Only One Fault, or the Sad Story of a Man Whose Great Ability Did Not Prevent Him From Landing in the Poorhouse—A Lesson.

All the world's a tavern,
And all the men and women merely drinkers;
They have their cocktails and their whisky straight,
And one man in his time drinks many quarts,
His course being seven stages. At first a clear head.

Sober and steadfast in all good resolves;
And then his morning blitters, with cherry red
And slice of mellow pine, creeping like snail

Unwillingly to work. And then the tippler,
Sneaking into a glass, with a woeful story
About pains internal. Then a toper,
Full of strange oaths and loaded to the guard,

Jealous in potting, sodden, and onlet to imbibes,
Seeking the bubbling repetition
Even at the bottle's mouth. And then the drunkard.

In grumbling belly with poor liquor lined,
With eyes bleary and beard for days uncut,
Full of rash words and prone to quarreling;
And so he plays his part. The sixth stage shifts

Into the grim and ragged roustabout,
With carbuncles on nose and patch on head,
His shrunken face unshaved, while bare to bear

He beats his way; and his once manly voice,
Unhinged by sloth and thirst colossal,
pleads
And whimpers for a drink. Last scene of all

That ends this sad and shameful history,
Is beastly sottishness and foul oblivion—
Sans rum, sans beer, sans pipe, sans everything,
—J. W. Postgate, in Chicago Times-Herald.

Only One Fault.

I was riding through a pretty country town named H—, when I chanced to notice a concourse of people in the churchyard, evidently encircling an open grave.

It was a warm day, and I had ridden ten miles, so I drew rein under some trees that arched the road, to allow the horse to cool and rest.

Presently a villager came towards me and I said,

"There is a funeral to-day in your town?"
"Yes—Stephen. He was one of the largest-hearted men I ever knew. We all owed something to Stephen."

Then he added, in a tone of regret, "He had only one fault."

The light fell in pencil rays through the trees. I sat in silence, enjoying the refreshing coolness.

The man resumed the subject:
"He had great abilities, Stephen had. We sent him to the Legislature three times. They thought of appointing him for Governor. But," he added, sadly, "Stephen had one fault."

I made no answer. I was tired and watched the people slowly disperse.
"A very generous man Stephen was. Always visited the sick—he was feeling—when any one was in trouble. The old people all liked him. Even the children used to follow him in the streets."

"A good man, indeed," said I indifferently.
"Yes, he only had one fault."
"What was that?" I asked.

"Only intemperance."
"Did it harm him?"

"Yes, somewhat. He didn't seem to have any power to resist at last. He got behind hand and had to mortgage his farm and finally had to sell it. His wife died on account of the reverse; kind of crushed, disappointed. Then his children, not having the right bringing up, turned out badly. His intemperance seemed to mortify them and take away their spirit. He had to leave politics; 'twouldn't do, you see. Then we had to set him aside from the church, and at last his habits brought on paralysis, and we had to take him to the poorhouse. He died there, only forty-five. There were none of his children at the funeral. Poor man, he had only one fault."

Only one fault!
The ship had only one leak, but it went down.

Only one fault!
The temple had only one decaying pillar, but it fell.

Only one fault! Home gone, wife lost, family ruined, honor and social advantages, religious privileges abandoned, broken health, poverty, paralysis and the poorhouse.

One fault, only one!—Sacred Heart Review.

Quite a Difference.

A correspondent of the New York Sun, pointing out the difference between a community wherein the drink traffic is repressed by law, and one in which public sentiment, and one within whose boundaries there is no such aversion to drink and drunkenness says: "I live for eight or nine months every year near a New York village of a population of say 2000. The other four months I live near a New England village of about the same size. In the New York village there are twenty-odd saloons or bars; in the New England no saloons or bars. In this same New England village the savings-bank has \$1,000,000 on deposit. It has a public library of 6000 volumes, splendidly housed, as is its public reading-room. It has a paid fire department, concreted streets and sidewalks, two large and elegant hotels in which, if any of your readers can find a bar or other evidences of liquor-selling, they are smarter than the wealthy and public-spirited citizens who are so known and determined in their support of the prohibitory law that nobody dares run the risk of an attempted violation. This village has its high school in one of the finest buildings in the country; its intermediate school in another elegant edifice, and its primary school in a kindergarten beautifully housed. It picks up in a carriage the smaller children and conveys them to and from school at the public expense."

"The writer then describes the New York village with its twenty-odd saloons, and states that it has no public library or reading-room, no paid fire department, no concreted streets or sidewalks, and only one school building.

A Powerful Sermon.

A powerful sermon was preached the other day in a police station in Brooklyn. A woman of sixty years of age was picked up in the street hopelessly intoxicated, and taken to a police station. She was allowed to remain unconscious in a cell for five hours, when she was removed to a hospital, where she soon died. The woman was the widow of a hotel-keeper in Philadelphia, and had been a hard drinker for twenty years, a frequent inmate of the almshouse, and the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island. If that was not an eloquent temperance sermon, we do not know what telling preaching is.—Independent.

The Presbyterians and Temperance.

The new circular adopted at Pittsburg by the Permanent Temperance Committee of the Presbyterian General Assembly to be issued to the presbyteries, suggests to church courts that it is their duty to "forewarn parents of the temptations that may beset their sons as they enter upon college life," but does not name or suggest any college in which those temptations seem to be more potent than in another. It does state that "the Presbyterian Church has long been teaching that temperance is total abstinence from intoxicants—not their moderate use—and that the traffic (in intoxicants), licensed or unlicensed, is a curse to be constantly combated by every Christian citizen."