

SPAIN'S BRUTAL BULLFIGHTS

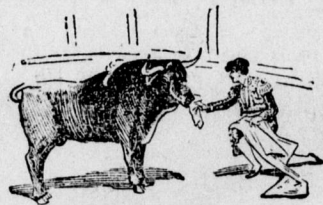
THE CHARACTERISTICS FOSTERED BY THE TOREADORS ARE LARGELY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEGENERACY OF THE NATION.



LD SPAIN, despite the disgusting immorality of the thing, knows of no sight more stirring and imposing than the first part of an expensive bull fight, with the ceremonious entrance to the blare of trumpets; the procession of historic costumes of crimson, pale blue, white and canary; of pea green, silvery white and pink; of scarlet, black, dark blue and white—and over all of it the brilliant sunlight, the perfumes of spring in the sweet air, and the enthusiasm of a mighty audience that moves and shouts and blazes with excitement.

The ring at Tarragona, for example—little, old, lost-to-the-world Tarragona—gives seats for 17,000 people—more than the entire population of that backward town along the Mediterranean; and yet, the seats are often full, for the country people for miles around flock in, on foot, on donkeys, asses, horses and in bullock carts. So that when the big band strikes up the old barbaric march, and the thousands on the benches move themselves uneasily, and shout down greetings to their favorite fighters, you have a scene before you not to be forgotten.

The central idea of a bull-fight, the Spanish will tell the visitor, is to display the courage and dexterity of men. It is acknowledged that the bull is more than a man's match—the bull with his strength, ferocity and sharp horns, and the man alone, armed with a slender sword. Again, it is essential that the bull should be killed with but one single stroke, given while the swordsman, the espada, faces him. This stroke must also be delivered in one special spot, behind the shoulders, to penetrate the heart. Should it glance and strike the lungs instead, so that the bull will drop blood from his mouth, the audience is disgusted, and expresses its disgust. All this is delicate and dangerous work, and it requires preparation to make conditions equal for both parties, man

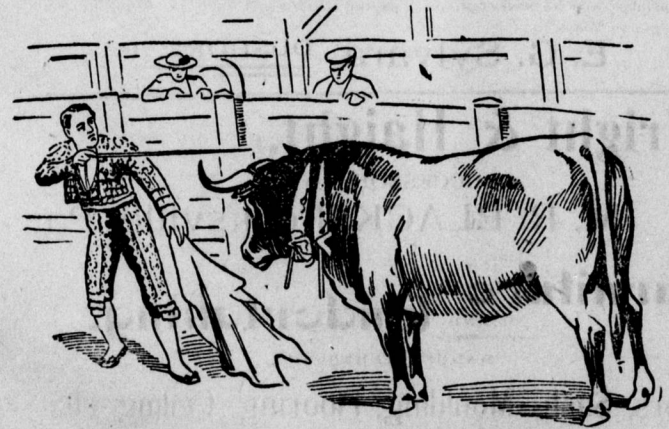


INSULTING A LAZY BULL.

and bull. Besides there must be ceremony and a show. Out of these necessities the numerous and well-defined acts and scenes of a bull-fight take their due progression.

The bull must first be exercised before the audience, that they may take pleasure in his strength. The animal is noble, with a pedigree as long as that of many a Don. He is slender, with small hind-quarters and tremendous neck and shoulders. Nevertheless, he is rather small than large. His horns are straight and sharp; and he is quick, tricky and vicious. The ordinary bull-fighters, toreadores, flaunt their cloaks before his face and escape with difficulty, often being obliged to jump the fence around the ring. But for the poor horses there is no escape, and here is where the illness of the stranger takes its sudden rise.

The object of bringing in the horses, early in the game (poor broken-down old creatures), is really four-fold. It is first to exhibit the vigor of the bull, when he lifts and tosses them with the most abominable strength. Next, it is to tire the bull a little, so that it will not be impossible for a single man to face him, later on. Thirdly, it is



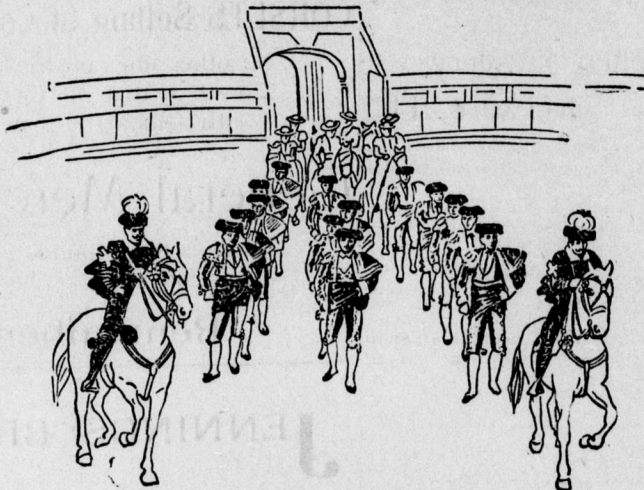
LAST GREAT ACT OF THE ESPADA.

to give the bull a smell of blood, that being naturally what he himself is fighting for. Lastly—it must be said, unhappily—it is to give the people themselves a sight of blood.

I believe this latter to be absolutely true, in spite of all denials of Spaniards. The audience seems to like the blood of mangled horses!

And now, while the bull is being taunted in the ring, almost at the beginning, the horses, blindfolded, are therefore being slowly ridden around to him. Upon them are mounted the

most degraded of all bull-fighters, the picadores, so little-thought-of by the people themselves that the lowest, cheapest brand of Spanish cigarettes are called, with one consent, the picadores. It is the trade of these gentlemen—who ride in alwags, it is said, half drunk—to see that the blind-folded horses which they ride are properly ruined by the bull; it is their trade to spear the bull with a long lance, to irritate him, and to save themselves. They, themselves, are protected on the legs by iron sheathings. After two or four or even eight horses have been gored and tossed and tumbled, and are dragged away dead and bleeding, the trumpet sounds and a very different set of men dash into the wide bull-ring.



"THE ENTRANCE TO THE BLARE OF TRUMPETS."

These are the banderilleros. Each one of them has two be-ribboned darts, like little harpoons, in his hand, which he must fix in the bull's neck to pain him, to infuriate him, and to make him exhibit the agility of men.

It is a matter of no little skill and danger; if successful, it almost crazes the animal, giving him the maximum of ferocity with the minimum of strength. It is also one of the "prettiest" parts of the corrida de toros; for the bull comes on with a rush to these most nimble and courageous banderilleros, who often must evade him by a single inch. Each evasion and each trick of daring has its name, and is applauded or hissed by the excited thousands on the benches, according to the audacity, coolness and dexterity of the men, or the reverse.

These lively fellows, who take terrible risks, will seat themselves on chairs and let the bull come thundering down on them. Then at the very instant that he would strike them, toss them, mangle them, they rise, plant their harpoons into his neck, and leap aside. The bull must be content to toss the chair. Or they will take a long pole, and leap over the bull's back as he comes at them. Or they will kneel down on one knee, with grace, and tickle the puzzled beast upon his nose with a lace handkerchief and slip aside from him. Their harpoons, which they jab into his injured and insulted neck, should make him wild.

But if he does not show sufficient wildness, the people cry for "Fire!" And here it is too sickening and cowardly to proceed in detail. Sufficient it will be to say that there have been invented banderillas with firework attachments, that they may burn after they have been thrust into the bull's neck!

Enough. The time has now arrived for the great act of the matador, or the espada, the most important man, the high professional who has to kill a crazy bull, made monstrously wicked by ill-treatment and a thousand goadings. The bull is weakened, it is true, but he is still so dangerous that

names have been all-powerful in the peninsula. Rafael Molina y Sanchez (called Lagartijo) and Salvador Sanchez (Frasuelo) have done for their trade what John L. Sullivan did for the fighting business in America. They refused to fight for the comparatively small pay of their predecessors, and by reason of their popularity were able to make extraordinary terms with the Spanish public and impresarios. The profession is grateful to them to-day, now that they are in their old age, and they are still called by courtesy the two stars of Spain. Lagartijo, in particular, was always a ferocious fellow, insisting that the public should have its full of blood and excitement.

Nowadays the success of the fighters does not depend so much on the applause of wealth and beauty in the boxes as it does on the fidelity of the respectable middle-class public in the reserved seats of the grada, to say nothing of the yelling populace on the stone benches immediately around the arena. As for the modern Spanish lover, he feels that he is doing a great deal when he pays the admission price to the grada for his sweetheart and her mother. The Spanish lover is, ordinarily, spoony, and the Spanish girl is seemingly—ordinarily, timid to a degree; the Spanish mother is very often pretentious, and the whole middle class and lower class population astonishingly democratic and outspoken.

This, then, is the bull-fight, and the spirit of the bull-fight audience. The audience is composed of every type of citizen—the respectable and good, as

well as the depraved. Little children suck their oranges contentedly while the miserable horses are squealing with pain, their entrails protruding from their ruined bellies. It seems to be only a question of getting used to it. They say you can get used to anything.



EASY TO DEAL WITH A GIDDY BULL.

this regard all through the eighteenth century, there is reason to give the date of "the accession of the Bourbons" its mere sentimental value. The chronicles of the ring begin again in 1770, with the name of the plebeian Pedro Romero; with the Corrida de Toros in full swing as

a mercenary show; and with the Spanish dons content to patronize it in the simple act of paying for their seats.

Romero found the national sport "degenerated" to a simple conflict between a bull and professional—without-a-profession. Apart from the lack of noble Spanish blood in the bull-fighter, the degeneracy appears to have consisted in an exchange of the heavy armor in which chivalry was wont to prudently envelop itself for the cheaper suit of padded leather and shirt of mail of the time and trade. Pedro Romero, first, threw aside every kind of protection, appearing as a gymnast, light, graceful and exact; and secondly, to counterbalance the obvious disadvantage, hit upon the device of "tiring out" the bull by a whole series of "preliminary exercises," to be performed by under-studies. He invented, also, a new and very dangerous method of killing the animal, a single sword-blow, which must penetrate a certain spot behind the shoulder of the bull, while the bull-fighter perilously faced him. How much this was "degenerating" from the prudence of the old aristocrats who, in their knightly armor, speared the bull from the backs of their war-horses, and backed at him, when unseated, with their battle-axes, is a question rather delicate than difficult to answer.

During the past twenty years two



FRASUELO AND LAGARTIJO.

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YOUNG HERO OF SANTIAGO.

Charles Escudero, of Ohio. Age Fourteen, Carried Water to the Wounded on San Juan Hill.

Although Charles Escudero, fourteen years old, doesn't realize it yet, time will show that as the water boy of the Ninth Infantry in Cuba he was as much a hero as any man who carried a gun in the wild fight and fearless charge up San Juan hill. Charlie arrived at New York City, a few days ago, on the transport Louisiana and was shipped to his home, Columbus, Ohio, by the Children's Aid Society.

Charlie looked like a picturesque recontraed, wearing a regulation brown cavalry hat, an old brown jacket and a pair of trousers much the worse for the Santiago campaign. The remnants of the shoes that carried him up the rocky hill of San Juan held his feet, and a blue flannel shirt, much too large, was lapped about him.

His father was a bugler in the Ninth Infantry, which Charlie managed to join at Tampa. There he was smuggled on a transport, and when he got to Cuba he was told he might act as water boy for the Ninth Infantry.

He was in all the fighting at Santiago and wherever there was a man of the Ninth with his gun there the water boy went at the call of the soldier.

Charlie is modest in his stories of what he did at San Juan hill.

"I carried water to the soldiers, My father is a bugler and I was with him nights. When there was fighting I had to work. When I saw our men getting killed I wished I had a gun, but I had to carry water. I had four canteens. One held about two quarts. The men firing would see me and yell to ask if I'd got any water. If they were all empty I went to the creek and filled them. At the last it got a long way to go. 'Wasn't I afraid?' I just thought I'd get



CHARLES ESCUDERO. (He marched beside his soldier father and gave water to the men as they fought before Santiago.)

killed, and we'd all get killed that day, the bullets came so thick. I saw men I knew get hit.

"I kept run of my father by the bugle, mostly. Did I see many wounded? Yes, I carried water to 'em when I could. Sometimes I had to pour it into their mouths, but most of the men I saw wounded were able to get on their elbows to drink.

"I've got plenty of relics for my mother—Spanish cartridges and other Spanish relics. I'm going back to school. I'm in the fifth grade."

The boy seems to have suddenly become aged by his experiences. He is only a little chap, with big brown eyes and long lashes, and he says he does so want to see his mother and sisters.

Consumption of Coal.

The consumption of coal per head of population is lowest in Austria, where it is only one-sixth ton per annum, and highest in Great Britain, where each person averages three and three-tenths tons each year. In the United States the average is two and one-fourth tons a year.

The Time It Failed.



Mrs. Callahan—"Don't yez remember Oi told yez th' maruin' not to go in swimmin' to-day?"

Patsy Callahan—"Oh, come off, mudder. Youse want me ter say yes, an' den you're goin' ter say, 'Fergit it an' remember de Maine.'"—Judge.

Russia is said to own 3,000,000 horses—nearly one-half of the whole number in existence.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

Topdressing Meadows.

In topdressing meadows with fresh yard manure, directly after mowing, there is naturally some loss by evaporation, but this is not nearly as great as is generally supposed, and this is also more than counterbalanced by the protection it provides against sun and drought. In winter and early spring the loss from evaporation is but infinitesimal. If the manure is properly composted it may be applied as a topdressing at any time without danger of loss.

Care of House Wells.

There should be an enclosed building over every well from which water is to be taken for family use. Multitudes of insects and even small animals fall into the well if it is exposed to the air and has no curb around it. So, too, there is always much dust blown into it, and the rays of the sun shining down make the water too warm to use during hot weather. Every time a bucket is lowered into the water it carries some of the warmth it has absorbed from contact with the summer air.

Season for Deep Plowing.

If there is ever a time when deep plowing is advisable it is in summer, especially if some green manure can be turned under the furrow. This will heat rapidly in hot weather, and the gases from its fermentation rising through the soil will mellow it more than can be done by the most thorough cultivation when such land is deep plowed in spring. In fact most spring plowing ought to be very shallow, as the air is not warm enough to warm through a deep furrow, and therefore, if vegetation is then deeply plowed in it rots very slowly.

Trellis for Tomatoes.

While the tomato can be and often is grown with its vines lying on the ground, the fruit ripens more evenly and perfectly, besides producing a larger crop, if the vines are supported by a trellis of some kind. It may be nothing more than a stick forked like a "Y" and with a long enough stem to set firmly in the ground. But if the soil is rich and the tomato vines are heavy, a row of strong stakes with a wire wound around each at the height of eighteen inches will give better satisfaction. When the vines turn to grow downwards the part below will blossom and fruit more abundantly than before.

Insecticide for Plants.

Cosmos, a French scientific review says that a South American farmer has recently made an accidental discovery of great value to gardeners and florists.

It was to the effect that leaves of the tomato plant will drive insects away from other plants. He covered tomato leaves over some young shrubs he wished to protect from the sun and from small insects, and was delighted to find that the latter cleared out as soon as they got the odor of the tomato leaves.

He then extended the same treatment to an entire row of young peach trees, and his success was complete. To render the process more simple he tried a decoction of the fresh tomato leaves as a spray on other trees and shrubs and found that he had a perfectly effective weapon which cost practically nothing. He also found that a spray of the same kind would keep flies off his horses.

Raising Seedlings.

The process of raising plants of various kinds from seeds extends over the greater portion of the year, and no time is more important than the present in this respect. There are many plants of which seeds can be sown now with better prospects of success than at any other, and amongst them may be noted caesalarias, primulas, cyclamens and cinerarias, all of them being great favorites with amateur growers. Of course, where possible, the boxes, pots or pans of seeds must be placed in the greenhouse, but a fair proportion will germinate in a warm window if they are carefully looked after. Use light soil, and water it well prior to sowing the seeds, which need not be covered with soil. Place on the receptacle a piece of glass and over that brown paper or damp moss, and, until the seeds vegetate, no further attention will be required beyond wiping the glass quite dry each morning. As soon as the tiny plants can be seen the paper must be removed, and the glass slightly tilted. As they attain size, pricking off and eventually potting will be necessary, and every effort should be made to keep the plants constantly growing.—Household Words.

Skim Milk for Chickens.

With the purpose of studying the effect of skim milk diet on young growing chickens an experiment was conducted at the Indiana agricultural experiment station in which two lots of chickens were under observation. There were ten chickens of two breeds in each lot, ranging from four to six weeks of age at the beginning of the experiment. Each lot received the same food, care and treatment, excepting one was fed all the skim milk wanted, while the other was given none. The grain fed consisted of two parts crushed corn, one part bran, and one part ground oats. They were also fed cracked bone, cabbage and lettuce. When the experiment began the total weight of one lot of chickens was only one-half an ounce more than the other. The experiment lasted from July 11 to September 5. The results of the feeding show

that the chickens fed milk and grain ate some considerable more grain than did those receiving no milk. The results also show that the chickens of lot one, receiving no milk, made an average weekly gain of 2.62 ounces, while those fed milk made a gain per week of 4.46 ounces, or over one-fourth pound. The chickens fed milk made a more rapid and uniform gain than those fed grain only. The general results of the feeding in every way seemed to show the superior influence of the skim milk on the growth of the birds.—American Agriculturist.

Injurious Weeds.

From time to time this country is startled by publications issued from high schools and colleges as to the appearance of this or that weed in some localities and warning cultivators against them.

Learned and long descriptions are given of these particular weeds and general alarm is excited by a supposed new trouble. Very few of these new weeds are worthy, however, of a thought, so far as particular cultivation of the soil is concerned. The cultivator expects to hoe and cultivate among his crop, and one weed is no more to him than another. This is especially true of annual weeds, which do not flower until after the cultivator has been through. The prickly lettuce is an illustration of this; its botanical name is lactuca scariola. Continuous warning against its appearance is heard everywhere, but it does not come into flower until July, and long before that the cultivator has destroyed it. No cultivator need fear any annual weed. Serious trouble comes from those which have running root stocks. In that case every little piece of root will make a new plant. In this list we might name the Canadian thistle, the English bindweed (Convolvulus arvensis), the so-called sachaline (Polygonum sachalinense, Solanum Carolinense) and the couch grass (Triticum repens). And even these can be destroyed by two or three successive hoeings or cultivations. It is an exceptional case when a plant lives without leaves during one season. The old question of dealing with destructive weeds is a very simple one—we have either to hoe them out before they have a chance of making seeds or prevent them from having perfect leaves during one season's growth. The intelligent cultivator knows this so well that he is not alarmed by the appearance of a new weed, but rather enjoys it as it adds somewhat to his botanical knowledge.—Meelan's Monthly.

Dairy Precautions.

Shade in pastures, either from trees and sheds, is essential in midsummer to keep the cows from becoming feverishly overheated to the detriment of the quality of the milk. During my dairy experience I have encountered a great deal of tainted milk directly attributable to the overheating of cows. Keep them as cool as possible and remove all exciting factors, such as driving them to and from the pasture with dogs, etc.

When it comes to the care of milk, hot weather has no terrors for a dairyman fully prepared and willing to intelligently combat its deleterious effects. The hotter the weather the more prolonged should be your application of hot water in sterilizing milk utensils. Placing the tin milk pans, pails and cans in the sun after washing was formerly thought to have no more influence than simply to dry them. Now it is known that following rigorous scalding a thorough snub of all dairy utensils destroys any lurking bacteria that might quickly propagate and ruin milk quality. Ill smells about a cow stable multiply with amazing rapidity during the heated term. With cows milked there twice a day it means a dangerous menace to milk. If you cannot keep the atmosphere of your stable as sweet smelling as that of your pasture, milk the cows in the pasture every time.

Attend to the care of milk as soon as it has been drawn from the cow. To let it stand about in pails to wait convenience is dangerous; to dump a hundred pounds or more of it freshly milked into a narrow can is pernicious. Milk should always be aerated and cooled sufficiently to keep it fresh twelve hours before it is ever stored in bulk. No better way can be devised for tainting fresh milk quickly and effectually than by plunging a vessel of it into cold water. The resulting taint is commonly spoken of as smothered milk. If you do not possess ice you should wet down the floor and walls of your dairy room several times a day with cold water. This will materially aid in keeping the atmosphere of the apartment cool and sweet even during the hottest days.

Good, firm butter can be produced in July as well as in less heated months if you keep the thermometer in your dairy room as close to sixty degrees as possible. In this apartment secure free ventilation with a low temperature, especially at night. If there is cold running water on your premises utilize it for the dairy's good in hot weather. Pipe it to your milk house. Churning should always be done early in the day before the warmth of the sun has made its influence felt. By following this plan you ought not to be troubled with butter coming soft, even if you possess no ice.—George E. Newell in Orange Judd Farmer.

Wife's Bath Money in Turkey.

Among the Turks bath money forms an item in every marriage contract, the husband engaging to allow his wife a certain sum for bathing purposes. If it be withheld, she has only to go before the cad and turn her slipper upside down. If the complaint be not then redressed it is a sufficient ground for divorce.