

SPAIN'S BRUTAL BULLFIGHTS

THE CHARACTERISTICS FOSTERED BY THE TOREADORS ARE LARGE-
LY 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 blaze 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

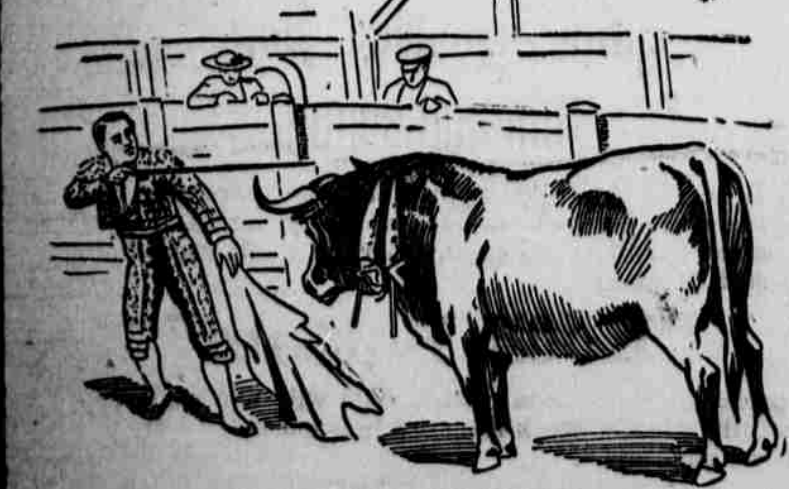


INSULTING A LAZY BULL.

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, toreadors, faint 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



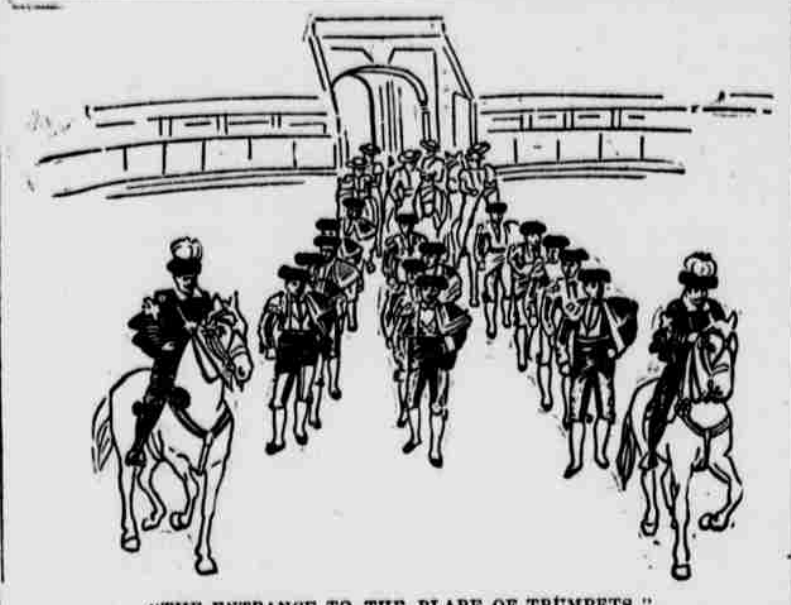
LAST GREAT ACT OF THE ESPADA.

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 letter 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 there being slowly ridden around the arena. 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 always, 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 bullring.



"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 corrido 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 "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

period" a date as late as the accession of the Bourbons, in 1770; but as their chronicles are silent concerning the exploits of the Spanish nobility in



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



EASY TO DEAL WITH A GIDDY BULL.

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 understudies. 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 hacked 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.

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, insinuating 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 grade, 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 grade for his sweetheart and her mother. The Spanish lover is, ordinarily, spongy, 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.

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 reconcentrado, 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' marnin' 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.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

Skirt of Figured Foulard.
Figured foulard in sage green and white is here shown with a pretty simple foot trimming, composed of three



LADIES' SIX GORED SKIRT.

narrow frills of sage green satin ribbon.

Having a straight back breadth with each bias edge of gores joined to the straight edges, this skirt will not sag and is, therefore, especially adapted to sheer fabrics, such as organdy, lace net, silk tissue and other light textures, while for washable fabrics it is more than desirable. The front gore is of moderate but fashionable width and separate two narrow gores on each

is certainly simple enough. It is this: Wash the face in very salty sweet milk every night and let it dry without wiping. A mixture made of one small tablespoonful of milk and a tea-spoonful of salt applied to the most obstinate blemish of the skin will cure it almost like magic. This is the remedy prescribed by one of the best skin authorities in England, and it is said that the use of milk and salt is half the secret of the English woman's smooth, beautiful skin.

Fancy Braids For Millinery.
To some extent fancy braids have reappeared in the autumn millinery, and may be used a little, although the Paris model hats shown in the wholesale houses scarcely use that material. The braid has been popular, and it is likely to take a long time in "dying out."

Striking Fall Costume.
The popularity of the skirt made from taffeta, either black, gray or beige color, seems to increase as the season advances, and it bids fair to take first place for wear with waists of various sorts. The model shown is in a soft shade of gray and is worn with a fancy waist of figured silk, showing bits of pale corn color in conjunction with mousseline de soie of the same tender yellow. The foundation skirt is circular and fits snugly about the hips. The frills, which are five inches in width, are each cut bias and edged with velvet ribbon stitched on.



GIRL'S COSTUME.

side, which fit smoothly over the hips and fall in pretty folds with the fashionable flare at the foot.

The lower edge measures about three and one-half yards in the medium size, and closes below the left side, the basque being separate and seamed to the waist proper. The full mousseline is faced to yoke depth at the back and stitched to the right-front, but hooks over into place at the left shoulder and beneath the left rever. At the neck is a soft collar of the same, supplemented by a frill. The revers are each faced with gray, and are trimmed with tiny ribbon frills, which match the mousseline in shade. The sleeves are not seamed, and show only slight fulness at the shoulders. At the waist is worn a belt of straw-colored velvet, with an oblong buckle of rhinestones.

Dress For a Growing Girl.
Whatever number of more elaborate and delicate gowns the growing girl's wardrobe may include, one of sturdy stuff, simply made, is essential to her comfort and well-being. The model shown in the large illustration is of light weight serge in royal blue and is trimmed with fancy black braid. But cheviot, covert cloth and all the new spring suitings, as well as cashmere, are equally suitable.

The foundation for the waist is a fitted lining that closes at the centre-back. On it are arranged the full body portions and the yoke, which is extended and divided to form slashed epaulettes. The straight strip shown at the front is lined with crinoline, then applied to the waist proper, covering the edges of full fronts. The sleeves are two-seamed and fit snugly, except for the slight puffs at the shoulders, which are universally worn by children and young girls. The pointed wrists are finished with frills of lace, and at the throat is a high standing collar.

The skirt is four-gored and fits smoothly across the front and over the hips, the fulness at the back being laid in backward-turning plaits. It is lined throughout, but unstiffened, and is trimmed with two rows of fancy braid.

To make this costume for a girl of eight years will require two and one-half yards of forty-four-inch material.

A Cure For Bad Complexions.
Bad complexions have sent more women to the grave than epidemics. Nothing frets a woman like a rough, muddy skin. A cure-all for blemishes

To make this waist for a woman of medium size five yards of material, twenty-two inches wide, will be required.



A POPULAR MODEL.

To make this waist for a woman of medium size five yards of material, twenty-two inches wide, will be required.