

# HOW ABOUT ACHEEN?

## BRITISH JINGOES TWIT DUTCH PRO-BOERS.

### How the Natives of Sumatra Have Fought for Centuries Against European Rule.

London letter: Since recrimination has become the order of the day amongst the European powers it is not surprising that the English worm is turning at the malicious libels which the pro-Boer foreign press is publishing and is now beginning to retort in some sort of fashion.

The latest question that has sprung to the lips of the Englishman in reply to the caustic criticism levelled at him by the Dutch in origin or thought is "How about Acheen?"

In all their attempts to subdue the natives of the foreign countries which they have endeavored to colonize the Dutch have met with no race so resolute in resisting their rule as the Acheense.

The Dutch, with their ambition to colonize, have played a considerable part in the colonization of the East Indies, but they have nowhere lifted the natives as the British have done in their many colonies.

It was British progress that locked horns with Dutch stolidity or stupidity and caused the Cape war," say the English. They are pointing now to the difference between the position of the native population in the Straits Settlements and in India and that of the Acheense and other natives of Sumatra.

In the struggles of the boers to maintain their independence there has been some little backbone shown, but it melts into insignificance beside the fight which for the last two or three centuries the few hundred thousand Acheense have been keeping up against European aggression.

Generations will have to pass before the fight against extermination which the Boers are making will have merited such unstinted applause as the gallant Acheense are entitled to for the stubborn resistance they have made to conquest.

Today such as can be controlled are crushed under the heel of Dutch supremacy as firmly as was Cuba under that of Spain, and as a necessary precaution, for they will not admit themselves whipped and are always renewing the conflict with their assumed conquerors.

Acheen was the first port of importance in the early days of East India trading. Most of northern Sumatra was at that time, during the seventeenth century, dominated by the King of Acheen, (sometimes spelled Achin.)

The Acheense were of Hindu or Hindu-China origin and differed from the Malays who populated the main portion of the island. As they were few in number they must have been of superior type as they controlled the other tribes without much difficulty.

When the Portuguese established themselves at Malacca they commenced to menace Acheen. Iskanda Muda, in A. D. 1615, was king and in order to give the Portuguese a lesson he sent a fleet of five hundred sail, manned by sixty thousand troops, against that port.

The king of Acheen at this period was a most powerful monarch and exceedingly wealthy. In his army were no less than a thousand elephants, trained to war.

In their long struggle with the Portuguese the Acheense were never subdued, although almost decimated.

Finally the English succeeded the Portuguese as the dominant power in the East and while Acheen was successively governed by a number of women rulers a kind of British protection was formed, during which the colony flourished. Among the exports was gold, betel nut, rice, pepper and various spices.

After the European wars which signaled the early part of the 19th century a readjustment took place in

the East Indies, in lieu of certain concessions made by the Dutch on the handed Acheen of the Netherlands.

In her sanguinary and indomitable nature some of her best and most valuable resources remain unsubdued, and more than a mere empty snarl of "How about Acheen?"

GAZETTE OF THE NETHERLANDS.

## LAWYER One Man Had His Left

New York Times distinction, who a small New England client required a parcels of land so deed was drawn in its execution the bill. It was \$2,000,000, and I went to the services rendered to enable me to do this cost me \$200,000 a year, and I went to the Harvard Law year at a cost of \$10,000.

"So you see, I have the necessary education to pay out my charge of \$2,000,000. The man looked at me for a moment in amazement: 'Gosh! What a darned fool you must have been before they began on you.'

"From the same source comes the story of a lawyer who was said to know more wills than anyone else in his county. Upon the death of a respected citizen there was much speculation as to the value of his property. The lawyer undertook to find out the facts. Calling upon Mr. Hayward, the lawyer referred to, he remarked:

"Well, I suppose you made Mr. Blank's will?"

"Yes," was the answer.

"Well, then, you probably know how much he left. Would you mind telling me?"

"Oh no," said Mr. Hayward, in his slow way. "He left every cent he had."

## A Newspaper Novelty.

Springfield (Mass.) Republican: Most newspapers, even in the world's greatest capitals, might envy the Buenos Ayres daily La Prensa, whose palatial quarters are described in an interesting article in the World's Work. As a business (the Press) is decidedly profitable. Its circulation (at three cents) is over 1,000,000, and its highest advertising rate is \$4.50 an inch. Its income is over \$1,000,000, with expenses of \$650,000. Such figures are rather surprising to those who have not kept track of the growth of the Argentine capital, but much more remarkable is the palace in which La Prensa is housed, and which was built by the owner, J. C. P. Iz, in 1896, at a cost of \$2,000,000. There are salons that suggest old Versailles, an editor's anteroom as long as the main cabin of a river steamboat, and is, about a quarter of a mile, or perhaps a little more; elegant dining rooms, where editors and reporters are furnished meals at cost, fine libraries and museums, which are open to the public, a free dispensary, and a room where legal advice is given without charge. La Prensa is its owner's hobby, and that he has been able to acquire beyond a competency has gone into these unique features.

Joel J. Doolittle is still living in Cumberland, Wis. Years ago he was noted as a music teacher and vocalist. He numbered among his pupils Emma Abmott, and first began singing in political campaigns in 1840 for General Harrison. In 1856 he canvassed Illinois with John C. Fremont, singing at every meeting, and in 1860 performed the same kind of work, accompanying Abraham Lincoln.

# Her Helplessness

BY FRANCES GROFF.

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LE FROY, engineer of the new street railway company, was not at all surprised to meet at the euchre party given by the president of his road his landlady's daughter. He was becoming thoroughly accustomed to the democratic social life of this mid-west city. Moreover, he was deeply interested in this same landlady's daughter.

He had heard that her parents, the Vintons, belonged to a fine old Philadelphia family and had come West when adversity crossed their path. Certainly all the outward and visible signs in Frank's case indicated a born right to fine linen and idleness, and apparently the fall in the family fortunes had never reduced her to giving up either. Le Froy thought her gown a marvel of elegant simplicity. But he was only a man. The appraising eyes of the rich lawyer's daughter across the table read a different story.

Le Froy won the booby prize that night because he studied the languid droop of a certain brown head and the curve of a white neck instead of his cards. And what the evenings under electric lights commenced the witchery of the walk homeward in the moonlight with Frank and her younger brother George completed.

The weeks that followed found him speculating and drawing conclusions on everything that happened about the house. He remembered that all the time he had been there the only servant ever seen was the gawky young girl



Frank holding his great boots at arm's length.

who waited on the table. Frank came to her meals daintily dressed, languid and untrifled, but very late, and Le Froy began to suspect that she was not so helpless as she looked. Try as he would, he never could discover any traces of what she did. Stout, sweet motherly Mrs. Vinton must be a wonderful housekeeper, and so might Frank be with a house of her own.

But in this comfortable house there was one Bluebeard's chamber, the kitchen. The entrance to the dining room was protected by a double screen. From that chamber of mysteries there came such rich, well-flavored soups, meats juicy and hot, pastry fluffy and delicate, as board never before put to mouth. The Vintons' cook was no doubt a treasure.

How was all this and everything about the house done with so little friction? Even the boots which he, true Briton, stuck outside his door each night had never been polished so well, but the "boots" who did them was as noiseless as the dead. One morning when Le Froy opened his door and the boots were not there he suddenly resolved to do a little detective work. "Boots" might give a clew to the rest of the mystery. He sat by the door. A short wait was rewarded by the softest of steps on the stairs. He drew the door too gently until the stealthy footsteps reached it, then suddenly flung it wide open and faced—Frank, holding his great boots at arm's length. Her hand dropped, and tears of humiliation fell on the bright polished surface of the boots. He looked at those glittering drops and then drew her inside.

"I can't talk to you in the hall," he apologized, and for once in his life he became eloquent. "You've polished my boots with your tears. I'll put them under glass and worship them because you've touched them unless you'll let me kiss the tips of yours for the rest of my days. I'll wait on you and take care of you and keep you from harm. You'll be the wit and I'll be the muscle of the family if you'll only say the word."

And that was how it came to pass that Frank and Le Froy two months later were sitting in a luxurious stateroom of a vessel about to port in Liverpool. Frank, a dainty color rising in the pale cheeks, a mischievous light in her eyes, was questioning her husband. "You have never told your mother and sisters you married the daughter of your boarding house keeper?"

"Never remotely hinted at it, darling."

"Said mother belonged to one of the most aristocratic Philadelphia families? It's true."

"Yes, my star, I enlarged on that. I found out long ago that most peo-

ple respected men who worked, but rather looked down, especially women who didn't work, on women who did. I know American women, and I've heard English women are worse, and if you don't follow my directions I'll torment you to death. Swear on this book."

"It is the Bible!"

"Yes. Now, swear!"

"This is becoming serious. Did I ever break a promise? What am I to swear, light of my eyes?" said the big fellow.

"That you'll never remotely hint that father made soups, and mother cooked the meats, and I made pastry and did the chamber work, and George washed the dishes and scrubbed, and this was the way your wife's family were enabled to hold their heads up in the world. Do you suppose that if I waited on the table the way that girl did down the street you'd have ever looked at me twice? If your sisters knew what you know now, they'd look down on me. I have read that country bred English women are narrow, and what I ask is easy—your part. Now, Clumsy, swear on the book again a double oath. Repeat it after me—I promise to let my wife—"

"My wife!"

"—answer all my mother's and sister's questions, every one!"

"Every one!"

"—and I will never look surprised at what she says, or wink, or lift an eyebrow."

"An eyebrow," he iterated delightedly, then rubbed hers the wrong way and kissed it.

That evening saw them seated in the dining room of the fine old mansion on the Le Froy estate. The cut glass and old silver shone bravely in the bride's honor. She looked delicate and aristocratic beside the large, fine, red cheeked English lassies. They admired her openly with their eyes, and finally Maude, the younger, ventured to do it orally. "We thought, having a boy's name, you'd be masculine and self-reliant, but you are exquisitely feminine. Your hair is lovely. How do you arrange it so beautifully?"

Astonishment and gentle rebuke shone in Frank's eyes. "I never do my hair. Such a time as I had on the steamer! My maid was subject to mal de mer, it seems, and basely deserted me at the last moment, and I would not take a girl I knew nothing about. Then I thought I might take an English girl back with me. Coming over one of the stewardesses did my hair, but once or twice she failed to arrive, and Clumsy tried his hand, such a big, awkward one."

Clumsy did not wink. He did not move an eyebrow, but he coughed very loudly.

"I can't go another day without a maid," continued his wife, taking no notice.

"Yes, dear," said the new sister-in-law, "but meanwhile let me help you. Jane and I"—the two exchanged glances and blushed—"when we want our hair especially done, do it for each other."

"And I dare say," said the American, with an annihilating look at her husband, "here in this quiet country life of yours there are many little things you turn your hands to."

"Why, yes, mother believes girls should know something of housekeeping, so we have learned to cook a little. In fact," humbly apologetic, "I made the pastry you are eating. We were not going to tell you, but you have forced the confession."

"You need not be ashamed of it. It is greatly to your credit. I wish I were not such a helpless creature. I can hardly lift my hand."

She lay back in her chair with the languid fine air her husband had admired from the first. He did not cough this time. Astonishment was swallowed up in admiration.

Alone in their room she was the first to attack. "My dear, you were true in the letter, but not in the spirit. You did not raise your eyebrows, you did not wink, but you coughed."

He charged back, "I have discovered you are the princess of liars."

"But such harmless ones."

"The maid is yours and all else I can give you."

## It Puzzled Her.

"I can't understand about this wireless telegraphy," said Mrs. Wunder.

"Why, it's plain as day," said Mr. Wunder. "They just send the messages through the air instead of over wires."

"I know that," said she, "but how do they fasten the air to the poles?"—Baltimore American.

## Dr. Hirsch denies that Shylock was a Jew, and a good thing about it, he proves it.

In the course of his grand address, he said: "In the Jews humanity has been crucified. The Jew is really the mouthpiece of outraged humanity. For more than 15 centuries the Jew has paid his pound of flesh, but never demanded it. His soul was eaten to the quick by the oppression of his enemies, but he never cherished the resentment of the Shakespearean character. Shakespeare's Shylock was not a Jew."

## Robert Louis Stevenson was particularly attached to the 'r' in his name, and utterly averse to the 'ph' form of spelling.

Letters of admiring autograph hunters did not often draw him, but one day in Samoa a letter arrived containing praise so judicious that he said: "That I must answer." Then his eye caught the envelope, addressed to R. L. Stephenson. "Step hence," "Step-hen-son," he cried, crumpling the offending missive, and flung it on the fire.

Half of the Simplon tunnel, or a length of six miles, has now been bored. The Swiss section is rather more forward than the Italian. The tunnel is to be completed by May, 1904, and there is no fear of any delay.

# OLD LOOMS IN IRELAND.

## Out-of-the-Way Places Where Exquisite Linen is Woven.

Canadian Journal of Fabrics: In the little thatched cottages of Donegal and Connemara looms and spinning wheels are busy manufacturing homespun for royal wearers. The looms and queens of Europe have decided that these manufactures are fit for court attire, and the peasants of the north and west of Ireland are reaping a golden harvest.

Two years ago Queen Victoria ordered a large quantity of Irish home-made woollens. This immediately created an outside interest in the goods and a few weeks sufficed to set all idle looms in motion. Orders are now being received from every city in Europe. A large order recently came from Persia, and even in Australia the home-spun is not unknown. The Irish peasants are rapidly becoming prosperous compared with their circumstances a few years ago. The new market for their goods has claimed every yard they manufacture, so that while royalty flaunts the homespun the cottagers are content with the cheaper mill article.

For hundreds of years the peasantry of Ireland clothed themselves in garments of their own manufacture. Less than 50 years ago no wedding was complete without a spinning wheel heading the list of presents from the parents of the bride. Even in "poor old Ireland," however, machinery has made such strides that had Queen Victoria delayed much longer in placing the first royal order for the home-spun the sound of the loom would not now be heard in the land. As it is, old wheels are being dusted and renovated; fingers that had almost forgotten the duties required of them are being quickened again to work, and young hands are rapidly becoming expert with practice.

Donegal is the center of the present activity in home-spun circles, and the cottages along the mountain sides are filled with the hum of busy workers. The entire family spend the winter months at reel, wheel and loom. When the days lengthen and the sun grows more genial, work on the little patch of ground necessitates a decrease in production. Potatoes must be planted, a few cabbage plants "dibbled" in the ridges, and a rood or two of oats "trenched." Then follows the haymaking season, with its delightful weather and cloudless sky. No matter how many orders royalty may send for homespun, these hardy hill folks will "take things aisy in summer days." These simple peasantry live to please themselves, and their pleasure is usually the fulfillment of a general desire to take their own time for doing things. They like the sunshine and the growing meadows, the green pastures and the moss-covered banks; there is something in the white thorn that calls them to the hedge row when it is white with blossoms, and not for gold would they miss the small birds' chorus. Therefore it follows that the home-spun harvest will be reaped only when the rain beats pathlessly on the roof and the wind moans and groans in wicker chimney.

A cottage owning a loom may always be known by its unusual length. The loom fills one end of the cottage, which is only one story in height. Additional floor space for spinning wheels makes a greatly increased frontage necessary. This is done at the expense of proportion and gives the abode a squatty appearance that is deceiving. The walls of the cottage are whitewashed a couple of times each year, and are remarkable for their cleanliness.

The machine used in manufacturing the home-spun are amazingly crude in appearance. They are very serviceable and enduring in spite of their lack of finished workmanship. Looms are handed down from one generation to another, and the secret of the age of most of the spinning wheels belongs to the workers of another time. All the machines are permeated with the odor of turf smoke, and the natural color of the wood used in their construction has long since been dyed black by the burnt peat.

It is astonishing with what accuracy these century-old machines operate. On one of these looms was woven the Irish linen presented to Queen Victoria on the occasion of her jubilee in 1887. The line was said to be the finest ever manufactured.

Predictions have been made to the effect that the homespun industry will again spread over the whole of Ireland. Little surprise will be caused by this, at least to those who have followed the growth of the lace industry during the past few years. In many districts it has been almost impossible to engage servants on account of their being busily employed working the most costly Irish lace and other kinds of fancy needlework.

Schools have been established at different centers of population for instruction in the work, and as many as 50 pupils attend single seminars daily. Special sales of Irish home-spun products have been held with great success in London, Dublin and Belfast. The lace and homespun industries are closely allied. The peasants of the south have practically a monopoly of the lace business, while the homespun weaving centers are in the north. Years ago large quantities of woolen fabrics were manufactured near Belfast, but the cottage looms have long since been ousted by the big factories employing thousands of men and women.

Most of the homespuns are sold to the merchants of the many small villages dotting the country. They are then purchased in bulk by the big retailer, who receives orders from all parts of the world. At present an attempt is being made to deal directly with the people without the interference of the middleman. As there is every chance of its succeeding, it is to be earnestly hoped that the weavers themselves will reap the profits.

## TO WRITE NEW BOOK.



Booth Tarkington, the well known writer is said to be working on a new book, which will shortly be forthcoming.