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BEWARE OF IMITATORS.

BROADBRIM'S LETTER.

Illustrated Newspapers Take The Lead.

IS AGAIN IN A MUDDLE.

NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT HAVING TROUBLE.

Philippine War Will Continue Till The Savage is Enlightened or Exterminated—Who Shall Succeed McKinley?—Number of Art Sale Phenomenal.

(Whig Correspondence, letter No. 1,194.)

New York, April 6.—It seems as though we were fast drifting toward the time when the illustrated newspapers shall take the lead in journalism and the battle for supremacy shall lie between the cultured scholar and the illustrating artist, who presents in pictorial form all that is passing in the world we live in. The cultured journalist will appeal to the brain; the talented artist to the eye, that swift messenger which shall carry his observation to the brain and there have it photographed for all time. There is no question as to which of the two shall be the most powerful instructor, the one who is teacher by the brain alone must have an audience that can read, while the painter and limner has as an audience the entire world. No matter what its geographical limit, what language is spoken it still has a potential voice with every nation and every clime. A man may be a great scholar in England or France and yet be rated as an ignoramus in China and Japan. But with the universal language of the painter's brush and limner's pencil it brings order out of the confusion of Babel and realizes the dream of Volapuk in a universal language, which every man can understand.

In writing the history of the past it has been a favorite with poets to represent the ages long since gone by as periods of purity and peace. As far as our personal knowledge goes it is the very opposite of the poet's dream. As we go back, step by step, the race grows worse and worse until in the twilight of time we find man in the lowest state of degradation and only, as he advances toward civilization and enlightenment, does he improve. The object of these thoughts at this time is intended as a review of the races with which we are now at war in the Philippines.

In the 300 islands that represent the Philippine archipelago, holding fast to tribal independence, they represent the patriarchal age where government was represented by the red right hand.

In these islands there are many races, widely different physically and mentally, which do not seem as though they ever could be reconciled. The stronger body has been trying for hundreds of years to enslave the weaker, and the battle still goes on and seems as though it never would end while time lasts. The United States has assumed the character of protector and educator of these benighted savages—a tremendous task, costly in gold and human lives. A war that the world may rest assured will still go on until the savage is educated and enlightened or exterminated.

The wants of universal humanity grow with the passing years. And in our new possessions we can supply the world. But to make the supply practicable we need peace and we will have it if we have to fight for it. At the beginning of this letter I spoke of the contest now going on in journalist circles between literary pre-eminence and illustrated precedence. A few months ago I was in hopes that one of our great journals which had ample means would devote its power to the elevation of the pictorial art. For several weeks it gave golden promise, then commenced its peiod of decadence. It was no longer the great and high moral teacher, but it came to its nadir the last two weeks, when the principal illustration was not only degrading, but absolutely shocking. One of the illustrations was a beautiful woman covered with diamonds and costly jewels, rich silks and precious laces, and those little gew gaws so dear to the female heart. Yet on that beautiful face was the stamp of a soul lost, and jewels paid for with that which is dearer than life the wreck of a soul's salvation. The artist who painted that picture could have pointed the earnest searcher after truth to something higher, nobler and better. He could have led the sinner to look upward instead of downward, and so the model of his dream was lost, lost, lost.

Mr. Miller, the gentleman that gave his clients 520 per cent. per annum, will be brought to trial this week. At the time Mr. Miller's business was broken up, not one of his customers found fault with him. A large body of police was interested in his bank, and had received several dividends.

It appears as if there was a conspiracy against him because he was making his clients get rich too fast. Several days elapsed before they could find anyone among his customers who desired to make a complaint; and it seems as though it was only by hard work and intimidation that any of his customers were willing to appear at his trial. I hardly know yet what the nature of the complaint will be that will bring him within the violation of the criminal law. His trial will begin on Thursday. I think the prosecuting attorney, after an illegal delay, promises to give him a short shrift and a long rope.

Our police department is again in a beautiful muddle, and chief Devery, as usual, is waving that tremendous club of his which has been the terror of the Tenderloin for years, having escaped indictment by the grand jury. When the Mazet committee was overhauling the police affairs a few months ago, it became desirable to get him into court. A summons was put into the hands of one of the court officers, who set out to serve it immediately. He called at chief Devery's house, where he was received at the door by Mrs. Devery, who informed him that her husband was sick. The officer desired to see him. Mrs. Devery refused to let him in. The firm bailiff watched his chance and made a rush, but Mrs. Devery had taken the precaution to keep the chain on the door. The detective thrust his foot in to keep her from shutting the door, and Mrs. Devery, who was by no means a light weight, threw her whole force against it, holding the officer's foot as in a vice. He stormed and screamed and swore till at last Mrs. Devery let him go. He limped on one leg back to the Mazet committee, and it is safe to say he will serve no more processes at the Hotel Devery.

Within a few weeks we appear to have drifted back to the wickedness of the olden time. The wardman goes his rounds as of old. The gambling hell is no longer concealed, the poorest reporter on any paper in New York can pilot you to any of the infamous places which to the police are all unknown. The spasm of virtue which set all New York ablaze with expectation, was a wretched sham and a fraud.

One of the question agitating political circles among the republicans, is who shall succeed McKinley, and the answer is brought back by thoughtful men of brains that McKinley shall succeed himself. We are not to be kept long in suspense, however, as some parties here in New York are endeavoring to make our governor the tail to that political kite. The governor, however, as in the case of McKinley, desires to succeed himself. It is not impossible that some day he may enter the White house as its master, but he can afford to wait for some years to come. He believes in the old adage, that everything comes to him who waits, and he is resolved to wait and see which way the cat jumps.

The winter and spring of 1899 and 1900 will long be remembered for the number of its art sales, and the manner in which the work of American artists has been brought before our people and which has given it a standing in the art galleries of Europe and the United States. The number of sales has been phenomenal and the end is not yet. Prices have increased; purchasers have been many, and so far, there appears to be no scarcity of cash. The sale of manager Daly's effects was a prize. Nobody knew that there was so many excellent collections and art has a more general appreciation to-day in the United States than it ever had before. Prices have doubled, and in many cases, tripled, and there seems to be no abatement in the art fever that is reigning at the present time. A man who has merely money is not entitled to respect. He must do something that is worthy of being remembered when he is dead.

By the encouragement of art a man may gain position in society. He must have something more than money to do it. He cannot crawl into his shell, secure himself and bid defiance to the world. I often hear of people complaining of the extravagance when they see their neighbor buy a picture, a new carpet, a piece of bric-a-brac. The money expended goes to the support of some one poorer than himself and adds to the sum of human happiness. Surround a child with objects of beauty and you give him that which is indestructible; it chastens, enobles and elevates him, it sweetens life and makes home more homelike. Every day for weeks past art sales have occurred in our city. The greatest and best of all have been under the care and supervision of the American art association. The sum passing through the hands of the two foremost gentlemen of the American art galleries, Messrs. Sutton and Kirby, must have amounted to several millions of dollars. In the borough of Brooklyn a large sum of money has been raised for the purchase of Tissot's illustrations of the life of Christ. It is intended to place them in the new Brooklyn institute museum. One of the most gratifying evidences of the refining of our tastes is that the park commissioners have ordered the removal of a number of ugly statues that now mar the beauty of our park to be replaced by others, as our means increase.

Our mayor Van Wyck thinks he would make an excellent candidate for president at the next democratic convention. If he cannot get that he is willing to take the vice presidency—and if that should prove not to be within his reach he will accept whatever providence and good luck may send him.

—BROADBRIM.

A Fool For Luck.

"You can bet it is always a fool for luck," said the man who has had his nose to the grindstone all his life. "Now, there was Jack Shane of Tennessee, who drew $25,000 in a lottery. Jack didn't know enough to go in out of the wet, but he had a little money, and he bought a ticket that won, while I got ten and didn't fetch a cent. The winning number was 42, and when I saw Jack I asked him how he happened to take that number. "Well,' he said, 'you see, it was this way. I had a dream one night and I dreamed that the door of my room opened all of a sudden and a big number seven walked in. Then right after it came other sevens, and more and more, till the room was chuck full, and I was about smothered under them. Then I woke up and began thinking it over. I knowed that one seven wasn't the number to draw, nor 77, nor 7,777, for there was a million of them, and no lottery had that many numbers. But I figured a while and at last made up my mind that seven times seven was forty-two, and forty-two was the number, so I drawed that one. That was all there was to it."

"Now," concluded the talker, "if that isn't a case of a fool for luck, what the dickens is it?"

Caught the Czar.

Peter the Great was once very neatly caught in a trap by a jester attached to the court. The jester was noted for his cleverness in getting himself and his friends out of difficulties. It happened one day that a cousin of his had incurred the czar's displeasure, and was about to be executed. The jester, therefore, presented himself before his imperial master to beg for a reprieve. On seeing him approach, the czar, divining his errand, cried: "It is no good to come here; I swear I will not grant what you are going to ask." Immediately the jester went down on his knees, saying: "I beseech your imperial highness to put that scamp cousin of mine to death." The czar, thus caught in his own trap, could only laugh and pardon the condemned man.

Buller's Contrariness.

A London paper says that Gen. Buller was once in company with lord Charles Beresford coming down the Nile, and as their boat approached the first cataract a sharp discussion arose as to which was the proper channel to take. The soldier advised one, the sailor another, but in the end Buller's channel was followed, with perfect success. "You see, I was right," the general exclaimed, exultingly. "What of that!" retorted Beresford; "I knew it was the right one myself, and I only recommended the other because I knew you would oppose whatever I said."

Children eat plain cake and like it, but when it is nut cake, they pick out the nuts and leave the cake uneaten.

When a man calls Sunday "Sabbath," we are sure he is a church member.

TELLING OF WAR WRITERS.

DARING FEATS PERFORMED BY FIELD CORRESPONDENTS.

Tales of Men Who Are Both Hardy And Brilliant—The Great Ride of Archibald Forbes After Battle of Ulundi.

The war correspondent must be an able writer or an artist, and also a man of courage and resource. His paper depends upon him not only for graphic descriptions, but also for his skill in getting his despatches through at least as soon as, if not sooner than, those of his colleagues. It can be readily understood, therefore, that a correspondent's work does not lack variety of excitement. In one campaign he meets more adventures than the ordinary man in a life-time, and numberless are the stories of his skill, tenacity and pluck.

At one time during the Russo-Turkish war, Frederick Villiers, well-known correspondent, was staying at Bjala. After an engagement some of the Russian soldiers occupied themselves in plundering the shops of the town. The inhabitants of the place bewailed the fate of their property loudly, but Mr. Villiers, though he sympathized, was unable to do anything to help them. All was license.

But some of the Russians met with punishment, brought on by their own excesses. Mr. Villiers was staying in the house of a woollen dyer, and in the middle of the night he was awakened by a loud clamoring at the door. He opened the door and found before him four of the plunderers with bottles in their hands and with strangely blackened lips. It seemed they had gone down to one of the cellars of the worthy dyer, and found some bottles which they supposed contained wine put by for private consumption. The necks of the bottles were knocked off, and the contents immediately began to find the way down the throats of the Russians.

As it happened, the bottles contained, not wine, but a solution of vitriol used in the dyer's business. The vitriol was greatly diluted, but as it was, the soldiers must have had throats of iron, or they would never have survived the draught. Their lips, clothes, hands and boots were burned where the liquid had upset, and they came, maddened with pain, to make the poor dyer drink some of his own brew, for they thought a trick had been played on them. They did not succeed in getting him to drink any of the vitriol, but they spilt some over him and inflicted some rather severe burns.

At the battle of Plevna, one of the correspondents of the Daily News, Mr. MacGahan, after the Russians had been repulsed, wrote his account and sent it to the telegraph office at Bucharest for transmission. At the telegraph office, however, he found a Russian censor, who refused pointblank to send the message when he found what it contained.

"Not a word," said he, "to be despatched about any Russian mishap."

The Daily News people, in view of emergencies, had established a pony express service from Ploiesti, not far away, to Cronstadt, so MacGahan at once sent a messenger with the despatch by train to Ploiesti.

From there the messenger rode on relays of ponies, across the Carpathians to Cronstadt. He arrived safely at Cronstadt, delivered MacGahan's despatch and then rode back to Bucharest. He made two railway journeys, rode 160 miles with the ponies, and, despite several hindrances, accomplished the whole in twenty-eight hours. He knocked up and probably killed several of the ponies but the Daily News, with their precious message safe to hand, took little heed of that expense.

At the same battle of Plevna, Mr. Villiers had a very narrow escape from being butchered. He had helped the surgeons till he grew tired, and had then lain down in an ambulance waggon for a sleep. He was lying in the waggon when the Bashi-Bazouks, on plunder and murder bent, entered the village. They rushed at the waggon, brandishing their knives. Villiers lay asleep, unconscious of his impending fate. A young surgeon, seeing his danger, sprang forward, seized the reins, and sent the horses off at a gallop. The Bashi-Bazouks were out-distanced before Villiers properly realized what had happened.

One of the most daring feats ever achieved by a correspondent was the ride undertaken by Archibald Forbes in the Zulu war of 1879.

After the victory of Ulundi, lord Chelmsford, the commander of the British forces, said he did not intend sending a despatch containing news of the victory until the next morning Forbes was disgusted at what he called "military inaptitude," and, knowing that it was important lord Wolseley should learn of the victory as early as possible, he set out from lord Chelmsford's laager on a seventeen hours' ride to the telegraph station at Landmann's Drift. Before the correspondent started Sir Evelyn Wood's aide-de-camp bet him £5 he would not get through scathless.

"Done!" shouted Forbes.

"Oh," said the aide-de-camp, "you must pay the money down, for I don't in the least expect to see you again."

Forbes started on his journey that night, and groped his way along a track not 500 yards from which Lieut. Scott Douglass and Corpl. Cotter were just before slaughtered with unmentionable barbarism. He reached the telegraph office safely and wired the news of the victory to lord Wolseley, and then to Sir Bartle Frere at the Cape. The latter sent it home to the English parliament, to whom it was read.

Lord Wolseley thanked Mr. Forbes for his message, but the military authorities at home would not grant him the war medal. They said there was no need for him to have undertaken the ride unless he liked.

The Pope's Kindness of Heart.

Leo XIII.'s life has been rich in good works, the hundredth part of which is not and never will be known, as one of his chief characteristics is wide benevolence, which refuses to bear a grudge and to advertise itself. Apropos of the letter in the Pall Mall Gazette of Oct. 3rd, relative to the kindheartedness of Sixtus V. and the "fisherman's ring," a story somewhat similar about Leo XIII. was related to me by one in high quarters. "Our pope," he said, "reads character at a glance, and is rarely deceived. One evening, when nuncio at Brussels, he was entering his carriage to go to dinner at the house of count de Baillet, when just as his foot was on the carriage step a workman, wretchedly dressed, rushed forward, insulted him, and attacked him personally. His servants, ready in his defense, seized the aggressor and proceeded to make things hot for him; but the pontiff—then simple monsignor Pecci—stopped them, and, calmly and kindly addressing the man, said: 'My friend, I bear you no malice for what you have done. Are you in need? Come to see me some other time,' and let a five franc piece drop into his hand. Needless to say, the workman, after much encouragement, went to see him, and went so often that the nuncio eventually took him into his service as a domestic, and even now Leo XIII. retains a benevolent recollection of him, and recounts that he never had a servant more respectful and more to be trusted."

The First Iron Plow.

It would be difficult to say who made the first iron plow; but in Scotland a contemporary says the inventor was a humble Scotch blacksmith named William Allan. His modesty was so great that after he had made this first plow, and it did satisfactory work on his own farm, he declined to make a second for neighboring gentlemen on the plea that he was not as good a blacksmith as the gentlemen ought to have, and recommended a neighbor of his, named Gray. The latter became rich at the business, while Allan remained as poor as ever.

1900 Paris Exhibition 1900

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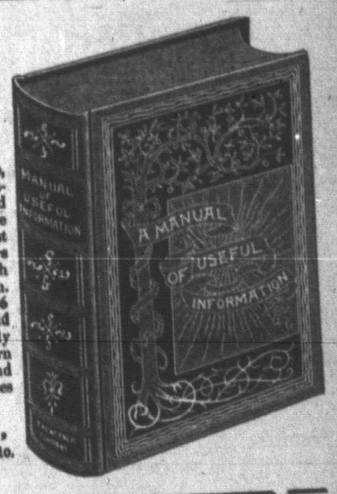

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DR. D. SANDEN, 140 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont. 152 St. James Street, Montreal, Que.