

BUILDING A NEW NATION

BRITON AND BOER JOIN HANDS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

A Wonderful Spectacle—Statesmen of Britain Dared Much and Won.

The Prince of Wales has consented to visit South Africa and to open the South African Union Parliament. It is possible that his Royal Highness will be accompanied by the Princess. The Union will be proclaimed on May 31, 1910, and the Royal visit may, therefore, be expected to take place in the late summer or early autumn. The Royal itinerary may include a visit to the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi. His Royal Highness will be attended by a distinguished staff, among whom will be Sir Francis Hopwood, Permanent Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies.

Whether the voyage will be made on board a warship or by a specially-chartered liner is not settled.

AN EX-CONSUL'S VIEWS.

In a recent number of The Outlook (New York), "An Ex-Consul" contributes a striking article on "The Building of a Nation in South Africa." At the present moment the English-speaking world is particularly interested in the progress of the bill now before the British House of Commons for the federation of Cape Colony, Natal, Orange River Colony, and Transvaal, and "Ex-Consul's" article has therefore a timely interest. In part, after a brief reference to the Boer war and the events leading to the decision for federation, he says:

AN UNPARALLELED SIGHT.

Statesmen in England spoke openly of the danger which the sullen Boers would be to British dominion. It was predicted that several generations would pass before the enmity of the Dutch would be wiped away. Yet other statesmen decided upon an apparently foolhardy policy, and these, being for the time in power, were able to carry out their plans. They deliberately gave the privilege of representative institutions to the colonies where the Boers, smarting under defeat, were in the majority; and so the world was treated to the unparalleled sight of a conquered race having full legislative powers in a country from which the army of invasion had not withdrawn. It certainly was a hazardous experiment, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it did not fail. That it not only did not fail, but was completely satisfactory, is attributable to the very fierceness of patriotism which was supposed to be the chief obstacle in the path of peace. Had the Boers been a whit less devoted to their land and a whit more devoted to their individual ambitions the experiment would have been a failure, and would probably have led to a countless number of "unpleasantnesses" here and there throughout the new colonies. But because they loved their land, and thought only of its welfare, they accepted the gift that was bestowed upon them and set themselves to work to make good the ravages of the war and to establish the country upon a lasting basis of prosperity.

DUTCH ARE NOT DISLOYAL.

Not long ago I brought to the notice of one of the foremost members of the Transvaal Government a statement to the effect that the Dutch people were only ostensibly loyal and that when the chance occurred the whole nation would rush to arms again and renew the struggle for independence. "I have seen several assertions of this kind," he replied, "but do you truly think that we are mad? What can we possibly gain by further resistance? That is the question which people should ask themselves before they make such statements. England has given us a degree of independence for which we dared not hope, and I assure you that we appreciate the gift. Of course we shall always treasure the memory of the old regime, but that will not interfere with our making the best of the new. There is absolutely no foundation for believing that there is any underhand scheme for re-establishing the old republics."

That is the opinion of all the leaders of what may be called the Young Dutch party, and they are the men whose word will sway the minds of ninety per cent. of the people. It is simply an instance of rapid recognition of fact and earnest desire to do the best that may be done to save their beloved country from further distress and ruin.

VIEWS OF BRITISH RESIDENTS

The idea which the British residents of South Africa have in view in promoting a scheme of federation is far less subtle than that which occupies the minds of the Dutch. Britain naturally desires to have every one of its colonial possessions in the most prosperous condition possible, and it is evident that South Africa a federated country is infinitely preferable to South Africa a disconnected group

of States. The ordinary English settler has no dislike for his Dutch neighbor, and is quite ready to make a friend of him. The war is over, and both sides fought well. It is not difficult for one of the conquering race to be magnanimous. Furthermore, the Briton always remembers the commercial aspect of every question, and he sees that the business conditions of the whole country will be greatly improved by the union of colonies.

INFLUENCE OF THE COLONIALS.

There is a third factor in the case, and one that is often forgotten, but nevertheless is of great importance. This is the element which is called "Colonial"—that is, people who were born and bred in the colonies. In South Africa these Colonial people are generally very pronounced in their loyalty to Great Britain, and at times they do not hesitate to speak in anything but glowing terms of their Dutch neighbors; but they and the Boers understand one another. They have fought side by side against black foes, and they have fought face to face. Therefore they have a wholesome respect for each other's valor, and at heart they have a great liking one for the other. Moreover, the Colonials have intermarried with the Boers so often that it is almost impossible to draw the line between the races. Therefore the colonial may be considered as the intermediary between the two races, and may exercise a vast power for harmony. He can smooth the way to union as no one else can smooth it, and the comprehension of this truth is gaining prevalence every day. At the close of the war the Colonial was more bitter in his treatment of the Boers than was any Englishman, but that phase of affairs soon passed, and to-day the Colonial understands that it is his duty as well as his privilege to take a prominent part in the federation of all South African interests.

GOVERNANCE OF NATIVES.

Aside from the commercial and sentimental reasons for a South African federation is one that is of more urgent importance than all the others. This is the question of the governance of the natives, who in that country are to the white people as ten is to one. For the most part, the blacks are a peaceful and harmless race in these days, but no man can tell at what minute trouble may occur. Rebellion may spring up without an instant's warning, and when that happens it is imperative that all branches of the paramount race shall stand shoulder to shoulder against a common peril. If calm and contentment are to prevail among the natives—and by means of these insurrection can be set at a far distance—there must be uniform and intelligent legislation and execution of the laws throughout all the land. The conflict of differing laws in different States sets a premium upon discontent among the natives. The native question is the most serious problem before the people of South Africa, now and at all times, and great expectations are cherished of the benefits which will accrue to native administration under a Federal Government.

THE SPIRIT OF AMITY.

It would be impossible to find a better illustration of the spirit of amity which is abroad in South Africa, than was afforded by the recent conference of delegates, met at Durban, Natal, to discuss the prospects of federation and to produce the scheme which has now been accepted by the Parliaments of the Transvaal, Orange River Colony, Cape of Good Hope, and Natal. The Conference met in the Town Hall, and was under the presidency of Sir Henry de Villiers, a man of Dutch and Hugenot extraction. The delegates included General Louis Botha, who is the Dutch leader; General Smuts, General De Wet (the elusive De Wet), General De la Rey, ex-President Steyn—all these and others fought and led in the Boer army. With these veterans were such men as Dr. Jameson (of Raid notoriety, formerly the bitterest foe of the Boers), Sir George Farrar, Sir Percy Fitzpatrick, and many others who were prominent in the British ranks. The leading men of all the colonies were there and British and Dutch were on terms of absolutely unconstrained friendship. The extremely British residents of Durban thronged the hall at the opening ceremony, and watched with deep interest the arrival of the men whose word had made famous.

"BOTHAS! GENERAL BOTHAS!"

The proceedings were brief and formal, and the delegates turned to leave the platform, when suddenly the whole crowd in the hall and in the corridors of the buildings set up a cry: "Botha! General Botha!" "I never heard a more heartfelt acclamation." This General Botha was commander-in-chief of the Boer forces in the war, and was the last to surrender—and Durban is the most British town in the country. There you have a picture which shows a reconciliation without an equal in history.

Hunger is a necessary evil; it promotes industry.

YOUTH BECAME CRIMINAL

HIS FRIEND COMMITTED SUICIDE AS RESULT.

Santa Claus Angel to the Poor Takes Her Life When Protege Fails to Reform.

Heartbroken because the youth whom she had tried to reform was convicted of forgery, Miss Elizabeth A. Phillips, whose distribution of gifts among the poor Christmas of Philadelphia every Christmas earned her the title of the "Santa Claus Lady," committed suicide the other day by inhaling gas.

Miss Phillips had a passion for charity. Her innumerable acts of self-sacrifice shattered her health and mind. In a year her friends noticed her gradual decline. Five months ago she sustained the shock which is believed to have hastened her end.

At the time Andrew M. Rhule, a college graduate and member of a family well known in New York State, was convicted of forgery at Philadelphia after Miss Phillips had taken particular pains to reform him. Having served terms in New York prisons, Rhule, young and handsome, drifted to Philadelphia penniless and when his plight was discovered, Miss Phillips gave him employment at the headquarters of the Santa Claus association, organized, formed and directed solely by herself.

GAVE HIM FRESH START.

There he assisted her to distribute Christmas toys and other articles among children whose parents could not afford to make them holiday gifts. She supplied him with clothing and told him to make a fresh start in life. He professed repentance for past offences and, being an expert penman and accountant, he experienced little difficulty in securing remunerative employment. Keen was Miss Phillips' disappointment when not long afterward the police discovered that her protege had palmed off bogus checks upon business men with whom she dealt.

His arrest and conviction speedily followed, although Miss Phillips appeared in court and pleaded that he be treated with leniency. He was sentenced, however, to three years' imprisonment, and not long after his incarceration there he wrote a letter in which he pleaded for her forgiveness. Miss Phillips visited him and talked with him as long as the rules of the prison would permit. What the result of her errand was only she and Rhule knew, but she never returned to see him. To those who knew her well she often remarked that the man was one of the most bitter disappointments of her life.

WAS WEARY OF LIFE.

By an odd coincidence, one of the first persons to enter the room in which she ended her life was Sergeant Theodore Fenn, whose warm respect she had won while presiding over the rooms of the Santa Claus Association during Christmas week for the last five years. Only a few days ago she visited the station house and talked with Sergeant Fenn about charitable work, taking a pessimistic view of what she had accomplished and concluding by saying she was weary of life.

"I may not have much longer to live, sergeant," she remarked, "but when I am gone I hope my friends who have so generously aided me will understand the love and appreciation I feel toward them." When Sergeant Fenn entered the room he found a note which read: "No one knows my sufferings; I cannot explain. I feel my mind giving way each day. I am afraid I cannot stand it all any longer."

CHANGES IN HUMAN FORM.

Average of Lady's Shoe Has Increased From No. 4 to No. 5.

The tailors and shoe-dealers of London have accumulated some interesting statistics on the change in the figures of men and women. According to the tailors, there are two new types of men; that is, as regards their figures. One is the man who plays a great deal of golf or indulges largely in other forms of outdoor sports; this man is growing taller and slimmer. On the other hand, the man who has given up walking and horseback riding for the motor car is becoming prosaically fat; during the last two years he has been forced to add an extra half inch to the waists of trousers. For the athletic type of man the average chest measurement is thirty-eight inches, with waist of thirty-four, while the motor man, though shorter, demands a thirty-six inch waist.

As for the ladies, it is a delicate subject, but the dealers feel the truth must prevail, and they reluctantly admit that their customers' feet are much larger than they used to be. Two years ago the average was No. 4 and No. 5 was kept in stock; this latter size has now been given up and No. 3 has appeared, while the average has increased to No. 5. If this has been accomplished in two years, who can guess the changes to come?

EARS ON THEIR LEGS.

That is Where an Ant's Grow and He Has Six of Them.

Strange as it may seem an ant has at least six ears. Aside from their multiplicity they are located in just about the queerest place imaginable—on the legs. They seem deaf to all sounds made by the vibration of the air, but detect the slightest possible vibrations of solid material.

This is supposed to be in their advantage, in that such things as approaching footsteps tell more of the possibility of danger than such sounds as are transmitted through the air.

So sensitive are their feet, says St. Nicholas, that they detect the impact of a small birdshot dropped on the table from a height of about six inches and about fourteen feet distant from an artificial nest placed at the other end of the table.

As curious as are their ears, their noses are even more extraordinary. As the ants spend most of their time in the dark, they must depend largely on scent for their guidance, and in consequence have quite an elaborate array of noses, each for a special purpose.

Miss Adele Fiedle believes that their antennae are composed of a number of noses strung along in a line. Still more strange is the fact that each of these noses can smell only a special thing. The nose on the tip or first joint of the antenna it is said, is for recognizing the odor of the home; the one on the second point is to recognize relatives. The third nose is the pathfinder, and without it the poor ant cannot follow a trail and soon gets hopelessly lost. The noses on the fourth and fifth joints are for recognizing the eggs and immature ants in the nest.

No creature is more tidy than an ant, who cannot tolerate the presence of dirt on her body. These little creatures actually use a number of real toilet articles in keeping themselves clean. No less an authority than Dr. McCook says their toilet articles consist of coarse and fine toothed combs, hair brushes, sponges and even washes and soap. Their saliva is their liquid soap, and their soft tongues are their sponges.

Their combs, like their ears are fastened to their legs. They stop for a hasty clean-up when they get dirty. But a more leisurely toilet is made when they feel in a loafing mood, and they then lend a helping hand to one another in the process.

HELPLESS MR. BILLTOPS.

And the Extraordinary Helpful Mrs. Billtops.

"I don't know what I should do without Mrs. Billtops," said Mr. B. "I'd be helpless without her. That is, about things that are unusual."

"My own regular business I can attend to without help from anybody, and other people's business I can attend to, I think I may say, with intelligence and precision; but when it comes to anything about myself, why then I turn to Mrs. Billtops."

"This year we are going in different directions. I've got her trip planned for her to the last detail, and I've got my own transportation arranged for with entire completeness; but there, for my own trip, my preparations stop. She packs my trunk, she knows what I want and what I ought to have and then she tells me:

"Ezra, your coat is in this place and your shoes here, and thus on through the entire trunk contents; so which I listen with due attention, though I fear I don't remember any of it, because I don't have to; she's looked up for everything, and I know I'll find everything in the trunk when I want it; but this is a strange, a new place; that I'm going to this year, and not knowing anything about it I haven't made any advance arrangements for a stopping place there, and now this strikes me all of a sudden and I say to Mrs. B.:

"Goodness gracious, Elizabeth, I don't know where I'm going to stay!" Whereupon Mrs. Billtops looks up with mild astonishment.

"You don't know where you are going to stay, Ezra?" she says. "Why of course you don't. You find out about that when you get there."

"How true! Why, of course! I find out about that when I get there."

"I don't know what I should do without Mrs. Billtops."

WHAT BURGLAR IS UP AGAINST.

A new burglar alarm has been invented in Germany which consists of a curtain or portiere, wired with fine conductors, connected at certain places on the curtain with small metal knobs. The curtain is drawn across the window or door, or around the safe, and the slightest disturbance of its position immediately breaks the circuit, as the metal knobs are thrown out of contact with each other. Should the burglar notice the wires and cut one of them, the breaking of the circuit would also start the alarm. The alarm itself may consist of a series of bells, lights, or other electrical appliances. This invention can be used to protect doors, windows, safes, etc.

THE INTENSIVE GARDEN

THE FRENCH GARDENERS ARE THE MOST SKILFUL.

Lessons From Small Plots Cultivated by the French and Germans.

If we would live by gardening we must study the ways of gardening. It was a shrewd old English farmer who used to say to his sons, "Put the horse to, and let us drive around and see what other people are after."

The French market gardeners about Paris are the most skilful growers in the world—except the Chinese—and the average garden of an acre or two "tilled to the eyebrows," as they say, shows the following returns, given by business men interested in the matter: "There are, of course, exceptions where the total income from one acre is \$6,000 a year, but as a usual thing the gardens yield but \$1,500 to the acre, and the average annual profit of the gardener is not over a thousand dollars."

How many ministers and college professors and teachers and small shopkeepers, artists and literary folk are there making a healthy living and putting a thousand dollars a year in the bank besides?

The common French gardener makes this by intensive gardening. True, he begins with certain advantages. For generations before him his family have been gardeners and the instinct for the best methods run in the blood. Within a ten-mile circuit of Paris are 2,000 MARKET GARDENS.

models of care and culture, some of which have been held by the same families for 200 years. These gardens are not large; the largest is said to be not more than four acres, common gardens are not more than two acres, and not the smallest profits are taken from plots of a quarter acre, tilled with the finest care.

Their very name, the marais gardens, comes from the marais or marshes of the Seine, which were drained four generations ago to get at their rich black soil. These plots are tucked away in angles of the old fortifications, or backed by the city walls, which protect them from north and east winds. Or else the garden has its own walls, eight to fifteen feet high on the north and east sides, giving a climate of its own. Old gardens dating from Louis Philippe's time and before have hollow brick walls with heated flues to force winter fruit on trees trained against them. A border two and a half feet wide along these walls will yield more fruit of the finest quality than we commonly take from half an acre of orchard. In winter leanto or span-roof shelters of glazed sash protect the black Hamburg and chasselas grapes, or the peaches, red and perfumed, which weigh ten ounces apiece. By May these glass houses can be taken down and the trees rest and grow strong in the open air all summer.

The skilled French or Belgian gardener takes four to seven crops in a season from the same dead rich soil.

THERE IS NO MAGIC IN IT.

The marais, or marsh gardener, turns over the old mushroom beds of the season before, forks them up roughly so that the air works among the clods freely to carry off the acrid gases of decomposition—"to sweeten the soil," as he says. In a few days it grows powdery and is beaten and raked to a level and three to nine inches of fine soil, not too fine, are sifted over it to make the seed bed.

Then radish seed, turnips or carrots of the small, tender, quick growing sorts are thinly sown and pressed gently into the earth. On this same bed twenty-five lettuce plants with leaves the size of a half dollar are set out, very likely with four or five cauliflower plants under the same glass. In the rich warm soil, with plenty of water, the plants have nothing to do but to grow as fast as possible and get out of each other's way in succession.

The radishes are fit to pull in three weeks, the turnips and carrots in five to six weeks, the lettuce before. Then the cauliflowers have room to spread, with a melon vine or a cucumber in the middle to riot over the whole three by four feet enclosed, when the cauliflower heads are set out again in the open field.

QUEER MALADY.

Sprigg went to a noted physician to ask advice as to his health. In pompous tones he addressed the doctor:

"I—ah—have come to—ah—ask you—ah—what—what is—the doo—ed matter with—ah?"

"I find your heart is affected," said the physician, gravely.

"Oh—ah—anything else—ah?"

"Yes; your lungs are affected, too."

"Anything—ah—else—ah?"

"Yes; your manners are also affected."

ROLL CHEESE DOWN HILL

CURIOS SURVIVING OLD-TIME CUSTOMS.

Match-Making Day in England—Dance of Epileptics Held in Germany.

Of the survivals of curious old-time customs which still remain in various parts of the old land, those of Whitsuntide are the most numerous. And not only are they the most numerous, but they are also the most curious, the most picturesque, and, in several cases, the most ghastly, ranging as they do from cheese-rolling contests and sweetheating fairs to mock-burials and epileptic dances.

The greatest of cheese-rolling competitions takes place at Birdlip, a village near Cheltenham, England, and it provides considerable excitement for the villagers who take part and also for those who only merely look on. Outside the village there is an extremely steep hill, and from the top of this a mammoth cheese is sent rolling down the slope as fast as it can travel. After it heister-skelter go the youthful inhabitants of the village, and before they have gone half-way down most of them have lost their footing and are rolling over and over themselves like so many human cheeses. Slow but sure is generally the motto of the man who succeeds in capturing the cheese.

KISS PRETIEST GIRLS.

A prettier Whitsun custom takes place at Newcastle, as it has done for many years. Dressed in their robes of office the mayor and sheriffs of the city embark on a number of gaily decorated steamers and barges and go in procession down the river till they reach the mouth. The boats are then anchored, and the Town Clerk rises in the bows of the principal vessel and proceeds to read aloud a proclamation announcing the soil of the Tyne to be the property of the city of Newcastle.

This formality over, the procession goes home again, and on reaching the quay the Mayor and the two principal sheriffs select the three prettiest girls from among the spectators and give them each a kiss and a new sovereign.

MATCH-MAKING DAY.

In many parts of rural England Whit-Monday is the great match-making day of the year, the country villages, fairs, and festivals bringing large numbers of young men and maidens together. The celebrations in the Newbury district of the Kennet Valley are typical of these Whitsuntide festivities so dear to the hearts of the rural population.

All work is suspended, and arrayed in their Sunday best, the men, with their flags and banners flying, parade through the district, headed by a brass band playing lively airs. After attending a special service in the parish church, the processionists reform and march to a building where they dine and drink with truly rural enthusiasm to King and Constitution.

They next proceed to make the round of the principal houses in the neighborhood, where sweet hospitality is dispensed and sweet music discoursed, to which the youths and damsels trip the light fantastic to the drive or lawn, and exchange tender confidences as opportunity presents.

DANCE OF EPILEPTICS.

Of the actual religious ceremonies which still take place at Whitsun the most ghastly is the dance of epileptics from all over Europe, which takes place on Whit-Tuesday at Eichternach in Germany. The ceremony is an annual one, inspired by a belief in the powers of the bones of St. Willibrod of Eichternach, the healer.

To be cured the pilgrims must dance a distance of a mile and a quarter.

They advance in rows of five, in rank and file formation, some hand in hand, others holding their neighbor's handkerchiefs. Among them are hundreds of children, peasants, and poor and aged men and women. The whole aspect of the procession resembles a corn-field as the pilgrims execute their curious dance. It is a frightful spectacle as these wrecks of humanity, this quivering, slaking mass of epileptics, approaches. Mingling with them are hundreds of small boys, the paid "substitutes" of those who are too infirm to join the dance. As the procession proceeds hundreds of the spectators throw themselves into the ranks and join the dancers in their weird procession to the cathedral.

HIS SOLO.

Mrs. Nagger—"The noise you make at night is very unpleasant music."

Nagger—"Do you call snoring music?"

Mrs. Nagger—"I should say so—sheet music, arranged for the bugle."

Many a poor man doesn't get half a chance after acquiring a better half.