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PELEE AGAIN BEAUTIFUL

Volcano Has Entered Upon Another
Period of Repose

(Special corr. N.Y. Evening Post)

Fort-de-France, Martinique. —The better part of three years has elapsed since I last visited the great mountain whose name is still in the mouth of every inhabitant of this beautiful, even if desolate, isle of France. Eh bien, le volcan? It is the old enquiry which has now become almost sympathetic with the people, but which has lost none of its significance in consequence of the recent earthquake disturbance. On February 16 the capital city of the island saw thirty of its loosely constructed habitations marked out for repairs, heaps of debris stood in the place of former walls and the affrighted people were camped in the savane which surrounds the noble statue of Josephine. Some two dozen or more earthquake tremors have been registered since that date, and nightfall still sees many of the less courageous departing for the campagne, where low wooden buildings, perched on breezy hilltops, place one, if not necessarily outside of the field of the seismic movements, at least beyond reach of the much dreaded raz de maree. Naturally enough, Pelee is held largely responsible for the recent happenings, and the observations on the volcano that are at frequent intervals sent down from the observatory of Morne des Cadets are eagerly scanned and studied. But these observations tell only that the mountain is calm, or is covered, or that it disengages much vapor. Mont Pelee has, in fact, entered upon a period of repose, and not since June last has it given signs of a recrudescence of activity. It is true that its smoldering dome is still far from being a picture of quiet nature, but the luminous points have entirely disappeared, and one hears no more of that ominous rumbling and roaring which is so happily expressed by the French word "gronde-ment."

Pelee has again taken its place among the beautiful objects of nature. Vegetation is slowly but steadily creeping up its deeply rifted slopes, the desert sands have already largely disappeared beneath the new growth of tree-fern, grass and moss; and even on the smouldering dome diminutive oases of green are being wrapped about the fuming fumeroles. It would be difficult to find a more enchanting view than that which overlooks this mountain from the Morne des Cadets. It is the Bay of Naples over again, both in mountain form and color—lacking, of course, nearly every thing that is indicative of man's activities, but exuberant in all that a bountiful tropical nature offers. The grand bois of Martinique, with their giant tree-ferns, bamboos, and broad-leaved cannas as the distinctive physiognomic vegetable types in a wilderness of melastomes, magnolias, cecropias, and figs still cover the rugged mountain slopes, and only here and there in the deep valleys have they yielded place to fields of cane or to plantations of cacao and coffee. The forests are silent, perhaps more silent than they were before the cataclysm of Pelee, and only at rare intervals is the life within made known through the exquisite piping tones of the little bird that is here called the siffleur de la montagne.

Three years ago Pelee was a mountain of almost exactly the height in its normal summit of Vesuvius, but it was then capped by a giant obelisk of rock which carried its apex a full thousand feet higher. To-day this obelisk, except in jagged teeth that mark where it was implanted on top of the volcano, no longer exists, and with its destruction, the geologist has noted the disappearance of one of the most remarkable features of the earth's surface. Vast blocks of rocks, some of them at least as large as the houses of the villagers who at one time looked up with awe to this stupendous monument of nature, lie scattered about in the wilderness of debris that helps to fill in the former crater-basin and they read well the story of disruption and fall. I made the ascent of the volcano on the 27th of February, with the hope of being able to descend into the crater-basin and of studying these rock debris

close at hand. Until now the Pelee tower had repelled direct scientific investigation, and the constitution of its rockmass remained necessarily within the domains of hypothesis. To-day the fires of the mountain have been drawn, and approach is made possible.

I selected for my descent into the crater a position on the northwestern borders where the bounding-wall had been reduced to a height of perhaps not more than a hundred feet, and where the angle of slope hardly exceeded 65 or 70 degrees. A sharp wind swept over the knife edge, which we were obliged to estraddle, but with some caution we passed the line of first offences and before long reached the crater floor. Here we were placed directly in face of the giant dome, which still carries at its summit the jagged remains of the former obelisk. The day, unfortunately, was not so favorable as one might have wished for. Clouds passed and repassed in seemingly endless masses, and only once did the dome disclose itself in its entirety. But that one occasion revealed a splendid spectacle—the giant mound of rock-debris, here and there scarred by lines or ridges of solid lava, rising to a height of about 500 feet, and from its sides puffing out noiseless streams of heated and sulphurous vapors. Carefully measuring the stability of the loose-lying debris, we slowly, crawled up the steep slope of the dome; my associate, at whose habitation I had passed the fateful night of August 30, 1902, giving me the advantage of his personal guidance. He had attempted this same ascent a few weeks earlier. We reached a position on the dome which clearly overlooked the bounding-wall of the crater, and beyond which only bad counsel would have dictated further progress. This was the limit of our journey.

I had attained the object of my mission—the determination of the structure of the rock-mass which formed the great tower of the volcano. A vast andesitic block, as solid and compact as the more ancient masses which constitute the core of the island of Martinique, it gives evidence of having been heaved up from the deep interior in its present condition, firm and rigid—a monument of the Titanic force of the awakening volcano.

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BLUE SCHOONER A HOODOO

(New York Press)

When the weather is contrary and ugly and a fog blanket hangs closely over the water the old salts of the Maine coast look around to see if there is a blue schooner in sight. Should a vessel painted any shade of blue be in the harbor the old-timers grunt in a satisfied way and remark that it is no wonder the weather is bad. The blue schooner is considered a rank hoodoo every time she puts in an appearance. The schooner Donna T. Briggs is regarded as a sure-enough herald of bad weather, for not only is she painted blue, but she is also a three-master, and when she appeared in Portland harbor lately, on passage from Bangor to New York, all hands in the fleet anchored there, concluded that they might as well turn in and have a good sleep. They knew what was coming, and it came—easterly winds, snow and fog. Said Capt. Baker of the little schooner Wild Pigeon, when he made out the color of the Donna T. Briggs:

"There's a blue schooner! That's what's making of this weather, and you won't see no change till she gets out here. A blue schooner is a hoodoo, any way, and you won't find one cap'n in a hundred that'll paint a vessel that color. Once in a while you will see some blue hatch coamings or a little blue striping, but it ain't pop'lar.



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"I 'member once that Cap'n Eben Lewis, of Boothbay Harbor, was going to take a new schooner built somewhere Down East, and when he went aboard he found they had painted the hatches blue.

"'Here,' he says to the managing owner, 'you turn 'to and paint some other color to them hatches, or you'll get another man to go in this vessel.'

"They painted them hatches a good brilliant Fourth' o' July red, and the vessel allers had good luck. 'Noth'er cap'n was stanndin' on the poop of his vessel, watchin' a crew come over the side. The last man to show his head over the rail had a blue chest, and when the cap'n see it he yelled;

"'Here you, leave that blue box on the wharf, or get back there yourself; blue don' go on this vessel!'

"The man had to go ashore ag'in and shift his dunnage to a bag, and then he was all right.

The Conquest of Hydrophobia

The name, hydrophobia, given to the madness consequent upon the bite of an animal, usually a dog, infected with the disease is, according to the most recent declarations of science, an erroneous one. Hydrophobia means "a dread of water"; but the sufferer from this disease, more properly called rabies, does not fear water; on the contrary, he intensely desires it, as he is devoured with thirst; but he cannot swallow it, or even go through the motions of swallowing.

The great French Catholic scientist Pasteur, was the first who could validly claim that he had conquered this dreadful malady. Briefly, his method consisted in inoculating the patient with virus obtained from the brain of a rabid animal, the hypodermic injections being made stronger and stronger during twenty-one days. The success of such treatment has been fully demonstrated. Of 21,631 patients treated at the Institute Pasteur in Paris from 1886, through 1899, only ninety-nine died—less than the half of one per cent.

There are at present at least thirty five Pasteur Institutes in the world. France has eight; Russia, six; Italy, five; Austria, two; and there is one each in New York, Chicago, Baltimore, Havana, Rio Janeiro, Buenos Ayres, Saragossa, Malta, Bucharest, Constantinople, Aleppo, Tiflis, Algiers and Athens—Ave Maria.

Maudlin Sentimentality Toward Crime.

Andrew D. White, addressing the students of Cornell university recently, on the problem of "High Crime in the United States," said.

"Simply as a matter of fact, the United States is, among all civilized nations of the world, the country in which the crime of murder is most frequently committed and least frequently punished.

"There is too much overwrought sentimentality in favor of the criminal. The young ward toughs look up with admiration to local politicians who have spent a part of their lives in state prison. Germs of maudlin sentimentality are widespread. On every hand we hear slimy, mushy, gushy, expressions of sympathy; the criminal called 'plucky, nervy, fighting against fearful odds for his life.'

"It is said that society has no right

to put murderers to death. In my opinion, society must fall back on the law of self-preservation. It should cut through, and make war, in my opinion, for its life. Life imprisonment is not possible, because there is no life imprisonment.

"In the next year 9,000 people will be murdered. As I stand here to-day I tell you that 9,000 people are doomed to death with all the criminal heart and with no regard for home and families, and two-thirds will be due to the maudlin sentiment sometimes called mercy. I have no sympathy for the criminal. My sympathy is for those who will be murdered for their families and for their children. This sham humanitarianism has become a stench. The cry now is for righteousness. The past generation has abolished human slavery. It is for the present to deal with the problems of the future, and, among them, this problem of crime."

—Catholic Citizen, Milwaukee.

Christianity in Language and Customs

A writer in the London National Review, showing the way in which Christian traditions are interwoven in the language and customs of the people of European countries, says that this is the origin (as given by them) of the golden head-dress of the Friesland peasant women. The heathen king, on hearing that his daughter was a Christian, compelled her to wear a crown of spikes in mockery of the Crown of Thorns; and on his own conversion, as he could not efface the scars upon her brow, he covered them with a golden helmet, which was immediately adopted as their head-dress by all Christian women in the land. In Old England the child learned his alphabet from a horn book in which a cross was prefixed to the first line of letters, which for this reason was called the "Christ-Cross row." At the head of the old horn book the rhyme was often placed:

Christ Cross be my spear,
In all virtues to proceed.

For the same reason "Cristus" is a name given in Spain to the alphabet for children, which in France becomes "Croix de Jesus" or "Croix de bon Dieu."

Frank explanations with friends in case of affronts sometimes save a perishing friendship, and even place it on a firmer basis than at first; but secret discontentment always ends badly.

Talent is frequently mistaken for genius—by the fellow who has it.

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