



ON A CANAL, HAMBURG.

HAMBURG—A STRICKEN CITY.

The city of Hamburg gained notoriety a few years ago as the scene of one of the most disastrous plagues which has visited Europe since the "Black Death" of the Middle Ages. Several causes conspired to give this city this unhappy prominence. It is the greatest seaport in the continent of Europe, and ranks in this respect next to London, Liverpool, and Glasgow. It is connected by a perfect network of railways with all parts of the continent, and thus furnishes facilities for receiving the fatal germs of epidemic disease. It is the great port of departure of immigrants from the Old World, especially for the Russian Jews, who have been driven from their homes by the stern ukase of the Czar.

Many of these unhappy people were wretchedly poor and squalidly filthy. A multitude of them camped beside the river Elbe on the outskirts of the city, and the filth of their encampment was allowed to drain into the river. To this contamination is traced the outburst of the disease. The city, moreover, is penetrated in every direction by canals like that shown in the cut above. These canals are the very nest and breeding-places of disease, their slug-

gish waters promoting the growth and spread of morbid germs. As a too-late precaution against the sickness, pure water was brought from a distance and furnished to the poor. Many of the well-to-do people even had their food supply brought from Berlin and other distant places. The unhappy poor could not fare thus, and every article of food was rendered extremely unpalatable by being saturated with the fumes of brimstone, which was copiously burned as an antidote to the disease.

The following tragical account indicates the dire distress in which the city was placed:

The epidemic carried in its train such want and suffering as never before marked the history of Hamburg. Nearly all the trades in the city were at a standstill, and thousands of workingmen found it utterly impossible to earn a penny. The people who had done business with Hamburg were afraid to handle anything made in the

plague-stricken city. With no demand for products, manufacturers found it impossible to keep their employees at work, and daily the idle population of the city gained fresh accessions from the ranks of clerks, artisans and unskilled laborers who were discharged because of the utter stagnation of business. Scores of great ships lay idle at the docks for weeks.

The city is supposed to date back as far as the time of Charlemagne, who founded a castle here and established a church and bishop whose mission it was to promote Christianity in this northern region. The city joined the Hanseatic League, an alliance of the great commercial towns of Northern Germany for trade purposes. It won prominence as a Free City (i.e., customs duties were not levied), and gained honorable distinction in the good work of sweeping the sea of pirates. The discovery of America and of the sea route to India did much for the trade of Hamburg, but not so much as it did for that of England and Holland. In 1529 the citizens adopted the Reformed Faith, and it has ever since been strongly Protestant. It has now a population of 30,000, or including suburbs, 470,000.

It has a magnificent harbor, where lie

numerous vessels from all quarters of the globe. The old market-place is one of quaint architectural interest, and on market days the peasants of the neighboring country still wear, to a considerable extent, their quaint rustic costumes.

WE'RE CHUMS, YOU SEE.

They wonder why I run and tell
Of every little thing,
And say I'm such a baby boy,
Tied to an apron string.
But truly I don't blame them much;
They're different from me;
My mother knows just what is what,
Because we're chums, you see!

When things are in a tangle up,
And tempers snarling, too,
When some one needs a whipping bad,
(And maybe it is you!)
She never scolds or makes a fuss,
But, as sweet as sweet can be,
Will try to help a fellow out,
Because we're chums, you see!

She ciphers with me on my slate,
Then helps me read and spell,
And makes me study hard and learn
To say my lessons well.
And mother's great at games; she likes
To play as well as we;
When our side wins, she's just as glad,
Because we're chums, you see!

I'm sorry for those other chaps,
I pity every one;
They'd love to have a chum like mine
For all they're poking fun.
Some mothers are too tired I know,
And others do not care
To bother with the little boys,
Their plays and studies share.

But mine! She's just the very best
Of loving friends to me!
And, oh, I'm such a happy son,
Because we're chums, you see!

WHO TOLD?

Among the pictures in the photograph album was one that Teddy and Joey always liked to show company. They turned to that one first every time.

"See! here it is!" Teddy would cry. "Do you know who it is?"

"Now, don't tell," Joey would warn him. "Let them guess. See! they're playing ball, and somebody took their pictures. I don't know the boys that are sitting down, but this one here that's going to pitch the ball is somebody we do know. Now, don't tell, Teddy."

One day they were showing the picture to a lady friend, and she said:

"It can't be Teddy, because he's too young."

"And it can't be I," Joey added, "because I'm not so big as that yet, and that picture was taken a long time ago, when my—there! I almost told."