

## Mount Pele as It Is Today

Seven years have passed since Mont Pelee discharged its torrent of lava on the smiling town of St. Pierre and laid waste no considerable portion of the Island of Martinique. More than one expedition has visited the Island to note the changes wrought by time and the agents that are active in healing the scar occasioned by the flow of lava and ashes over a charming country. The latest of these expeditions was under the charge of Dr. Edmund Hovey, in connection with the American Museum of Natural History; this was the third time that he had visited the Island since the disaster. St. Pierre, once the seat of flourishing industry and a convenient market for the products of a hundred years ago and abandoned to decay. Most of the walls that were left standing have now fallen down. Grass and shrubs grow in the crevices between the ruins. Hopeless despair and incompetence in presence of the Herculean labor involved in clearing away the stones and rubbish are everywhere evident. The Rue Victor Hugo, the principal street and once the pride of the town, has been cleared of the ashes that blocked it, and some of the side streets rendered passable. Here and there a few buildings have been made habitable, and a modest hotel strives to cater for the few stragglers who have been brought to the place by curiosity or necessity. The feeble attempts of a few tradesmen to carry on business serve to emphasize the completeness of the destruction that overtook the town. But St. Pierre will rise again—literally, from its ashes—because it is necessary to the country. The harbor is of importance. Already a solid wooden pier has been constructed near the lighthouse, which is still efficient. There is regular steamboat communication with Fort-de-France.

But there can be no decisive improvement till confidence is re-established among the inhabitants. The paralyzing effects of panic linger still among them. They need to be assured that no such overwhelming disaster can again bring death and ruin. Fortunately, accurate scientific examination of the crater of Mont Pelee encourages a hopeful view. Before the 8th of May, the day of the eruption, Mont Pelee exhibited a huge open crater, about a kilometre in diameter; the deepest part sank some 650 feet below the highest point of the surrounding wall. This wall, however, was not continuous or of uniform height. On the southwest side the wall was broken by a V-shaped chasm, while elsewhere the wall stood firm and solid. When the eruption took place the continuous wall offered a very effective resistance to the flow of lava and other ejected material, and compelled the river of fire to take the path of least resistance through the gap towards the southwest, where, unfortunately, lay St. Pierre. Not only was direction given by this aperture to the issuing lava, but velocity also; and the stream was carried further on its career towards St. Pierre than would have been the case had the crater wall been entire. Now a new cone, composed mainly of solid rock, fills the old crater and rises some 400 feet above the highest part of the old crater edge. There is no longer a chasm in the high wall to give direction to outflowing material, and in the later storms, as in August, 1902, the destructive ashes were scattered uniformly in all directions or as determined by the direction of the wind. At the distance of St. Pierre such a rain of ashes could work little mischief, and in the town neither life nor property was endangered. In any future eruption it may be confidently anticipated that the distribution and character of the damage will present the milder features of the August outbreak.

The internal energy of the volcano, however, effected such changes of figure in its summit that to the terrified inhabitants the unexpected is always possible. Like a monstrous needle of solid rock, the new cone or spire could be seen standing erect, increasing its stature at the rate of some fifty feet a day, and men shuddered at this fresh evidence of latent force. The growth was not altogether uniform. Sometimes the upper portion would fall, but the damage was quickly repaired, and in May, 1903, when the pinnacle attained its greatest altitude, the new structure stood considerably higher than the old summit, and for a while Mont Pelee enjoyed the reputation of being the highest mountain in the Antilles. Apparently dissatisfied with this colossal monument on which so much labor had been bestowed, no sooner was it finished than Nature set to work to destroy it. Destruction was the easier in that the pinnacle, though built up by rock accumulation and not formed of detached fragments, was fissured and cracked throughout. Unable to bear its own weight, a thousand feet was wrested from the summit of the new spire, and the huge blocks of which it was composed lay scattered at the foot of the cone and in the valley beneath. The display of such stores of force and the exercise of latent energy worked irreparable mischief on the distracted inhabitants. Here, again, scientific examination proves reassuring. These mammoth ruins are the results of an expiring giant. They tell of the throes of a decaying giant. Another feature which has no doubt tended to delay the rebuilding of "fumaroles" on the upper portion of the volcano. These consist of fissures and holes in the ashes deposited seven years ago, from which steam issued they cannot be regarded as of a super-heated nature, but from the high temperature attained and

the length of time that the heat has continued they cannot be regarded as of a superficial character, but are probably deep-seated and owe their temperature to the earth's store of internal heat. There is very considerable variation in the temperature of these "fumaroles"; some reach only about 150 deg. Fahr., others attain 600 deg. Fahr., and at the top of the crater the temperature was so high that at night the rocks might be expected to glow red hot. Dr. Hovey relates that, unaware of the extent and convenience of this source of heat, he provided himself with a petroleum stove for the purpose of camp cooking. This precaution proved superfluous. All that was necessary was to dig a small hole near the "fumarole," insert the kettle, and the earth's internal heat boiled the water. Such a source of heat may minister to the comfort of the scientific explorer, but it is very disquieting to the terror-stricken native. Moreover, the immediate neighborhood of these "fumaroles" is smitten with the curse of a vast desolation. No blade of grass is to be seen on the naked rock, no fly or ant ventures near these gaping fissures. A silence that is uncanny reigns around, and the dismal loneliness is utterly unrelieved. There are, however, grounds for hope even amid this lifelessness. Though steam still issues in large quantities from the "fumaroles," for the last three years no ashes have been ejected. A period of quiescence appears to be approaching; the capacity of the volcano for

### A VETERAN AMERICAN AUTHOR

There are probably few living writers who have written more than has Mr. William Dean Howells, the veteran American journalist, who has just been ordered to Carlsbad to undergo a "cure." Mr. Howells is the doyen of American men of letters, and like others who have now become famous, he began life as a composer. Even in his boyhood he had a passion for writing, and it is recorded of him that in his spare moments he wrote a five-act blank-verse tragedy and set it up in type himself. It is interesting to note that of late years Mr. Howells has become a great admirer of the gospel of Tolstoy, and has said that he agrees with the great Russian, without being able himself to live the simple life absolutely.

Mr. Howells possesses an amazingly large fund of anecdote, and the following is one of the best stories that he tells. "I remember," he says, "when I was in San Remo some years ago, seeing in a French newspaper a notice that bears upon the question of literary fame. It was a notice inserted by a rat-trap maker of Lyons, and read: 'To whom it may concern—M. Perri Loti, of Lyons, inventor of the automatic rat-trap, begs to state that he is not the same person as, and that he has nothing in common with, one Perri Loti, a writer, I should have liked,' adds Mr. Howells, when he tells the story, 'to have shown Loti that paragraph and seen his face when he read it.'"

THE SEASON IN JERSEY

Battle of Flowers

The Channel Islands have long been a favorite holiday resort, and even this year, when, until lately, the weather in Southern England was unfavorable to those in search of health and rest, Jersey at any rate seems to have suffered little from climatic vagaries and has had many visitors. At this time of the year, says the London Morning Post, Jersey is indeed a little paradise, with its dancing, laughing seas, its perfumed breezes, its stately and rugged cliffs, its verdant valleys. It has, however, other attractions. Its inhabitants are a compound of two races, and the island, with its peculiar constitution, is the meeting place of two nationalities. There is enough of France to interest one; yet enough of England to make one feel at home. In the towns English is mainly spoken, though most people are bi-lingual; but today the men, women, and children of the country parishes—there are twelve of them in Jersey—have invaded the town, and I have heard on every side the old Norman patois. Speak to a farmer in French, he understands you; but you may have to puzzle over his reply, delivered in his own peculiar dialect. And what fine men they are, most of these country farmers! No bent backs and slouching gait with them! They walk erect, with a sharp step. In conversation with M. Aubin, the Connettable, or Mayor, of St. Heliers, I remarked on the fact. "Yes," he replied, "that is, in my opinion, due to our system of compulsory military service. We have three battalions of militia and a battery of artillery, and have almost too many recruits for them. You see our population is 54,000, of whom 29,000 reside in this town; and though you would hardly believe it, the population is one of the densest in Europe—1,500 to the square mile."

ROSES FOR THE BEAUTY OF THEIR FRUITS

Many Roses are bright with color in late autumn and winter from the profusion of hips, or haws. None is more beautiful than our native Dog Rose (Rosa canina). Though to be seen in many an English hedgerow, an out-of-the-way corner might be given up to our wilding and its varieties for the sake of the scarlet hips in autumn. The Penzance and Sweet Briars are also showy, and of the species—that is, Roses wild in other countries, having been introduced to these shores—one may mention the popular Japanese Rose (Rosa rugosa); its flat, orange-shaped hips are so abundant and brightly colored that they make a brilliant picture. R. microphylla has yellow prickly fruits, while those of R. macrophylla are pear-shaped and scarlet. The deep crimson hips of Rosa pomifera (the apple-shaped Rose, covered with bristly hairs like those on many a large gooseberry, are as remarkable as any. Some of the American species, although the fruits are usually small, are handsome, such as R. nutkana and R. carolina. The elongated pear-shaped fruits of R. alpina and its variety pyrenaica are bright red and have a pleasant resinous odor when rubbed. One must not forget R. tomentosa and R. mollis, wild Roses of Britain, or the members of the Scotch Rose group (R. pimpinellifolia) which have black hips.

WHICH WAS THE BEAUTY

"Halloa Mrs. Lovejoy!" exclaimed a gentleman of that lady's acquaintance; "pray what brings you out so early in the day?"

"Oh, I've just been to the photographer's with my pet dog, Dido" (which she carried in her arms), "and we have had our portraits taken together, haven't we, Dido? Beauty and the beast, you know, Mr. Johnson"—with a saucy little laugh.

"And what a little beauty he is, to be sure!" replied Johnson inadvertently, as he tenderly stroked poor Dido's head and pulled his ears. And then he suddenly remembered, and became hot and cold in turn.

A PARTING SHOT

That fatal word had just been spoken. The rejected suitor stood before her listening to her elaborate explanations of her decision.

"I trust that I have made myself sufficiently plain," she said.

"Well, I would scarcely go so far," he answered as his courage gradually returned. "It's but fair to give nature the credit for that," he added as he retired in good order.

45,000 Holiday Makers

Twenty-two thousand children returned from their holidays provided by the fund on Thursday. They came from the Midlands, the bracing Eastern Counties, the South Coast, the West, and from so far afield as Wales. A bigger army was sent away rejoicing. Fully 23,000 found seats in trains leaving Paddington, Liverpool street, Waterloo, London Bridge, Euston, St. Pancras and King's Cross. The

## Two Canadian Lakes

Four or five thousand feet above sea level, between the coast range and the Selkirks, lies the Long Lake Forest Reserve, 60,000 acres of timber, jealously guarded against fire, not for its very slight commercial value, but because it holds the snow and rainfall for the Yale division of British Columbia, a land wherein moisture is money. It is also a fish and game preserve, and for the angler its interest centres in half a dozen lakes, in which the trout fishing is superb. Wonderful (as I know from experience) in the worst of them, the sport improves in direct ratio to their inaccessibility from Kamloops, which is on the main line of the Canadian Pacific railway, 250 miles east of Vancouver. I fished the nearest—even this took me a drive of twenty-two miles, half of it through virgin forest—for two days, and should have imagined it the finest lake fishing even in that wonderful country, but that I was assured by several experts that the rest, which can be got at only by riding and pack horses, give far more amazing results.

Anyhow, Trout Lake, or Fish Lake (either name is fully deserved) swarms with rainbow trout, which rise greedily to the fly anywhere near the shores, and on of days take the spoon out in the deeper water. My action—when casting a fly is not unlike that of Bôsanquet on a slow wicket, yet I gladly threw back everything under a pound. This ought to say something for the quality of the fishing. At the very first cast I got two, one of 2 pounds, the other one-half pound less, and they jumped high out of the water, like baby tarpon, six or eight times. Lake trout, even when they take the fly, are commonly adjudged tamer sport than those of rivers, but I can truthfully say that those of Western Canada leap like acrobats and fight like devils. The middle of the lake may be to be fed deep, but all the fly fishing is on the shallows, in the pickets of the reed beds, and the only skill called for is in keeping clear of the reeds, into which every fish makes instinctive bolts. Many flies do well on the lake, and among them none are better than a red-bodied Montreal and a green-bodied cowdung, though March Brown, Silver Doctor, Zulu and Parmachene Belle all have their days out. All of them can be bought in Vancouver, and are to be tied on a 5 or 6 hook.

THIS PICTURE AND THAT

If some of the philanthropic people in our midst could have been seen at the railway stations spending an hour or two there would have been no more trouble for the treasurer. An object-lesson would have untied the purse-strings. At Liverpool street a special left for places in Essex, Suffolk, Cambridge, and Norfolk at two o'clock. It was filled with youngsters between 5 and 14 years of age, pale-faced, thin, and some obviously delicate. They were clean and tidy, and showed the care of mothers who had had to deny themselves of a good deal to prepare a precious parcel of clothes which every child hugged. They were worthy subjects for a holiday, these dwellers in overcrowded rooms in sunless streets. Many a life among them may be saved by the fortnight's enjoyment of the invigorating air of the villages, the medicine they most need.

THE SMILES AND CHEERS AND WAVING CAPS as the train steamed away was the recognition of the children for the fund, but it was left to an incoming load to hall-mark the national work the organization is doing. Bronzed and vigorous, with boots in many cases bearing signs of long tramps in search of novelties, the youngsters jumped into the arms of mothers awaiting them, full of energy and of tales of the wonders of the country. There was ceaseless chattering, and an anxiety to show the gifts the country folk had showered upon the cribbed, cabined and confined children of the great metropolis. Here a live rabbit was produced, there a bird now doomed to exile, and bunches of flowers galore. Fruit, the produce of allotment ground or village garden, was brought up as a present for the home, and on all sides one heard the telling of the stories of the wild flowers which are the greatest charm of Poppyland. Here, then, were two pictures—the departure of the weak and ailing, and the return of the rejuvenated boy and girl, rendered healthier by their stay among kind folk, and better fitted mentally and morally to face the tasks of their young lives. An appeal for the funds of an association achieving such results was never made in vain in London, and those who overlooked their duty will doubtless hasten to send their donations to the Earl of Arran, the honorary treasurer, at the offices.

biggest parties went on the Great Western and Great Eastern systems, and some of the luckier youngsters will breathe air in Devonshire lanes and on the fringe of Dartmoor. As a rule they will stay in cottages, but wherever they go a responsible person, generally a clergyman will look after their comfort and arrange their amusements. The parents, as a rule, pay something, a shilling or so, towards the expenses but a number of cases are recommended by the Charity Organization Society. The average cost per child is 14s, including the railway fare. The donors include the King, the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Louise of Battenberg, the Princess Royal and the Duke of Fife, and Queen Alexandra is the patroness of the fund. That the work of the council is thorough is assured by the fact that Canon Barnett presides over that body, which includes in its membership some of the hardest workers for the uplifting of the metropolitan poor. The magnitude of the work for 1909 is shown in these figures:

A PUZZLER FOR M. BLERIOT

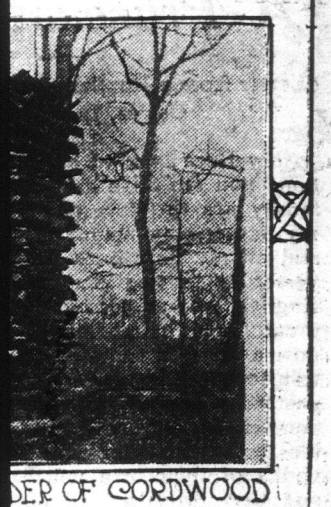
"I want to ask you a question, pa," said Tommy.

"Ask your mother," answered the tired father.

"Well, but it isn't a silly question I want to ask you."

"All right," wearily. "What is it?"

"Well, if the end of the world was to come and the earth was destroyed while I was up in a balloon, where would he land when he came down?"



DER OF GORDWOOD

spent in trying to secure a nest, but she frust-

the gun has exterminated great auk, Labrador duck, and many of the birds. It is richer in nothing but memorably be altogether pleasant. The camera destroys nothing, hunter perpetual trophies of thetic value, gives him the version, and insures delight. The time must come when for a largely, if not entirely

ever, imagine that, with the era hunting there will be de- sort of "sport" as obtains g. I cannot but think that, ere is a certain delight in the is indeed fortunate that noth- can arise in camera hunting. ter will have for his reward of bloodshed and life extin- reward of achievement. And must, in many cases, and cer- any years to come, be unique very striking and wonderful

indeed all animal life, is still raphed. This means that its ases are utterly unknown to this opens up a marvelous re and discovery which would inexhaustible.

pretended that there is not orid of interest, in the opper- the sportsman? A new- an, it is true, but a very real- who will go out into Na- o the fields and forests, and s study and his friends per- of bird life of unending in- ing novelty. Surely there is of this kind, just as there is

future has in store for us in ription. Work that is a pleas- it is helpful too. Already pho- n made in the art of bird pho- many interesting and valuable discovered. But there is still h to learn, much to ascertain. ter has the whole world before

queeze part of a wet substance a sponge.

ft your foot up, you find that is covered with water—the drawn to that particular spot. It separates as soon as the ved.

CKED BY A VIPER

ary occurrence is reported and district near Chatsworth the Duke of Devonshire visited a fair at the hilly village of ar Buxton, on Thursday. The of health for Chesterfield (Dr. in the afternoon drove to ers in order to carry out cer- ns. He had two of his children was explaining to them certain ns which he had secured. He thought was a common grass rough the bilberry bushes, and ck it up to show the children. ediently noticed that the rep- lish viper. Before he could tered itself to his wrist, and times, the virulent poison be- o both his hands. Dr. Beck red to suck the wounds, and e. His trap was some dis- e. A good deal of time elapsed d Ramsley Lodge, near Bas- son was hastily summoned, and al officer in an alarming con- ed all the usual remedies, and ds himself, but ordered the moning of friends from Ches- day it was reported that there of the doctor's life being saved. time, however, before he will oved from Ramsley Lodge to esterfield.

ave the fault you mention," said an, self-complacently, "but it's have, and it's a small one." d the candid friend, "just like hat makes a plugged nickel no