

WILL LEAD ARMY TO GAIN VOTE

Capt. Paiva Couceiro, Last of King Manuel's Officers to Sheathe His Sword, Now Draws it for a Free Ballot to Show Whether the People Want a Republic or a Monarchy.

TU. Spain.—The chief of the Portuguese Royalists, who are at present arranging in the little town on the Spanish frontier to invade the territory of the republic, is Senor Captain Henrique de Paiva Couceiro, now living at Orense, about six hours' journey by railway from the frontier.

As if his attempt succeeds, he will at once attain very great prominence, and as in any case he seems bound to make his mark on current Portuguese history, a description of him at the present moment cannot be out of place.

Clear Headed, Resourceful.

He is about 35 years of age, but looks younger. His mother was English, he speaks English like an Englishman, and the cold determination with which he is planning the overthrow of the republic betrays the methodical Briton rather than the volatile Lusitanian. He is clear-headed, resourceful, gifted with excellent judgment; above all he has great military talent and enjoys an extraordinary popularity among the Royalist and Conservative elements in his native land.

His campaigns in Africa were conducted with great brilliancy and skill, and even if they were waged against negroes we must remember that even negroes have, from time to time, given great trouble to English, French and German troops. During this African warfare Paiva Couceiro also displayed extraordinary personal bravery. This quality will stand him in good stead during his coming invasion of Portugal with a handful of men. During the October revolution Couceiro was the one man on the Royalist side who fought well, and he would easily have crushed the revolution had it not been for the cowardice or treachery of his superiors and of the prime minister.

When the revolution broke out, Couceiro was captain in command of a battery of artillery at Quehus on the outskirts of the capital. When he heard the first shots he went to the general staff for instructions but found that institution in a state of panic and confusion. The local general of division was sick and had left everything to subordinates. The minister of war, a man of singular incompetence, revealed at the critical moment a depth of ignorance of which even his worst enemies had never suspected him.

Demanded Order to Fight.

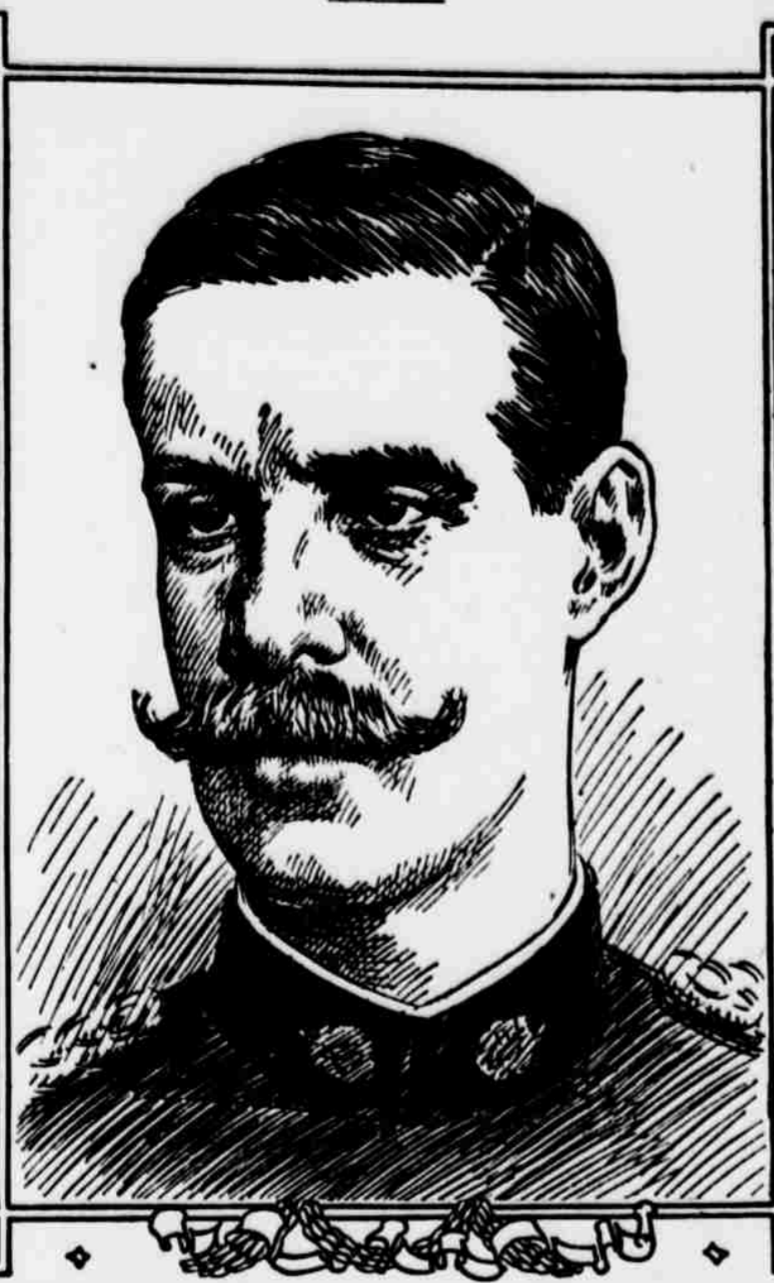
Paiva Couceiro, irritated at this spectacle, asked for permission to bring his troops into action. But he could not get an answer. The indecision and confusion was too great. Nobody knew what to do. Precious hours were lost in futile discussions and the drawing up of fantastic plans. Meanwhile, the great bulk of the forces which would have died for a man for the monarchy were immobilized and useless.

Paiva Couceiro at length quitted the general staff in great anger and, taking a carriage drove to Queluz at full speed. Before he reached the battery his resolution was already taken. If the monarchy must fall it were better that it should fall in the blood of its faithful soldiers than that it should go down without a blow being struck in its defense. Like "Bonny Dundee" he declared that "e'er the king's crown shall fall there are crowns to be broke." In other words he ordered out his battery and tried to persuade his fellow officers in command of other detachments to accompany him. These other officers were as loyal as himself but, in the absence of orders from the general staff, they felt obliged to decline the invitation. Paiva Couceiro went without them. He forced his way on to the heights commanding the city, drove before him various bodies of republicans who attempted to bar the way, joined forces with a loyal infantry regiment which had still kept the king's flag flying, and finally took up a position on the heights occupied by the penitentiary, that is, in a situation commanding the whole revolutionary force.

Here then began between the two redoubts a formidable artillery duel which was the most terrible incident of the revolution and which lasted more than half an hour. Had it continued a few moments longer the revolution would have failed. As a matter of fact, all the officers of the regular army who had joined the insurgents fled, leaving only Machado Santos, a non-commissioned marine officer, in command of a disorganized mass of men wildly searching for somebody to surrender to.

This is not exaggerated, though it may seem to be so. Innumerable accounts of the revolution have since been published by republicans, and

CHIEF OF PORTUGUESE REBEL FORCES



they all admit that at this period all was regarded by the insurgents as lost beyond redemption. The fugitive rebel officers did not stop their motor cars till they had reached Spain, and nothing surprised them more than when they were told next day that the republicans had succeeded.

Mysterious Order Obeyed.

But at this critical moment two officers rode up to the chief of the royalist battery and commanded him in the name of the general staff to retire. How such an order came to be given is one of the many mysteries of this extraordinary day. But Paiva Couceiro could not disobey it, and he fell back. His retreat, effected slowly and in perfect order, was watched in perfect silence by the shattered revolutionists in the rotunda. These gentlemen could hardly believe their eyes. They must have felt like Cromwell when he saw the Scotch troops desert their impregnable positions at Dunbar.

His retreat was followed by great confusion in the royalist infantry regiment which supported him. That confusion was increased by hand grenades thrown among those faithful troops by the Carbonarios.

On returning to Queluz Couceiro sent his now useless battery into the barracks and hastened to Cintra in order to see the king. He had a strong personal affection for the young monarch, and he intended to lay his sword at Dom Manuel's feet, begging him at the same time to place himself at the head of the troops which still remained faithful, to decide on a strenuous resistance, to concentrate a force which would be sufficient to suffocate the revolutionary movement.

In Cintra Couceiro was told that the king had gone to Mafra. At Mafra he was told that Dom Manuel had left for Ericeira. The brave captain galloped desperately to the latter place. On reaching it his first question was "Onde esta o Rei?" ("Where is the king?") By way of answer some fishermen pointed out to sea where a ship was disappearing on the azure horizon. "The king," they said, "has gone."

For the first time that day the brave captain lost his temper and gave vent to his angry disappointment in one memorable and violent word, not out of place in the mouth of a seasoned soldier, but too strong for reproduction in these columns.

Paiva Couceiro then returned to his house, discarded his official uniform for civil attire and sent his resignation to the minister of war. It was a courageous act, for he has no private means and has been living on his pay. It also meant apparently an end to his rapid rise in the only career for which he cared. But this act of self-sacrifice and of moral dignity has given Couceiro more prestige than his victories in Mozambique and his successful governorship of Angola.

Refuses Promotion.

The republicans knew his value, so that they not only refused to accept his resignation, but immediately published a decree promoting him to the artillery general staff. He was the only royalist whom the victorious republicans thus honored, but he persisted in his refusal to serve the new regime. Private friends brought the greatest possible pressure to bear on him, and evidently he could by a word have procured his advancement to places of great importance and of large emoluments. That he resisted these almost irresistible appeals to his vanity, his ambition and his natural longing for an assured and highly remunerative position shows him to be a more than ordinary man. But he could not, by accepting office under the republic, condone the disgraceful murder of officers by privates which had certainly stained the victory of the revolutionists. He could not excuse the

way in which the common soldier had been corrupted by secret society men.

Goes to Teaching.

At first he taught English in a private school at Lisbon while still allowing his name to appear on the army lists. After some months' observation of political development in Lisbon he became convinced that the country was drifting toward a precipice, that the insubordination in the army and in all departments of state would quickly lead to chaos, from which Portugal would only emerge without any of her overseas possessions, from which she might never emerge as an independent nation. He therefore proposed to the government that it should resign in favor of another provisional government of imperial character, but military in its nature. This second government was to take a national plebiscite as to the form of regime which the country wanted. Whatever the result of that referendum might be, Couceiro promised to approve of it, and to serve the government which the people chose.

That Couceiro should have seriously presented such a proposition to President Braga shows how lofty and at the same time naive was his character. The provisional government refused of course to abdicate, whereupon Couceiro declared that henceforth he would devote his life to ejecting that government by force, that he would go abroad and spend all his time plotting the overthrow of President Braga, Afonso Costa & Co. He would, however, remain in Lisbon 24 hours so as to give the republicans an opportunity to arrest him.

Beginning of the Revolt.

This time limit passed without the government making any move, whereupon Couceiro went to Vigo and set on foot the great royalist plot which threatens at present the existence of the new regime. This step caused an immense sensation in Portugal and though the republic proposes to regard the captain's preparations with indifference, it has shown its intense fear of him by bringing pressure on the Spanish authorities to move him from place to place, and by protesting continually and loudly through its representatives in Madrid at the captain's presence near the frontier. In consequence of this Captain Couceiro has been moved from at least two places, Vigo and Santiago.

In moving him the Spanish authorities act with great ceremony and sympathy so that Couceiro's wanderings resemble the progress of an exiled monarch rather than the fittings of a conspirator moved on by the police.

Santiago de Compostela was the last place from which Couceiro was dislodged. The Portuguese authorities had considered it too near the frontier. But the Spanish government has now allowed the captain to establish his headquarters at Orense, which is situated on the Minho only 40 miles from Portugal (Santiago is nearly 120), and it will probably be somewhere between Orense and Tuy that the frontier river will be eventually crossed.

Paiva de Couceiro has issued two or three proclamations which have been distributed everywhere throughout Portugal. In these he points out that he does not care whether Portugal is a republic or a monarchy. He wants to let him know which form of government it wishes. At the present moment it is unable to make its wishes known, all anti-republican newspapers and organizations having been suppressed and all conservative propaganda having been prevented the election. Most of Couceiro's supporters are, however, Manuelists.

In another proclamation Couceiro makes the very singular statement that Spain is anxious to intervene in Portugal and that Germany is strongly encouraging her to do so in the hope that some of the Portuguese colonies may fall to the Fatherland.

GIRL HAS QUEER MONUMENT

Fantastic Conception is Memorial to Daughter, Who Was Her Father's Idol.

Bloomington, Ill.—In the rural cemetery known as Pleasant Ridge in Platt county, Illinois, a short distance southeast of Bloomington, there stands a stately monument which is one of the most remarkable conceived by man. Perhaps in all the graveyards of the world, there is no more



A Unique Tombstone.

fantastic conception as a memorial to loved ones who have passed to the other shore.

The devoted but wealthy farmer, simple minded but wealthy farmer, displayed toward his daughter, Mary, stands out prominently with every blow wielded by the stone engraver. When she died at the age of sixteen, he decided to perpetuate upon the family monument not only the dates showing the birth and death of each member, but also some verses of poetry appropriate, and also in the case of the daughter, reproductions of animals and farm scenes. Everything that the girl loved in life was to be reproduced upon her monument after death, according to the directions of the sorrowing parent.

Her entire existence was spent upon the farm and she knew but little of the wide world outside. She was passionately fond of the pursuits of agriculture and of domestic life as she experienced it upon her father's farm. She was the apple of her father's eye and her untimely death broke his heart. He soon followed her to the grave, but not until he had left minute instructions concerning a monument commemorating the traits and affections of the daughter and also some epitaphs concerning his wife and himself.

The daughter's favorite expression was, "Now, ma, let's go to sleep," and "Get ready, ma, now let us go," and others similar. These were ordered carved upon the huge shaft of granite together with no less than fifty symbols showing objects on the farm, among them being the following: Side saddle, pair of scissors, thimble, violin, copies of love letters, owl, fish, horse, cow, turkey, hen, rooster, dog, cat, grain cradle, plow, fence, house, bird, etc. It required months of patient labor upon the part of the monument maker to complete this strange monument.

NARROWEST STREET IN U. S.

It is Found in St. Augustine, Florida, and is Only Seven Feet in Width.

St. Augustine, Fla.—The narrowest street in the United States is found in St. Augustine. It is called Treasury street, and is only seven feet in width.



Treasury Street, St. Augustine.

a fact which is proved by the man with extended arms, his hands touching both sides of the street. The streets in the old section of this city are all very narrow, most of them being only 12 to 15 feet wide, with exception of Treasury street. These streets are lined with the old Spanish residences built of coquina, a curious coral conglomerate, easily quarried, but becoming extremely hard when exposed to the air for a long time.

The
Boy Puzzle
By DR. J. S. KIRTLEY

His Belongings

If ownership of something is essential for a man, it is for a boy as well. It is necessary in a man because God has put him in the midst of things that are to be owned, has given him a desire for possession and has distinctly told him to subdue and use them.

So a boy must begin to have things of his own, for he needs training in that, as well as in his memory or reasoning or power of speech. Through his memory, he owns much; through laying up something, he is providing for the future and increasing his present enjoyments and opportunities. One can own only what he can know and use. The vagrant has nothing to enjoy; the very rich own very little of what they have, because they cannot enter into it, just as a man can have great supplies of food, but only assimilate one meal at a time. But some men are like an arrow—go through life and accumulate nothing.

A boy must gratify that desire, secure that discipline and feel that responsibility, by owning and caring for and managing something. He must have his own comb and brush, toys, books, clothes and articles of usefulness. His pockets show his passion for possession, a blind desire, working without the power of selection, and the result is an aggregation of things entirely useless, except to a boy—knife, tops, marbles, bean shooters, beeswax, bullets, buckles, lead, scrap iron, slings, strings, fishing hooks, fishing lines, fishing worms, chewing gum, licorice, candy, pills. There is an age when he is more active in such enterprises, but he is doing the same thing he does when he amasses wealth. He has a trading age, from about eleven to fifteen, when he will trade any thing he has for any thing any other boy has—cats and dogs and pigeons and toys and any of the things he carries in his pockets.

He must not only possess things, but take care of them as well. The penalty for not having what he can call his own is that he never has anything to give to others, is thrifless, selfish, begging, borrowing and tempted to steal what he would like to have. Possessions mean power and thrift is preparation for peace. He cannot take care of his own things unless he has a place for them which is his own. That is one of the reasons why a boy should have a room, and a trunk, and the equipment with which he can take care of his things. That is not the only reason

he should have a separate room, but that is enough.

What has been said about all of this applies especially to his money. As he is expected to make money and possess it and use it in the future, he must begin it, as a boy, and learn to do it in the right way, so as to avoid the wrong way later. The very same principles that he is to observe then are to be acted upon now, both because they are right and because he will not act on them, as a man, unless he learns to act on them now.

Often he can earn money without weakening his sense of obligation to serve his parents or the family. I recall, with the greatest pleasure, the money my cousin and I made for ourselves and saved for his father, by gathering up the apples, that would otherwise have gone to waste in his father's orchard, and selling them on the streets of Petersburg and giving away what we failed to sell. We turned one-half the gross receipts over to the owner of the orchard and divided the other half between us. But it is a question, even today, whether we found more pleasure in the money we made or in the way we made it.

How shall he take care of it? He will be apt to get rid of it fast enough. That was an exceptional boy, who swallowed the five dollar gold piece, and they applied the stomach pump to recover it. His Hebrew father complained bitterly at the boy's cupidty, for all he could get back was \$2.50.

But as to the allowance: It must be given in such a way as to keep him responsible to his parents. As it comes regularly, it cultivates in him order and system. A pocket book, to keep it in, ministers to his pleasure, makes him orderly and enables him to save it more easily. An account book to set down receipts and expenditures in, trains him in the virtue of accuracy. Reports to his father each week, keep alive the sense of responsibility to authority, even for his own things. Requiring him to save a part of each week's allowance enables him to accumulate and encourage thrift. A small reward for additional savings will still further teach him the value of money. A rigid refusal to allow him to spend it, in injurious ways, may prevent spendthrift habits. Putting as much as possible every six months in a savings bank, that will pay him interest, gives him an idea of business. Meeting some of his personal expenses with his own money will teach him forethought and self-denial.

His Own Man

Every boy looks forward, with special delight, to the time when he will be his own man, as he likes to phrase it, at least, as we boys used to express it. By that, he means the time when he can do as he wishes, as the grown folks do, and not be responsible to anyone but himself; when he can quit going to school and running on errands, if he wishes.

If he does not know it at first, he has to learn that he does not become his own man by simply passing out from under the control of his parents, but by coming under the control of his own higher nature—his judgment and will and conscience. When he reaches the age for taking himself out of the hands of his parents, just as they once reached a similar age, he must have been so trained in the mastery of himself that he is ready for the new responsibility. And, unless he has been given little tasks in self direction all along, and more and more, as he got used to it, he will have too big a job on his hands all at once. The best thing his father and mother ever do for him is to teach him to get along without them, while they take their place beside him as companions and friends.

Many a boy is, in fact, wiser than his parents and is so recognized before he is old enough to be free from the law of obedience, but it is not a good thing to let him know that they think him wiser. Before he is really his own man two things are necessary. He must reject any other master and must secure positive and personal control over every power of his body and mind. Three rivals will dispute his right.

One rival is some strong personality in the form of a boy who appeals to his weakness or even his good traits. If that boy controls him, he is not his own man. Another rival is public sentiment, in the form of the bunch or gang with which he goes. A boy will help make laws for the crowd without feeling the need of any discipline for himself, and yet he is not his own man as long as he allows them to dominate his private life.

His other rival is found on the inside, among the passions and impulses and fancies which are likely to take the reins of government in hand any minute. A hot temper is one of those rivals. When he is controlled by temper or jealousy or envy, when he lets any vulgar passion run away with him, that becomes his master. The effect of this is to weaken his will, confuse his judgment and dull his conscience.

When a boy becomes his own man

he has to take in hand a great many different things that belong to him and insist on being with him all the time. He has to take charge of his imagination, and that is no easy task.

Now a boy naturally prefers to control others rather than himself. Thinking he is right, he is not apt to single himself out for special disciplinary treatment, and he usually regards enforced obedience to those who insist on being over him as all the discipline he needs, which means that the task of acquiring self control must be set by another. Boys will form laws and by-laws for their clubs, but they do not aim at discipline in the interest of self control.

And he has another drawback. He is in a state of unstable equilibrium and he must learn himself, as new traits come out. Then he seems to drop everything else to get acquainted with the latest comer among his attributes; while he is doing that, something unexpected is likely to take place. The result is turmoil and seeming defeat. But he mounts again and is in the saddle. Thus he learns.

A good test of self control is ability to fix and hold one's attention to a given matter as long as he wishes. The old story is in point, on the reverse side, about the man who grew rich by telling how to turn eggs into gold. His formula was simple. The money was collected in advance and would be refunded if the formula was faithfully tried without the promised results. Take the yolks of a dozen eggs, hold them over the fire one minute without once thinking of the word hippopotamus.

If a boy cannot be his own man without having control of himself then he must be master of his body. That means to conserve his strength and prevent all spoliation of it. He must be able to handle that body as the driver his horse. It means that he keeps his powers at the highest degree of efficiency. He is not his own master if he does not keep a clean body. He will know how to relax and rest. He must know himself and be on the alert when those curious and rapid chemical changes take place in the body and require instant readjustment. He must control his muscles. He must keep his imagination clean. He must fix his eyes on the present goal.

He must acquire this through imitation of an attractive example and we all know where he ought to find that example. Others must have thought it out for him and led him into his kingship over himself.