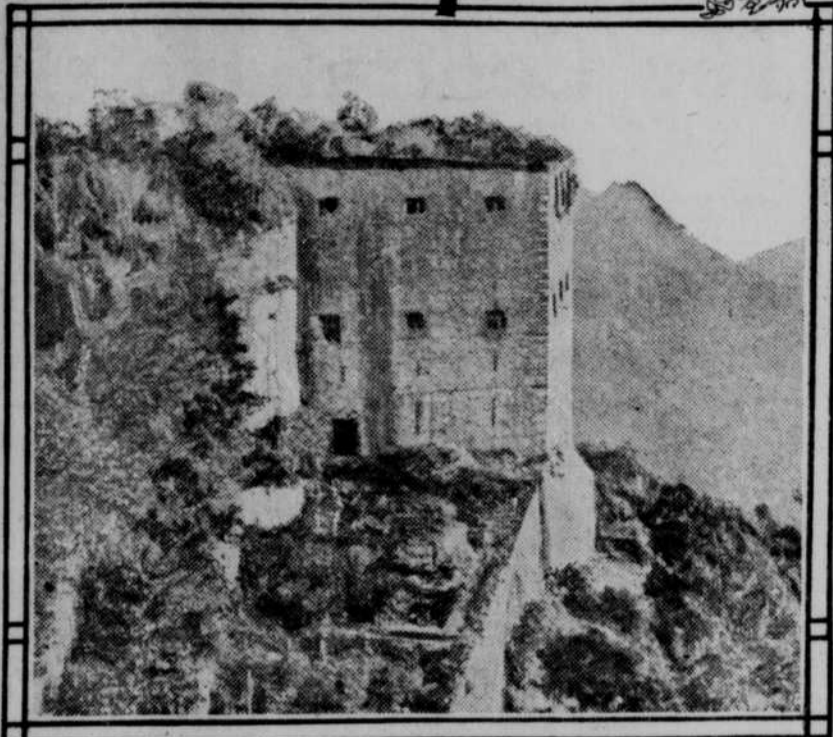


Christophe's Citadel, Haiti



Main Entrance to Christophe's Citadel.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

Twenty miles to the southwest of the town of Cape Haitien, in the north of the island of Haiti, there stands, on the top of a precipitous mountain—Bonnet a l'Eveque—one of the wonders of the western hemisphere, yet one whose existence is as present scarcely known and one whose full history will never be written. A personal visit to Christophe's citadel is necessary in order fully to appreciate its massiveness, its intricate and elaborate construction, and its remote situation. Few are so fortunate as to be able to visit this spot, or, even when given the opportunity, possess the physique necessary to make the arduous trip.

Prior to the first general uprising of the slaves against their French masters, Christophe worked as a waiter in Cap Francaise (now Cap Haitien), and it was in this humble capacity that he is supposed to have picked up his smattering of English and formed the acquaintance of English naval officers. Tall and of a splendid physique, with exceptionally bright and piercing eyes, and with a reckless bravery and a terrible ferocity, combined with no little duplicity and cunning, he speedily achieved a conspicuous place as one of the trusted lieutenants of Toussaint L'Ouverture, that remarkable negro strategist who rose from slavery to a position of commanding importance in Haiti and who successfully led the slaves in their revolt against the French prior to the independence of the island republic.

Through treachery L'Ouverture was captured and carried away to Fort de Joux, in France, where he died in prison in 1803. His immediate successor was the both famous and notorious Dessalines who created himself emperor. When Dessalines was assassinated, in 1805, Christophe was elected president and soon proclaimed himself king.

When he was only a general under Dessalines, Christophe had begun work on his marvelous mountain-top citadel. It is not known just what length of time was required to build the citadel, but it is evident it was finished some little time prior to Christophe's death, in 1820. Its construction is variously estimated to have taken a toll ranging from ten to twenty thousand human lives.

Murdered Its French Designers.
It is believed that the plan for the structure were drawn and the work of construction supervised by two captive French officers, who possessed the highest order of technical training. When their work was completed, Christophe, in company with these officers, is said to have made a thorough inspection of all parts of the structure, and then, upon arriving at one of the highest points of the edifice, ordered both men seized and hurled to their death on the rocks below, thus forever safeguarding the secrets of the place. There is a legend that the tyrant once had an entire company of mutinous soldiers driven off this same spot; it was his favorite method of dispatching those who incurred the royal ill will.

The mere location of this citadel is such that one wonders how nature provided such a site, and a thorough inspection causes unbounded admiration for the master mind that recognized the possibilities, aside from conceiving and constructing the edifice now standing there; for Bonnet a l'Eveque could not have been more ideally located for its purpose if it had been made to order. Occupying the entire top of the mountain, the citadel commands every neighboring peak and approach, while a spring beneath and inside of the building furnishes an abundant supply of water, that prime necessity in withstanding a long siege.

The building has the prow formation pointing toward the magnetic north, the entire eastern face being in this line. On the eastward side, which is the longest, is located the main battery of heavy guns; and strategically this should be so, for this gives absolute command of the most dangerous approach, that from the di-

rection of Grande Riviere. An army with the necessary guns and equipment successfully to attack this stronghold, would have to come from that direction.

Guns in the prow commanded the nearer and steeper approaches, both from the direction of Grande Riviere and of Milot. Other guns along the southern and western sides commanded adequately all other points of approach. Numerous loopholes were especially prepared for the use of sharpshooters.

The elevation at the base of the citadel has been variously given as from 3,000 to 5,000 feet, but a careful reading of a compensated aneroid barometer records 2,600 feet. To this must be added the height of the different walls, in order to ascertain the correct elevation to the top of the building.

Approach is Difficult.
The difficulty in reaching the citadel is due not so much to its elevation as to the fact that to reach it one is compelled to cross at least eight miles of mountainous country, and the approaches are all very steep. The highest place on the walls (measured to the ground) is 140 feet. The highest wall, measured perpendicularly, is the prow, which has a drop of 130 feet. Other walls range from 80 to 110 feet.

Although large granite blocks are to be found in many places throughout the building, most of it is built of red fire bricks of different sizes, the average brick being 15 inches long, 6 inches wide, and 2 inches thick. These bricks apparently were manufactured on the site of the building. The mountains for long distances in all directions from the citadel show traces of Titanic labor in getting out building material. The average number of floors is four, the longest being on the east face, where the main battery is located. It has a length of 270 feet in one stretch.

The main battery gallery has an inside width of 30 feet. Each gun compartment has wonderful vaulted ceilings 20 feet high, each compartment being separated from those adjoining by thick masonry walls, connected by a low passageway. This is to minimize the effect of local explosions and possible hits.

Behind each gun there are still to be found neat piles of cannon balls ready for use, while in convenient chambers just to the rear of some of the guns are heaps of decomposed black powder mingled with the remains of the original wooden powder cases. A vast pile of similar debris is also to be found in the large powder magazine.

The largest guns are 11 feet 6 inches long, caliber 6 inches (firing a 6-inch cannon ball), 1 foot 10 inches thick at the breech and 1 foot 3 3/4 inches at the muzzle, dated 1786. They are made of bronze and have enormous hardwood mounts of the primitive gravity return type, moving in train over a large metal are set in the floor, and on small wheels of a strong make. These guns came mostly from the English, some from the captured French forts, and others, judging from the very apparent results of the corrosive action of salt water on them, from war vessels wrecked along the treacherous coast.

There are only two entrances to the citadel. One was used to bring in the reserve cannon balls from the long piles stored by sizes on the sloping terrace to the south; the other admits to the prow. Both entrances were closed by massive, bolted and loopholed wooden doors.

The entire structure is in an excellent state of preservation, except that the floors in the prow were all shaken down in the earthquake of 1842, which laid the town of Cape Haitien in ruins. Christophe's downfall and death were as sudden and melodramatic as the rest of his career. While attending mass on April 15, 1820, he suffered a stroke of apoplexy and fell heavily to the floor alongside the altar in the chapel, paralyzed below the waist. Rebellion soon broke out, and the king, deserted by his army, committed suicide.

The Test of Life

By JUSTIN WENTWOOD

Copyright, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.

She was a nice little thing, but altogether unsuitable for Tom. That was the banker, Charles Routledge's first impression as he looked at his son's fiancée.

There was nothing in the world the matter with her. She was the sort of girl whom millions of American men marry and think they are entering into Paradise. Charles Routledge sighed a little as he played with his paper-cutter.

He did not mind Amy's being what his wife would have called socially beneath them. Anne had been the daughter of a poor clerk when he, just made a partner in his father's banking business, married her. Anne had made their position in the social world, and there was no family in Boston too proud to feel honored at an invitation to the fine house on Leacock street.

No, it was not that. Routledge wondered, thinking of his own disappointment, whether he could make Amy understand. And, after all, it all rested with Amy. Tom was a clogger—a happy-go-lucky, fairly industrious, typical young American. It was the woman who counted.

"So you think you and Tom are in love with each other?" the banker asked, studying the girl's shy face as she watched him confusedly.

"I—I think we shall be very happy," Amy answered.

"My dear," said Routledge, "I wonder if you understand just what marriage with Tom will imply. I—he was unconsciously speaking out of the book of his own life—"I wish all girls understood how wholly their future happiness depends upon themselves, and how little upon the men they marry."

"Of course you will be loyal and affectionate; but there's something more than that, Amy. How much will Tom's life become your own?"

"In every way," answered the girl.

"I was thinking," said the banker, slowly, "of a man I once knew. He wasn't like Tom in disposition, but all men are more or less alike in ways. Only this man married with that sort of purposive intention that often proves a trap. He thought, 'I am taking this girl to myself, I shall make her in my own way. I shall make her everything that I desire her to be. But it didn't work, my dear.'"

"You see, a man has to be very faithful to his ideals if he are to work out, and married life is a pitfall for the unwary. He found his wife cold, aloof. They drifted apart. At first he was puzzled to find that she appeared unwilling to share his interests. Then, when it was too late, he came to the conclusion that she, too, had been trying to mold him."

"Go on," said Amy in a low voice.

"There should have been an understanding between them from the beginning. Both were to blame, but the woman should have set to work to make her husband's life her own. She erred in thinking only that she was to be the mistress of her home. She should have set herself the task of becoming the mistress of her husband's heart."

He watched the girl's face keenly.

"Men want so much more than a home, my dear, and women—often—don't understand. Do you?"

"I—I think so," answered Amy.

Routledge studied her again before speaking. "I believe you do," he answered. "And, after all," he mused, "that's the stuff that life's made of. It's only out of our disappointments that we strike the spark of character—perhaps immortality."

"My dear," he said to the girl, "I hope you and Tom will be happy."

He kissed her and watched her depart. And the memories of the past held him so that it was some time before he turned to his work again.

How different things might have been if Anne had understood—if he himself had understood—what he had been trying to tell Amy.

But, after all, as he had said, one learned only by experience; one hammered out one's character upon the anvil of disappointments.

The door of his room opened, and Anne stood on the threshold. At the sight of her Routledge instantly became himself again—cool, self-possessed and quiet.

Anne Routledge came to her husband's side and stood looking down at him. "Charles?" she said in a low voice.

He looked up at her. "Eh—what—what's the matter, Anne?"

"I—I heard what you were saying to Amy. I—I think I didn't understand before. Oh, if you had only said it to me!"

She knelt beside him, her arms about him, sobbing.

"Is it too late, dear?" she asked him. "I—we shall be lonely now. I think I always understood in a dim sort of way, but—it's the man's part, too, Charles. Will you help me, and teach me—or is it 'too late now?'"

"It's never too late," he answered, huskily, as he put his arms about her.

Harsher Name.

"How old are you, Uncle Eph?"

"Ninety-eight years old, sah."

"You're a fine example of longevity."

"Sah?"

"I say you are a fine example of longevity."

"Yes, sah. Thank you, sah. But when my ole 'oman is hard at work an' I'm setting in de sunshine dat ah! what she calls me."

MUST HAVE KNOWN PICKEREL

Uncle Jim Quite Evidently Familiar With the Habits of That Particular Fish.

Uncle Jim, trapper, had some easy "pickin's" in the summer escorting department store clerks on hunting and fishing trips.

Last summer there came one whom Uncle Jim catalogued as a fish monomaniac. He had learned all about casts and flies from a book, and insisted upon being rowed all over the lake long before sunrise.

One morning, while en route to a certain piece of water which this learned fisherman was certain contained every variety of fish, a big pickerel made a playful jump in the water near their boat.

"Wait!" Uncle Jim was excitedly commanded. "Didn't you see that whopper jump? Let's stop and catch him."

"Aw, he'll stay there," said Uncle Jim. "Let's wait and get him when we come back."—Judge.

SECRETS ARE WORTH MUCH

Paris Newspaper Would Like to Know More of the Wondrous "Land Where Nobody Dies."

In truth, they do die there, but not until they are very old. The country is Madagascar, or, more exactly, Antanarivo, the capital, situated in the middle of the island, on a rock crowning a small plain belonging to the plateau of Ingerina. According to Dr. Estrade, the colonial physician—and there is no reason for not believing him—the birth rate at Antanarivo is extremely high and the mortality is surprisingly low.

These Madagascars are a happy people. "But could we not," asks the Paris Figaro, "get from them their two beautiful secrets: That of the numerous births and that of longevity? They would render us greater services than all the laws on depopulation and the bounties and other encouragements which the state gives to the parents of large families."

Corned Beef and—
Italian cigars are not so good. Not so good. They are made by the government, are as long and narrow as the road to salvation and have a straw run through them so that the smoker can occasionally draw a puff.

A former A. E. Fer who had been brigaded with the Italians came home and presented one to his friend. A couple of days later he met said friend.

"How'd you like that cigar I gave you?" he asked.

"Cigar?" repeated the other wonderingly. "Cigar? Why, good Lord, man, it was great. I took it home and had it boiled and it went wonderfully with the corned beef."—American Legion Weekly.

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"Don't let them turn in."

An Equation.
O'Rourke—The man phwat has no wife is nawthin'. McToole—So is the man phwat has wan, b'gob?—Lifo.

Something Missing.
"She—You are a perfect dear!
He—Not perfect, darling, you have my heart!—Wayside Tales.

The Truth.
"You can't reason with a woman."
"No, my boy, women are hard to fool."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

As a Friend.
"Is Flubdub a free thinker?"
"No, he's married."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Litter.
"Well, here you are in your sanctum surrounded by literature." "Not literature," said the editor.

Far From Flattering.
"Foreigner, hey? By gosh, you talk our lingo like a native."
"Fardon me, I hope not."

The Eternal Feminine.
"The last shall be first."
"Yes—especially when a woman is reading a good novel!"

Well Read.
Miss Catt—"I can read her face like a book." Miss Nipp—"What kind of cover design does she use?"

While the Money Lasts.
North—"A fool and his money are soon parted." West—"But until they're parted he's not a fool."

Bovinely Speaking.
Hotel Guest—"Has Mike Howe registered here?" Clerk—"What do you think this is, a stable?"

Not a Wireless Phone Co.?
"That athlete is wiry, all right."
"Yes; he used to be lineman for the phone company."—Leslie Van Every.

In the Ultra-Smart Set.
"Is he good enough to marry our daughter?" "Well, he's good for a million."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Shaw and His Critic.
Bernard Shaw is not the hardened skeptic that he has sometimes been called. He is full of good humor. Some time ago he was reading a particularly bitter attack on himself, brought to him by one of his friends. He read the clipping attentively, and then, turning to his friend, said: "How appallingly this fellow punctuates his sentences."

Dog Really to Blame.
With the revival of Whistler anecdotes Mortimer Menpes' story of the master's only "shoot" comes once more into the picture.
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