

INVASION OF NICARAGUA BY AMERICAN CAPITALISTS



AMERICAN LEGATION AT MANAGUA, NICARAGUA

HONDURAS, in the light of recent developments, is playing the same game as did Nicaragua, and it is expected here that the firm hand of the United States will be felt in north Central American republic. Too many American interests are at stake to let the threats of Spanish rulers go unheeded, say Managua officials. One by one as these troubles arise throughout Central America it is the intention of President Taft and his subordinates to force a lasting peace.

It hasn't been long since United States Minister Merry was chased through the streets of Managua by the soldiers of President Zelaya, but conditions in these three years have wonderfully changed. Perhaps no man saw farther into the future of these Latin American Republics than did Minister Merry. A sea captain on a Pacific Mail liner, he became a student of the native and his country. He probably



HON. WILLIAM L. MERRY



shoots, so to speak a few years ago, and being worth a few dozen millions today.

They have tried rubber and made a failure, coconut plantations bring forth fruit slowly, pineapples grow large, as do grape fruit and oranges, but they ripen so quickly and the import duty is so heavy that exportation under present conditions is hardly to be considered. Rice does fairly well, while coffee on the west coast reaches a high grade of perfection. The coffee, diplomatic and other officials assert, is the finest in the world.

The chief trouble on the east coast is finding a hillside level enough to stand on and cultivate the product.

The labor question in Nicaragua has the servant girl issue in the United States beaten a nautical mile. One man will tell you he has no trouble in getting labor. If he means real work there is plenty to be done, but from the standpoint of the employer, the task is no easy one. Money means nothing to the average native. One plantation manager told a correspondent he had 60 men working for him and that he transacted business on 500 soles—monkey money, they call it—a year. This plantation conducts a store, as do the majority. The men are paid in the national currency, which just as steadily comes back into

Insanity Causes Alcohol Easily Holds Place at Top

By DR. H. H. COWLEY

THREE-QUARTERS of a century ago it was the ambition of every prosperous citizen to build himself a house. His dining table, the altar of ceremonious hospitality, gave two dozen people ample space to dine and gesticulate around its polished spread of mahogany. At expansive moments toward the end of the feast some small child elaborately dressed and curled would be placed on the table and invited to make her way along with the decanters to the other end without upsetting the dishes of dessert. And there was space for the performance of the feat.

These houses really held things. There were immense pictures, of rich dark oils, in the dining room, and fine unfettered expanses of water colors in the drawing room. There was not only that great table with many leaves dedicated to eating; but in all the sitting rooms there would be ever so many fine, spacious solid tables on which work could be done and things could be laid.

The people who could now be living in big houses have packed themselves into small ones, and I believe they will discover one of these days that they have lost a good deal by the change. They have lost more than a certain number of feet of space; they have lost the effect upon the mind and character that a spacious life gives. We all know that people living on moors and prairies have as a rule a certain dignity that people who are much crowded lack. What the large farm or homestead does for the countryman as compared with the overcrowded villager, that the stately town house does for its inhabitants and especially for children and young people.

It makes the human being feel small by comparison with his surroundings, as the heavens and the ocean make him seem small. But it does not make him feel cheap and superfluous. The petty diminutive abode says daily to its owner: "Make haste; get out. Your room, little as it is, is wanted for others."

The cry has been answered by builders and hotel keepers. We have places to ourselves, and small they are. We have diminutive flats with reception rooms that just receive a tottering little table and nothing else. We dine at a table which accommodates a baby cruet almost under protest. The narrow beds in our little bedrooms have sides but no middle. There are no more fine pictures, only a quantity of photographs perilously edged against a narrow slat of wood.

And worst of all, there is not a decent table at which a person can sit with books and work at it. A drawing room may look prettier since the abolition from it of all sensible tables. But it is much less habitable. It is small wonder that people nowadays try continually to curtail the time after dinner. It is because there is nothing one can do in a drawing room. At best somebody plays the violin or sings; at worst the pianola is set going.

The poet who wished for "an hour of crowded life" should try living now. On the score of crowdedness, if not of life, he would be well content.

Small Danger of Aviation Becoming Common

By J. K. MOOREHOUSE
New York

I attended several of the great aviation meets in France and on the continent, and my conclusion based on study and conversation with the foreign experts is that there is not the remotest likelihood that the average every-day citizen will ever journey through the air.

The talk of reducing aerial transit to a commonplace basis, where the generality of the population can make safe and rapid voyages via the aeroplane, has few sponsors among candid and scientific men.

The thing is simply not feasible and never will be. There has been really no improvement in the machines in months, and though I do not mean to assert that the limit has been reached, it is not in the nature of things that any very great development can now take place.

The bird men themselves will tell you that the passenger-carrying proposition is fanciful. Of course one or two people can be carried, but remember that it now takes a 50-horsepower engine to lift only a couple of men, and they must not be heavyweights.

Unless something radically new in the way of a motor is devised no single machine can ever carry as many passengers as an old-fashioned stage coach.

How Doctors Treat Middle-Aged People

By F. B. SMITH

The case of one woman sixty-five years old who was admitted to a hospital recently suffering from pneumonia and who died shortly after, it is claimed from neglect, serves to illustrate two phases of our culture. Although there is some discrepancy in the testimony, the facts seem to be that the unfortunate woman's case was diagnosed as necessarily fatal on account of her advanced age and therefore less attention was given her than a younger person would have received.

There is a tendency toward the view that a person of sixty years or even of fifty years of age has reached the limit of usefulness, and that such a life is of but little value to the community. This view, however, runs counter to the teachings of Professor Mechnikoff, president of the Pasteur Institute at Paris.

The reason why we do not live as long now as in patriarchal times is that our diet is too complex; with return to primitive simplicity of diet our life span would be lengthened.

Six-Day Working Week for All People

By J. J. MAHONEY
Chicago

A nation-wide agitation is being carried on in favor of a proper observance of the six-day working week, and every man and woman who works six days of the week should join in advocating a complete day of rest without any strings tied to it.

It is not a religious matter and there need be no differences of opinion.

Members of all denominations are outspoken in favor of a closed Sunday, and only recently in Emporia, Kan., the ministers there declared in favor of Uncle Sam's taking the initiative by refusing to deliver mail at the postoffice on Sunday.

The postoffice department is ever ready and willing to please all of the people all of the time, if possible, and it is to please the people that the department serves them on Sunday, and if it please the people the office will remain closed on Sunday.

So it is up to the people. Those who are out employed on Sunday and who demand their right—a right to rest one day in seven—should not expect to receive their mail on Sunday.

Very simple! Do as you would be done by.



DRYING COFFEE

knew better than any other diplomatic official that, left alone, they would never come fighting.

As the result of his work in the service, the United States has virtually established a protectorate over Nicaragua. At all times an American warship is within four hours' call by the wireless. An American postage stamp is as good in Nicaragua as it is in Louisiana. Mail for the United States goes through the American consulates and is carried in sealed sacks to New Orleans and Mobile, or to a port on the Pacific coast in another. It is not handled by natives. There is no opening of mail addressed to the subjects of the United States these days, so was common in the past.

That is one result of Minister Merry's work and today he is in the diplomatic service in Costa Rica, watching his labor bear fruit.

President Estrada is a good fellow as Nicaraguans go—but he couldn't last twenty minutes as the head of a people who love to fight, if the United States department at Washington wasn't holding his hand over the rough places. They are going to send a commission down there in a short time to straighten out affairs and conduct the first honest election the country ever had. Then J. P. Morgan & Co. will handle the refunding of the \$20,000,000 bonded debt. By that time the United States will be well in charge, probably with Consul Moffat as minister and real head of the government.

Just as rapidly as possible Nicaragua is being made a good place in which to live. American capitalists and investors are crowding into the country with rapidity. Now that the days of the revolution are ended—the machete made an implement of agriculture instead of war—the future of the little republic looks bright. Mines are being developed, forests cleared, lagoons drained and homes built. Men from the north and middle western states are causing the hustle. There are business



BANANA PLANTATION IN NICARAGUA

men from St. Louis, Kansas City and Chicago and men from numerous smaller cities who are interested financially in agriculture and mining work in Nicaragua. Many are already reaping on their investments.

Along the Rio Grande river there is a wide stretch of territory covered with bamboo, some of which is planted in bananas. Shipments of bananas were taken out of that section for the first time a few weeks ago by the Pan-American company, a Kansas City and St. Louis concern. There are half a dozen small companies beginning operations and within six months fully 200,000 or 300,000 acres of banana land will have been planted along that river, which is said to be the best for the culture of this particular fruit of any in the republic. The bananas—about 3,000 bunches—shipped lately were the finest taken into the port of New Orleans.



A NICARAGUAN FAMILY

Mining throughout the country, while being pushed, is not bringing the money returns of fruit. Many men, however, have struck it rich in the mining region. A Canadian by the name of McGinnis, located in the northern part of the Republic and founded the Lone Star mine. Today he is several times over a millionaire. Joe La Pere, a French Canadian, discovered the Bonanza mine from which millions in gold have been taken. The Topaz Mining company is another paying venture. The chief difficulty with the mining is the matter of transportation.

While the earnings of the various mines have proven satisfactory, yet it is in the banana business that the figures presented by American experts prove amazing; they show payment for land, cost of clearing, planting and harvesting at the end of the second year with an additional profit of 50 per cent. on the investment. They are indeed startling, but the men who make them point to the United Fruit company, having started business on a

COUNTRY OF CONTINUAL UNREST

"The beginnings of the troubles that wreck Nicaragua at frequent intervals lie back to the discovery by Columbus. A small remnant of Indians has recently been found living on an island near Bluefields, speaking the language of the Aztecs and having traditions of ruling in splendid cities over the subject tribes of the coast.

These cities, of which great ruins remain, at once attracted the Spaniards to the interior, so that from Panama to Yucatan not an important Spanish settlement was formed on the Caribbean coast, and thus the coast tribes, freed from Aztec domination, remained almost unknown to the Spaniards, having no property worth looting.

Loot was plenty among the bucaners, but fresh food and women they lacked. These the Indians supplied. Commercial relations soon grew up, which speedily developed into an alliance against the Spaniards, by means of which the Indians maintained their independence, until their chief was carried, in 1688, with great pomp, to Jamaica, where he surrendered his authority to the duke of Albemarle, and was then crowned and received back his insignia as a vassal king, under a British protectorate, of all the coast from Chiviquil lagoon to Yucatan, along what is known as the Mosquito coast.

Subject to occasional clashes with the Spaniards, matters went on thus for a century, each successive Mosquito king ruling in Jamaica for investiture and to do homage. Finally, in 1783, by the peace of Paris, England specifically abandoned its protectorate over all of the Mosquito coast, except for the part

now known as Belize, or British Honduras, which then became and still remains a British colony.

However, it was only 14 years before the French revolutionary turmoil again brought war between Spain and England. In the course of this, the protectorate was revived, so that, in spite of Spain's becoming later the ally of England against Napoleon, the three succeeding Mosquito kings of the first half of the nineteenth century were crowned as of old in Jamaica or Belize, and did homage for their kingdom, the last in 1847.

In 1821, after a long struggle, all Central American broke away from Spain, and offered to join the United States as five states, an offer which was at once refused, as the population was not considered sufficient in number to justify ten seats in our senate, nor sufficiently advanced otherwise to be a desirable element. The refusal stirred up bad blood against the English-speaking peoples and a dispute with England over the protectorate.

By the Clayton-Bulwer treaty of 1850, both England and the United States bound themselves not to seek exclusive rights in any part of Central America. Again the protectorate made trouble, and London and Washington agreed on a treaty by which the Mosquito coast was to be protected by treaty with the Central American states interested, but these refused the suggested terms, and, finally, in 1858, Great Britain concluded separate treaties with Honduras and Nicaragua, by which to the first she surrendered absolutely all authority over the almost uninhabitable portion

of the coast claimed by Honduras, while to Nicaragua she agreed to surrender her protectorate and recognize the sovereignty of Nicaragua.

Nicaragua in turn, agreed to grant complete local self-government to the Mosquito tribes, then of blood largely diluted with strains of white and Jamaica negro, and using English as their official language. Nicaragua also bound itself to make a free port of Greytown, at the mouth of the navigable river by which the great central lake of Nicaragua discharges into the Caribbean sea, and for ten years to pay annually to the Mosquito Indians a subsidy of \$5,000.

After 19 years less than half of the subsidy had been paid, while in violation of the treaty Nicaragua had imposed duties at Greytown under the pretext that they were to pay the subsidy, and had introduced a governor and a garrison at Bluefields, the Mosquito king's capital, and was otherwise vexing the inhabitants so as to force them to abandon the English language and their local self-government. Finally, after most insolent treatment of the British consul at Greytown, who had been appointed the Mosquito king's agent to resolve the arrears, England sent a warship to Greytown. Nicaragua protested that, as the British protectorate had been withdrawn and Nicaragua's sovereignty recognized over the coast, it was none of England's business whether Nicaragua fulfilled the treaty stipulations in favor of the Indians. But the captain of the warship was not moved by this, and after much parley the entire matter was submitted to the arbitration of the emperor of Austria.

On two points the Nicaraguan contentions were upheld, first, that the subsidy was of

the nature of a gift, and therefore that interest should not be added to the arrears; and, second, that the vessels belonging to the Mosquito coast should hoist the Nicaraguan flag, though against Nicaragua's contention they were allowed to hoist their own along side of it; but on every important point the decision was in favor of England.

Under this decision matters began to come up, especially from Canada and Jamaica, and business became quite brisk. Nicaragua failed in another attempt to induce the coast to vote in favor of full citizenship, and matters went on merrily till a few months after Zelaya's rise to the presidency, when, in January, 1894, a Nicaraguan army suddenly appeared at Bluefields, kidnaped and sent to the interior the chief justice and all the leading men of the coast, and in their absence ordered an election, with soldiers at every polling place, to determine finally the status of the coast.

In this election there could be only one result, and Nicaragua announced that the coast had accepted full citizenship in Nicaragua, and, therefore, British interference was at an end.

For ten years, in spite of occasional attempts at revolution, one nearly successful, matters went on fairly at Bluefields and business grew, but in 1904 there began systematic attempts to oppress this coast.

As a further violation of foreigners, the Nicaraguan missionaries and the Church of England pastor at Bluefields, who, since the Catholic churches have been barred out of existence, are the only representatives of religion of any kind in all this region, have had their schools closed because tuition was in English.

Lobster Worsts an Eagle

Fierce Old Shellfish Fights His Captor in the Air and Regains His Liberty.

"The disappearing lobster," as fish commissioners have termed it, might not only remain, but would flourish and increase if it always resisted capture like one in Newfoundland.

A New York man and his guide were sitting on the rocks by the sea-

shore watching a big white-shelled lobster scuttling around in a stream, when suddenly they saw it dash down into a pool of water close by them on the beach and reappear, holding an enormous lobster in its talons. It was an old lobster, with a huge claw and with barnacles, but the eagle had it clutched firmly around the neck, and at first the onlookers could see the claw hanging helplessly down, the

barnacles shining white in the sunlight.

Only for a second, though. The lobster on the pool had not yet died away, the large drops of water had not ceased to fall upon its surface from the scuttling eagle's talons, when the lobster suddenly availed to the consciousness of the situation, and to think with that apparently helpless creature was to act. He seized the white barnacled claw and raised the eagle round the neck.

There was a furious scuttling and

beating of wings, a melancholy squawk, and then, tumbling and rolling head over heels in the air in a confused mass, eagle and lobster came down again into the pool.

The men rushed forward thinking that they could, perhaps, in some way obtain both combatants, as the splashing of the conflict continued in the shallow water. But they had hardly time to pick up a stone apiece to throw at the eagle before the lobster, feeling itself sufficiently at home again, let go his hold.

Now, with its neck all torn and devoid of feathers, away flew the barnacled eagle to a neighboring cliff, while, still brandishing its enormous claws in defiance, the lobster remained at the bottom of the pool.

The Strenuous Ticket.

"A lot of people are complaining that they don't get their money's worth from this railroad," said one official.

"Well," said the other, "we'll remedy that. We'll make the tickets a yard and a half longer."