

IN THE LIMELIGHT

MINISTER TO CHINA



Charles R. Crane of Chicago, who has accepted the post of minister to China, offered him by the president, is a business man and a Democrat. He first came into the diplomatic field last November and until that time never voted anything but the straight Democratic ticket. Although unacquainted with the technicalities of diplomacy, the new minister to China will go to his post with qualifications of an unusual character.

One of his rare achievements is familiarity with the Chinese language. The far east is a broken road to him through years of travel both in frequent and unfrequent parts; and his acquaintance with men of the yellow races whose names are powers in their respective countries of the orient.

He has made three extended trips in Central Asia and 18 into Russia, with the result that many Russian as well as Chinese statesmen know him personally. Two years were spent by him in exploring the Asiatic coast.

Mr. Crane is a native Chicagoan, having been born in that city on August 7, 1858. He is a son of R. T. Crane, founder of the Crane Company, and Mary Prentiss Crane. He was educated in the public schools of Chicago, and in compliance with his father's well-known ideas as to collegiate education, Mr. Crane entered the employ of the Crane Company as soon as his school days were over. In 1881, when he was 23 years old, he was married to Miss Cornelia Smith of Paterson, N. J.

He served the Crane Company in various capacities, learning the manufacturing business step by step, until in 1894 he became first vice-president. With his advancement Mr. Crane found time to take up civic duties and to branch out into other commercial enterprises. He served as president of the Municipal Voters' league for a time and became a director of the National Bank of the Republic, a position which he holds at the present time.

Then he took charge of the foreign business of the Crane Company, and in this capacity he devoted several years to traveling in all parts of the world. He spent much of his time in Russia and China studying commercial conditions and making himself familiar with the languages. He was received at the Russian court and is regarded as an authority on Russian affairs.

Mr. Crane also spent much of his time in China. The interests of his company took him into almost every province and brought him into close contact with all classes. This experience and his ability to read the Chinese language were factors in bringing him to the favorable notice of President Taft for the appointment of United States ambassador to China. He is a connoisseur of old and rare books and paintings.

NEW GERMAN CHANCELLOR



Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, successor to Prince von Buelow as chancellor of the German Empire, is a college friend of the emperor. They were fraternity brothers in the Borussia corps at Bonn, and during the entire reign of William, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg often has advised his majesty. He had, however, shown a disinclination to accept high office. He is a man of reserved and thoughtful habits, and sometimes has been called the "philosopher statesman." Even at his own receptions he sometimes wears an air of preoccupation. He is a tall man and wears a dark, pointed beard. Emperor William often has found rest and comfort in Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg's repose of manner and his agreeable conversation, and the latter is one of the few frequenters of the court whose bearing toward his majesty is natural and comfortable.

Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg is of Jewish origin. The Bethmann family left Holland two centuries ago on account of its religion and settled in Frankfurt, where the men entered the banking business. His great-grandmother married John James Hollweg, who added his wife's name to his own. His grandfather was the first member of the family to enter public service. This ancestor became a professor of jurisprudence at the Bonn university and received a patent of nobility for his learning. Later he was made a member of the Prussian Diet and became active in the constitutional agitation of the '40s, and ten years later was appointed to the liberal cabinet as minister of education.

The new chancellor is now 53 years old. In his youth he studied law and was appointed assistant judge. Before he was 30 years old he had been made district governor of Ober-Barnim, and later he became provincial president of Potsdam, where the suburban palace of Emperor William is located. During his three years at Potsdam he saw much of the emperor and the two men took long walks and rides in the environs.

Following his sojourn at Potsdam, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg's promotion was rapid. He became president of the government of Brounberg and later president of the province of Brandenburg, from which post he took up the portfolio of Prussian minister of the interior.

STORY-TELLING PASTOR



Rev. Dr. J. H. String, pastor of the Maple Avenue Reformed church of St. Louis, Mo., has won a reputation in the Missouri city as "the story-telling pastor." Rev. String has abandoned the time-honored method of preaching a sermon from a text. Instead, he teaches his congregation the Bible by means of stories, which are pure fiction.

"In doing this," said Rev. String, "I am only imitating Christ when he told the parables." One of the pastor's fictional stories which was right up to the minute, concerned the temptations of a country boy who came to the city and found that while chances for success might be brighter, temptations were multiplied. The country boy became a patron of cheap picture shows, dice games for cigars, beer halls, etc., but was reclaimed from his bad habits through a chance attempt to flirt with a young lady Sunday school teacher.

The themes that Dr. String uses for his stories are all of this homely nature and generally have some relation to love and marriage.

Rev. String's story-sermons are liked so well, particularly by the young people of his congregation, that the trustees of the church are considering the building of an addition to accommodate the crowds. Frequently the "Standing Room Only" sign has been out, figuratively speaking, after Rev. String announced his subject.

ADVICE OF MILLIONAIRE

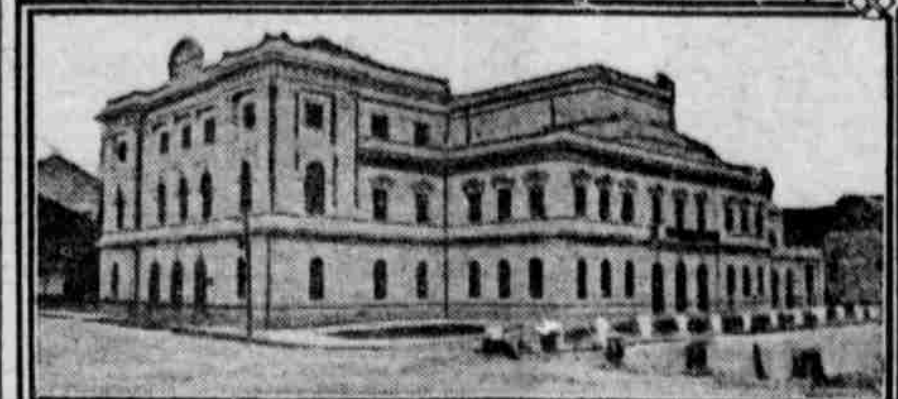


Benjamin Guggenheim, millionaire silver, gold and lead mine owner and official of the American Smelting and Refining Company, now says: "Young man, go west." On the eve of his departure for a business trip in Europe a curious reporter asked Mr. Guggenheim what his advice to the young man was. That was his answer, but he added: "Let the young man who is thinking of going to Alaska first have himself examined by a doctor to ascertain whether he is in good health. Good health is absolutely necessary to stand the rigors of the near-Arctic circle."

"Alaska offers opportunities for a small fortune—and by that I mean from \$15,000 to \$50,000 for almost any industrious young man and millions to the lucky few," continued Mr. Guggenheim. "The gold fields are just beginning to be developed." Benjamin Guggenheim was born in Philadelphia in 1865, but his life history is connected with that of the western states, particularly Colorado. His father, Meyer Guggenheim, with his seven sons, organized the Guggenheim Exploration Company and later the sons organized the American Smelting and Refining Company, which is popularly known as the "smelter trust." M. Guggenheim Sons, as the trust was formerly known, had mining interests in Alaska, Africa, Mexico and all the mineral states of America, and were the world's most extensive smelters and metallurgists. Their "A. S. & R." stock is valued at many millions.

ACROSS THE Isthmus

FROM ATLANTIC TO PACIFIC IN LOCOMOTIVE



GOVERNMENT PALACE, CITY OF PANAMA



OLD SEA WALL AND WATCH TOWER OF THE CITY OF PANAMA

I swung up into the cab of the locomotive at Colon and cuddled down on the warm leather seat with a nod of recognition and a handful of Panamanian money to the engineer. It is not every evening that one gets the chance of riding from the Atlantic to the Pacific in the cab of a locomotive. The distance from sea to sea at Panama is 44 miles. The Panama railroad curves some and in one or two places I was reminded of a railroad down in West Virginia where the curves are so sharp that the fireman often throws coal into the headlight of his own engine.

The track from Colon, Panama, is what railroad men call a red-hot track; that is, it is jammed all day long with passenger trains, ten cars to a train, and trains of flat cars loaded with dirt from the Culebra excavation. At night the freight goes through from the big ships waiting on one side to vessels at the wharves on the other. It takes two hours and a half to cross the isthmus and the fare is \$2.40. Our special train whirled through station after station—about a mile apart—and the buzzards hopped off the track and the other regular traffic stood aside to let us pass. To right and left the rank vegetation crowded right up to the rails—cocoanut palms and banana trees, bejuca vines and ceiba trees. As you leave Colon it's hard to tell where the green scrub leaves off and the solid land begins. Everything is green—a poisonous, verdigris green.

The main thoroughfare of the Panama railroad swings around quite outside the Culebra cut, sending spur tracks into it to fetch the spoil away. From Paraiso you can look back toward the mighty walls of the cut with terraces after terraces, where the steam shovels stand, eating out seven or eight tons of clay at every bite. On this particular occasion it was too dark to see more than the vague outline of Gold-hill and then directly in front of us the moon rose, round and pumpkin yellow, as our locomotive charged up hill toward the east, and it really seemed as though we were going to take a header right straight into the moon, when we should get to the top of the grade.

So we rocked and reeled onward through the soft flooding moonlight, and at all the stations near to Panama the platforms were crowded with Americans in evening dress and their partners in white muslin and chiffon, waiting to take the regular train to Panama, to attend the new year's dance of the Culebra club. So when we got to Panama and I had clambered down out of the cab and said my grimy and perspiring adieu to their satanic majesties of the binnacle and the firebox—there was the Tivoli hotel, where the dance was to be held, ablaze with light and festooned with bunting and vines and all manner of creeping things, all ready for the festa.

I ran upstairs and put on a boiled shirt and a black coat, with two tails to it, and the usual evening regalia of one who is "condemned" to live in the midst of a "clean and shaven race." When I got down stairs a band over in the corner was vigorously going it. There was no piano, but they had about 1½ trombones, a violoncello, a flute and the parts of several violins. It really made very tolerable music.

At a few minutes before 12 o'clock, when I turned in, the dancers were still hopping and gliding about. Suddenly the whistle of the ice plant and the bells of the cathedral found out that the new year was born and then the whole town at once was in an uproar. The Chinese were setting off long strings of firecrackers; the bull-hide drums and tambours, the tin cans full of stones, the barking dogs and

the yelling urchins, the locomotives at the roundhouse and above all the whistle of the ice plant, drove sleep far from one's pillow. And I was particularly anxious to get to sleep, because at 3 a. m. the chief of police was coming round to take our party on an alligator hunt.

I was just dozing off when there came a loud rapping at the door and a boy thrust in his head: "Was you de gemman dat ordahed de ice-watab?" "No," I said, "next room," and com- posed myself to rest. About two o'clock I was meeting with some degree of success when the same boy rapped again. "Did you wish for ice-watab, suh?"

At three o'clock he came a third time and said the chief of police was waiting downstairs. I had not slept at all, but neither had the chief of police.

We drove, with day breaking above the royal palms and the ceiba trees past the Chinese cemetery and around Ancon hill to the wharf of La Boca the Pacific terminus of the canal. Here there was a 50-foot launch waiting for us; the American engineers found the launch on the top of the hills at Culebra and put it together. With two Jamaica natives shoveling coal in the cockpit and a Spaniard at the engine, we went up the coast 25 miles through water alive with sharks chasing the mullet clean out of the sea and the pelicans solemnly fishing from the reefs. At the mouth of the Chowers river we turned in. Opposite a stone dock built by a British trading company we anchored the launch and took to four small boats, each boat rowed by two policemen from the Panama constabulary. It was hard fighting up that river. The tide was rushing out nine miles an hour and after passing a native village of miserable shacks thatched with palm, we came to a reef that spanned the river except at one or two points, where the water rushed boiling through. Again and again the oarsmen, yelling, bent to the paddles and forced the boats right into the teeth of the rapids, but the water played with us "as a kitten pats a cork," and drove us back with our gunwales dipping under.

Capt. Shanton, our chief of police, was getting a little discouraged, for he had not seen anything much to shoot at except a couple of water dogs, or soras, that ventured too near the bank, and the captain had given us to expect a happy hunting ground with a whole herd of alligators. As we rounded the corner just above the rapids, I nearly fell out of the boat. There they were on the bank, at least 15 of them—not 200, as the champion liar of the party subsequently stated. The biggest was not less than 25 feet long. They shambled very rapidly on their fat legs to the water's edge and plopped in. The minute their noses came to the surface 12 Marlin 44's gave them a volley, but Capt. Shanton's elephant gun was probably the only weapon that did any damage.

A great hunter was telling me the other night how you proceed with a whale. He said:

"First you get the whale interested and then you kick him in the face." But you can't do that with an alligator. We probably shouldn't have landed a single one if it hadn't been for the fact that a lady gator was taking a nap in a thicket far above the water line and, hearing the tumult and the shouting, came down the bank in a hurry toward Capt. Shanton's boat, clapping her under jaw like the bottom of a steam shovel bucket at Culebra. The captain was ready and let her have both barrels of the elephant gun, which would have wrecked the shoulder of an ordinarily strong man. A congressman from California was peeping between Capt. Shanton's legs with a Brownie camera, but he pressed the button a great many times and forgot to turn the film, so that the result was decidedly composite. The gator keeled over just before she got to the water and when we were sure she was sufficiently dead we cut off her claws for souvenirs.

Life's Perfect Duties.

Gentleness and cheerfulness, these come before all morality; they are the perfect duties. If your morals make you dreary, depend upon it they are wrong. I do not say "give them up," for they may be all you have; but conceal them like a vice, lest they should spoil the lives of better and simpler people.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

The distance in traveling seems great when one needs sleep. It is a long lane that has no turn-in.

EARLY BEGINNING INSURES SUCCESS IN SWINE

Many Different Points in the Care, Feeding and Health of Market and Breeding Stock—By A. J. Lovejoy.

The following notes are taken from the address of A. J. Lovejoy, a well-known swine breeder, delivered recently before the Live Stock Breeders' convention at Urbana, Ill.:

The pig that is to be sold for meat has but a few months to live, and there should be no let-up in feeding from birth. It will begin to eat shelled corn at three or four weeks of age; and a little sweet skim milk or a thick mush of the same material as that given the mother, is a great help to hasten growth.

Well bred or even good grade pigs should weigh 60 to 80 pounds when weaned at three months of age, and should then go on alfalfa, clover or other fresh green pasture, and have corn twice a day. Late in the summer there should be ready for them

age, and have a well balanced ration. The summer treatment of young pigs should be about the same as for the market pigs. For late summer and fall, I have made it a practice to have a field of Evergreen sweet corn to feed in the roasting ear. I begin by adding one stalk and ear for each pig in addition to his other feed; in a few days two stalks and two ears, and gradually increase this amount to a full feed, while diminishing the other ration.

In winter the brood sows should have something to take the place of the green pasture. I know of nothing that will equal alfalfa, bright and green, run through a cutting machine. Two-thirds chafed alfalfa and one-third shelled corn mixed together and ground in a steel bur grinder, make



Profitable Type of Swine.

a pasture of rape, field peas or soy beans, besides the corn. If their teeth become sore, change to shelled corn, soaked 24 hours in water, slightly salted.

It will pay to have a cool, shady place where it is rather dark, if possible, for the pigs to lie in during the heat of the day, with free access to a mixture of salt, coppers, lime and ashes. The feeder should watch closely to see that every pig is eating with a relish. If the pigs cough it is probably due to a dusty shed. Worms will also cause a cough, and if the hair becomes starring and dead in appearance, it is well to give a worm powder. Lice can be gotten rid of by nipping, and all of the market dips can be improved by adding crude oil or petroleum. The pigs will be ready for market at any age after six to eight months.

In raising hogs to be used as breeders the object is very different. They are not to go to market at six to eight months of age, but to grow up to maturity. They should be pushed for rapid growth, but must be fed for a growth of frame and bone; not fattened on corn, but expanded by a feed of rich protein. At six, eight or ten months of age, they should show more length of body and more scale than the market hogs, and be smooth and well covered, but not so fat as for market.

This can be very easily done by feeding a mixed grain ration, with ten per cent of tankage or ten per cent of oil meal. Use corn, barley and oats ground together, mixed thickly with water, and fed at once while sweet. It is much better to mix three pounds of milk to one pound of grain. If one has no milk the next best feed is ten per cent tankage. If one has the corn and does not want to buy the mill feeds, he can use 80 per cent of corn and 20 per cent of tank-

an almost ideal ration which can be fed dry or mixed thickly with scalding water; a little salt adds relish. It is a cheap ration and has just bulk enough to take the place of grass. If one cannot have alfalfa, bright, well cured clover is good. Sorghum cane is a good fall feed until heavy freezing. Mangles or sugar beets are of course very good.

It is very necessary that the brood sows have exercise, that they may bring strong litters of pigs, full of vitality. It is best to keep the same sows for several years if they have



Good Friends.

proven good breeders and careful mothers; they will raise more and better pigs than the young gilts.

Mature sows can be kept breeding, raising two litters annually, and can be carried from year to year after weaning their litters, quite cheaply, with little or no grain after the spring litter is weaned until the fall litter comes, if they can have fresh grass or other succulent feed. We should learn to produce as much of the feed as possible ourselves.

WATCH YOUR HORSE'S FEET

Shoer Should Thoroughly Understand Anatomy of the Foot.

It is absolutely essential for the horseshoer to thoroughly understand the anatomy and physical laws as well as the mechanical rules of the horse's foot, for most all ailments to which horses' feet are subject come under his direct supervision.

He is often called upon to treat foot disorders and should equip himself with sufficient knowledge of the subject before attempting to remedy such ailments.

Corns seem to be one of the most obstinate cases that come under the observation of the horseshoer.

Some authorities claim that these corns resemble the corns on the human foot, but they are misled on account of the cause and location being generally the same.

It is a misapplied term when connected with the foot of the horse.

The discoloration which appears between the bar and wall is a deposit of blood after a rupture of the blood vessels which form such a complex network around the foot. This part of the foot has to do more than its share of work. Corns are chiefly found on the

inside of the foot because of the habit of fitting the shoes closer to the center of the frog than the outside, thus throwing the work on the inside heel.

Another error is making shoes right and left. Why should this be done when there is no distinction in the anatomy? The foot has as many points of observation as a marine compass and each point must be rigidly observed if we wish to be successful in manipulating the ailments of the foot. The shoe must be an equal distance from the center of the frog in order to balance the foot.

If this cannot be done by nature, mechanical rules must be followed.

The Open-Top Shoe.

It is not necessary to go over the tree trying to cut off every little twig. The leaders are the ones that need attention. When heading in these leaders it is best to cut them off to a side branch, rather than to do a top cut. Frequently when an inexperienced man practices heading-in he is tempted to shear the tree all over and leave it a smooth, oval form. It will be seen that this is very different from the method described above where only the leaders are cut back and the side shoots thinned, so as to leave an open top. The amount of heading-in to be done should vary from year to year, according as the crop promises to be large or small. As the tree gets older less heading-in is usually necessary.