

PROMINENT PEOPLE

NOMINATED FOR MAYOR



Otto Tremont Bannard, the Republican candidate for mayor of New York, is probably the worst election campaigner ever nominated for that office. That is said without any reflection whatever on Mr. Bannard as a man of culture and as an astute business man with a rare capacity for organization and a genius for the direction of important undertakings. But he cannot make a speech. His best friends frankly admit he is probably the worst speechmaker in New York.

So if he takes the stump, as mayoralty candidates usually do, and attempts to tell the voters from a public platform his conception of a properly governed city his well-wishers will be overjoyed if he doesn't get into a hopeless maze of oratorical tangles.

Bannard has no hallucinations about himself—or anything else. When he got back from Europe a few weeks ago his closest friend, Herbert Parsons, said to him:

"Otto, I think we ought to nominate you for mayor."

"You had better let me alone, Herbert," Bannard replied. "I am not a good candidate. I can't make a speech and the people don't take kindly to a trust company president, anyway."

Parsons thought there was wisdom in that and did let Bannard alone for a short time. The chairman of the Republican county committee was so sure there would be no need to draft his friend for the mayoralty race that he put Bannard on the committee of five to represent the Republicans in all the conferences with the fusionists. But in the final showdown it became necessary to drag Bannard to the front, and when he knew his nomination was inevitable he fled to Chicago, largely to escape photographers and interviewers.

He is reserved in manner as well as speech. He is not a "mixer" in the political sense, though popular among men who really know him. He is kind-hearted and a genuine hard-luck story sends his hand into his pocket.

He is a bachelor and wealthy. As president of the New York Trust Company he gets \$50,000 a year, which he would be compelled to relinquish were he elected mayor.

COMMANDED BRITISH SHIPS



Admiral Sir Edward Hobart Seymour, the British officer who commanded the big squadron at the Hudson-Fulton celebration in New York harbor, is one of Britain's most distinguished officers. He is particularly persona grata to the United States because he commanded American forces as part of the allied army in the Chinese expedition of 1900. Since 1905 he has held the title of "admiral of the fleet," being one of the six officers bearing that title.

The admiral has won his title through long and arduous service. Though the son of a clergyman, he comes of a line of seadogs and is the grandson of a baron who won his honors in naval service.

Entering the navy in 1852, Sir Edward, at the age of 12, first saw service in the Crimean war. He was active in the bombardment of Odessa, being praised for his coolness under fire. For bravery at the shelling of Sebastopol and Kinburn and his conduct in the war generally he won a medal and clasp.

In 1857 he saw service in the Chinese war, being present at the destruction of the Chinese flotilla and at the capture of Canton and the Peiho forts. He next was engaged in operations against the Chinese rebels in 1862 and at the age of 26 became a commander.

Wounded while aiding to suppress piracy in the Congo river, he was prevented from taking part in the Nares Arctic expedition.

He again distinguished himself in the Egyptian war of 1882 and in 1887 was made aide-de-camp to the queen.

As commander-in-chief on the China station from 1898 to 1901 Admiral Seymour led the allied expedition against the Chinese in 1900. Thus he was one of the few foreign officers who have commanded a body of American sailors and marines under fire. His conduct on that memorable occasion won praise from the several nations directly interested. It is said that one of Emperor William's favorite paintings is that showing Sir Edward, in a hotly contested engagement on the road to Peking, giving the command, "Germans to the front!"

FROM BARON TO A COUNT



In raising the Austrian foreign minister, Alois von Aehrenthal, from the rank of baron to that of count, Emperor Francis Joseph marks his appreciation of the minister's services in bringing about the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Not many months ago Baron Aehrenthal was one of the most abused men in Europe. He was accused of the basest treachery in regard to his dealings with his diplomatic colleagues and was even said to have lied direct to more than one ambassador in Vienna. Recent diplomatic disclosures have shown, however, that in this much-vexed question of the Bosnian annexation Austria's hand was forced by the precipitate action of the crafty Prince Ferdinand in declaring the independence of Bulgaria, and that the Viennese statesman was not to blame as much as had been too hastily assumed. Of course in Austria-Hungary, after the annexation had been peaceably accomplished, Aehrenthal was the hero of the hour and his advance in rank has long been prophesied.

Count Aehrenthal has made a rapid rise. To be ambassador at St. Petersburg at 38 and foreign minister at 48 is not given to many diplomats. Aehrenthal has always been a diplomat. He began his career at 26 as an attaché of the embassy in Paris and went from there to St. Petersburg. Next he spent some years in the foreign office in Vienna and then went back to St. Petersburg as counselor of embassy. After that he was minister at Bucharest and a year later went again to Russia, this time as ambassador. He is clever and hard-working, too. His predecessor, Count Goluchowski, was a more brilliant statesman, but is said not to have loved hard work.

HEADED "DRY" PARADE



A literary controversy of considerable magnitude is growing out of the action of Gen. Frederick Dent Grant in leading the temperance parade in Chicago in the uniform of the United States army.

Following the letter written to Secretary of War Dickinson by W. R. Michaelis, an official of the United Societies for Local Self-Government, in which he severely criticized Gen. Grant's action and demanded to know what stand the war department would take in the matter, two ardent temperance workers came to the defense of the assailed officer.

Dr. H. C. Newton, secretary of the temperance and law enforcement parade committee and A. P. Ballou of the Hamilton club are the men who take issue with Mr. Michaelis. They also wrote letters to Secretary Dickinson declaring that Mr. Michaelis had exaggerated the facts and asserting that Gen. Grant deserved honor for the stand he took and the example he set to the rising generation.

Mr. Ballou claims that the parade was not a partisan demonstration, as Mr. Michaelis asserts, and that men of all parties marched in it. He also denies that Gen. Grant wore the full uniform of a United States army officer, and says his act could not be taken as other than that of a private citizen who desired to lend his personal influence to a movement Chicago peculiarly needs.

Gen. Grant contends that he had the right to appear in the parade in his uniform.

NEW YORK'S CHINATOWN



IN BUSY HOTT STREET

ANOTHER civilization, gauged by other moral standards, restrained, or unrestrained, of other laws and codes, has for many years existed in New York under the eyes and noses of that city's people and their officials. In this sphere men and women have moved like the flossam in an eddy, against the stream of the world without. The secret rules of the order provided the only known escape from the arm of the nation's law; they made men secure in the commission of atrocities and veiled the existence of a set of moral conditions almost beyond comprehension; certainly past momentary tolerance.

Over the whole was a hectic filament of romance and morbid interest which appeared to the chance passer or the sightseer to make the place a curiously fascinating corner transplanted from another world—far too original and alluring to be removed. They called it Chinatown. It is no place; it is no street in particular, though it has its center and its boundaries. It is rather a degenerate state of the senses.

New Yorkers know of it, of course, in a dim sort of way. Now and then there was a brawl, a killing of some Oriental or an opium den raid. These were matters of course. No one gave them more than passing attention.

To-day, however, New York knows Chinatown in its true perspective. The Elsie Sigel murder was the first rift in the cloud that obscured the fact. Now the mist itself is dissipated. New York knows that Chinatown—the spirit, not the place—is one of its cruel, almost unthinkable problems.

The latest outrage in Chinatown—a place that brews outrages faster than a quagmire hatches mosquitoes—is the abduction of a pretty little girl of Weehawken and her imprisonment in a Chinese den, where she was subjected to horrifying cruelties.

This most recent unfortunate is Christina Braun, 15 years old, blue-eyed and inclined to be just a little "wild." Christina's case differs from that of hundreds of other girls who have fallen victim to the lures of Chinatown only in the fact that she had the good fortune to escape before she became a slave to opium—the supreme evil of this most vicious hole in all the vast metropolis.

The girl went to Coney Island with some friends on a Sunday. She lost her companions in the crowd and, finally, after wandering about for a time, went into a chop suey "joint" to get a bite to eat. There she was drugged, and the next thing she remembers she was being carried through the labyrinthine hallway to a Chinatown den.

The girl fought desperately to get away from two Chinese who were dragging her along the floor of the dark hall, but she was beaten into insensibility. When she next recovered consciousness she was in a dimly lighted room and a hideous Chinaman was leaning over her, leering into her face.

Again the girl screamed and fought to get out of the place, but was knocked senseless. Between beatings she was made to understand that she was the slave of her captor and that the best thing she could do would be to remain quiet. But devious, dark and dirty as Chinatown is, news will travel there, and the girl had not been in the den more than 24 hours before a "lobbygown"—a Chinaman who acts as stool pigeon and informer for the police—told two Mulberry street detectives that there was a white girl prisoner somewhere in the colony.

The men set watch and, after a time, succeeded in starving out and capturing Joe Wong, an Americanized Chinese gambler. The girl was found in Wong's room, her face so bruised that her friends had difficulty in recognizing her when they visited her at the headquarters of the Gerry society. Wong was locked up in the Tombs, but he probably will get out of the scrape on the ground that the girl willingly accompanied him to his lair.

A regularly organized traffic in white and Chinese girl slaves exists in Chinatown and every detective who has worked in that section knows it now.

It is true that scores of women fall prey to the Chinese every year by first visiting Chinatown on slumming and sight-seeing trips. Others are attracted there by the gaudy tales about how kind and gentle the Chinese are to women; how well they clothe them



CROOKED LITTLE BOYERS STREET

and how liberal they are with money. These tales also are nearly all fakes. Anyone who has ever seen a real "hop joint" in Chinatown will never forget the dirt and degradation of it. Some of the wealthier Chinese have apartments that are fitted up in flashy oriental style, and a few of the gambling houses are well furnished. Three or four of the restaurants—mainly patronized by sight-seers—are gaudy in the extreme, but back behind all this, back beyond the tunnels, in the kitchens, the living quarters and up under the roofs of the tottering old buildings, exist squalor and misery such as can scarce be found elsewhere on this continent.

The pitiful story of Moy You and Ngeu Fung, two little Chinese girls, is enough to set the hand of all the world against the slave traders of Chinatown.

These girls were sold—it is believed by the police—to Chinese slave traders in China and smuggled into this country. They fell into the clutches of a Chinese merchant of some means in Chinatown and their tale of the cruelties to which they were subjected was brought to the attention of the Chinese charge d'affaires in Washington. The girls are in the hands of the Gerry society. They declare that they were compelled to work 20 hours a day at cooking, cleaning, scrubbing and covering button molds and that they were beaten almost every day.

Reading of these outrages the average American wonders why the perpetrators are not sent to prison, but it must be remembered that there are no men more wily and skillful in concocting false evidence than dishonest Americanized Chinese. It is next to impossible to obtain evidence against the slave traders of Chinatown that will stand in a court of justice. To begin with any Chinese witness who dares testify against one of his countrymen in New York takes his life in his hand. The boldness of the Chinatown slave trader is almost beyond belief. When the police of the entire country were searching for the murderer of Elsie Sigel no fewer than three Chinese who were supposed to know something of the crime were murdered. When the police tried to obtain evidence against men they strongly suspected of the murders they were baffled at every turn.

Capt. Galvin of the police department, who is in charge of the precinct embracing Chinatown, has worked hard to "clean up" the place and drive the white women out of it, but his efforts have been of little avail. He has come to the conclusion that the "town" needs "cleaning up." Instead of "cleaning up," and has recommended this action to Commissioner Baker.

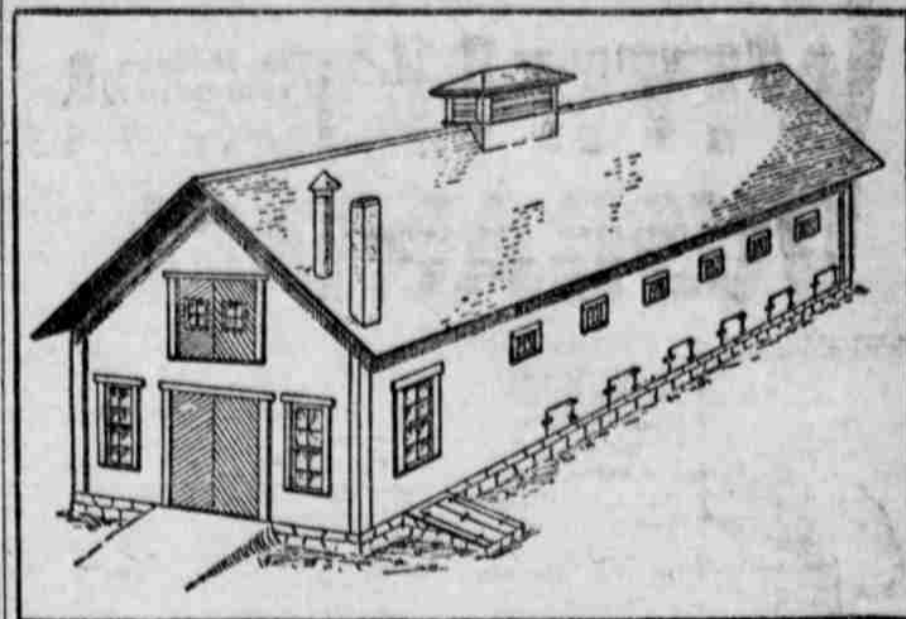
If Galvin had his way he would keep slumming and sight-seeing parties out of Chinatown. The "rubber-neck" wagon often is the net that drags the innocents to the dens.

Taught How to Prepare Lunch. Simmons college, Boston, is said to be the only place in this country where women can be trained to plan and manage lunchrooms. The demand for such training is reported to have more than trebled during the last two years, as more and more cities and school boards are realizing the necessity of providing working girls and boys and school children with healthful midday meals.

In Boston the Women's Educational and Industrial union co-operates with the school board in conducting lunchrooms for pupils. The school board agrees to provide the room, equipment and a certain amount of care, while the union prepares and serves the meals at cost. The union pays the women who manage these lunchrooms \$5 a week and their helpers \$3. They work on an average three hours a day.

HOG HOUSE ADAPTED TO VARIOUS SECTIONS

Swine Thrive Where There Is Good Shelter in Winter and Shade in the Summer—By J. E. Bridgman.



Elevation of Hog House.

It is only natural that the climate and soil which will best favor the production of any live stock are those in which the same stock is found wild, in his natural state. The hog is found where vegetation is abundant and luxuriant, where he can find shelter in winter and shade and plenty of water in the summer, writes J. T. Bridgman, in Orange Judd Farmer. While he is a heavy feeder and thrives best where he can find luxuriant pastures, roots, etc., he is not a ranger and cannot endure a great amount of travel at one time. As hogs are notably affected by extremes of cold and heat, the character of their shelter will have much to do with their successful rearing. The above being true, we will naturally do best with hogs when we have arranged their home and feeding grounds, to a certain extent, at least, such as he would choose for himself in his wild state. Proper shelter is

root cellar is located under the feeding room for storing roots; the stairway is located under the main stair above.

The floor of the feeding room is dropped eight inches and covered with stock boards. The entire floor consists of eight inches of cement. The feed room is also used as a slaughterhouse. A galvanized iron vent stack is placed over the cooker to carry away the steam, and a good brick flue is built in the corner, as shown. The house is sided with drop siding, and lined on the inside with six-inch flooring. Each pen has a small window and one door leading to the driveway, also one leading to the yards. A sliding door, shown at B, closes the driveway from the feed room. A good tight floor is laid in the loft, and a 5x8-foot open door left for passing down bedding and for a ventilator.

All hog men have their own ideas of arranging the feed and water troughs. However, a good plan is



Floor Plan of Hog House.

no doubt the first and most serious question, and while the perfect hog house has not up to date been invented, great improvements have been made during the past few years. The accompanying illustrations show a hog house that is well adapted to almost every climate, except the extreme south. As shown by the floor plan, the house is 28x62-foot square, and ten feet to the eaves. The lower story is seven feet, leaving ample room above for bedding and feed. The chop feed is stored in bins above and drawn through the spouts A A. Mixing barrels or boxes are placed close to the cooker, shown at C, and the cooked or steamed feed carried to the pens in a wheeled feeder. A

shown in the pen marked X. A nest is built in the rear corner, a water trough placed in front, a feed trough along the side, and a 2x4 timber is then placed across the pen from the rear end of feed trough. This makes a feeding floor for ear corn, and the hogs will seldom foul this part of the floor. The house should set on a good foundation, and have a good tight roof, and the exterior-exposed woodwork should receive at least two coats of paint. A feed and litter carrier may be installed if the house has over eight pens, and will save some labor. The cellar has an outside entrance, and each gable has a large double door for hoisting feed and bedding.

WAGES PAID FARM LABOR

Increased from \$10.43 in 1879 to \$17 in 1906—May Tend to Hold Men On Farms.

Statistics gathered from the federal government's reports show that the average prices paid farm labor since 1879 have risen considerably. For the year, or season, the monthly money rate paid farm labor for the different census periods was \$10.43 in 1879, \$13.29 in 1893, \$12.02 in 1895, and increasing to \$17 in 1906.

George K. Holmes, in Volume 33, No. 2 of the 1909 annals of the American Academy of Social Science, speaks of this wage as follows: "The expressions of farm wages in money and as a rate is very misleading and is probably one of the most powerful causes of the dissatisfaction of the laborer and of his migration to higher nominal money rates of wages in town and city. The farm laborer receives some things besides money in return for his labor. More or less in local practice there are wage payments which take the form of bonuses, such as house rent, or the use of a garden plot, or pasturage for a cow, or milk for the daily use of the family, or firewood, or feed for a hog or two, or the use of horse and wagon for family pleasure on certain days. Then there is the low cost of living in the farm laborer's favor as compared with the cost which he would find in the city, which makes his money wages much larger in fact than the rates indicate. This fact, however, has no weight with the farm laborer and is not perceived by him.

"These failures to perceive and to understand the full fact with regard

to wage earnings tend to deplete the farm of its hired labor. The recent rise in the money rate of wages may perhaps tend to hold wage labor to the farm. Not until the recent prosperous times in agriculture has the farmer been able to pay much higher wages than during the many years of agricultural production depression preceding 1897 or thereabouts. The farmer is now getting into a financial position where he may be able to hold the country labor from drifting to the city, especially if he expresses the entire wage in terms of money."

Where Is the Dog Kept?

Nothing so annoying or makes a dog ugly, snappish and uncomforable as chaining him within a limited space. Constantly and vainly endeavoring to get free, the dog's disposition in a short time changes and he grows almost useless on the farm, says Farm Journal. It's true that a good dog inside of a dwelling is worth two outside, where acquaintance with passers-by is easily made, and would-be robbers have opportunity easily to fix the animal; but a reliable barn dog is best employed in running about, keeping order, watching the stock and prepared to alarm the household when strangers appear. Such a dog is a safeguard against pilferers; but chained to a kennel his efforts are hampered and he is absolutely worthless as a watch-dog and a perpetual trouble and nuisance to his owner.

Advantage in Keeping Geese.

One advantage in keeping geese is that they live to a great age, 25 to 30 years, and are breeders till ten years of age. If you can properly handle a small flock of geese on the farm their feathers will prove a great item in household economy in making pillows and other articles for which feathers are used. They can live on an exclusive diet of grass in summer.