

# WORK OF SHAM REFORMERS

How the Fusionists Are Preying Upon the Interests of Taxpayers of Nebraska.

HOME FOR FEEBLE-MINDED YOUTH AT BEATRICE SCENE OF TURMOIL AND DISCORD

Fraud and Spoilation, Drunkenness, Incompetency, Dishonesty, Treasury Raids and Kindred Offences Committed by Officers High and Low—Public Officials and Employes Held Up for Part of Their Salary Each Month by Party Leaders.

Shameful incompetency—gross perversion of the public funds—use of the appointive power to reward party satellites regardless of merit—management's hands tied by high-ups fusion officials—official records in bad shape—and over the Poynter administration in its entirety hangs the shadow of culpable negligence and scandal. This in brief is an epitome of the condition of the Home of the Feeble Minded Youth at Beatrice.

Several years of fusion mismanagement and jugglery have sufficed to bring about a state of affairs in this institution so terrible as to almost challenge public credulity.

Dispassionately recited, if the truth be only half told, it is enough to cause the cheek of every citizen to burn with indignation. Especially is this true, and especially does it become a fit subject for careful and solemn judgment, when it is considered that the victims of these abuses are among the most helpless and defenseless wards of the state.

When the fusionists came into power in Nebraska the republicans relinquished supervision of this institution, bequeathing to their successors and to the public a record of splendid achievement. In selecting officials, teachers and employes for this institution it was the unvarying rule that merit and fitness alone should command recognition. Then, as now, the institute had upwards of 225 inmates. There were few changes in the official family, and in no instance was a change made for political reasons or party expediency.

The last republican in the superintendency held the position for upwards of seven years; and a change occurred at the end of this time only by reason of the fusionists acquiring control of the state government.

How does this compare with the record of the fusionists? The fusionists have been in power about five years, and in that time two superintendents have come and gone and the third one has been compelled to enlist the aid of the courts to keep his official head from under the axe. Thus, in about five years (including the recent appointee whose right to the office is being contested in the courts) four different persons have been appointed to the superintendency. This has kept the institution in strange hands nearly all the time, as a result of which, and by reason of other causes hereinafter enumerated, discipline has disappeared, disorder prevails, feeble minded inmates, slow to familiarize themselves with strange faces and restless in their presence, have progressed slowly, if at all, and the state has expended thousands of dollars wholly without compensatory results. Never since the fusionists acquired control has there been harmony in the official family of this institution. This is due entirely to the fact that positions high and low have been acquired through political "pulls" and not by reason of merit. Since the populists obtained control no superintendent has gone in there free handed. All of them have been under the party bane, and, no matter how much it impaired or interfered with the welfare of the institution, they have been compelled to accept such teachers and appointees as the party managers have seen fit to give them. On an easily judge of the condition of things by considering that the party bosses have invariably selected for these positions the sons, daughters, or henchmen of leading politicians.

They have done worse than this, they have selected for positions of trust and responsibility persons, not alone mentally incompetent, but morally as well. Making selection without regard to qualifications, giving no particular person authority to control, but making each a superior unto himself, thus causing incessant clashing of authority and wrangling among themselves, and placing the party or appointive authority under direct obligation, by levying an assessment monthly on all appointees and compelling them to pay a fixed per cent of their salary to some one designated to receive it by the triumvirate for a corruption fund—combine to account for this sad state of affairs. There are some facts connected with the contemporaneous history of this institution painful to recite. They go beyond the confines of ordinary happenings and trespass upon the domain of scandal and criminality.

Passing by the history of the institution under the superintendency of Dr. Fall and Dr. Sprague (and there is little difference between that portion of the history and that to which reference will be made) attention will be given evil, wrongs and outrages prevalent long.

Dr. Lang, the present superintendent, was appointed about one year ago. The next most responsible position—that of bookkeeper and steward—was given to James Millikin, a political satellite from Fremont. Though Millikin knew nothing of bookkeeping, he was entrusted with keeping the records. How he kept them, needs only to be seen to be comprehended. Had the figures been blown upon the pages of the records by a cyclone, they would be just as easily interpreted. The debits are mixed with the credits and the credits with the debits. Entries are seldom properly made, and there is no way of ascertaining from the record the condition of accounts of the funds, or whether anybody is debtor or creditor of the state. The undisputed fact is that the records have not been kept at all and a searching investigation would, no doubt, result in startling disclosures. It is an open secret about the institution that Millikin was not alone incompetent, but that he was frequently intoxicated while on duty.

Foreman Mills of the brush factory of the institution stated that he had repeatedly seen Millikin with a bottle of whiskey at the institute, and that he did not only drink the liquor himself, but persisted in making other employes drink with him. One of the employes who had taken the Keeley cure and who had not tasted liquor for several years was persuaded by Millikin to indulge. He then again became a confirmed drunkard and finally, to get away from the temptation, had to leave the institute. Superintendent Lang remonstrated with Millikin, telling him that he was setting a bad example for the inmates and employes, but to no avail. Millikin claimed that he was backed by Governor Poynter, by the fusion contingent of the best sugar element at Fremont, and was not amenable to the rules or orders of the superintendent.

**NEW BRAND OF "CORN MEAL."**  
Now were Millikin's shortcomings confined to traditional consistency. Scarcely had he entered upon his duties when he resorted to methods most questionable. On one occasion Superintendent Lang discovered, among supplies delivered, a choice lot of strawberries. There was no provision in the contract covering supplies for the institution for this quality of food, and, looking over the bill or statement of the goods delivered, he observed that the bill called for corn meal, but there was no corn meal delivered. "How is this, Millikin?" said Superintendent Lang. "I fall to see any entry on the bill for strawberries?"

"There it is," said Millikin, pointing to the entry, "corn meal."

"It was right then and there," said Dr. Lang to the writer, "that I discovered that Millikin would bear watching. I told him that kind of dealing would not do, and that he must stop it. But he paid no attention to me. Only a few days afterward he became possessed of a half dozen boxes of cigars. I asked him how he got them and he said the boys down town gave them to him. I knew that he got them in one of two ways—either by the 'corn meal' dodge, or that somebody was dealing with the institution selling supplies and with dishonest motives had given them to him. I again cautioned him against doing wrong, but he met my warning with a defiant sneer. Finding I could do nothing with him I went to Lincoln and laid all the facts before Governor Poynter. That ended it; Governor Poynter never stopped to consider the matter for a moment. Millikin followed this up by getting drunk and coming to the institute in a drunken condition and bringing liquor with him. Again I protested to the governor, and again nothing came of it. Finally things became so bad that in desperation I went to the governor and begged of him to act. The governor came down but did not have the moral courage to do anything. Millikin himself told the governor that he was unable to keep the books and wanted to be relieved of it, but still no action. The governor at last concluded that he would get rid of Millikin, and he asked me to hand in my resignation that he might show it to Millikin and have an excuse for asking him for his. He said my resignation was only a blind to fool Millikin, and that he would not consider it as effective, and would use it only to get Millikin out of the way. I regarded it a strange mode of procedure, but I complied with his request, thinking I was dealing with a man of principle. Imagine my surprise when he announced a day or so later that we had both resigned, and subsequently followed this announcement by the appointment of my successor. It was an act of subtle and flagrant perfidy, unworthy of a man of honor. I resisted and the courts will determine whether a resignation obtained in that way shall be effective.

"I lay much of the blame for the condition of affairs in the institute upon Governor Poynter and his henchmen. They have forced upon the salary list of the institute as teachers and for one position and another, persons who are notoriously unfitted for such service. These appointments have been made on the strength of political "pulls" and without regard to qualification or fitness. The governor has done more than this, he has tacitly, if not openly, advised subordinates that his whims and not my rules should be respected. He has encouraged them to resist my authority as superintendent from almost the very commencement of my term. Under such conditions the worst is the best that could be expected.

**ROTTEN WITH FILTH.**  
"When I came to this institution it was rotten with filth. My predecessor had had just such experience as I am having. There was no such thing as discipline. There was constant strife among the employes and teachers. The rooms in the buildings were very filthy and unsanitary. This caused sickness among the inmates and in some instances deaths occurred.

**FEASTING AT THE CRIB.**  
One has only to glance at the pay roll to see to what extent the fusion reformers are milking the public treasury. Of the Sprecher family, the son and (until recently) the mother are drawing fat salaries and the daughter was until recently living in luxury at the state's expense.

The Sullivan's are represented on the supreme court bench and as major at the institute at Norfolk.

Ex-Senator Mutz has a daughter on the pay-roll at Beatrice (or rather up to a few weeks ago did have, she having been discharged by Superintendent Lang for insubordination.)

Belle Spangole, of Red Cloud, is on the pay-roll at Beatrice at the instigation of one of Poynter's clerks at Lincoln.

Edith Ross, daughter of ex-Representative Ross of recent fame, is another name on the pay roll.

Several fusionists who have not even been brevetted are on the pay roll as farm hands at the munificent salary of \$25 a month and everything found.

In no instance has there been an appointment made on the grounds of merit. Indeed, it is an open secret, that not one of the teachers has a certificate, and it is admitted by those who are familiar with the facts that none of them could pass a teacher's examination.

**DOCTORING THE BOOKS.**  
As has been said before, the accounts of the institute are in very bad shape. The records are so badly mixed up and confused that no one knows anything about the status of the funds. Goods have been bought and sold, but for what, or what became of the money, nobody can tell. When the governor removed Steward Millikin, who was bookkeeper, he then learned of some of the fruits of his blunders. He dispatched a bookkeeper from his office at Lincoln named McIntee to Beatrice to untangle the mess. McIntee proceeded to arrange the records as he saw fit, and before Superintendent Lang knew what was going on he had changed about 60 accounts. Fearing the governor and his representatives had ulterior motives the superintendent ordered the "expert" out of the building, and he departed.

The records as they now stand are in a bad way, and constitute a sweeping indictment of the fusionists, being mute yet unimpeachable witnesses to glaring incompetency and possible fraud.

It is due to Dr. Lang that he has been excused from all blame. His hands have been tied and he has been a superintendent in name only. At no time has he been free to administer the affairs of the institute without interference from sources involving a higher power.

**SUSPICIOUS REVELATIONS.**  
Steward Ball and Superintendent Lang are hard at work rectifying errors in the records and about the institute. One thing is already noticeable and that is a decrease in the cost of groceries for the institute. The grocery bill for the month of May is \$157, less than for April, and \$172 less for March. Millikin retired about April 1st, but his errors did not cease to bear fruit until recently. He used to permit the contractors to bill goods in bulk like, say for example, he purchased a sack of flour or sugar, it would be billed "one sack of flour or sugar \$1.50," or whatever it might be, without giving the quantity in pounds or the quality. This left an opening for fraud, and a rectification of this practice has resulted in a large decrease in the expenses and in the complete cessation of presents, such as cigars and other luxuries which used to be sent to the steward by parties selling goods to the institute. Why the cigars were sent and why they stopped coming, and why the cost of the groceries dropped nearly 30 per cent, is a problem carrying with it the odor of suspicion and fraud, and is a problem which Steward Millikin might experience some difficulty in satisfactorily explaining.

**CORRUPTING THE PUBLIC SERVICE.**  
Every month all the employes of the institute from superintendent down to farm laborers are required by the fusion leaders at Lincoln to give up a portion of their salaries. The amount which they have to give up varies all the way from three per cent to five per cent. The rule is that this money must be paid over or those who fail must step down and out. Last year the demands for money were heavy, and one of the employes, an engineer named Adams, rather than submit, handed in his resignation. In this respect the present year reveals no disposition to reform. Already the officials and employes in the various state institutions are being bled by the committee on extortion. Under date of April 2nd, 1900, the following letter, which shows very clearly how the work is being done, was received at the Beatrice institute:

LINCOLN, Neb., April 2, 1900.  
Gentlemen:  
We, the Finance Committee appointed by the populist, democratic and free silver republican state central committee, do hereby call on you for the amount of assessment due from your department, or office, as provided for by the resolution sent you. The amount due at this time from your department is \$148.84. We desire to say to all who are called on for funds, you have been recognized and honored by our forces and placed where you are drawing revenues from the state, and we shall expect you to contribute the small amount asked for monthly.

T. H. TIBBLES,  
J. E. COAD, JR.,  
L. L. CHAPIN.

This letter throws the white light of truth upon the hypocrisy and false protestations of the sham reformers. It not only reveals the inside workings of the machine, but it strongly corroborates the charge often made by populist officials who have felt the blighting curse of this evil, that one of the primary elements entering into the contamination and demoralization of state institutions is the practice of extorting contributions to a campaign corruption fund. That this is the practice, now a axed policy of the fusion campaign managers, the foregoing letter abundantly proves. Much of the insubordination and consequent discord which exists in state institutions among the officials and employes is due largely to the fact that having contributed to the corruption fund, everybody feels that it is liberty to do as he pleases. This has greatly impaired the public service and has lowered it to that level where the money expended in the maintenance of these institutions is practically dissipated.

**His Wife, Too, is an American.**  
Baron Mumm von Schwarzenstein, the new German minister to China, married an American, as did his predecessor, the murdered Von Ketteler. The baroness, though born in London, is the daughter of a New Yorker, Mr. Le Vinsen, a cousin of Governor Roosevelt. Her husband was formerly connected with the German embassy at Washington.

## In the Desert... A Story Illustrating the Horrors of War

By H. B. WELSH...

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

The newcomer was a man of about Cleland's height, but more slender in build, with the erect bearing of a soldier. His hair, of a light brown, was cropped short; his face, though regular enough in features, was not a pleasant one. The cold, hard blue eyes, straight, narrow mouth and sharp chin, gave it an expression which made many people declare "It was better to give Paul Rayburn a wide berth."

He shook hands with his hostess, and an unpleasant expression drew his brows together as he glanced at Cleland, then acknowledged the other's salutation with a curt bow.

"Let me give you a cup of tea, Major," said the lady of the house presently. She poured it out and Rayburn watched her, a passionate expression in his cold eyes, as they devoured her face. "Any more news from Atbara?" she asked, as she handed him the dainty little cup, skillfully evading the touch of his fingers.

"Just what we expected. The derisives are gathering fast and furiously. I expect we may receive marching orders any day," said Rayburn. "Let them come. I don't care, for my part, how soon."

In a few minutes Cleland rose to take his leave. Mrs. Breynton and Rayburn were alone.

"Is that fellow your shadow?" the latter asked, suddenly turning to his hostess, who had parted from Cleland at the room door. "He is with you everywhere now. I wonder what he thinks he is?"

"A gentleman," answered Mrs. Breynton, quietly, though a little black snake came into her soft eyes. "I am afraid you have forgotten you are one, Major Rayburn. I am not accustomed to that tone from those who lay claim to the title."

"I beg your pardon," said Rayburn, half sullenly, half passionately. He placed his cup on a little table near, and, coming to Mrs. Breynton's side, suddenly knelt at her feet, and put his lips to the lace which hung over her delicate waist. "You have made me mad—mad! I love you with a passion that will not let me rest night or day! Every moment I am away from you I feel as if there were a chain of iron about my feet dragging me back. It makes me furious when I see another man near you, touching your hand, and you smiling upon him, as you smile on Cleland!"

The beautiful face hardened and grew paler at the last words.

"Major Rayburn, I have told you before that I have no love to give you, that we can never, by any possibility, be more to each other than friends. Why do you persistently introduce the subject, and persecute me with your entreaties? You must know that it pains me, and that it cannot do yourself any good. Let me repeat once more what I have already told you. I do not and never can love you; it is impossible now and forever."

"Then there is someone who makes it impossible?" exclaimed Rayburn, with sudden fierceness. He caught her wrist in a strong grasp, and his cold eyes, now burning with a fierce light, tried to read the depths of hers. "You love some one else! You cannot deny it!" he exclaimed, hoarsely.

"Why should I acknowledge or deny it to you, Major Rayburn?" said Adrienne, with cold displeasure. "You have absolutely no claim on me that you should demand my confidence. If you cannot be content with what I have to give you, then the only other possible footing for us is that of complete strangers."

"Yes, you can throw me over like that, calmly telling me we can be complete strangers to each other, while you know that my very life is in your hands!" exclaimed Rayburn, hoarsely. "You were friendly enough with me once—you can't deny that! It is that"—he checked himself as he was just about to utter a fierce oath—"that fellow who has just left to whom I am indebted for this. But, by Heaven! I will show him he cannot cross my path with impunity! He does not know the kind of man he has to reckon with!"

"Major Rayburn, you go beyond all bounds!" exclaimed Adrienne. She rose from her seat, her face deathly pale, and put her hand on the bell-pull. "After this I do not see how we can be anything but strangers to each other," she said, coldly. "I am not in the habit of counting among my friends those who utter threats of that kind in my presence!"

She had pulled the bell before she had finished speaking. Rayburn stood before her, a cold grey hue spreading slowly over his face, an expression in his eyes that might have vaguely alarmed Adrienne had she seen it, but she did not.

When the servant appeared she said quietly:

"See Major Rayburn to the door, Mahomed." And the native servant, bowing low, held the door open for the "Excellency."

Rayburn turned away with a bow, almost as low as Mahomed's. At the door he turned for a moment.

"Good-by," he said in the same hoarse tones. "Whatever may happen after this, you will have the satisfac-

tion of knowing you have driven me to it!"

Adrienne made no answer, merely bowing slightly as she made a gesture with her hand to Mahomed, indicating that he was to go.

But when the door had closed on the figures of the two men she remained standing where she was, her hand resting on the little table before her, an expression of strange fear and apprehension creeping slowly over her beautiful face.

"He cannot harm him—he cannot!" she murmured, as if trying to convince herself of the truth of the words. Then a sudden quiver ran through her, and she covered her face with her hands. "I cannot hide the truth from myself now—I love him!"

CHAPTER VI.

A march in the desert. A march over that waste of pathless, yellow sand, under a burning, torrid sun, with a sky above of quivering, palpitating, passionate, blazing heat; with burning, sand-blistered feet, blood-shot, sand-filled eyes, clothes soaked to a wet pulp with perspiration, limbs that almost refused to drag their weary weight over the way.

It was Paul Cleland's first experience of the desert. Most of the long line of human beings, creeping like a black snake across the white waste, had been there before, some of them for many years, during preceding campaigns, but Cleland had no experience of the Sudan, and he suffered in proportion, as all newcomers do.

Still, he was tough and strong, and had all a Scotchman's dogged endurance; he would never own himself beaten where others did not.

They were marching from Berber to Atbara, and had as yet heard nothing of the enemy.

Cleland had already found his services required. One or two of the new recruits among the British had been attacked by such diseases as only the desert knows. These he had treated, to his own immense satisfaction, successfully. It was good to know that he was a necessary factor to the well-being of the army.

Coming out of a blinding sandstorm one day they halted at a ruined village, destroyed by the Mahdi's cruel decree, and remained there overnight. Cleland found a ruined hut, in which he established himself, with his two native "boys" to keep guard. He was dead tired, and, making himself as comfortable as he could, he rolled himself in his rug and was soon fast asleep, though the far-off screams of jackals prowling in the outskirts of the camp, sometimes mingled with the hoarse laugh of the hyena, might have kept him awake under other circumstances.

Suddenly, however, he was awakened, and that effectually. Something was moving in the hut.

He started up in bed and looked around. The moon—a desert moon, white and clear almost as daylight—was shining into the tent. By its light he could see his two "boys" asleep on the sun-baked turf that formed the floor in a far corner of the hut.

He saw something else, though—a smooth, round, dark head and two glaring eyes, looking like balls of fire, fixed on his face.

He could not tell what the animal was at that distance. It might be a jackal, a panther, or—most terrible of all—a hyena, watching its opportunity for a spring. But, whatever it was, Cleland had no doubt about one thing—his only safety lay in perfect self-possession at this awful moment.

He was usually cool and self-possessed enough; but there are not many men who can wake up at the dead of night, to find a bloodthirsty beast of prey within a few feet of them, and experience no sensation of fear. Cleland knew that his heart was beating in strong, heavy throbs, like the strokes of a sledge hammer, and that his forehead was wet with perspiration, not altogether brought there by the heat and closeness of the night.

He dared not move his eyes from those glaring balls fixed upon them. He knew that to do so would mean an instant spring on the part of the creature. He could not call his boys. In all probability they would howl with terror, and rouse the animal to greater fury.

His rifle was on a camp stool not five feet away, but almost beside that crouching dark form. If he had but put it underneath his head! But it was no time for regrets, it was a time for action. He must make up his mind at once what he was to do; at any moment the animal might spring.

He cautiously put out his arm, still keeping his eyes fixed on the creature's. Then, without once turning his glance aside, he tried to creep stealthily across towards the camp-stool. The creature uttered a low, threatening sound, something between a bark and a howl.

But Cleland was now desperate. He felt that, whatever happened, he must get at the rifle. He made a sudden dart forward. As he did so he heard another low, threatening growl. The next instant he had his rifle in his hand.

It was a short-range one, fortunate-

ly. He lifted it and fired. The animal—he could see now it was a hyena, whose movements are slower and less agile than those of the feline tribe of carnivorous animals—rushed at him, and he saw its gleaming teeth. Crack, crack! went the rifle. A bullet passed right through the beast's skull, and, with a horrid sound—half laugh, half yell—it dropped at his feet and rolled over, dead.

The native boys, awakened by the crack of the rifle, started to their feet, howling, and made a rush for the door, made of thick brushwood thickly tied together, which had only been kept secure by the kit, which had been rolled close to it from the inside.

"Here boys! come back!" cried Cleland loudly. But seeing that the "boys" were already through the doorway, he rushed to it and followed.

Outside, the moonlight flooded the scene; the great stretch of brownish-yellow sand looked white beneath it; the tents of the officers and the roughly-constructed zareba of the soldiers stretched between Cleland's hut and the river, distant about a hundred yards from them. All was the silence and desolation of the desert.

But as Cleland looked out a tall, dark figure strode hastily from its position in a pool of moonlight right behind Cleland's hut. Cleland stood still in his amazement at seeing another of the camp out at that hour besides himself.

His first impulse was to follow the figure, and tell of the terrible experience through which he had just passed. His second was to pause and think, a vague feeling of uneasiness coming over him.

He felt sure he had recognized the figure as that of Major Rayburn.

For some reason he knew Rayburn disliked him. He had noticed it several times—whenever he came in contact with him. Once or twice he had caught Rayburn looking at him in a way that puzzled himself.

Cleland could not guess the reason. He had never dreamt Adrienne Breynton regarded him in any other than a friendly way, and, even had he done so, he had no idea of Rayburn's feelings towards Adrienne.

On second thoughts he gave up the idea of following Rayburn. He got hold of his boys, told them all danger was passed, and returned to his hut, the boys carrying the body of the hyena to the door, but not outside it, for fear of attracting other wild animals.

Cleland had just thrown himself down on his roughly-improvised couch again when a loud knock came at the door.

"Are you awake, doctor? I want you at once," said a hurried voice—the voice of Philip Rayburn.

"I am awake. Open, Abdullah, quickly!" cried Cleland.

The boy did so, with the leisureliness of a true Arab, and Rayburn rushed in, looking ghastly white in the moonlight.

"For God's sake, doctor, come quickly!" he said, as Cleland sprang up. "There's a man bleeding to death about a mile away from here! Are you ready? Come with me. Bring bandages and your instruments, and I'll tell you about the affair as we go."

In a moment Cleland had gathered his things together. It struck him as he did so that he had suspected Rayburn without cause. Here was the man's reason probably for being out at that hour.

(To be continued.)

**The Rise of the Creamery.**  
Prior to 1872 no such thing as a creamery or butter factory had been known. The small farmers of New England, who were well provided with pure water, mountain pastures and other favorable conditions, had provided the cities with a small percentage of good butter at an early day, and Herkimer and Orange counties, N. Y., extended the art and developed great interest in cheese as well as butter making. The Western Reserve of Ohio, followed these, and in this limited area prior to '72 was produced all the fine butter worth naming. All the butter coming from the great W. was denominated in the market "Western grease." Think of the Fox River county of Illinois and its broad prairies everywhere, likewise Iowa, whose butter and cheese product today, added to its home consumption, equals \$50,000,000. Think of all this being of the lowest grade of stuff. But in 1872 John Stewart of Manchester, Ia., invented a creamery. The world had never known a butter factory. On Spring Branch, where there was plenty of spring water, he built a building and began to buy the milk from his neighbors. In 1876 he showed up at Philadelphia, and took the world's prize for fine butter. It opened everybody's eyes, and it opened up new resources in the West. Iowa today has over 650 creameries and nearly 100 cheese factories. Other states well situated have made similar improvements.—Washington Post.

**Educated Through Reading.**  
Though Harvard and Columbia universities have each conferred the degree of doctor of laws upon Lord Pauncefoot, British minister at Washington, his lordship is not himself a university graduate. Indeed, he acquired most of his higher education through reading. He regards a school at Marlborough, England, as his alma mater.

**Deep Hole in the Ocean.**  
An ocean depth of about six miles has been found by the United States steamer Nero, which has lately been engaged in making soundings for a submarine cable between Guam and Manila.