Culian Romeon.

less Variety of Ludierous Situations

Aboard the Grean Liners-Grim, Quaint

and Unconscious Humor in Scotland.

[Comprighted, 1800.]

LONDON, March 13. [Correspondence of

THE BEE |-- If foreign travel has its sad and

pathetic coloring, it is still often enlivened

with many diverting situations, amusing in-

But few rays of this genial sunshine fall

pon the face of sunny Cubs. To the mind

and heart of the traveler it remains a sort of

terrazo doloroso in perspective. Save for its

mutchless tropical beauty and the languor-

ous beauty of its women it remains plain-

tively in the memory; altogether somber in

tone and color. This observation will hold

true of travel in all countries whose folk are

of the swarthy Latin lineage. From many

visits to the beautiful island I can recall no

more than three situations where the foreign

spectator might be beguiled into mirthful

emotions, and these possessed the quality of

One of these I witnessed repeatedly late at

night. It is the outgrowth of surveillance of

parents over daughters. It is the solltary

midnight serenade. Time after time, on re-

turning to my hotel from divers wan lerings

at night in the Cuban capital, have I passed

these love-stricken youths, stationed oppo-

manner of agonized attitudes, strumming

dew-muffled notes upon ancient guitars, and

lifting their voices in passionate though

doleful petitions to the night, the moon, the

stars, and all the saints, to aid them in

reaching the ears and hearts of their adora-

das. The favorite, indeed almost the universal, ballad sung by these love-lorn Cuban

youths is "La Luna," of which I recall one

Mis penas y mis fatigas
Ya no se puedon contas,
Se alcanzan unas a otras
Como las olas del mar,
Luna, bella protectora,
No me niegues tu fulgar;
Voy en busca de un tosoroVoy en busca de un amor:

My sorrows and languors,
Unmensurable portion,
They follow each other
As waves of the ocean.
Sweet Luna, protectress,
Deny not effulgence,
For a treasure I'm searching—
My dear love's indulgence.

air. For hours of this sort of lugubriou vigil no reward is sought or expected. Bu

if the flutter of a dainty hand, or the shim-mer of delicate laces, is for an instant caught at the balcony of the fair one's al-

coba, then is the minstrel lover in an eestacy of delight.

amorous Romeos, singing and playing in a sort of a desperate rivalry beneath one bal-

cony. It was truly a dilemma both for the adorado and her lovers. The latter were both singing, "La Lama," one in a frenzied falsetto, the other in a barytone, hoarse from jealous passion. A polite guardia civil finally

Another situation, illustrating Cuban

sociological peculiarities, was found in a railway trip across the island. One of the

passengers, an old senora, sneezed. In stantly, and reverently, a score of passen

gers responded: "Dios te guard, ia!" ("God guard thee!") She sneezed again. This time the concerted ejaculation was:

"Maria!" She sneezed the third time. This was followed by a chorus of voices with

"Jose!" It is a universal Cuban custom, and in its motive reminus forcibly of the quite as universal German custom, when one

success, to express kindly concern by re-sponding with the unctious and expressive,

Again, a young fellow, passing a mother and radiantly beautiful daughter on his way

out of the car, defied his hat, stood straight and tall before the couple he had never be-fore seen, and with the dignity of a veritable Don Quixote said in Spanish: "Old woman,

Don Quixote said in Spanish: "Old woman, keep that daughter of heavenly beauty for

aged senora responded pleasantly: "I will faithfully keep her!" Possibly the fair

aged senora responded pleasantly: "I will faithfully keep her!" Possibly the fair senora's fan moved a little more rapidly at the compliment. But nobody thought amiss of the episode, or for that matter anything

At one time myself and friends were

At one time myself and friends were traveling on horseback the z'most impassa-ble country roads of the so thern coast, in the vicinity of Trinidad. Along in the after-noon we suddenly heard a great rustling, galloping and halloeing some distance in

advance. Our wise penies instantly grew restive and showed alarm. We halted for a

noment; the yeomen listed and directly

wild bull!") The words were not out of his mouth before his feet struck the ground. Whipping out his machete he cut with in-

Whipping out his machete he cut with in-credible speed a way through the hedge. It was not a moment too soon. Thundering around a sharp corner in the road came a wiid bull, his pursuing rider yelling, "Ten-gan cuidado con el toro!" ("Look out for the bull!") The brute catching sight of our group charged madly upon us, and it would have surprised your unise seed for hunters to

nive seen the vaulting through and over that ledge as the gleaming horns whisked by our

ponies twinkling heels: while, true under all circumstances to Cuban politeness, the van-ishing vanquero turned in his saddle, re-moved his bat, and with the bow of a courtier sang out after our flying squad:

"Perdonemen, amicos; pero he tenido el diablo con este torol!" ("Your pardon, my

The going to and coming from Europe on the great occanlinges provide an endless variety of ludicrous incidents; because on

every steamer passengers to a large proper tion are new to the beculiar and irrevocable

situation; formality can by no means be unin-

situation; formality can by no means be uninterruptedly sustained lindividuals, character and station are brought into close, sharp and most striking contragt; and all social distinctions are liable at any moment to total obliteration in the common and often grotesque misery of seasickness.

Two or three means at farthest sponge the banquet airs from the cabin tables. The ship's commander, blind as a bartender in port, has hidden himself from view. The purser's window is shut as if hermetically

port, has hidden heaself from view. The pursor's window isishut as if hermetically scaled. The ship's doctor has retired behind the strictest interpretation out of hours and rules. The chief and assistant stewards, to whom your great fee has already gone for a choice at the table refus to recognize yov. Your room steward eyes you with a look of sharp suspicion and close analysis. Will you give him

picion and close analysis. Will you give him much trouble, and will you fee generously comprise his uttermost interest. But he

will permit no early familiarity. The stew ardess flaunts per whitecapped head, plainly

saying, "There are characters h'on this 'ere vessel aside my h'own to sustain, sir!" The boatswains, whose friedel, fatherly faces on

the first day gave promise of sea yarns and

scean-lore revelations, are as stolid as

The sergeants-at-arms and deck stewards walk around you look you up and down, over and around, fore and aft, starboard and

port, as if to remind you that deck rules are deck law, sir. The bell boys, those little dried up old commodores of the passages,

library and lavatories, regard you from be-

pronzes or brass.

but I am shaving a devil of a time

An, biene un toro bravo!" ("Here comes a

the unworthy one before you!" The strode away and nobody assaulted him.

at all about it, save myself.

ried out excitedly:

with this bull!"

and equitable chance at the moon

"Gesundheit!"

On one occasion I came upon two of these

ridiculousness rather than humor.

cidents and genumely humorous aspects.

Tragic Representations of Scenes in Christ's Earthly Career.

CARRYING CROSSES TO A MIMIC CALVARY

American Voters Suffer Cracifixion, Even Unto Death-Revolting Scourgings of the Penitentes, a Fanatical Religious Order in the Southwest.

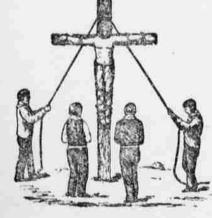
The Passion Play of Oberammergau is a crude representation by simple German peasants of scenes in Christ's earthly career. and it is enacted but once in each decade. Yet American newspapers and magazines have exhausted their resources to illustrate and describe this rude drama by illiterate folk in an obscure hamlet of a foreign land, and thousands of Americans have flocked thither to feed their hunger for novelty. To have witnessed the Passion Play is an schievement to boast of for a lifetime, and yet within the confines of the United States are enacted dramas of Christ's travail more intense, more real, more tragic than any ever attempted at Oberammerzau.

How many Americana know that among their fellow citizens is an order whose mem bers yearly represent Christ's journey to his crucifixion by bearing crosses of crushing weight along paths of cruel stones and cac tus to a mimic Calvary? How many know that American voters, men who help to choose the president of the United States, are crucified, are bound by biting thongs, yea nailed to crosses, and suffer unto death?

Not many. And yet this occurs, not merely once in a decade at a single place, but every year during Holy week and at dozens o different places. In southern Colorado and throughout New Mexico the men, and even the women, of a strange brotherhood are reproducing religious ceremonies, fanatical and barbaric, that have come down from the dark ages, and on Holy Friday many of their number will be crucified, some of them probably to die:

A few years ago the ceremonies of the Penitentes could be seen in almost every town in New Mexico, but with the influx of Americans public sentiment has become leavened, and the sightseer must now go to Mexican hamlets remote from the railroads to see the brotherhood in its full giory. Penitentes Stronghold.

The village of Taos in northern New Mexico, for many years the home of Kit Carson, is still one of the strongholds of the Penitentes. Hidden away in a little valley among the Rockies, shut off from the railroad on the east by seventy-five miles mountains and separated from the iron high-way on the west by thirty-five miles of



NEW MEXICO CRUCIFIXION.

mesas and the awrul canvon of the Rio Grande, this little hamber of steedards, which is not of the nineteenth century and feels few of its influences. Its simple, ignorant folk do their baking in mud ovens and heat their one story mud houses from mud fireplaces, and that is fairly indicative of their place in human progress. Taos and its neighborhood are said to have about 1,000 Penitentes, in-cluding many women, and here their practices are carried to the extreme. Among the residents is a Methodist missionary, who was an administrator of the estate of Pablo Ortega, a Penitente who died near Anto-nito, Colo., after having necome a Protes-tant. Among the dead man's effects were found books explaining the rites of the order, and the missionary has since made a careful

study of this curious fanaticism.

The name of the order is "Los Hermanos Penitentes" (The Penitent Brothers). They are popularly known by the single word Penitentes. The order was established in Spain three or four hundred years ago, and it is said that originally its members did not practice scourging or crucifying. The cus-tom of self-whipping seems to have been borrowed from the Flagellantes, who flourished in Europe for many centuries, and the ignorant fanatics of the new world have elaborated the system of penance until men are actually nailed to the cross.

The Penitentes are Catholics and for a

long time used the churches for their meet ings. Of late years the bishops have for-bidden this, and now the brothers have their "morada" outside the town. This brotherhood house is a one-story adobe with a big cross at one end and a door and a win dow or two in its walls. Inside all is bare but for a few crosses, scourges and images of saints. These lodges are securely locked and the brothers are carefully guarded from intrusion during their ceremonies. They dread publicity, and the foolbardy man who would attempt to photograph one of their processions would do it at the risk of his

During most of the year the Penitentes are so quiet that their silent "moradas" with broken crosses scattered about them, are the only evidences of their existence. With the beginning of Lent they renew their activity with coremonies and processions, and the horrors of this barbaric worship reach their climax during Holy week. Bloody Initiation Ceremony.

Members of the order are initiated by a peculiar cutting of the back, and a Peni tente, when stripped, may be recognized by the trademark, so to speak. All of them have gashes in the small of the back. These are made by an officer known as "ci picador," who uses a piece of flint or volcanic glass (obsi-ian). The novice says to the "pricker": "For the love of God, give me three," or

"give me the five wounds of Christ," or "the seven last words of Jesus," or "the ten com-mandments," or "the forty days in the wilderness." This means that the "picador" is to cut him with the "pedernal" as many times as indicated by the numeral in his request, be it three times or forty. The victim wears only a pair of drawers, and the gashes are made just above the waistband until the blood flows. These wounds are cut open each year in order to make the scourging more painful. This whipping and cutting are among the oldest forms of getting out the blood of Christ.

The scourge, known as "la disciplina," or "thing of obligation," is generally made of Spanish bayonet or soap weed. The whip is a bundle of twigs, sometimes twined into one thick piece two or three feetlong. Occasionally a fanatic will use a cactus stem for a disciplica, but its thorus penetrate the flesh like needles and it seems incredible that a human creature can endure such torture. While it is rare to see men drive these pitiless times into the body with blows, it is not unusual for them to march in their pro-cessions with eacti bound upon their naked

backs by tightly drawn cords.

This whipping is continued three days and nights at a stretch in order to fulfill the rites of the order. There is a record of one young New Mexican who delivered 2,000 lashes upon his naked, bleeding back within a single day, and three days later he was at work in the fields as though nothing had happened in southern Colorado this scourg-ing has been made a public spectacle for gaping crowds, and the thrifty fanatics col-

gaping crowds, and the thirties onlookers.

Let \$1 a head from the curious onlookers.

In those exercises liable to be seen by spectators the brothers doing penance iry to conceal their identity by black cloths thrown syer the head and tied about the neck. Of ties.

SELF-CRUCIFIERS

oped many unbelievers, whose scoffing seems to hurt the Penitentes more than their self-imposed tortures. The brothers may also have some fear of the displeasure of the hurch, and it is quite probable they wish to mystify the people, but it is generally known among their friends who the penitents are. During the early part of Lent the performances of the Penitentes are comparatively mild, but in Holy week all the horrors of this peculiar order are put into practice. On a hillock at some distance from the brotherhood house is planted a cross to represent Calvary. Day after day processions

resent Calvary. Day after day processions march from the lodge to the cross and back, its members doing penance "for the love of God" in a variety of hideous ways, as the fancy of the individual may suggest. In many places that have been invaded by railroads and Americans these ceremonies are performed at night and in isolated localities.

Scourgers and Cross Bearers.

One of the commonest scenes is the march of the flagellants. At the head strides the "bitero," blowing a rude flute with a shrill, unearthly wall in its tones that is caculated to fill a stranger to its notes with a nameless dread when heard at hight amid the weird solitude of New Mexico mountains. A companion bears a crucifix and then follow the brothers doing penance. Naked, except for their drawers and the cloth over their heads, their be ar feet are cut by shard stones and lacerated by clinging eacti, while the self-applied disciplines leave ridges and

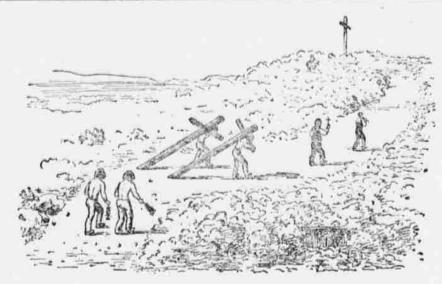
to serve later as guys, and several Brothers of Light slowly raise the penderous beam into an upright position. Its base slips into the excavation, and as it nears the perpendicular the whole mass drops into the hole with a shock that must cause the crucified one excruciating pain, but he gives forth no sound. The cross is then steaded by the guy ropes, and perpaga loose rocks are thrown ropes, and pernapa loose rocks are throws into the excavation.

Agontes of the Cross.

It is useless, perhaps, for one who has not suffered them to attempt to describe the exquisite aganles of the crucified man, and they may be left to the imagination of the they may be left to the innaination of the reader. Hardened as the Penitentes are to such scenes, an intense hush fulls upon the group standing about with eyes lifted in reverential awe to the central figure. The afternoon sun beams on the scene with southern forvency, the lowely hills lend their solitude to the drama and there is seldom a bird or even a cricket in this land of barren rock and fruitless sand to break the solemn stience.

stience.

The weight of the hanging man causes the binding ropes to sink deep into the arms and legs. The surrounding flesh swells into great, ghastly puffs. The blood steps circulating. The skin assumes a purple hue, then turns slowly to a black. Some of the onlossers kneel and their lips move in silent prayer. Near by a penticut brother may be lying on a bed of cactus or suffering some other torture without a sound. From the brows of ture without a sound. From the brows of



PENITENTE PROCESSION TO CALVARY.

garment. Perhaps they are accompanied by other officers than the two leaders and the officials may be known by the bands or fillets tied about the forehead. The march is to a cross, where the penitents kneel, go through a secret nummery, lash themselves a self-prescribed number of times and then take up the backward march to the

That is the simplest processional form of Holy week. The cross bearers are a curious phase of other occasions. The column is led as usual by the filleted fifer and cruciffx bearer, and somewhere among the party is a "resider" with an open book from which he is reading prayers. One man may be bearing a huge cross, his out-stretched arms bound to its arms. Another may be staggering under the weight of a cross simply resting on his shoulder, while the main piece leaves a deep trail where it drags along the road. A third cross bearer may have his arms bound to the upright piece, compelling him to bear the entire

At Taos men bear these burdens with the At Taos men bear these burdens with the crossbar resting on the shoulders and the extended arms. Each hand is supported by a sword, the hilt in the palm and the point resting on the hip. There must be just pressure enough to keep the sword in place, and if there is a trifle too much the blade will enter the bearer's body. The difficulty of adjusting this pressure to a nicety, especially after the burden has been carried some distance, must be left to the imagination. distance, must be left to the imagination. In some cases the cross pearer manacles

himself with a heavy log chain, permitting him merely to hobble along. Many of these crosses are twenty feet in length and eight to ten inches in thickness. Often they weigh from 200 to 800 pounds, and the naked backs with numble streaks and abraded skin are a pitiful sight as the bearers stoop and groan and painfully creep along under their crushing burdens. The cross bearers, like the flag-ellants, try to conceal their identity with a cloth wrapped about the head.

The self-scourgers resort to many expedi The self-scourgers resort to many expenients to increase their punishment. One binds his legs with a rope to impede his progress and increase the number of blows. Another kneels at frequent intervals while an officer lashes his bleeding back with the discipline. One makes the journey on his knees, and an other has his back bound tightly with buck horn cactus, whose sharp tines will pierce shoe leather. Pieces of this cactus (entrana) may be thrown at these poor, fanatics, the thorns sticking into the flesh deep enough to hold the branch, but the worshiper gives no sign, though the pair must be intense. At Taos, not long ago, a woman started from the brotherhood house carrying in her arms a large image of Christ crucified, and she waddled on her knees all the way to "el Calvario," a distance of a mile. She had to cross a mesa covered with stubble, stones and cactus, and not only were her skirts torn to shreds, but her limbs from the knees downward were a cross hatch and a stipple of bleeding, revolting wounds.

A Genuine Crucifixion.

The crowning event of this sickening bar-barism occurs on Holy Friday, when the anniversary of Christ's death is celebrated with a drama of the crucifixion. The event opens with a procession from the "morada" to the hillock representing Calvary. There are cross bearers, flagellants and numerous women and children, all led by the fifer, while the reader of prayers is somewhere in their midst. The women carry images of Christ on the cross and of the Virgin Mary, and among the children are scattered chromos of various patron saints. The procersion of various pattern sames. The pro-cession halts at short intervals to "make the stations of the cross." and the women and children kneel while they repeat a short prayer. At Calvary the cross beacers lie at ull length, with the heavy beams laid upon full length, with the heavy beams and upon their backs, while the "pitero" pipes and the attendants sing. Then the procession returns to the "morada," the brothers going inside for a few minutes meditation and the women waiting outside. These pilgrimages are repeated until afternoon, when the climax of this strange drama is reached.

When the time for the crucifixion has ar When the time for the crucinxion has arrived, the "hermano mayor" (chief brother) and an assistant enter the "morada" and return with the victim. He is entirely naked except for a pair of cotton drawers and a bag over his head. He is led to the place of crucifixion, perhaps a newly selected Calvary, and the procession follows. At Taos he is a volunteer. In some places he is selected by lot. "El Calvario" has been pre-bared for the ceremony. A huge cross lies bared for the ceremony. A huge cross lies upon the earth, and at its base is an excava-The victim walks firmly to the cros and nes down upon it at full length, his back to the standard and his arms outstretched upon the cross beam. Several "Hermanos de Luz" (Brothers of Light, who attend flagellants but do not scourge themselves) take a stout hempen rope and lash the arms and legs of the prostrate Penitente to the cross. They draw the bonds so tightly that the strands fairly sink into the flesh, but not a whimper is heard from the victim.

If he is particularly courageous and fanatical he may rebel at this method of undergoing the ordeal. He may cry out: "For the love of God, do not dishonor me! Not with a rope! Nail me! For the love of God, nail

in former years it was a common practice to spike these deluded beings to the cross. Deaths among the crucified were not uncommon then, and on one Holy Friday within the past decade four Penitentes were killed in this manner at points not far from Taos. Public sentiment has slowly modified this custom. The chief brother now determines whether or not the subject shall be nailed, and in most places it is no longer permitted. It is probably within the bounds of truth to say that nailing to the cross is now practiced only in a few Mexican hamlets so remote from railroads as to be outside the pale of modern influences.

At Taos several Mexicans are pointed out as Penitentes who have been crucified with spikes and survived, and the statement has corroboration in small scars on the hands, which may be seen by an investigator with sufficient patience to watch for opportuni-

Ropes are wound about the top of the cross

gashes in their backs, from which drops of the officers, clasped in crowns of cactus blood trickle down and discolor their single drops of blood trickle down and smear their faces. The moments drag along with painful weariness. They seem to have lengthened into hours—for the sufferer into cons. probably—but in reality it may be only twenty or thirty minutes until the chief brother gives the sign to lower the cross.

The Brothers of Light quickly loose the bonds of the crucified one, and the prisoned blood leaps through the thirsty veins with riotous painful joy. The motionless form is picked up by two assistants, each putting a suider under one arm, and the march to the orada" is begun. Perhaps the body gives vidence of tife and consciousness. The legslowly move as though to walk, but the effort is too feeble for any practical use, except to show that the spirit of life still animates the swollen, bruised, blackened body.

At the "morada" the crucified brother is rudely nursed into strength, and occasionally his vitality is such that he will be about the next day as though nothing had happened. Sometimes the body picked from the cross gives no sign of life and is never seen in public after it is carried into the "morada." A few days later the clothing of the missing man may be sent his wife, but there is not a word of explanation. Her husband has dis-appeared, and tradition tells her he has paid the penalty of his ignorant zeal. Somewhere among the lonely canons or out on the broad, parched mesa may be a little mound of stones supporting a cross. The ground near by may show signs of having been disturbed. Perhaps a secret and a crime are buried there. "Quien sabe!" (Who knows!)

FRED BENZINGER. AMONG LITTLE PEOPLE.

New York Herald: A little Harlem boy who has an old maid aunt who is very fond of cats has been in the habit of officiating as executioner whenever the kittens multiplied around at his antie's to a degree that even that venerable feminine cat fancier could not

As a natural result be became very expert at putting kittens in a bag, together big paying stone, and consigning the whole As it happened, only the other day the little Harlem boy's mother presented her husband with a couple of daughters in the shape of a splendid pair of twins.

As a great favor Johnny was allowed to go nto the room to see his newly arrived sisters. He gazed upon them with a languid in-terest for a few moments, and then looking up at his father said suddenly: "Say, pop, let's keep the one with blue eyes."

Detroit Free Press: They had just settled down for dinner, and the nervous spinster who had the guest's seat was still primping, as persons of her class will, when the family infant let out a whoop that told of grief and terror which could no longer be suppressed What's the matter, dear?' inquired the visitor, in a voice of the deepest solicitude. "You go 'way from our house," was the shrill "You go way from our house," was the shrill and startling response; "you're just killing my mamma, so you are." "Why, Mary dear, how you talk." from the mother. "What do you mean, anyhow, talking like that!" "You sa-aid, mamma, if that ol-old ma-maid st-st-stayed for dinner sh-she would b-be the death of you, so yo-you did, boo-hoo!"
Then there was a great that hergers de-Then there was a scene that beggars de-

Boston Transcript: Susie's mother sent her to Warren's the other day for some shoestrings. The little girl tipped the door latch and slowly walked up to the propri

'Mamma sent me down for a pair of shoe strings," and Susic fingered her pennic nervously as she looked into the dealer Warren turned to a bunch of strings upon the wall and began to pull a couple out

Then he stopped.

"How long does she want them?" Susie looked flustered. "I don't know, but I think mamma wants them to keep."

New York Tribune." "Oh. Aunt Annie, m to be cremated tomorrow," exclaimed am to be cremated tomorrow, exclaimed a small boy joyously on his arrival home from school one afternoon. "Now, does the child mean cremated or promoted?" said the aunt to a visitor who was present. "It is what Alice in Wonderland would call a portmanteau word," said her companion, "but it is not so bad as something my little son said the other day. He announced to every one in the house that his baby sister was to be crucified the following Sunday. Of course e meant 'christened.

"Now, Lucy, tell me which you prefer to have, a new brother or a new sister," a pered a doting mother to her 4-year-old. 'Oh, mamma, I'd rather a goat!

"Good morning, Tommy. Is your father No. He's gone to the dentist's."

"To the dentist's!"
"Yes—to have ma's teeth seen to." "Yes; but ma is in herself, if you'd like to

"Johnnie, if you haven't been swimming now comes it that your shirt is on wrong mic-There wasn't any danger, ma; I could touch bottom. "So can I." replied his mamma, as she reached for a slipper.

"Johnny," said the school teacher, "in the sentence 'They held a convention,' parse the word convention." "Is it a political convention, please, ma'am!" "I don't know; that hasn't anything to do with it." "It would help me out considerably if I knew it was a political convention." "In what way!" "Because then I could sort of take it for "more that that it was in the nominative case." granted that it was in the nominative case.

"Who says there is nothing new under the sun?" defiantly asked the small boy with the

If your grocer don't keep Cook's Extra Dry Champague order a case direct of the American Wine Co., St. Louis.

neath beetling brows as with savage advance LOVE-SMITTEN TROUBADOURS protests against possible requests for favors. Wander where you may on your steamer's decks or within her splendid cabins, you find but savagery, selfish preoccupation and despair.

despair.

And how it levels the proud and great!

Look at them sprawling in their chairs, hundreds of them, under the lec-awnings, hope, pride, scorn, hauteur, all, flown like the flush of the shriveled flowers below. That The Solitary Midnight Serenades of Modern THE NEIGHBORS DO NOT SEEM TO OBJECT A Wild Bull and the Polite Vaguero-End

flush of the shriveled flowers below. That pompous oid fellow who can draw his check for a cool million, and who, on shore, reckons himself a boy of 40, you know, is stretched there like a drunkard, holding his two sets of false teeth in his nerveless hand with the most familiar abandon. He recks not those who see; he sees not those who reck. Here is a grand dame, as easy a subject of study. Her wig is displaced; the powder and color have been sponged from one side of her face by some attentive stewardess; her laces,

by some attentive stewardess; her laces, flounces and silks are disheveled; she is snoring diversified by snorts and palateal staccatos

staccatos.
See this erst peerless New York belie!
Paint, powder and bilgewater are blonded in
a dirty French gray upon her leathery countenance. The fog has deposited a clammy
rime upon this. Strands of her now waveless hair are fluttering stickily within her
open mouth. Her cyes seem to have gone
back into her head an 'nch and are closed
beneath dirty yellow lids. Amid this wreck
of beauty there is one bit of color. It is in
her pinky, pointed nose. It would have paralyzed her to have worn a 23-cent bathing
hat at sea. So from under the edge of her hat at sea. So from under the edge of he \$25 hat her sea-blistered nose rises rare an red like some hestic beacon light looming above drear, dank, dolorous isles. In a few days more the long-abused cuticle will pee from this little nose in tenacious swirls and curis, and as she steps upon the staging a

Liverpool the rude customs inspectors will pronounce her an "H'American h'objeck." A voluble lady sitting in her desk chair and undergoing the premonitory qualms of mal-de-mer remarks to the unhappy group about her:

"if I get seasiek like the rest of these people, I shall just give up my reason alto gether, so I shall."

Whereupon a bluff old party awakens from site the homes of their luamoratas in all

his stuper long enough to retert spitefully:
"Judging from my own experience, you
will give up far more than that, madam?" On the other side of the ropes, where the steerage passengers are herded like cattle, you will see them walking the deck as if at wager, with occasional quick recourse to the side rail for relief. They are immeasurably brighter, sunnier and lighter-hearted in their misery than the more comfortable cabin passengers. While they are pounding cheerily about deck you may approach and sympathetically accost an emigrant with,

"Well, my boy, how do you find yourself this morning?" "Me health's all right, yer honor" (a plunge to the side rail), is the sturdy re-joinder. Then, with a twinkle in his bloodshot eyes, "but, faith, me ticket's steerage!

The ocean liner is never without its ferret who is sometimes a divinity student, "broad ening his range of observation and study;" frequently the young reporter honestly, desirous of acquiring everything possible to be learned on shipboard in a six days effort; and often a female who has broken loose it search of a "career." These human inter rogation points usually have gold-rimme eye-glasses, invulnerable assurance, and notebooks which are drawn on victims with the celerity of genuine deadly weapons.

They are abroad for information and they get it. Cornering the ship's commander or

Nobody pays any attention to these who thus pour out their sous upon the night. The parents who are used to it, simply turn in their bods with thanks to the saints that their doors are massive and the windows are of iron bars. Belated male passers by cas sympathetic glances at the lone troubadours, the subject of seasickness, they find:
"Dear sir, or madam, I have followed the remembering their own dismal efforts in the past. Even the neighbors keep silence; and not a rock or handy household implement is shot, as from some shadowy catapult, on disturbing mission through the bosky midnight sea for twenty-five years and have put more in it than I ever took out of it?" From grim old travelers they learn: "This is my hundred and fortietn passage, sir, or madam. Though I have taken every

meal on shipboard, I have frequently missed

Irrepressible they still are when the seand the storm pound the waves and the fog upon the distracted passengers while cross-ing the Newfoundland banks, and there is not life enough left in the objects in the de chairs to quicken even profane response. is then they espy a solitary being, on its legs, in blue and gold, away out forward. They sidle, slip and slide up to it. The being proves to be a ship's officer—first, second, third, or somewhere along the line. But it is alive, has hearty jowls, a big paunch, and hoping these bespeak geniality, they timidly relieved the dramatic tension of the situa-tion by carrying away one at a time to a near bodega, thus preventing a tragedy, se-curing his own fill of wine, and in a kind of relay giving each smitten troubadour a fair

"Beg pardon, officer, but are these fogs always to be found here on the banks?" The being is a blue, gold and bronze statute despair and are about to turn away its red head suddenly turns quarter round, and they involuntarily listen for its click. Then its cavernous, coral mouth expands frightfully

while the being roars.
"'Ow the bloody 'ell do Hi know? Hi doant bide 'ere!"

Up in Scotland the grimness and quaint Up in Scotland the grimness and quaintness of humor in speech and anecdote, rather than in rejoinder or situation, is to the traveler an endless ripple of sunshine across the stern features of Scotia's folk and land.

At Galashiels of a Sunday morning I came upon two lads savagely disputing where their best interests should lead them to Sunday school. The lesser of the two, a hard-headed little fellow, closed the controversy and set the pace with,

"Coom awa: coom awa, It's maist for

"Coom awa; coom awa. It's maist for naithing we'll get at the Free Kirk I witnessed a fisherman's bride leaving her old home for the new, at Oban. A sharp-tongued neighbor gave her this grisly godspeed

"Joan, buck-tooth tho' ye are, ye are wee busked and kisted (well dressed and pro-vided:) but the deil is na waur-faurd (uglier) than th' auld-beik that owns ye!" The advent of the doctor when a new The advent of the doctor when a new baby arrived in lowly homes—as the physician usually brings currantbannocks, or buns, called "curniebannies," with which to divert the attention of the children—is a supreme occasion in child life experience.

"Heat!" I heard a wee lassic of Edinburgh old town relating to her big-eyed company to the baddens of the children with rades in the shadows of a narrow close, "th dochter brocht us a new bairn th' mornin An' a muckle guid dochter he is " The after a long and impressive silence: "An' he brocht a curnic-bannie-an'-an' a sponge, tael

Riding along the Carlisle and Glasgov road in an old trap driven by a serious youth named Andrew, the horse shied, kicked the dashboard in pieces, stopped stock-still and

turned and looked at Andrew.
"Puir beastie! puir beastie!" said Andrew soothingly. Then he dismounted and plucked a tuft of grass which he gave to the animal, with the ruminative remark: "We'll gie't a bite o' girse (grass) t' pit it (the viciousness) Any intelligent traveler could fill a mirth-

ful volume with these quaint sayings within his own hearing. A crofter who pulled me out of a stream into which I had unwittingly out of a stream into which I had unwittingly faffen, closed the narration to his friends of his gallant rescue with: "Oh. av. I brocht the macoo Yonkee o'er the heckle-pins sairly!" A Highland guidwife predicted my difficulties in climbing Ben Nevis by remark-ing: "Ye'll need pit a stoot heart tae th' sty brace!" while a campy and ground and had brae:" while a canny and cynical old book seller of Perth, when ridiculing me for my limited knowledge of the Scottish people gave his own countrymen the exquisite bit of satire of, "Ye'll ne'er rightly ken a Scoatchmon till ye ken him for a mon that keeps the Sawbath—an' all else he can lay his two hands oopon!"
EDGAR L. WAREMAN.

No Special Admission.

OMARA, March 23.—To the Editor of THE BEE: Is it a fact that in addition to the en-trance fee of 50 cents to the World's fair, 50 cents extra will be charged the visitor on entering any of the buildings on the ground, for instance the Nebraska building, agricul-tural building, etc., etc.?—Burlington. Aus .- No additional fee is charged for ad-

Ans.—No additional fee is charged for admission to any of the buildings or state exhibits. There are about two dozen side attractions on the grounds to which special admission feess of from 10 to 25 cents will be

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Short



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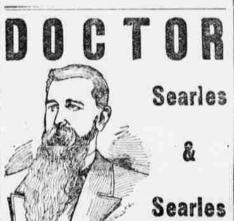
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