

Dewey's Welcome in New York

(Copyrighted, 1899, by the S. S. McClure Co.)

When George Dewey, admiral, sails into New York harbor September 28 he will be the most talked of man in the world and the best loved man in America. Only Dreyfus has occupied so large a share of public thought during the months since Dewey left Manila and Dreyfus' prominence has been that of notoriety, not fame.

"If the money that is to be spent on Dewey's reception should be weighed up in silver," said a statistical fiend, "it would be pretty nearly as heavy as the aggregate weight of the shot he fired at the Spanish ships."

Whether this is true or not is of no possible consequence, but it is certainly a fact that America has never so nearly approached a national fit of affectionate hysteria as she will on the day the hero of the Philippines comes home. It will be like the meeting of a sweetheart with her lover after a long separation. Miss Columbia's arms are widely spread and she will hug George Dewey fervently.

I have been in New York off and on for a good many years and it has been my business to see its big events. There has never been a celebration in honor of any one man approaching the Dewey reception in magnitude. Already, almost three weeks before the admiral is scheduled to arrive, his name is the word heard in every group of men from the stevedores on the docks to the millionaires in the Union League club; already the novelty makers are putting their Dewey badges on sale on the streets and getting their Dewey bunting ready to fly from every place in town which can offer holding room for a waving, colored rag. Bare and ugly timbers hide the fronts of scores of houses and business buildings before which the great parade will pass; small

agent to the estimate of the general passenger of the New York Central.

Hundreds of thousands of people will be disappointed in their efforts to see the admiral as he passes along the line of march. The arrangements for stands are not as complete as it was hoped they would be. Mayor Van Wyck's private secretary, Mr. Downs, who has had much to do with the arrangements for the celebration, says that not more than 2,000,000 people will be able to see the parade if every inch of space along the line is occupied. "At least twice that number will try to," he added. Windows from which the show may be seen are of course in great demand.

The Great Arch and Colonnade.

The great feature of New York's preparations will consist of the colossal arch and colonnade on Fifth avenue, where it will be flanked by the famous Madison Square and the Fifth Avenue hotel. This is the outgrowth of patriotism pure and simple. The idea was put forward by C. R. Lamb, a well known decorator. He told of it to J. Q. A. Ward, the famous sculptor.

"The city will furnish the money if the sculptors will do the work," said Mr. Lamb. "But I don't suppose the sculptors will do the work."

"The sculptors will do the work," said Mr. Ward, "but the city will not furnish the money. I'll talk to the sculptors about it if you will start the money end of the plan."

Mr. Ward did suggest the plan to the sculpture society. They took it up with a good will that carried it through in one night. The city government was scarcely less prompt in appropriating the money for materials and workmen. There was a hitch in the issuance of the bonds, but it was caused by a complication and did not indi-

cast, and the sea warriors returning to their home with Victory's wings spread over them will stand out on the Dewey arch not only as evidences of the intense patriotism which animated the idea, but as samples of good art. Phillip Martigni, Daniel C. French, F. W. Ruchstuhl, George E. Bissell, Charles A. Lopez, Isadore Conti and many others—nearly all the members of the Sculpture society, in fact—have done as much. Never have the studios of New York's workers at this art been so busy. Vacations have been curtailed. Other orders have been put aside. Nothing has been permitted to stand in the way of making the home-coming of our great admiral a beautiful as well as an enthusiastic occasion.

Popularization of Art.

"All this has another significance," Mr. Ward said. He was hard at work on the touches needed to finish his great group. His years sit lightly on him. The tale of time told by his gray hair and pointed white beard is belied by the athletic lines of his active figure. He is no push-jacketed sculptor dabbling daintily. He wore a white, clay spattered undershirt that day and his trousers were the overalls of the hard working hod carrier. He professedly was pleased with all parts of life except his own group (which stood in brown, shining clay behind him on a turning standard) and modesty alone made him slight the merit of that. Two assistants were working with the mud which filled the great clay chest in one corner of the enormous room, and they were visibly proud of their master and of his work.

Mr. Ward beamed benignly. "It all means more than we see on the surface," he admitted. "It means the coming of a great thing to New York and to America. From time immemorial it has been said that we lacked public spirit and especially that as a people we lacked artistic appreciation. What could be more public spirited than the way the country is preparing to receive the man who took the Philippines? What could more clearly indicate artistic appreciation than the way in which the city of New York met the sculptors' offer of free work and appropriated \$150,000 for material and labor.

"Dewey's coming has a significance which none of us dreamed it would have. He brings with him not only the laurel wreathes of a fighter's victories, but he has started a movement without knowing it himself which will be of incalculable artistic benefit to the American people. Our cities have been by no means as slow in such matters as they have been credited with being. Every American city of size has many things to its credit on art's books. But nothing of the magnitude of these Dewey decorations has ever been started on pure enthusiasm in any city in America. The whole thing will be an object lesson to the sculptors; it will prove to them that the people and those who are elected to govern them are not so wholly out of sympathy with artists and art feeling as they have been supposed to be. It will be an object lesson to the people; it will show them how greatly art can add to a demonstration of this kind, and will also prove to them that the artists of New York are as patriotic as any one is and more than ready to co-operate with other citizens in adding to the glory of a great national event."

How the Arch is Being Built.

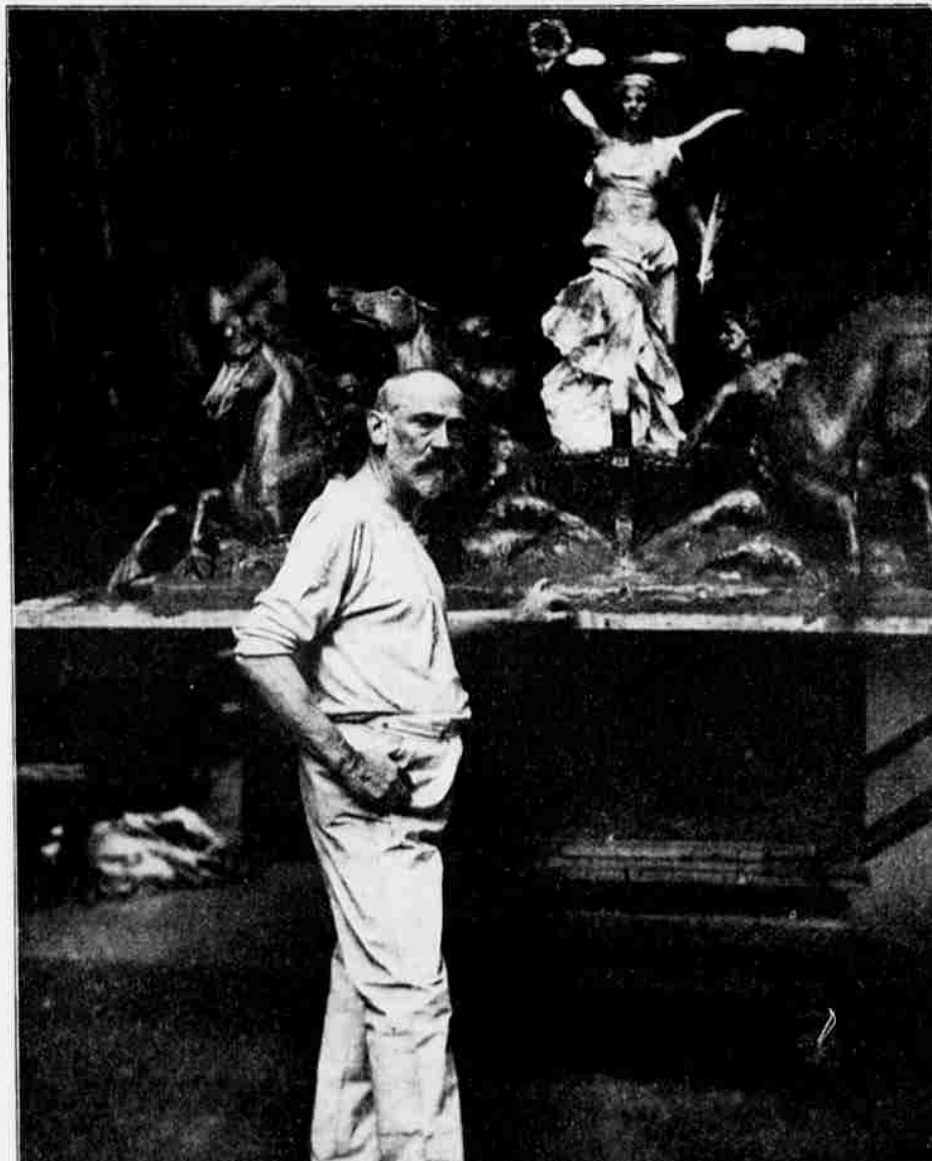
The construction of this arch is much more interesting than the building of any similar structure has been, because of the great haste with which it is being done. It was only three weeks ago that the first enclosure of pine boards was put up in the street where the arch now stands, almost completed. At that time the sculptors had not entirely finished any of their models and all that could be erected before these were finished was the bare framework of the arch. At the same time that this board fence was put up in the middle of Fifth avenue the basement of Madison garden was turned into a great and interesting workshop. It was there that the sculptors' models were to be enlarged from small clay images into heroic figures ready for position on the arch. From twenty to sixty men were employed in this work, and their manner of going at it was strange to the layman's eye. First of all a small square frame was put over the artist's model. This was notched by inches and from each notch a plumb line of black thread was dropped until it struck some important point on the model itself. After these had been carefully adjusted a similar and much larger square frame was built and hung at a height somewhat above the point where the completed statue was to reach. From this plumb lines exactly corresponding to the little ones hanging from the smaller square were dropped, and these marked the relative positions of the measured points in the larger statue.

A Vast Studio.

There was no chipping of marble, no delicate chiseling with fine tools in this vast sculptors' studio. The mass of the figures was built up of common excelsior dipped in plaster. White spattered workmen piled handful upon handful of this crude material until it approximated the shape of the figure to be imitated. After this was accomplished they took any road to Rome. With chisels and knives they chipped the plaster off; with hatchets they hacked at it; with saws they sawed it; with round ended sticks they modelled it; with brooms they swept it. Then came the artists themselves. Sculptor Ward in his studio, wearing his undershirt and his overalls, was carefully dressed when compared to the artists after they began their work in Madison Square garden. Attendants stood by with pans of plaster as the sculptors jumped about putting the finishing touches on their tributes to Dewey's greatness. No man held



SCULPTOR NIEHAUS AND HIS DEWEY ARCH GROUP, "TRIUMPHANT HOME-COMING."



J. Q. A. WARD, LEADER OF SCULPTORS DESIGNING DEWEY ARCH AND HIS GROUP WHICH WILL SURMOUNT THE ARCH.

speculators have staked their all in renting space; street car companies are figuring out ways by which they can keep their cars away from certain crowded streets and still transport the crowds; cabmen are reckoning on a great harvest in the glorious twenty-four hours of Dewey's day; hotels are furnishing up their rooms and restaurants are buying food supplies long in advance; all New York is getting ready to receive the admiral.

All Want to See Dewey.

And what New York is doing is only a part of what is being done. Every railroad leaving from New York decided weeks ago to reduce its passenger rates to the big city on the day of the celebration, and in some cases to have the reduction cover a period of several days. The distances over which these rate reductions reach vary greatly, but they do not limit the scope of the territory throughout which preparations are being made by tens of thousands to land in the metropolis at the same time the admiral does, so as to help in the cheering. The New York Central, the Pennsylvania, the Erie, the Lehigh Valley, the New England lines—indeed, every railroad leading to New York is hustling for cars and arranging to get freight traffic off its tracks so as to be able to handle the day's enormous passenger business. Not less than 1,000,000 people will be brought into New York from the surrounding country, accord-

ing to the estimate of the general passenger agent of the New York Central.

Hundreds of thousands of people will be disappointed in their efforts to see the admiral as he passes along the line of march. The arrangements for stands are not as complete as it was hoped they would be. Mayor Van Wyck's private secretary, Mr. Downs, who has had much to do with the arrangements for the celebration, says that not more than 2,000,000 people will be able to see the parade if every inch of space along the line is occupied. "At least twice that number will try to," he added. Windows from which the show may be seen are of course in great demand.

The city will furnish the money if the sculptors will do the work," said Mr. Lamb. "But I don't suppose the sculptors will do the work."

Mr. Ward did suggest the plan to the sculpture society. They took it up with a good will that carried it through in one night. The city government was scarcely less prompt in appropriating the money for materials and workmen. There was a hitch in the issuance of the bonds, but it was caused by a complication and did not indi-

himself down to his own figure. They were all working together with one object in view—the completion of a great whole to do honor to a great occasion. Wherever they could be of use they worked. No spectators were permitted to bother them, nor even friends to visit them.

How closely they have had to figure in order to complete the work in time is shown by the fact that the last figures will not leave Madison Square garden finished until the day Dewey lands in New York City and the day before the great parade of which the arch is to be the feature.

Whether or not the enthusiasm which has carried the plans for the reception of Dewey so far with a rush will last long enough to raise the \$750,000 necessary to make the arch permanent is extremely doubtful. "Even if it is," said Mr. Ward, "many things will need to be considered carefully. First, of course, the design of the arch has been hurriedly decided upon and might be afterward much improved. Second, it is by no means certain that the location is the best that could be selected. All these matters must come up for discussion later."

In view of the trouble New York found in raising the money for Grant's tomb and the \$100,000 for the Washington memorial arch, it is by no means certain that this new and much greater effort will be taken up at all.

Far Worse Than Death Valley

Dreadful as Death Valley is, its northwestern arm, known as Mesquite Valley, is worse. All the waters upon its surface, says the Chicago Record, are poison, and down through the canyon a hot, suffocating wind blows with terrible velocity. During its course through the desert it frequently gathers clouds of white sand that have blinded many a horse and rider, and at frequent intervals it whirls down the canyon like a cyclone of sharp crystals. Under the glistening beds of salt and borax are concealed streams of salt water which flow sluggishly toward some unknown outlet or may be lapped up by the parched winds.

One of the strangest phenomena of this extraordinary place is what frontiersmen, for want of a better name, have called "raising earth." By the action of the sun a crust composed of minerals and clay has been formed on the surface, and by some curious pressure of nature has been lifted from the earth in irregular curves like pie crust in the oven. The cavity between this crust and the solid earth varies from one to ten feet, and the depth frequently changes after heavy windstorms by the displacement of the air beneath. The man or the animal that steps upon this crust is gone forever. It is absolutely impossible for any one to extricate himself when plunging about in the "raising earth."

Ready to Emigrate

Atlanta Constitution: "Marse Jim," said the old-time dandy, "is it true dat dem Boston folks is gadderin' up de cullud race en givin' 'um a trip ter Boston free?" "Well, they have done so in one instance. But what's that to you?" "Hit's a mighty heap, euh—dat what it is. You know I got one wife a thirteen childun, don't you?" "Yes."

Little Bob, On the Breaks of the Blue

Far away on the furthest side of the earth,
Where the jungles are wild, 'neath a tropical sun,
While the low moaning sea sighed a requiem sad,
I whispered, "God bless you, my comrade, well done."

A hero had fallen; a lad we all loved;
His brave life was rapidly ebbing away,
As I knelt by him, sadly, to catch his last words—
Knowing each dying hero has some word to say.

A fond message of love stored up in his heart,
Perchance he has guarded there many a long day;
A trinket, he hopes they might prize for his sake,
He would send to those dear ones, far over the sea.

With an effort he raises his head—growing weak
From the wounds that are draining his life's blood away—
And a tear dims my eye, when I catch his faint sigh,
"Dear comrade, bend nearer, I've a word yet to say."

For the message is sad this poor boy must send home
To a mother, or sweetheart, far over the sea,
While a flood of fond memories o'erwhelms my heart,
Of those dear ones, I know, are now praying for me.

Gently, sadly, I pillow his head on my knee,
And smooths back the locks from his sun-bronzed brow,
As I brokenly whisper—knowing well I speak false—
"You will live, my brave comrade; you are easier now."

Then faintly he sighed—growing weaker the while—
"When I die, since I must, matters not to me now;
Thank heaven! I've no mother—no sweetheart to mourn,
In my far-away home on the 'Breaks of the Blue.'"

"Only one who will miss me; my poor little Bob,
A lone brother—a cripple—God help the poor lad,
A dear good little soul—I love him—poor Bob!
If he could die with me this would not be so sad.

"In my belt I've some money, securely sewed;
It's for him, my dear comrade, I trust all to you;
In my knapsack some trinkets—and here's my old watch,
Will you bear them to Bob, on the 'Breaks of the Blue.'"

"And tell him—ah, well, you can manage that best;
But break the news gently; for he loves me, you know;
Say to him, my last breath was a message of love
To my dear little Bob, on the 'Breaks of the Blue.'"

Then the hand I was holding grew colder in mine,
While the death damp stood out on my brave comrade's brow;
His lips moved in whisper; I bent near to hear,
"God protect little Bob on the 'Breaks of the Blue.'"

GEORGE NOEL SCOTT.
* The Blue is a little river in southeastern Nebraska. The broken country along its course is called the "Breaks of the Blue."