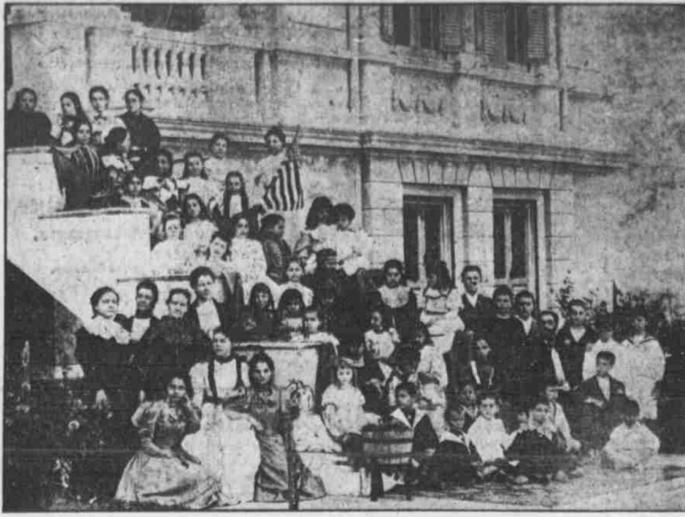
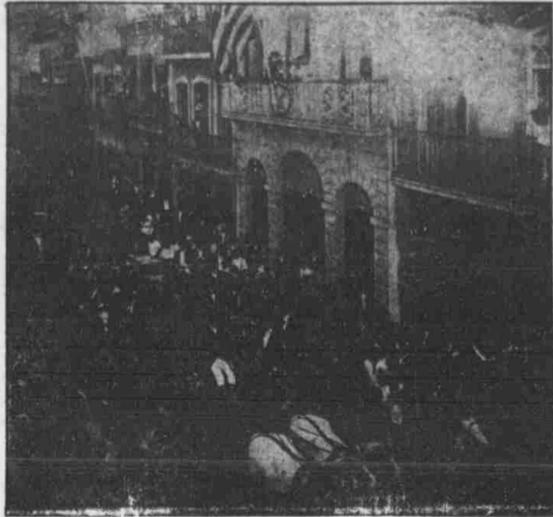


With Secretary Root and Pan-American Delegates in Capital of Brazil



AMERICAN SCHOOL AT PETROPOLIS, BRAZIL.



AMERICAN CONSULATE IN RIO DE JANEIRO



THE PAVILION, WHERE THE PAN-AMERICAN CONGRESS IS MEETING.

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WASHINGTON, Aug. 2.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—Come with me this Sunday morning and take a look at the city which is now the news center of our half of the globe. We are in Rio de Janeiro, where delegates from all the republics of our hemisphere are meeting in conference, and where our own secretary of state, Mr. Root, has gone in a man-of-war to be with them. We are away down below the equator 1,000 miles or more east of New York. We are in a Portuguese city of the world, and in what, with the exception of Buenos Ayres, is the biggest of all the cities of the lower half of our globe. We are in the capital of Brazil, from where half the land and half the people of South America are governed, and in the chief financial and industrial city of the greatest undeveloped empire on earth. Rio is a fast growing town. It had just crossed the 500,000 mark in 1895. In 1900 it reached 750,000, and today it has at least 1,000,000 more. It is bigger than any town in the United States excepting Philadelphia, Chicago or New York, and it is only 1,000,000.

outside that at Buitenzorg, Java. There are bamboo in Rio which are fifty feet high, whose feathery arms interlock and make avenues through which one can walk for a mile or so shielded from the heat of the sun. There are flowers growing with which we raise in our hot houses and royal palms 150 feet high. Brazil is one of the chief homes of the royal palm and this tree is to be found in every part of the city. It rises without a branch in a symmetrical shaft of silver gray for 100 feet or more and ends in a canopy of beautiful green fern-like leaves. Many of the residences have such palms along the walks to their front doors, and in the botanical garden itself are four rows of these palms, making a grove about a mile long, which travelers often consider one of the wonders of the world.

The older parts of Rio are much as they were in the days of the empire. There was a city here long before we had any of size in the United States. As early as 1555 some French Protestants built up a town on one of the islands of the bay, and about a hundred years later Rio had 20,000 souls. It was made the capital of Brazil in 1762, and there are houses here now which are several hundred years old. The streets near the harbor are narrow and some are so low that they are flooded at every rain. In some the houses are so close together that they shut out the sun, and where the street cars pass through them it is advisable to jump into a doorway, now and then, to avoid losing a leg. At any rate, the street cars go so close that they almost graze the narrow sidewalk, and the drivers are no respecters of persons. It is in this part of Rio that the slums are to be found. Here whole families live in one room and negroes and whites seem to herd together.

This is also the warehouse section. The smell of coffee fills the air, and in some of the wider streets long lines of carts are moving back and forth loading and unloading coffee bags. There are also factories nearby where coffee is sorted, polished and sometimes colored for the different markets of the world. There are coffee grinds on the roadway with negro women and boys down on their knees brushing them into dust pans to save them, and there are scores of half-naked blacks and whites trotting from the wagons and carts to the warehouses with great bags on their heads. Each bag weighs 132 pounds, but a porter will stand straight up and walk off with one as briskly as though it were feathers. This is the great coffee port of the world, and our delegates will be able to get the finest of Javas and Mochas, as well as Rios, for all come from Brazil. They will get them cheap, too, and as the coffee bean improves with age, I venture Secretary Root and every American delegate will bring back a bag or so of this 10-cent per pound coffee which is sold from 20 cents and upward a pound in our grocery stores.

In the Rua do Ouvidor.
 Some of the best business streets of Rio are almost as narrow as those about the coffee market. The Rua do Ouvidor, which is the chief shopping street and great gossiping place, is so narrow that at certain hours of the day carriages are not permitted to go through it. It is not as wide as the Mosk at Cairo, and is almost as strange. It is walled with one, two and three-story houses, painted in all colors of the rainbow. Yellow, pink, blue and green walls join one another, and the houses are so close together that a canopy is sometimes stretched over the street and so close that the flags which float from the windows on one side almost touch those from the other. Every window has its flag pole, and the poles join almost like bean poles or stacked arms. Just now each pole has its flag, and these flags will keep the sun off the delegates as they walk through. At night the Ouvidor is illuminated by arches of iron pipes, which run across from one side of the street to the other. The lights are of many colors, and just now they will be blazing.

The People of Rio.
 This street is filled with people during the business hours of the day. The crowd is most cosmopolitan. It consists of Italians, Portuguese, Spaniards, German French, English, Americans and Brazilians. There are many fine looking people and among the striking characters to us are the well dressed colored people. Brazil has a large negro population, and the races have mixed much more in that country than in ours. There seems to be no prejudice against the negro there; and, at the hotel tables and in the dining rooms of the steamers the black and the white sit down together. The same family may contain both blacks and whites, and one sees every shade of brown and yellow in the complexion of the passersby as he walks through the streets. There are many colored people of note. When I was at Rio some years ago one of the principal editors was as black as my boots, and I met at a reception given by the American minister a Catholic bishop of intelligence and culture whose skin was a chocolate brown.

Migratory Omaha Homes and Their Meanderings

THE removal of the old Edwin Haney homestead from its high perch on the southwest corner of Eighteenth and Farnam streets, to make way for the new Real Estate Exchange building, calls to notice the fact that a certain kind of bluish to the appearance of things in Omaha is rapidly disappearing. This is the yellow clay crag, towering high above the level of the street, and mounted by long flights of steps, usually unpainted, leading to the domiciles on the crests. In the old days unfriendly visitors never failed to comment on these unsightly excrescences, and the hideous distortion of form, color and taste they produced. The condition, however, was essential to the creation of a metropolis on the Missouri river bluffs, and is nearly a thing of the past.

Casual observers seldom understand how the yellow clay mountain and the aerial dwellings came about. They saw the houses alongside were at proper level with the sidewalk and pavement, and further along, some much below the grade, despite the fact that the street line dipped to the valley. They did not stop to reason out that the thoroughfare they were walking on would scarcely have been passable had it not been cut down and built up to a degree of uniformity and gradual ascent.

until offers so large that refusal was out of the question were made, the old homesteads were taken down from their foundations, like the Haney house, and carted away to a retreat on some outlying lot. Here, as a rule, began their social decline. At first painted, papered and repaired, they rented to householders of caste. Later, when age showed its deadly hand for all that maintenance might do, they fell into the hands of boarding-house mistresses and thence their decline was rapid. The last phase was reached when they became tenements for folk of indifferent standing in the community, and pride rejoiced when the building inspector condemned them and had them reduced to lumber, bricks and mortar again.

Sometimes Makes Trouble.
 The migratory house often produces trouble. A few years ago the Chicago Great Western railroad condemned and bought scores of dwellings in the south central part of the city to make way for switching yards, freight houses, etc. All of these buildings that were fit to be moved were hauled away and disposed of on suitable vacant lots. They were repaired and painted and rented readily. Some neighborhoods into which they were introduced objected strongly to the new architecture and somewhat plain and ordinary exteriors, but the objections were of no avail. The migratory house, if 50 per cent whole, has a right to go anywhere so long as ground is ready to receive it.

In the Brazilian Stores.
 The American delegates will bring presents home for their friends, and I doubt not Mrs. and Miss Root, and the other American women and the party will spend considerable time shopping in the Ouvidor. They will ply to buy. The Brazilians are fond of jewelry, and Rio is said to be one of the best diamond markets of the world. Most of their stones come from South Africa, although the mines near Bahia are still producing fine diamonds. Among the purchases usually made by foreigners are humming birds set as jewelry. About Rio there are many such birds of the most brilliant plumage, some of which are no bigger than the first joint of your thumb and some hardly as big as one's little finger. There are also egrets and numerous beetles of iridescent hues. One can buy beetles by the pint, of such a kind that one set in gold forms a beautiful scarpin or earring.

Some Quaint Features of Current Life

Caught on His Own Hook.
WITH a three-way spoon hook locked on both his lips, Leonard Conger of East Cornish, Pa., rowed a half mile up the Chemung river against current, and made his way home, where his father telephoned for a physician. It was an hour later before the barb was removed.

Pickles and Vinegar Diet Fatal.
 Pickles as a steady diet, washed down with copious draughts of vinegar, caused the death of Miss Annie Gross, 25 years old, who was training to reduce her weight. She dropped dead the other day in the bath room at the residence of her brother, Adolph Gross, 209 Magnolia avenue, and the inquest revealed the cause of her death.

Woman Coughs In a Tooth.
 Mrs. W. J. Kerr of New Westminster, B. C., who has been suffering for eight months with a bronchial ailment that defied the best efforts of doctors in that and neighboring towns and which many of her friends took to be galloping consumption, after a violent paroxysm of coughing threw out a large molar tooth that explained the whole trouble.

Metamorphosis of Churches.
 So far only the frame house has been spoken of. The brick or stone building defies carting around in so high-handed a manner. It is moved, too, nevertheless. Only a few years ago the bricks from an old Catholic church in the retail district, torn down to make way for a department store, were used in a dancing academy. A more appropriate occupation was found for the stone of the old Young Men's Christian association structure, which will go in the ensemble to make up the new Wisconsin Memorial hospital. Not a few of the imposing new downtown buildings of the last few years contain salvage material from structures torn down in the march of progress, and at least one fine new residence was constructed this way.

Scenes in the Markets.
 Rio de Janeiro lives well, and its markets form one of the sights of the city. Many of the vegetables are brought from Spain, and the withstanding the soil of Brazil will raise almost everything. Among the most important of such imports are garlic and onions. The onions are braided together in strings and sold by peddlers, who go from house to house, the strings being thrown over the shoulders. Fruit is imported from Portugal and other countries of Europe, and apples are brought in from New England. A good, round American apple often sells for 10 cents, and one can get a half dozen fine oranges for less. Meat is sold as soon as it is killed. Very little is kept in cold storage, and in most markets the price declines from daylight to dark. In the morning it may bring 15 cents a pound, but long toward 4 o'clock it can be bought for 7 or 8 cents. The reason is that the hot weather may cause the meat to spoil and the health officials will then direct that it be thrown away.

Primal Hills Make Trouble.
 The hills on which Omaha was built undoubtedly supplied a healthy site, but a costly one and difficult for the engineer to lay out his streets and alleys. It is probable that if the town were planned today and the founders were in full knowledge of a population of 140,000 within a few years, there would be hardly a straight highway running from end to end of the municipality. Rather there would be focal points and circles, reached by arteries running more or less directly along crests, or in valleys, and countless little avenues, contrived to yield to the natural inclinations of the hills. The checker board plan of designing a city is obsolete. It is now regarded as expensive and inadequate to urban needs, the chief elements of the latter being direct lines of travel to frequented places and freedom from congestion. Plans that famous architects have made for the new San Francisco, are entirely different from the accepted ideas of cities, with thoroughfares at right angles, beginning nowhere and ending in the same place.

His Wife in the Trap.
 Phillip Rodney of Centerville, Pa., a prominent business man, discovered recently that his wife had been obtaining spending money out of his trousers pockets while he was fishing for pickerel, using a regulation fly hook, with a triple prong, in making a cast the line caught the brim of his hat. He gave the refractory cord a jerk, and the hook fastened itself in his upper lip. In trying to extricate it the lower prong caught in his under lip, and Conger found it impossible to open his mouth.

Country Home for Cats and Dogs.
 A country home for the poor dogs and cats of New York has been established at Greenwich, Conn., by Mrs. H. U. Kibbe, president of the Bideawee home of New York, who brought a hundred dogs from the city home of the association to enjoy life on the Leahy farm here. Two hundred cats are to be brought to Greenwich and already Mrs. Kibbe is advertising for homes for the destitute ones.

Graders Change Topography.
 But the checkerboard plan when the first surveyors began the attack on the site of Omaha and until there is a public will to

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With Our Delegates in Rio.
 It will take our delegates just about two hours to go from Petropolis to Rio. They will rise early, as they are in the tropics, and a delightful ride down the mountains and across the bay will bring them to the pavilion where the conference is meeting in time for the opening sessions. They will feel at home when they enter the building. It is the same which was constructed for the Brazilian exhibit at the World's fair at St. Louis. It was built by American labor at a cost of \$100,000, and at the close of the fair was taken apart and shipped in sections to Rio de Janeiro to be put up for a permanent exhibit of Brazilian industries, and also for such conventions as this. About the hall are cases showing the various manufactures and products of the different Brazilian states, and the members of the conference will not get away without outlasting something about the country.

Walks About Rio de Janeiro.
 I doubt whether they will find any place more interesting than Rio itself. It is one of the greatest cities of all South America, and the delegate who has kept from being seized to death by yellow fever stories will find plenty to see during his leisure. He will be delighted with the new residence section, with its villas and Spanish built homes. He will find parks which have no superior on the continent, and a botanical garden inferior to none

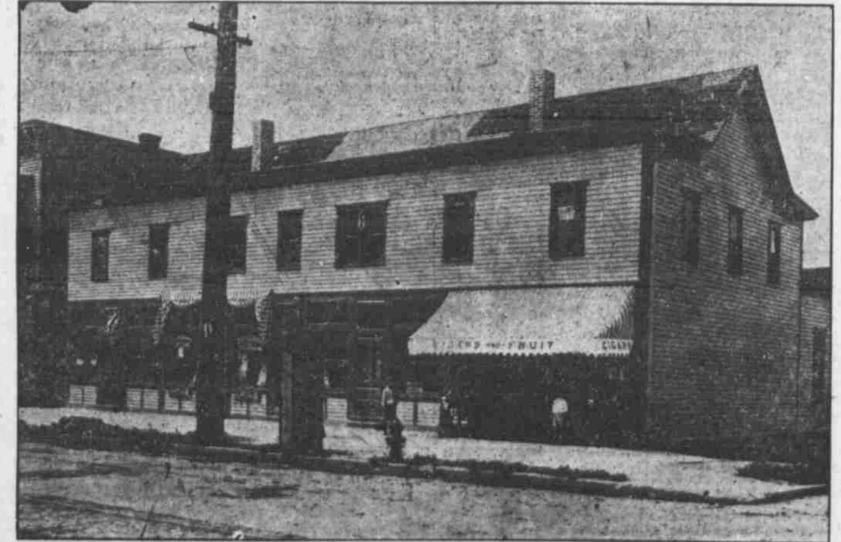
Former First Baptist Church, Now a Business Block.
 The animals which the Bideawee society cares for are fed from the Waldorf-As-

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OLD HANEY HOUSE ON ITS WAY.



FORMER FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, NOW A BUSINESS BLOCK.

An American College.
 Brazil has a force of American missionaries and quite a number of American school teachers. One of the best female colleges in all South America is situated in Petropolis, not far from where Secretary Root is now stopping. The college buildings are palatial in character. The rooms have ceilings from fifteen to eighteen feet high, the kitchen is walled with porcelain tiles, and the bath room has a marble swimming pool, with shower baths adjoining. The school rooms are equipped with maps and instruments, and, on the whole, the college ranks in Brazil somewhat as Vassar does in this country. This school is under the charge of the women of the American Methodist church, who each pay 10 cents a week toward it. Its teachers are Americans, and the students are young ladies from the best Brazilian families throughout the republic.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.