

AMBASSADOR CHOATE PRACTICES DIPLOMACY AT COURT OF ST. JAMES

HE NEVER LOSES AN OPPORTUNITY TO SPEAK OF THIS COUNTRY'S POWER AMONG THE NATIONS OF THE EARTH

LONDON, Aug. 1.—(Special correspondence.)—When some enterprising American university starts a special course in diplomacy for youths who want to become Ambassadors, the chief item will have to be instruction in the fine art of dining, international law and history and all that sort of thing doubtless would be advantageous enough, too, but you might as well omit anatomy from the study of medicine as to teach European diplomacy without dining.

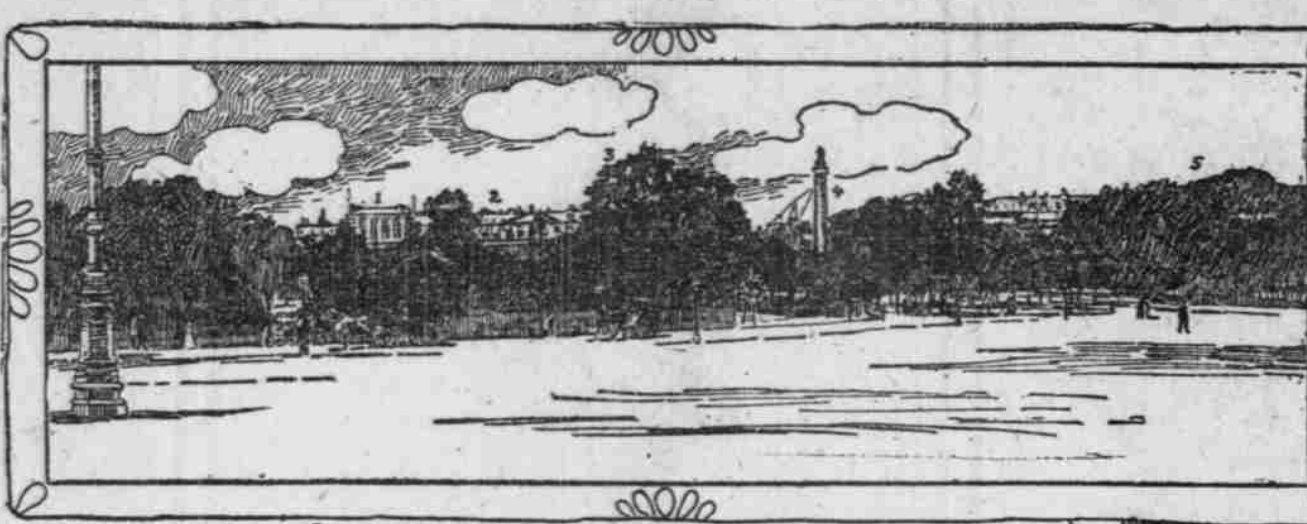
His Excellency the American Ambassador to the Court of St. James would be the ideal professor in this branch of instruction when the time comes for him to leave London and get back home. He would testify that, his work at the broad, flat-topped desk in the dingy office of the embassy in Victoria street was of comparatively little account, that his official communications with the Marquis of Salisbury, Lord Lansdown and the other Downing-street folk had been mostly formal after all, and that his occasional audiences with the King had little political significance. But when it came to the hour of coffee and cigars—that was when the real business of the nation was done, sometimes in neat, artful speeches, reported in full in the papers, and read by everybody; sometimes in comfortable, unofficial, informal talk with the men who govern England in fact, while the King governs in name.

Those are the private talks in which the prejudices, ambitions and friendships of the nations are weighed and measured—in which it is determined what is the least that one will accept and the most that the other will give—in which are shaped the international policies that are afterward the subject of formal, dignified negotiations to a predetermined end.

Fancy an insignificant-looking, shy, nervous, awkward man representing a great nation at one of these behind-the-scenes spreads. He might know all there was to know about international law and such matters, but in these intimate confabs the personal impression counts for so much that it sometimes outweighs everything else. That is where Joseph Choate comes out strong. You can't lose him, either in a crowd or in a group of statesmen. He may be inwardly nervous—in fact, I suspect he was pretty uncomfortable when he first came over here—but he wears all the outward and visible signs of easy satisfaction. When he rises, with a benign smile, to respond to the toast the chairman has given, everybody settles back comfortably, sharing the Ambassador's confidence that his forthcoming speech is going to be a rattling good one. The only other man in England who creates quite the same impression is Lord Rosebery.

Opinions differ, of course, about Mr. Choate's success in the formal side of diplomacy, but he has done something more than make a personal hit with his after-dinner addresses. I have heard a dozen or so of them in London, and have never missed from one of them a note that at first startled placed John Bull; in one form or another, his excellency always contrives to say deftly and inimitably what, if put bluntly, would be something like this:

"Brother Bull, you are in most respects a good fellow, but you have shown a little tendency to be superior in times past."



CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE.
1. RESIDENCE OF AMBASSADOR CHOATE; 2. JNO. A. MACKAY; 3. BEHIND TREE; GLADSTONE'S OLD RESIDENCE, ALSO GERMAN EMBASSY; 4. PRINCE OF WALES COLUMN; 5. WM. W. ASTOR; GILBERT PARKER (OPPOSITE SIDE).

The occasion for it has gone by, if it ever existed, and you will kindly take notice that Brother Jonathan isn't playing the role of "younger brother."

The Ambassador has kept up such a steady pounding on that note, and commercial events have given him such strong backing that the effect has become noticeable. Brother Bull has been getting the idea firmly fixed in his head.

The American Ambassador lives at No. 1 Carlton House Terrace, just back of the Prince of Wales Marlborough House. In the great mansion bought by L. Z. Leiter for his daughter, wife of the Viceroy of India, where she is the first lady among three times as many people as there are in the United States. The Cursons rented the place at a big price to John Hay when he represented the American Government here, and Mr. Choate, after three or four weeks of house-hunting, concluded that he couldn't do better than step into his chief's shoes, so to speak. The old yellow Georgian house of which No. 1 stands at the upper end is not gorgeous as seen from the outside, but they have a staidness and dignity within that makes them seem exactly suited for ambassadorial residences. The German Embassy does occupy one of them, but the difference is that Germany pays the rent, and the Ambassador's home and his offices are in the same building; whereas the American Ambassador pays the house rent out of his own pocket, devoting the larger part of his salary to the purpose.

One of the great drawbacks to the fun of being Ambassador was formerly the dead-broke American who came of such good family and brought such strong letters of introduction that there was nothing to do except guarantee a hotel bill, or provide money to pay his passage to America. Half of the time at the Embassy was taken up in listening to hard-luck stories, but Mr. Choate, with his usual good fortune, has escaped most of that, thanks to the organization of a relief department by the American Society in London.

Politicians' wives who want to be presented at court take up a lot of time, too, and in the summer season folk who want tickets to Parliament, letters to officials, and all sorts of personal privileges, keep two Embassy secretaries in a rush. Various folk who have called and asked to see Mr. Choate have been found to have the intention of asking him to write out for them a little list of cheap things to eat and drink.

It is only a short walk around by Westminster Abbey to No. 121 Victoria

street, where the United States Government has its little pied-a-terre, and a dingy, grimy, stuffy, dark, depressing place it is, too. It is a wonder that the Ambassador and the half dozen members of his staff do not suffer perpetually from the blues. No other diplomat of Ambassadorial rank in London has such mean quarters, and some of the Ministers from little South American Republics are far better provided for. The only comforting reflection to Americans who visit the place is that it gives the lie to the British notions that Americans have a taste for garish display.

Although the Ambassador represents in person the President and the whole 70,000,000 people of the United States, there are no furs and feathers at the Embassy. If you have any good excuse for it, or if you are merely a distinguished citizen who has no other excuse for calling than a desire to shake his excellency's hand, all you have to do is to go in and wait your turn in a gloomy ante-room, waited about with reports of the proceedings of Congress and other diverting and popular volumes of a similar nature. Once ushered into the inner room where James Russell Lowell and so many other famous representatives of the American people have sat, you conclude from his manner that his excellency doesn't resent the intrusion, that he is glad to see you—and that he would freeze you up and get rid of you in about 10 seconds if you proceeded to be a bore who didn't know when to go.

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to-heart talk with the Ambassador could reasonably be expected to result in the loan of a dollar until the next American mail arrived.

Kick on the Income Tax.

One of the most urgent of these personal matters laid before the Embassy is the income tax which Americans living in London have to pay to the British government, although most of them get their incomes in America. Each new victim usually heads straight for the Embassy and wants to know what in something or other the British government means by demanding a percentage of his receipts from, say, real estate on which he already pays taxes in America. It does seem like an outrage, but there

is nothing the Embassy can do about it. Unlike every other ambassador in London, Mr. Choate has no court costume. The distinguished Americans who go with him to a levee to be presented to the King have to scurry around for knee-breeches and buckled shoes; but the official representatives of Jeffersonian simplicity goes in ordinary swallow-tail and becomes conspicuous in the gorgeous throng.

When Mr. and Mrs. Choate entertained the King and Queen at dinner early in June, J. Pierpont Morgan was also one of the guests. He rushed over from the Continent on purpose to be present, arriving only a few hours before the time. He had been so busy buying up odds and ends of steamship lines, railroads and old mas-

ters that he had forgotten all about knee breeches. He was badly rattled when he was reminded of them at the last moment. None of his friends had anything of the sort that would fit him, and all the Morgan millions couldn't move a London tailor to turn out a pair of court knee breeches in three hours. It began to look to Mr. Morgan as if he would have to be taken suddenly ill for the sake of a good excuse for absenting himself from the dinner, when somebody suggested that a theatrical costume might help him out. The rich search in the shops around Covent Garden resulted in finding a pair of nether garments that made a fairly good fit, and in consequence Mr. Morgan was presented to their majesties in breeches that had previously seen service on the stage.

It is said that Lord Curzon has had enough in India, and will be returning early in the Autumn to take a place in the Cabinet if the present government remains in office throughout the year, as it is almost certain to do. In that case Mr. Choate will have to move out, and as it is such a difficult matter to get a suitable home, and as he has had about all there is to get in the way of ambassadorial fun and glory, I think it is more than probable that he will retire from office. Although he made a fine fortune out of his law practice, he probably finds it rather a bore on some accounts to fill a position that calls for the expenditure of from two to three times your salary.

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AMERICAN EMBASSY, LONDON.



WARNED PONY RIDER WITHOUT TALKING

HOW AN INDIAN MAIDEN RENDERED SERVICE TO L. L. HAWKINS BY FRANCIS V. DRAKE

THE Wahoo Seeress is short and stout and Scotch. She had, and probably still has a "peep-stone." It is a spherical, translucent crystal about three inches in diameter. In this she reads the fates, past and future, of all inquirers.

This strange woman, aged then, still lives, I am told, and is now in San Francisco, with her peerless peep-stone. She must be very old. She was quaint, mysterious, gentle and kind. She was the "Wahoo Seeress" before silver mines were known, and the United States were known, and she foretold the discovery of mines on Mount Davidson, while the then undisturbed ground-squirrels were sinking their little shafts in its flank, and bringing up the "peculiar red dirt" which Comstock and his companions stumbled upon, tested with their prospector's pan, and found to be from the apex of mines which became the marvel of the world.

Not as seeress or soothsayer, but as a dear, kind friend, she indirectly had much to do with the fate of L. L. Hawkins, erstwhile one of the "pony riders" mentioned in a late Sunday's Oregonian. He was young and slender, but tough, fearless and ambitious—her brave, bonnie lad. Though the families lived many miles apart, they were neighbors, and the young man often made journeys to sit at the feet of the kindly, wise old lady and learn the folklore of far-away lands. And the wonderful peep-stone—what weird fascination mystery hath for all of us!

In later years, when the great mines were loading six big daily coaches—and sometimes freight teams—with the precious bullion of silver and gold the seeress grew suddenly and amazingly wealthy, for "Sandy," her husband, owned one of the smaller mines. It was enough for several reasonable men, but Sandy and his guidewife rose equal to the new conditions, and a recital of their doings would fill a big book. They went to "Turkup" and entertained members of the nobility in London at a swell dinner. The menu was engraved on polished plates of bullion from their mine, each guest retaining a "menu" as a souvenir. I have been repeatedly told that the then Prince of Wales (now King Edward VII) was one of the guests. I doubt the truth of this report, but Bowers and wife certainly had an extended high larks on that trip.

They built the edge of Washee Valley, and at the eastern base of the Sierra. Here were hot springs alongside of cold springs. There were lakes for swimmers, one warm, one cold, fountain, pleasure grounds, fish ponds—everything. The mansion was of cut stone, and marble finished. The door-larks, hinges, door-knobs and stair-rails were made of bul-

lion taken from the mine. Where bronze and iron were ordinarily used in such structures, silver—all carrying some gold—was utilized. Many times the old lady had detailed to me, as a guest, the marvelous expenditures for wardrobes for herself, just because some other ladies, wives of mineowners, and of the nobility, were of one or envied her. But the end was valuable. Her husband died—that was too rich for Sandy—he couldn't stop quickly enough; litigants and lawyers got the mine at last, and for years the good soul has striven to get food and shelter by reading the fates of others in the marvelous peep-stone for fees. Poor, dear old lady; she has led us after from my story.

The natives of the country were affected by the magic of kindness and the mystical stone at the then humble home of Mrs. Bowers. She fed them often, taught the young women (I don't like the word "squaw") cleanliness, modesty and improvements in apparel. She showed them with tales of the visions pictured to her in the stone. Some of these young maidens were decidedly intelligent, fair of form and features, and one, Wah-No-Na, was queenly, beautiful, superior to all her associates, and she became greatly attached to Mrs. Bowers, and incidentally to her vigorous young visitor. Truly, reverence for a superior is no sin, and friendship willing to give self-sacrificial service is not despicable. Such friendships die rapidly, as civilization advances; it is becoming a rare quality. Wah-No-Na possessed artistic instincts, admired pictures, drawings and writings. The peep-stone told strange stories of good she was to do for the young white man and for his people. It was wonderful, and her heart grew warm toward him.



Two prominent Portlanders as they looked when they were riders in Ben Holladay's Pony Express, nearly 40 years ago.

man ever heard his voice. He was a coward, and had been condemned by his tribe to banishment from his people, to wear the dress of a squaw and to perpetual silence, under penalty of death by prolonged torture. He seemed to be keeping his part of the contract.

I am this side of my story again and must go back. The savages were gradually and quietly assembling in the Valley of the Carson, preparing for the extermination of the intruders. Time was required to gather arms and for consultation, and to insure co-operation. The ranch of the elder Hawkins was near the mouth of Carson Canyon, subsequently made famous by Horace Greasley's stage ride through it with Hank Monk. It is well enough to state here the fact that Hank Monk was not a superior reindeer. He was not up to the average driver on the route, either in skill, care, courage, strength or grace. No man can have the indispensable telegraphic communication with his six horses through the lines unless he have grace—that indescribable delicacy of position and touch by which the horses

know their driver, and the driver knows the exact position of each horse. "In the darkness as well as in the light." Young Hawkins, residing at the post originally established by Kit Carson in the mouth of the canyon. In later years this post—a station of buildings for trade and protection—became known as "Woodford's." To this point "Snowshoe" Thompson came with the mail, Hawkins on his pony rushing it thence to Genoa, northward along the valley. He was one of the mysterious men who came and went out of the mountains and over the deserts, carrying the "talking leaves" to far-away strangers, inviting them to come to the lands of the Pluties. To kill all those baleful horsemen and prevent speedy conveyance of news of the purposeful massacres was important. It was to be the first act in the contemplated tragedy.

Wah-No-Na, with her relatives, had gone on the periodical hunting and fishing excursion, this time to Silver Mountain, near the headwaters of the Carson River and some 70 miles distant from the home of the white mother with the mystical stone. At Silver Mountain the Indian girl met a winsome scion of the English nobility. She was fair to look upon, dainty and gentle and lithe as a gazelle. She is (for she still lives) the daughter of an English gentleman, who had been sent from London by a syndicate to operate in the then newly discovered silver mines of Nevada. The father, leaving wife and child in the mountains, returned to England. The daughter, beloved of all who saw her, became a shepherdess, and was and still is known as "the pretty shepherdess." Passing sheep-herders occasionally left

a lambkin to her care. Youthful amusement soon ripened into duty as her flock increased, and she became noted for her size and quality of her herd as well as for her beauty. Unless recent changes have occurred, she is still the "pretty shepherdess" of Silver Mountain. Dressed as a happy and industrious woman, she tended her flocks and roamed valleys and hills far free and independent.

They met—Wah-No-Na and the shepherdess—there among the hills and were friends. Both knew the young "pony man." Each had delightedly watched his coming and going on his hurrying horse; but neither knew this experience of the other, for their hero had passed them severally at points far removed. Verbal intercourse was limited, of course, but instinct told the two girls that they were friends.

Wah-No-Na's party suddenly prepared to return to the valley. She sought her new friend, and, with impassive face but brimming eyes, tried to convey a secret. They sat upon the ground and Wah-No-Na drew red figures in the sand—of men fighting, of a man falling from a galloping horse, of women and children running, of houses burning. More distinctly than the others, she portrayed the man falling from the horse and men assaulting him—Indian men with feathers in their hair. By signs Wah-No-Na told her friends of the locality of the pictured scene—down in the valley—and then she drew figures of men and women and horses. And again she pictured a man on a galloping horse. Gradually the shepherdess comprehended a threatened danger; she embraced and kissed her friend, and they parted. Impressed on the thoughts of each was that rude sketch, taking the form of vision now, of the small man on the galloping horse. Thus they parted.

Two days later Wah-No-Na, dust covered, haggard, but smiling, sat down at the feet of the good woman who saw things to occur in the round white stone. She, with womanly instinct for honest subterfuge—justifiable deception—had prevailed on the chief of her clan for permission to visit the wise woman and learn of future events—the outcome of the war. She had promised not to talk of the intent or preparation of the Indians, but to ask only for future events shown in the magic stone. She kept her promise not to talk—but, ah! the "picture leaves"! She had not promised to make no drawings.

Mrs. Bowers compelled a bath and rest. Next morning she consulted the magic stone for her friend. Then Wah-No-Na, with many gestures and her little English, asked for and obtained paper and ink and finally a bit of red chalk. With these she carefully and slowly outlined two "pictures." The first, with a range of mountains at the right; a stout log house, stable and small building (trader's store) at the mouth of a canyon. From this point two roads, one short, along the base of the mountains to a small town, the other longer, curving out into the valley near a river bank and ending at the same little town. On the short road she drew the figure of a galloping horse and a small man falling

from the saddle; behind a near-by clump of bushes were Indians with guns pointed; with the red chalk she marked dirt projecting from the gun muzzles. On the other road was a like small man on a horse galloping undisturbed. The second picture was quite an elaborate display of the men and Indians fighting, houses burning, fleeing women, cattle and horses being driven in herds. In this picture she did not forget the small man falling from the running horse. The red chalk indicated flames, and the whole work was quite vivid—a fair amateur effort.

It was quite a long job for the girl. On its completion she gave them to Mrs. Bowers and watched her face for evidence of comprehension. Mrs. Bowers began eagerly to ask questions, but the girl shook her head and covered her mouth—she wouldn't "talk." Nevertheless, she gave Mrs. Bowers to understand distinctly that she must forthwith send her "letters" to the little man who rode the horse. Mrs. Bowers, in a nearby corner, reached all, and soon another man on a horse was speeding for Genoa with the letters for L. L. Hawkins, advising him to avoid ambush on the short road, by taking the lower, longer route, and warning him of an Indian uprising.

Two days before the picture letters reached the "little rider," another and smaller rider was at Kit Carson's old post at the mouth of Carson Canyon, with warnings for him—the tale of the drawings of Wah-No-Na in the sands at Silver Mountain. She was dressed as a boy—for safety and convenience on a man's saddle—and modestly greeted her hero as he swung up to the station on his sobbing beast. Her message delivered and rest and refreshment accepted, the "pretty shepherdess" of Silver Mountain again took the trail of 20 miles to her home. She rode one horse 40 good miles that day.

The tale of that Indian war; the massing of women and children in places of safety; the swift assembly of armed men; the coming of the noble volunteers from the mines of California; the fierce battles and final triumph of the whites—all this is written down in history.

But of individual heroics, self-sacrifice, enduring, unhesitating friendship, courage, fidelity, endurance, little is preserved; all these soon die in deadening memories. Maybe it is just as well it should be so. But it doesn't seem best. I have tried to revive some bits of fact, well known not long since, and to record some deeds of merit heretofore unpublished.

Which you meet Henry E. Dosch and L. L. Hawkins remember that many times as "pony riders" they were sole custodians of messages upon the safe delivery of which depended the momentous events of the Civil War entrusted many military dispatches and important state papers to Ben Holladay's overland riders for transmission to the Pacific Coast.

FRANK V. DRAKE.

That this is an act of slang is demonstrated by the fact that candy which formerly bore sentimental inscriptions now bear dispassionate phrases.