

THE ONLY ORANG-OUTANG IN AMERICA

PETER HOPE, RECENTLY SOLD TO THE SAN FRANCISCO ZOO FOR \$2500

PETER HOPE, the only orang-oung in America, has just traveled on half fare from Philadelphia to San Francisco. He works a sweater, a skirt and a heavy veil. He looked like a little girl, and most of the people on the train thought that he was a little girl. But he was rarer than that. He was America's only orang-oung, and \$2500 had just been paid for him by Thomas Thurston, superintendent of the San Francisco Zoological Garden.

There was an orang-oung named Bill in Cleveland Zoo, but Bill died of meningitis in June. He had been very intelligent; it had been thought that he understood English perfectly; there was scarcely an order that he would not obey. The Philadelphia Zoo had an orang-oung called Lover who used to row his keeper back in a heavy boat on the zoo lake, but Lover has been dead five years.

Peter Hope is as intelligent as any one of the four or five orang-oungs that have preceded him from Borneo to the New World. He is 3 years old, his height three feet, and his weight 40 pounds. He carries a life insurance of \$2000. Though little more than a child now, he has innumerable tricks. When a pipe is handed to him and he is bidden to smoke, he puts the pipestem where it belongs and puffs away with a meditative look. At the command, "Brush your hair," he takes a mirror in one hand and a brush in the other, and arranges his long locks. He takes his meals like a human being, sitting at a table, drinking his milk from a cup, and eating his sliced bananas with a spoon.

To a great many orders he gives quick obedience.

"Peter, turn a somersault."
"Peter, do a handstand."
"Peter, stand up."
"Fold your hands, Peter."
"Peter, make a bow."

The little, grave, wise creature executes these and a host of other commands. If he is so clever at the age of three, the mind can scarcely conceive of the cleverness that will be his at the age of 5. He will walk on a tightrope, will stand a weight of 150 pounds, a 12-inch collar and a number 8 hat. And if he lives to maturity he will be worth from \$7000 to \$10,000.

The story of his life is brief. He was born in Borneo, and until nine months ago lived there, ranging the wooded hillsides near the coast. He and his mother had a nest in a tree-top. They lived on bananas, molested by no one, and were happy. The mother, as big as a well-grown girl, rocked her son to sleep at night in her arms. A Borneo shot at one day, and her child, the marquis, died off in a sick. The young orang-oung was gentle from the start of his captivity—gentle and tractable, but a little languid, a little sad, as is the way of all captives.

He journeyed to Berlin, and there, for tremendous sum in thalers, Mrs. Jacob Hope bought him. Mrs. Hope is the wife of Jacob Hope, the Philadelphia bird and animal man. She and her husband, in alternate years, go abroad in search of rare zoological specimens. They have imported into America in this way many of the most interesting animals of the world. Peter was shipped to America on the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse. His passage cost \$25. An attendant, or valet, shared a room with him, and all through the voyage Peter was soothed by no one, and the voyage he kept in his berth, groaning when the ship lurched.

On his arrival in Philadelphia Jacob Hope sent him in a large cage, and appointed a man to do nothing but look after him. His physician called on him twice a week, sounded his lungs, and took note of his digestion. As soon as he got used to his new home, a pair of rooms above the shop was set apart for him. They were sunny rooms, airy and



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dry; their temperature never varied 10 degrees. In such healthy surroundings, with so much space to run about in, Peter flourished. His milk was all boiled, and his fare of apples, bananas and cake was scrupulously clean. Formerly his diet was furnished by the physician regularly. Thomas Thurston, superintendent of the San Francisco Zoo, came all the way across the continent to see Peter. He studied the little animal carefully. He had two physicians to examine him. After three days' consideration he bought Peter for \$2500. Then he returned to San Francisco.

The ape followed him last week. With his thick veil and his skirt, Peter looked like a child. Albert Elser, one of Jacob Hope's head men, was his traveling companion. Albert fed Peter out of a huge basket on disinfectant and sterilized milk. Most of the time he held the animal in his arms. For Peter was too valuable to be boxed and expressed in the ordinary way.

Orang-oungs in Borneo are often netted in their infancy, and trained to be family servants. They learn to carry jars of water, to grind meal in a mortar, and to turn the spits on which meats are cooking. When they let fall a water jar they utter loud lamentations and beat their breasts. In likewise, when they allow a roast to burn, they manifest great sorrow and remorse.

The most famous orang-oung in history is one which belonged to a Frenchman, M. May, in the early part of the last century. This animal, a female, lived to attain to the height of five feet two inches, and to the weight of 155 pounds. She had great strength. On one occasion, being tied by a long rope to the foot

of a tree, and being teased an insufferable while by a sailor, she suddenly seized the man about the middle, and ascending to the tree top with him, was about to hurl him to the ground, when the loud cries of certain bystanders caused her to flee away. She was also very intelligent. The chain by which she was usually fastened locked with a padlock, and when the key was handed to her, she would insert it in the keyhole and undo the lock herself.

Orang-oungs do not, as a rule, thrive in America. The American climate gives them catarrh, and it is this disease always that kills them. Jacob Hope has imported three orang-oungs, but only one is the only one of them that reached him in a healthy condition. The others were sickly from their arrival, and soon died of catarrh.

all the encouragement possible. They may attend free lectures; they take part in competitions for prizes in the various industries. Some owners of large factories have even gone so far as to give Peter workmen an interest in their establishments, by allowing them, after a number of years, a certain percentage of the net earnings; moreover, they encourage them to settle down and acquire their own homes.

The French manufacturer is not hogish; he is satisfied with a reasonable profit, say 20 per cent on his investment, for his time and labor. He does not expect to make a fortune in a year; he is satisfied if he can retire from work at the age of 50 and turn his business over to his heirs, while he himself takes life easy and enjoys a well-earned rest. This is why trusts never will succeed in France, as they do in America. The only establishments resembling trusts in France are the monopolies, which are the hands of the government, like the manufacture of tobacco, slaughter-houses, military equipments, "per vice des pompes funebres" (undertaking of funerals), hospitals, the mint, the Gobelins, railroads, omnibuses, gas works, etc.

As for strikes, they occur only among laborers in large factories and mines with one or two hundred hands. The workmen in small workshops generally come to an agreement with their employers without going on a strike.

Portland, Sept. 14, 1902. EMILE SAGE.

UNCLE SAM AS A LAMPLIGHTER

AT DUSK HE KINDLES THE FLAMES IN 1200 LIGHTHOUSES

AMONG the many queer occupations that are followed by your Uncle Sam is that of lamplighting.

If you could be high overhead late some afternoon—so high that the United States would lie like a map below you—it would be a wonderful and beautiful sight that you would see with the arrival of dusk. It would be just as if some mighty Aladdin had rubbed his lamp and his obedient genii had instantly set flashing stars along all the coasts and the big watercourses of America.

If Uncle Sam ever were to become weary or forgetful, and were to neglect his lamplighting for just one night or even a few hours in any one night, it might mean the drowning of hundreds, perhaps thousands of travelers and sailors, and the loss of millions of dollars worth of ships and cargo. For Uncle Sam's lamplighting is the kindling of the flames in more than 1200 lighthouses, 46 lightships, and more than 2000 buoys and lanterns in harbors and rivers.

Uncle Sam lights his lamps in all sorts of ways and in all sorts of places. Some of them are nothing but common lanterns fixed to poles that are driven deep into the water, and others are real machine shops with steam boilers and electric dynamos to kindle a light that shall shine for more than 20 miles out to sea.

To help him set them all going at the proper instant each evening Lamplighter Uncle Sam has almost 4000 assistant lamplighters. Some of them live year in, year out in lonely places, many miles away from shore, with only the sea birds for company. Others are on the lightships. These are the queerest of sailors—always out at sea, and yet never going anywhere; for the big lightships are so close that their many heavy chains that are anchored on the sea bottom so that they shall always remain in one spot. Others of Uncle Sam's assistants live on shore, and only row the lanterns out each afternoon to light the lanterns that they have in charge. Some of them do not even need to row out. They can walk along shore and attend to their duties.

Wherever these lights are lit they are inviolate. You have read of the sacred fires of old Rome. Uncle Sam's lamps are the sacred fires of the republic. Whoever dares to meddle with them would be sent to prison for many years, and he might even be executed for murder if his act should result in the drowning of any one. It makes no difference, although the light happens to be only a common oil lantern on a pole stuck in the mud. For many years Uncle Sam had a red lantern hung on a tree on a bank of the St. Croix River, in Whitlocks Mill, Me., to show the steamers and tugboats plying between Eastport and Calais where to make a certain turn to keep the channel. That probably was the most simple and rude lighthouse in the country. But it served its purpose for the time being, and it was just as official as the massive and powerful structures that cost \$100,000 and more to build.

Where the lighthouses are far away from the land, as most of them are, Lamplighter Uncle Sam must manage in some way to feed his assistants who live on them, and to keep them supplied with coal for themselves and for the engines that set the lights and steam whistles and bells to going, and with oil and other materials. He must be ready at a moment's notice to hurry to the relief of a light-



Lamplighter, Uncle Sam

when really it was quite another one, marking a hidden shoal.

Therefore, Uncle Sam has scores of different kinds of lights. Some of them are "fixed," that is, they shine steadily and without motion. Others are "flashers." These lights revolve swiftly, and, as their glasses are ingeniously curved and full of angles, like your mother's cut-glass bowls, they throw flashes of light out with perfect regularity. Still other lights are "intermittent." They shine out for a certain number of seconds, and then they are dark for a short period, and then they shine again. Then there are lights that are red. Some of them are "fixed" and others are "intermittent." Uncle Sam has a few green lights, too. But he likes neither the red nor the green, because the colored glasses interfere with the strength of the beams, and often, especially in the dredged sea, fog, the sailors cannot see them until they are so close that their vessel is in danger before they know it.

The method by which the lights are made to burn and turn is very simple, but it is the fruit of many experiments and much study. For instance, Lamplighter Uncle Sam has tried all sorts of oils and gas and electricity and he has found that on the whole good kerosene oil is the best. So most of his lights are kept going with it. Still he has many buoys that are lit with gas that is contained in receptacles that float in the water, and other buoys are lit with electricity that is conveyed to them by submarine cables.

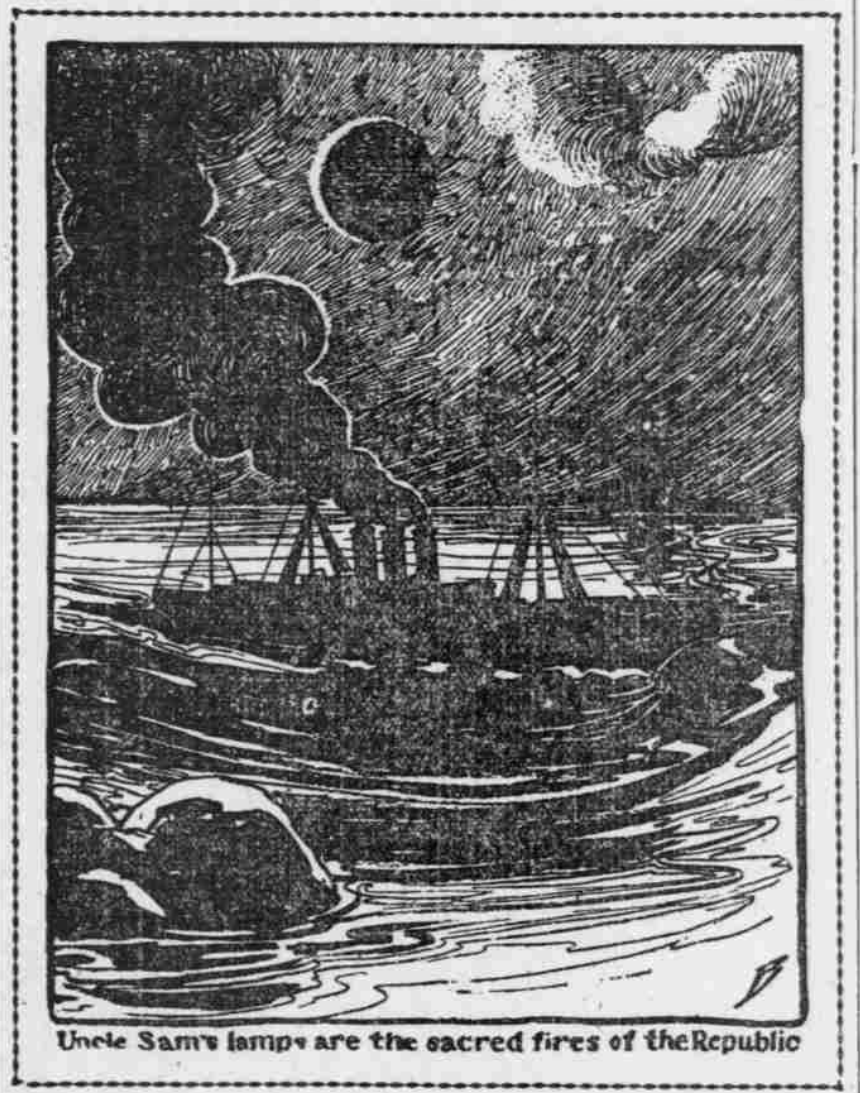
The shining crystal lantern lens is entirely round, like a huge fruit jar, with a top or bottom. It is full of prisms;

of the first order, whose lens turns so fast that the beams are like the winking of the lightning. The captain knows that it stands on a high hill near the mouth of the harbor, and from that time on he and his crew must keep their eyes open to pick up light after light, for Lamplighter Uncle Sam lights the channels of his big harbors as if they were streets, nowadays. First they will see a little light that seems to be swimming on the surface. "Ah," says the captain, "gas buoy No. 7. That's the entrance to the chan-

nel. Before many minutes he sees another light swimming on the water. "Electric buoy No. 4," he says and steers sharp westward, for the chart tells him that the channel turns here. Once they have fairly entered a harbor like New York, the sailors will see lights ahead of them in rows miles long. The lights each side of the channel show every bend in it, and mark the way for the ship so that it can go up as surely as a man could walk along a well-lighted street.

No content with all these lamps, Uncle Sam has established what he calls "range lights" along the shores of his harbors. These lights stand in line with each other. Sometimes one will be on a reef off shore and the other will be a mile or more inland. The sailor knows that he is in the channel as long as he can keep the two in line, so that one seems to be right behind the other. When he has held his course as long as they serve him he looks for the next range lights and again holds them in line until the floating buoys warn him to turn again. Thus a captain not only knows that he is in the channel by watching the buoys, but he is able to steer perfectly straight and true by watching his "ranges." And sailors steer almost entirely by ranges in inland waters. It would never do for them to steer a straight line by merely looking ahead. An object a few miles away on the sea will seem to be straight ahead from various different points. So a man might imagine that he was going perfectly straight, and yet he might be miles off his course. But he cannot go a mile off his course by steering with "range lights" or "ranges" to guide him. J. W. M.

The charge for a dog taken to Europe on the main lines of steamers is \$10 for a lap dog to \$30 for the largest animal.



Uncle Sam's lamps are the sacred fires of the Republic

ship, for those vessels mostly are helpless, not being fitted either with engines or chain and anchor, and they drift away from their anchors, they drift at the mercy of the sea.

So Uncle Sam keeps a big fleet of vessels that do nothing else but lighthouse business. They are of all kinds. There are about 35 big boats called tenders, that are expected to go out in any storm that blows, and any sea that rolls, when necessary. He has a dozen big steam launches and three tall tenders. The big boats are fitted with immense derricks and booms, so that they can take hold of a huge iron buoy and its 90 to 100 fathoms of chain and the ton or so of rock or iron that is used for an anchor, and pluck the whole thing clean out of the ocean bed, hoist it into the air and deposit it neatly on deck.

Most of these boats are sidewheelers. They differ from other sidewheelers because their paddle-boxes are far astern, leaving plenty of room for the bow, which often sticks high out of the water. This is done to give the tenders ample room for carrying the big buoys and spars and other things needed by the lighthouse men.

When the lighthouse boats come to be named, somebody with a pretty fancy gave them the names of American flowers and plants and trees. So the big fleet has these pretty names: Lilac, Myrtle, Golden Rod, Maple, Mayflower, Azalea, Verbena, Hazel, Mistletoe, Rose, Nettie, Gardenia, Cactus, Daisy, Thistle, Holly, Jessamine, Violet, Bramble, Wistaria, Waverly, Snowdrop, Mangrove, Laurel, Artichoke, Clover, Pansy, Amaranth, Dahlia, Marigold, Lotus, Hazel, Columbine and Lily.

To make these coasts safe for ships, it is not enough merely to keep the lights burning brightly. They must be of many different kinds. If they were all of one kind they might mislead a mariner and wreck him instead of saving him, because he might suppose that a certain light marked the entrance to his harbor,

that is, it is cut like a precious stone so that its face, instead of being plain, is full of points and curves to break the light and send its beams into given directions.

This lens is set over the light itself. It rests on roller bearings like the ball bearings in bicycles, only much larger and more perfect. So beautifully poised is the lens that the least touch is enough to set it turning.

The lights are graded according to the power and size, as first, second, third and fourth-class lights. The ball-bearing device is used for all except the first class, which have mighty lens often weighing as much as three tons. They are revolved in a mercury bath which reduces the friction enough so that, despite their weight, they can be turned by clockwork, which is the way in which practically all the revolving lights of the country are kept in motion.

Every mariner in the world who ever has occasion to bring a ship into a United States port is supplied with charts and descriptions showing just where the lights are and what kind they are. So, supposing that a captain were approaching a strange seaport on the American Coast, he would steer by reckoning until he saw the first lighthouse. He would look into his chart and there would find that it was on a certain ledge of rock so many miles from the entrance to the harbor. The chart tells him also that 24 miles down the coast is another light, a white flash of the second order. So he sets himself and his deck watch to look out for it. Sailors call that "picking up" the lights. Perhaps Uncle Sam's sailing directions tell him that when he is abreast of the flashing light he must steer a little south or north or east or west as the case may be, and then, after going five miles more he will see a red light of the third order. Then, from there, he knows that he can turn in toward land, "stand in," as a sailor would say. He "stands in" till a great blinding flash shoots over the black sea. That is a mighty lighthouse

WHY TRUSTS DO NOT THRIVE IN FRANCE

UNLIKE most countries inhabited by the Latin race, France is perhaps the most active and industrial country on the European continent. The two chief characteristic traits of the French are their "savoir vivre" and their "savoir faire." They not only know how to work well, but they know also how to enjoy the fruits of their labor.

When you go to Paris you will see over the entrance to the Hotel de Ville the coat of arms of the metropolis of France representing the vessel in which the first Gallo-Roman merchants landed on the shores of France, thus commemorating the origin of the commerce and industry in France.

The industries of France offer one of the oldest and most striking examples of those commercial and at the same time political companies which so greatly contributed to the education of the barbarians. Such a company was established in Paris when it was nothing but a mud hole, and from Paris activity spread all over France. This mercantile company dominated the business of the country. It was divided into six large corporations: the drapers, the grocers, the haberdashers, the furriers, the hatters and the jewelers.

When this commercial sovereignty had passed away its place was taken by a very active, industrious population, without any political influence, it is true, but still powerful through its large interests and its wide connections. The monarchy, in conflict with the feudal system, gained for itself a solid foothold by establishing industrial corporations among the citizens. In the bourgeoisie it found its main strength for several centuries, and 1789 this powerful class came to the front. The revolution raised and left behind it a new and most important problem to be solved: The emancipation of manual labor.

It was only at the beginning of this century that the genius of industry was awakened. Great efforts were made to regain the superiority and prestige in the industries in which the French workman formerly excelled. The old avenues of activity were widened, new channels of industry opened, the old legal obstructions were abolished, new encouragements were offered by the Government. The old processes of manufacturing were replaced by inventions and the discoveries of science; food became abundant and cheap. All these things working together, caused the development of old factories and the opening of many new ones. This movement has continued with each power and rapidly that today, France has perhaps only two superiors in manufacturing and commerce.

The industrial class in France constitutes about two-thirds of the population. A most striking fact is the large number of artisans and semi-artisans working for their own account, trying to work out their own ideals all by themselves or with a single assistant. This class of employers forms half of the total number of manufacturers. While many of them have had a more precarious existence than good salaried workmen, yet they have the satisfaction of being their own masters. They have the advantage of following their own tastes and choosing their own hours for work and may say that they are free. Some of them succeed, by dint of hard work, aptitude

and economy, in accumulating money enough to establish small factories with 10 to 20 workmen. There are, of course, in France some very large factories which count their employes by the hundreds and even thousands, but these establishments require enormous capital and are distinguished by the physician regularly.

Another peculiarity of the small manufacturer in France is that in connection with his workshop he often keeps a store where the products of his labor are sold by his wife and other members of his family. To be successful he must be up to date, must study the arts, read the scientific papers and cater to the tastes of his customers. Formerly his store was often a dark, ungrateful den, but now it must be attractive to please a more fastidious public. This is especially required of those who deal in articles of food, like bakers, butchers and restaurateurs. Their shops have fine white marble fixtures, with shining brass or nickel-plated trimmings; everything is scrupulously clean; the attendants very polite, with clean white aprons, the lady cashier with her trim white bonnet and smiling face; everything is done to attract customers.

The French artisan thoroughly understands his trade; he begins as an apprentice; he must spend four years at his trade in order to learn it in all its details; he is given the opportunity to attend evening classes in his trade, and apprentices to small. But even in these large cities the employers take a kindly interest in their workmen; the latter get

go forth as a capable journeyman and earn his wages.

The wages of the French workmen average about 7 francs per day, but in there are only 282 actual working days in the year, the total amount of his earnings will be 1984 francs, which will leave him only a little over 5 francs per day throughout the year. About one-fourth of the employers require less than 12 hours for a day's work; all the rest require 12 hours at least. Two hours of these are allowed for meals. Since 1885 wages have been raised in all large towns, but in spite of the increase in wages there is often difficulty in making both ends meet, especially among those with families, as the price of living is increasing every day.

Preparations for the exposition in 1900 created a demand for a large number of skilled workmen at higher wages, and the result is a certain prosperity among workmen, many of whom make a better showing than most of the masters working for themselves. The relations between employers and employes is very cordial, especially when there are but few workmen in the shop. Then they are treated like members of the family; the workmen boards with his master, and interest in his success, and they often remain friends for life. This, however, is the case only in the provincial towns, as in large cities like Paris and Lyons, house rent is rather higher, and apartments too small. But even in these large cities the employers take a kindly interest in their workmen; the latter get

uniform rectitude of his conduct commanded the esteem of others, while the benevolence of his heart and the gentleness of his manners secured their love. Firmly attached to his Sovereign and the British Constitution, he opposed, at the hazard of his life, the late rebellion in North America, and for this faithful discharge of his duty to his King and Country he was proscribed and his Estate, one of the largest in North America, was confiscated by the usurped Legislature of that province to which he had always been an ornament and a benefactor, and came to England, leaving all his property behind him, while every day of his life, he bore with that calmness, fortitude and patience which had distinguished him through every former stage of life.

When I repeated these bits of old history to the good Welsh lady, Miss Beattie Jones, with whom I had my home in Liverpool, she added others to the collection, which I here append. She assured me that she knew the first one to be genuine, it having been given her by her mother, who had copied it from the tablet. It is as follows:

Here lies the body of Sarah Jones, Spinster. She was—but words are wanting to say what she was, and what a woman should be—she was that. A woman should be wife and mother, Sarah Jones was neither one nor t'other.

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I suspect that Sarah was one of my landlady's family. Perhaps no love was lost among them. Of that, however, I know nothing.

The same lady gave me two others that

CURIOUS ENGLISH EPITAPHS

Very Literal Post Mortem Estimates on Marble of Families and Neighbors.

she could not locate, but believe they were in a Chester church. Here they are: Here lies the body of Ralph Hassell. A good-for-nothing old tassel. He died at the age of seven times ten; He never did a good deed, and he never would, if he'd lived as long again.

Here lies the body of Mary Clegg. Who never had issue save one in her leg. This old woman was so very cunning When one leg was still, the other was running.

I copied a rather incomprehensible epitaph from a tombstone in Trinity churchyard, New York City, which may be read from Broadway, as it is near the edge of the sidewalk, at the south end of the cemetery, though north of the church. It reads as follows:

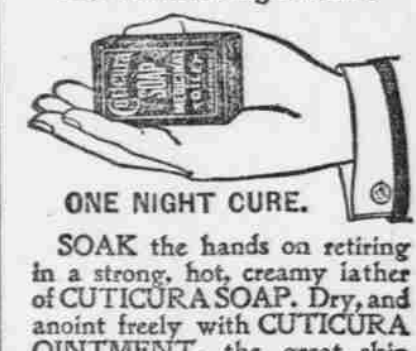
Sidney Treves, June 9, 1767, Made by himself. Ha, Sidney, Sidney! Lives, thou here! I here lie. Till time is down To its Extremity.

I have called attention of several New Yorkers to it, but have never encountered one who fully understood it. The Treves family is an important one of New York, and number at least one man eminent in our Navy. ALFRED F. SEARS, C. E.

Opportunity. Master of human destinies am I! Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait. Leave, thou here! I here lie. Deserts and seas remote, and passing by Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late I knock unbidden once at every gate. If sleeping, wake—if fasting, rise before I turn away. It is the hour of fate, And they who follow me reach every state. Mortals' course, and conquer every foe. Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate Condemned to failure, penury and woe, Seek me in vain and uselessly implore: I answer not and I return no more. —John J. Ingalls.

Sore Hands

Red Rough Hands Itching Palms and Painful Finger Ends.



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COMPLETE HUMOUR CURE, \$1.

Caustic of CUTICURA SOAP, cleanses the crusts and scales, and softens the thickened cuticle; CUTICURA OINTMENT, (30c.), to facilitate the removal of scales, dandruff, and sore hands; for baby rashes, itching, and irritations, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Millions of Women use CUTICURA SOAP in the form of baths for soothing inflammation, chafings, and excoriations, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcers, and for many sensitive, antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women.

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