

THE STORY-TELLING MACHINE

Tale of John, the Simpleton, Continues to Issue From the Box.

John, the Simpleton, dwelled in a large and rich city, that had been sweetly plucked and calm until one day the Mayor appeared on the street lamenting that he had been robbed.

The robberies continued the story-telling machine. "Finally grew so frequent that the citizens felt they were compelled to take some measure to protect themselves. There was the semblance of a guard, and there were four watchmen at the four corners of the city, but the watchmen, as well as the members of the guard, would have resigned their places before they would have regarded any of their fellow citizens with suspicion. Yet it became necessary for some one to be suspected, so that the guilty might be brought to justice, and so, after awhile, it began to dawn on the mind of John the Simpleton that he was suspected to be the guilty party. He had a very shrewd idea of the origin of these suspicions, for he knew that the Mayor had never forgiven him for setting, by example to the mob on the day when that functionary was bewailing his losses in the public streets.

Now, though John the Simpleton knew of these suspicions, and knew where they came from, he seemed to pay little attention to them; in fact he appeared to care less than what was said about himself as he cared what was said about his neighbors. At the same time he made up his mind to discover the thief if such a thing were possible. Other people might suspect him, but he had his own suspicions. He had a scheme which, by the aid of his uncle, who had just returned home from the war, he promptly carried out.

"It was a very bold scheme, but it was no bolder than the uncle's, and as for John the Simpleton, it was well known by those who had tried his temper that he was not lacking in courage. On the night of the day that the uncle returned from the wars, where he had been engaged in fighting the Spaniards, a very distinguished company was gathered in the public room of the largest inn in the city, for it was here that the chief dignitaries of the town, as well as the prominent citizens, were in the habit of meeting. They met here because the inn was a roomy one, and after the affairs of the city were discussed they would sit around a table and chat. It was one of the chief characteristics of the inhabitants. Here they could sip their beer, smoke their pipes and, at their leisure, hear the latest news from abroad at first hand, or to time it was brought in by travelers.

"It was into this company that John the Simpleton elbowed his way after he had finished his evening meal. The disguise that he had assumed was that of a soldier, and he had placed on his face a fierce beard and mustache, and had buckled him round with a belt from which a long rapier hung. Thus equipped he had no difficulty in mingling with the card-playing soldiers. He was tall, and thin, but he was also strong, and he hustled the company about with scant ceremony, as became a rough inhabitant of the city.

"Assuming a free and easy address, the Simpleton soon fell into conversation with those about him, one of whom chanced to be the worthy Mayor. 'You have a goodly city here, a goodly city, and a right jolly landlord,' remarked John the Simpleton. 'My own companions would be here but for the rumors we have heard on the way. As it is, they are not too comfortably housed as far as furlongs to the south at the River Inn.'

"I know the place," remarked the Mayor. 'But pray tell us the nature of the rumors you have heard on the road.' 'Why, nothing less than that this goodly city is infested with a band of thieves who ply their trade not only in the dark hours of the night, but in the broad light of day.'

"But surely, my good Captain, your troopers, who have doubtless seen service in the war with the Spaniards, are not afraid of a gang of thieves and prowlers." "The Captain stroked his fierce mustache and laughed. 'Good sir,' he said, 'it was as much as I could do to persuade my men to remain peacefully where they are. They were keen to visit this place and see for themselves a city which deserves to be raided and looted by honest soldiers because of the willingness with which the inhabitants submit to the daily and nightly robberies that are said to take place. My Lieutenant of the Red Guard was furious when I left him, and to prevent him from stirring up a spirit of insubordination among my men I gave him permission to follow me here within an hour.'

"But, my fine Captain, how are we to help ourselves? In what way are we to catch the thief who is harrying our citizens? Since we have never been pestered in this manner since the day we set out taking thieves. We have our suspicions, but we have no proof. Perhaps you will aid us with your advice." "I can give you only my opinion," replied the Captain, "and that is that the thief can be caught without serious trouble. I have been in your city but a short while, but I think it would be an easy matter for me to lay my hand on the thief within the next hour."

"The only reply that was made to this remark, which seemed to be in the nature of a boast, came from a corner where an honest and unpretentious burglar was enjoying his mug of beer. 'You are a simpleton,' said this burglar to the Mayor. 'Put him to the test. Offer a reward for the rogue, and then perhaps this honorable Captain will think it worth his while to discover and arrest the villain.'

"Not so," said the Captain, knitting his heavy brows together. 'Since the wars are over my men and myself have found profitable employment in conveying treasure from one city to another. I have now in charge a number of bags of bullion to be delivered in Brachen-on-the-Vee. We have no time to turn aside to hunt a petty thief who contented himself with treasure of small value.'

"It is plain," remarked the Mayor, with considerable animation, "that you are not acquainted with our thief. He has as keen an eye for what is valuable as any man in the kingdom." "There was a pause here, and the Mayor sat with his hand on his fat chin as if reflecting. Presently he turned to the Captain, saying: 'What security do you give when you undertake to convey treasure from city to city?'

"First I examine the treasure, and then, according to its value, leave one of my lieutenants with a diamond in the hands of my patrons." "There was a further silence on the part of the Mayor, and the four dignitaries of the city, who sat at table with him, and the Captain were also silent, but the plain citizen in the corner was very noisy. He kept on declaring that it was the duty of the authorities to offer a reward for the arrest of the thief, and that the whole business should be placed in the hands of the gallant Captain.

"Pooh!" cried the Mayor finally, "what do you know of affairs of this kind? The thief will be caught in due time, and all his booty returned to the rightful owners. We shall catch him, and if we have no proof he will be put on the rack. A twist or two of that old rack has made better men speak out than you do." "You are right," said the Captain. "I think the thief and his companions will be taken sooner than they imagine." "Then you think this rogue has as many secrets as a well-to-do citizen?" "Assuredly," replied the pretended Captain. "He has assistants, but he is displeased with them. He has been compelled to take them into his confidence, one after another, in order to carry out



COME TO THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS AND LISTEN.

his plans. He has four companions, and he would willingly get rid of them." "If what you say is true," said the Mayor, with a very serious countenance, "the matter should be looked into at once. But first, and at your convenience, I should like to have a private conference. There are a number of us here who are determined to place our valuables in a place of safety until this rogue and his companions are caught, and I desire to get your advice on the subject." "It was arranged that the Mayor should return to the inn in the course of an hour, when the Captain would be ready to confer with him. By this time all of the company had retired except the four city dignitaries, who had been sitting at the table with the Captain and listening to the Simpleton's story. The Mayor strode from the room with his fierce-looking mustache.

"From the inn, John the Simpleton re-

turned to his own dwelling, where he had left the old soldier who was his uncle. This sturdy soldier calmly smoked his pipe while his nephew told him of all that had occurred. "They call you a simpleton, do they? Well, by the good King's name, you are a lad after my own heart, and what you propose to do is as much to my taste as any adventure I ever had. Set the pace, my lad, and I'll follow you; and if you hear a neck crack before the night is over be not disturbed. 'Tis a trick I learned while with the Free Companies." "And so, when the old soldier's pipe was out, he put on his coat and belt, girded on his short sword, and, keeping step with his nephew, followed him to the inn. They hustled into the public room as became men who were careless of giving offense to those unused to the ways of a camp.

"They sit late here, my Captain," said



THIS EQUIPPED, HE HAD NO DIFFICULTY IN MIMICKING THE CARELESS SWAGGER OF A SOLDIER.

HOW THE ZUNI BOY GETS HIS NAME

WHEN a little boy among the Zuni Indians receives his name, it is a time of festivity for the whole village, and everybody enjoys himself—except the boy. He has a hard time of it.

The Zunis are a curious people who live in a village, or pueblo, of that name situated in New Mexico. Until he gets to be four years old the little Zuni boy is known as "baby boy," "little boy," "older boy," etc. But when he is initiated into the "Kokko mysteries" he receives a regular name which he bears for the rest of his life.

The naming takes place once every four years, and the ceremonies last several days. First a man with a mask on appears in the village, and going from house to house, asks if there are any boys there. If there are, he asks of the parents, "What is your boy's name?"

If the boy is of four years or upward, and has never been initiated into the Kokko, the parent answers, "He has no name." The parents are then told to get the boy ready for his naming, and the man gathers together the other men who are to take part in the ceremonies.

There are a number of these, and they all wear hideous masks and are strangely decorated, and are supposed to represent the heathen gods of the Zunis. There are six of them, who represent the cardinal points of the compass—north, south, east and west, and the heavens and the earth. The Zunis live in houses of stone or adobe (baked clay), and in the village are six sacred houses called kivas. The entrance to a kiva is through a trapdoor in the roof.

After spending a week in various ceremonies in the kivas one of the actors in this strange performance takes a stuffed rabbit skin in his hand and pokes his head up through the trapdoor of the kiva of the north. The rabbit has a hollow rod through its body, and the performer calls out through it: "Your little grandfather is hungry; bring him some stewed meat!" Then one of the actors, who calls himself the Ko-ye-me-shi, goes to the houses of each of the little boys who are to be initiated and gives to each one a name. In return the parents give the Ko-ye-me-shi food, which he carries back to the kiva. After eating, some of the actors rush out into the village with bunches of a prickly shrub called Spanish bayonet in

their hands, and people who desire to raise good crops that year ask to be whipped with it on their bare backs.

All the actors, it must be remembered, wear masks, so that no one knows who they are, and the children think they are spirits and are afraid, though they try not to show it.

In the evening the priest of the sun (for the Zunis are sun-worshippers) goes to the plaza or public square and sprinkles there a line of sacred meal.

The men who are to act as godfathers to each of the boys take their little charges on their backs, holding them there by blankets which they draw tightly around them. They walk along the lines, while all the actors, with bunches of Spanish bayonet in their hands, take a whack at the little fellows.

This hurts unmercifully, but it is seldom that a boy shows any signs of the suffering he endures. All Indian children are taught that, no matter how badly they are hurt, they must not show it. In spite of themselves tears will flow from the eyes of the boys as they are whipped along the lines, but they never flinch or cry out.

The godfather then takes his boy to the kiva of the north, where the priest of the great fire order asks him, "Who is your Kokko?" The man gives the boy's name, and the priest replies, "Choose your plume."

The godfather takes a feather from a pile of them which has been prepared, and sticks it in his boy's scalplock. Then he carries him back to the plaza, where the little fellow undergoes a second whipping. He clasps his godfather's knees as hard as he can, and the blanket is drawn tight around him, while the blows of the Spanish bayonet are laid on good and hard by four players, who take care that there is nothing except a single blanket covering the boy's bare skin. This is to see that the godfather, in pity for the boy, does not slip in a piece of leather under the blanket to save the little fellow from the force of the blows. After the child has been whipped the second time he is taken to his home, where the whole family have a great feast. In the evening the boys are taken by their godfathers to one of the kivas, where they sit around the room on a large stone seat. There is a fire in the middle of the room, and a throne at one end of it,

the old soldier, fixing his bold black eyes on the group of dignitaries. "No wonder thieves take the town. I warrant I could carry off the families of those who sit late at the inn guzzling beer. We shall hear strange tales presently."

"Aye," replied the Captain, "the worthy Mayor has something to whisper in my ear, and I warrant you there will be a secret before the night is over." With that the two began to strut about the room, and they had the appearance of being two rough customers. Finding that they could not provoke the four dignitaries into a conversation of any kind or on any subject, the pretended Captain and his Lieutenant of the Red Guards called to the landlord, engaged another room, and in this extra room they awaited the return of the Mayor.

They had not long to wait. This worthy official was in a state of mind, and he was so zealous for the good name of his city that he was beforehand in knocking at the Captain's door. He was directed by the landlord to the room that had been reserved for the Lieutenant, and his surprise was great when he discovered that the Captain had a companion, though he made no objection when he was told that this companion was the Lieutenant of the troop who had charge of the treasure which from time to time was entrusted to the Captain's care.

"A very worthy man, I have no doubt," said the Mayor, "but his presence is timely. There is so much uncertainty here, and the people have been so sadly demoralized by the operations of this thief, that a few of us have concluded to have our valuables transported to a place of safety. I have a brother in a neighboring town who will gladly take charge of these valuables once they are in his hands. As the Governor of the town, I am truly sorry to see such an example, but even the official needs to take care of his own. Once the thief is caught and disposed of, and property is safe, I shall engage you to convey the treasure back."

"As to this thief," said the pretended Captain, "have you no idea as to his identity?" "We know him well enough," said the Mayor, "but we have no proof against him. He is called John the Simpleton, but my opinion is that he is a much shrewder fellow than he appears."

"I saw the Simpleton as I entered the town," replied the pretended Captain, "and I think you are correct in your opinion of him. Consider you bargained with my Lieutenant here. I have a little business with my friend the landlord."

"With that the Captain went down the narrow staircase, entered the public room and seated himself at the table with the city dignitaries. The Mayor, who was a pleasant man, and a very good fellow, said, "It is all up with you, my friends," he said, slipping the table with his hands.

"What do you mean?" they cried, rising from their seats in great disorder. "Easy," said the Mayor, "I am not a robber, and that you gentlemen are the robbers, and that he has tolerated your practices to avoid a scandal in the town."

"The villain! Why, he is the thief—the robber—the rascal—where he? Bring us to him, you'll soon see whether we are the thieves!" "Softly!" said the Captain. "This is a business that should be done quietly. You have families; the Mayor has a family. There is no need of an outcry. The thing to do is to prevent the Mayor from having you arrested; that is his purpose, as he says."

"This sort of talk was not calculated to soothe the dignitaries. Their cheeks were puffed out with indignation, and they paced up and down the room denouncing the Mayor in the roughest terms. The noise they made attracted the attention of the landlord, who, observing that something unusual was occurring, crowded around the door. Standing there, their astonishment was great when they heard the associates of the Mayor denouncing him as a rogue. The crowd soon began to grow and by and by the pressure of curiosity became so great that the public-room of the inn became filled with citizens who heard the dignitaries denouncing the Mayor as a most unmitigated rogue and villain."

"When the crowd had filled the room, the Captain made his way up the stairs, went to the room where the Mayor was bargaining with the Lieutenant, and beckoned him to follow. "Come, my friend," he said, "come to the head of the stairs and listen. Your friends in the taproom are making short of your reputation."

"And such was the case. When the Mayor heard this, he turned to his friends, whose anger was at white heat, he made an effort to escape, but the Lieutenant was of another mind. 'You will remain with me, my friend,' he said, laying his hand somewhat heavily on the shoulder of the Mayor.

"By that time, John the Simpleton had taken off his beard and his mustache, and in a very few words he explained to the assembled citizens the meaning of the scene which they were witnessing. The Mayor and the four officials were at once placed under arrest, and the next day a public meeting was held, at which John the Simpleton was chosen Mayor. He not only saved the lives of the Mayor and his friends, but he brought about a great many reforms in the government of the city, so that the people grew more prosperous than ever. And when John the Simpleton died they built him a large tomb, which to this day it stands there as a memorial to his wisdom and justice."

(To be continued.)

JOE JOLLY BOY IN JOLLY LAND

No. V.—Visits the Pigny City and Is Received by the King.



RECENTLY I FOUND MYSELF IN A TROOP ABOUT THE TITLE OF AN ORDINARY SOLDIER.

IN my last chapter I told how I was about to set out with the crowd who had welcomed me ashore to the city of which they had spoken. It was a pleasant walk of a mile or so, and the little people would have carried me on their shoulders if I had let them.

A number ran ahead to tell the people that a stranger was coming—a giant from over the sea—and when we reached an open space from which the city could be viewed I heard cries of welcome and caught sight of an immense crowd.

They had spoken of a city, and I expected to see such houses and streets and stores as we have in Sham. Instead of that I found about 800 huts on a plain, and the only streets were narrow paths.

"I don't know whether you have ever seen a muskrat house or not, but doubtless you have seen pictures of them. Well, these houses, as they called them, were hardly bigger than the homes of muskrats. They were made of mud and grass, just the same, and I could easily have jumped over any of them. The sight so tickled me that I began to laugh, and it was five minutes before I could stop. None of the people knew what I was laughing about, but all laughed with me.

"When we reached the city I was conducted to a double house in the center. This house stood in a sort of public square by itself, and in front of it stood a man of kindly bearing. With him was a little girl whom I afterwards found to be his daughter. Her mother had been drowned in the sea a year before by my coming.

"I knew the man must be the ruler of the Pignies; and, therefore, to be looked up to, and as I came face to face with him I took off my cap and bowed low and said: 'Oh, King of Jolly Land, I have come to pay you a visit and make friends with you, and I hope you will not be displeased that a stranger has landed on your shores without being invited.'

"What is your name?" he asked kindly in reply. "I am called Joe Jolly Boy, your Majesty."

"And where do you come from?" "A long way from here—from Sham."

"I have heard that the people were such giants. You are so big and strong that I am almost afraid of you. You are welcome, however, and we shall do our best to make your stay pleasant. Why do they call you Joe Jolly Boy?"

"Because, O King, I laugh so much. I laugh even when I stub my toe or fall downstairs. I have sometimes cut my finger or run a nail into my foot, but where other boys would have cried I have laughed."

"I am glad to hear that," said the King as he smiled, "and now may I ask you to laugh for us? I want to see how well you do it."

"With that I stepped back and began to laugh, and it was such hearty laughter that before two minutes had gone by I had the whole crowd laughing with me. Each laughed his loudest, but my voice was heard above all others, and when the King finally lifted up his hand and commanded silence I knew that I was ahead of all.

"Joe Jolly Boy," he said as he stood on tiptoe to lay his hand on my shoulder, "you are rightly named. We have been called the Jollyest people on earth, but you can outlaugh us even when we do our best. I heartily welcome you to the island of Jolly Land, and I hope you will stay at least a year."

"You shall be my guest and occupy one of my houses, and my daughter, Chin-Chin here, shall wait upon you and see that you have everything for your comfort."

"You must be tired and hungry after your long voyage, and now you shall rest and refresh yourself. This afternoon I will show you about and let you meet the people and see how we live. Come, friend, and have breakfast with me."

The King took me by the arm and led me to his houses, but I drew back and said: "Excuse me, O King, but I see no doors. How are we to enter?"

"Oh, that is easily explained," he replied. "In your country you enter a house from the bottom, as I have heard. Here we enter from the top. Be pleased to follow me."

"It was a strange way of entering a house, and the hole in the roof was so small that I almost stuck fast. In all other houses I ever saw, you go from bottom to top. Here one had to go from top to bottom. The ladder leading down cracked under my feet, but did not give way, and presently I found myself in a room about as big as an ordinary bedroom. It would have held a dozen Pignies very comfortably, but with me in it there was hardly room for the King and his daughter to turn around.

"I soon told him that on the morrow, if he had no objections, I would set to work and build a house for myself, and he replied that I should have a hundred men to assist me. (To be continued.)

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LAND OUTRIGGER SAIL CRAFT

How to Make One That Will Speed All Right, if Carefully Managed.

THERE can be as much difference in land boats as there is in water boats. There may be land sloops and schooners and square rigs, wide hulls and narrow hulls; some shaped like a rectangle, some like a diamond, some like a square; some are bungling and slow; some are clean cut and swift as a greyhound.

Progress in this branch of sport has, in fact, been very rapid, and boys are no longer satisfied with an ordinary wagon to which a sail has been attached.

The "hand-geared," a sort of old-fashioned velocipede arrangement made to take out the power of the sail, has been entirely abandoned, and racing land boats, like racing water boats, now depend on wind and sail alone.

As upsets seldom occur, and are not at all serious when they do, the boys crowd on a prodigious amount of sail and make very creditable time. A good land boat will go very much faster than any boy can run.

The "Outrigger," described in this article, although one of the fastest designs yet built, is a very simple affair to construct.

Figure 1 shows the wagon bed. It is made of two pieces of board, one five or six feet long, and about six inches wide, the other perhaps two feet long and eight inches wide. The boards should be at least one inch thick, but not more than one and one-half inches thick.

If the available boards are thin, use two boards, one on top of the other. The shorter of the two boards is fastened to the longer as shown in the diagram.

Figure 2 shows the forward truck of the outrigger. The two front wheels are fitted on the truck at A and B. The bolt shown at the top of Figure 2 is passed through the hole shown in the end of Figure 1.

The upper part of the truck should be a little wider than half the diameter of one of the wheels. This is to allow the wheels to swing under the bed of the wagon when the truck is turned.

The outrigger may be swung to either side of the wagon as desired. The object of the outrigger is, of course, to allow the wagon to carry an immense sail without tipping over. As the wind changes or the direction in which the wagon heads to tip changes, the outrigger must always be kept to windward or toward the wind.

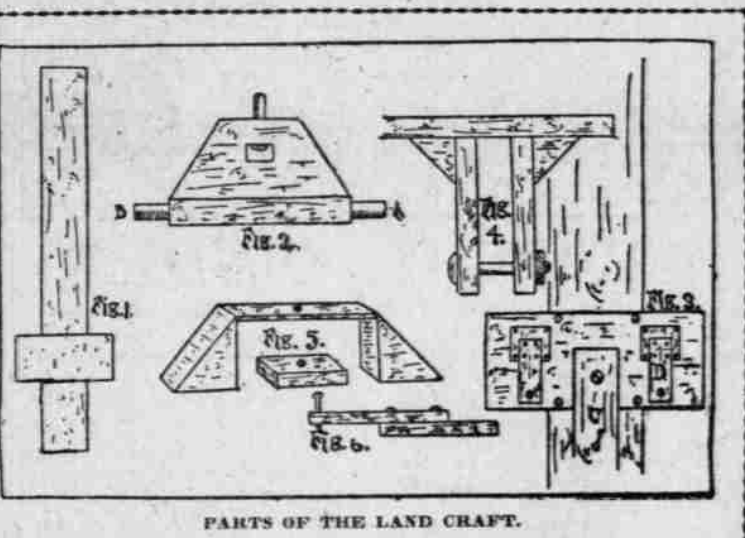
Figure 3 shows the arrangement by means of which the outrigger is adjusted. The piece C is the end of the outrigger. It is bolted loosely to the wagon bed so that it can swing from side to side.

Figure 4 shows a sort of pocket into which it fits when it is to the right. Figure 5 shows a side view of D (Figure 3).

When C has been slipped into the pocket, a bolt is pushed through the hole indicated in the end of D. This will hold C in place.

The piece to which C, D and the pocket in the end of Figure 1 are attached, is the crosspiece shown in Figure 1. Figure 4 shows the method of attaching the wheel to the rear of the wagon bed.

Two straight pieces of board, a little longer than half the diameter of the wheels are fastened to the wagon bed by means of braces. A bolt is run between



PARTS OF THE LAND CRAFT.



THE SHIP UNDER WAY.

these two pieces. The wheel at the end of the outrigger is fastened on in the same manner.

The bolt serves as an axle for the wheel. It may be well here to say a word about the wheels themselves. Four wheels are needed. Two on the front truck, one at the rear of the wagon bed and one at the end of the outrigger. The wheels are best if they are all of the same size, although it is only essential that the two wheels on the forward truck be of the same size.

It will do no harm if the other two are a different size, because the length of the two vertical pieces, shown in Figure 4 can be arranged so that the wagon bed will be level.

"Bicycle wheels are the best sort to use, but any kind of light, strong wheels do very well."

Figure 5 shows the step for the mast. This must be fastened to the wagon bed near the forward end.

A small square block is screwed down first and then a sort of bridge is built over it as shown.

Make the step very strong for the strain on the mast will be severe. Any sort of strong cloth will answer for the sail. Do not be afraid to make it large. If this design is carefully carried out, the maker will possess a flyer that, on a smooth road in a high wind, will leave everything, save an automobile, far in the rear.

THE SIMPLON TUNNEL NEARING COMPLETION

TWO years from the present time will see the completion of the longest tunnel in the world—the Simplon.

Reports that the tremendous work would have to be abandoned because of unforeseen difficulties are now known to have been falsely circulated without any reasonable basis of fact. United States Consul Richmond Pearson, at Genoa, has investigated the matter and made the following report to the State Department.

"In my report of last March, upon the authority of an American engineer, I stated that such serious obstacles had been encountered in the south side of the tunnel that no progress was being made. My examination, on the spot, removed

and that the location of the line would probably have to be changed.

All doubts on this score. The work is progressing rapidly in the tunnel on both sides of the Alps; about 400 workmen are employed in the tunnel, and not less than 600 on the Italian section of the road, between Isella, at the mouth of the tunnel, and Arosa, the present terminus of the railway running north from Milan.

It is now practically certain that the road will be completed within the estimated time—that is to say, by July 1, 1905—as nearly two-thirds of the tunnel was finished on July 1, 1902, and the worst obstacles have already been met and mastered.

"The greatest of the impediments was the ever-increasing heat in the tunnel, caused by the growing volume of water, which, although it starts at the summit of the mountain, 600 feet above the line of railway, after percolating through beds of limestone, becomes almost boiling hot and flows into the tunnel at a temperature of from 112 degrees to 140 degrees Fahrenheit, rendering not only work but life impossible, without resort to artificial means of refrigeration."

There were inspected and admitted from Mexico in 1902 65,223 cattle and 2775 sheep and lambs and 2390 goats.