GOOD WORK OF MISSION STILL GOES ON

Deeds *of* Charity of Which the Public Seldom Hears--Lessons in Moral Training Which Are Frequently Appreciated by the Rich as Well as the Poor--How the Undertaking is Successfully Conducted and Good Results Are Accomplished

SOME of you boys who devour dime novels and think it the fattest kind of fare; who sigh because fate does not bring any such thrills your way; and who feel that you would be contented could you only know someone who had been through all the ups and downs, should get acquainted with George Elmer Strayer, mission worker.

Maybe that does not sound promising, for it is true that the sequel of the thrilling tale is not such as Diamond Dick of Alkali Ike would meet. But that is only because the writers of blood curdling romances for impressionable youth would find their stock in trade suddenly curtailed should their bounding heroes join the church. Or at least they think it would. But in reality they might find just as many thrilling adventures as Mr Strayer is always doing now in the third person.

The Strayer mission is an unpretentious place working for practical good among the people of the north end. It was started about three years ago immediately after Mr. Strayer's conversion, in a little shanty in the north end. There was little to encourage the worker then, who had only his wife to believe in him. People scoffed at his purpose and questioned his sincerity.

"You can not draw people into an ugly place like that," they said. "It is all we can do to get them into the churches, where everything is bright and shining and comfortable."

Mr. Strayer's Answer.

But Mr. Strayer answered, "I will get them here if I have to pack them upstairs myself." And often he was forced to this alternative. But those men, overcome with liquor, whom he dragged up those stairs he took care of, and pretty soon his influence showed in them and they turned to help him rather than to scoff him. It was a long, tiresome pull, but soon his work became known and aid began to come in and the work grew and spread till the little shanty would not hold all the people that came to be helped.

Then a fire burned out the mission and the work had to be started over in a small building at Fourth and Couch streets. Mr. Strayer was laid low with a paralytic stroke, another of the ills that had been attacking him since he lost his health through the path of hard living. Blackmailers got in their evil work. He even had controversy with the police, who felt that he was interfering with their work in preventing many arrests. But the work built up again till it became a real power in the neighborhood. Now the mission occupies the whole brick building at another corner of Fourth and Couch streets which was formerly the City Laundry building and which covers a quarter block. Its enemies have dissolved in the strength of the work; the police work in cooperation with the mission according to commands, and the force of one worker has grown to 23.

The mission is unique in many ways. First it was founded on faith alone. There is no regular income. The workers depend on faith to bring them sustenance, and stranger still, perhaps, the work has grown constantly and support has always been provided.

Work for Cause.

The workers all tender their services without remuneration. Most of them are men and women who have themselves been helped by the mission, and so have been led to give their services.

The mission is open day and night and so takes up the work where most other places of help leave it off. During the night and early morning hours when sin is most rampant the mission is most active, with its workers constantly scouring the streets and saloons for those in need of aid. In the day time visits are paid to these same places, and the scows on the river front where much of the lowest, most degraded life is centered, form a part of the rounds. The opium dens, where the police have no entree, are always open to Strayer and his workers, and Julius W. Kinspel, a German, himself rescued from the terrible drug habit, has charge of this part of the work. Mr. Strayer says it is surprising how many young working girls are becoming addicted to the habit.

At the mission there are various quarters for the people in need of help. There is first of all the mission hall, the meeting house where services are held every evening. There is a dormitory fitted with cots where homeless people are housed till they find better conditions, or where people in temporary distress are cared for. There is a receiving hospital which fills a long felt want which the city has not supplied. There people who have met with injuries of any kind or have been taken ill are cared for. There is a children's ward where mothers may leave their little ones. A nurses' apartment adjoins the hospital ward. Bathrooms are supplied and a washroom where men may wash their garments; in fact, are made to do so whenever it is possible. There are small rooms for the workers and several for special cases of men who must be kept there for several days. A lunch counter is operated downstairs where a substantial but plain meal is given out to needy men and women. An employment booth is also conducted and people are invited and requested to send in notice when they have jobs for men, women or boys.

A striking feature about the mission is that the office is right by the entrance and as soon as anyone steps inside there is someone there ready to greet him and answer his questions. This is to avoid the danger of harboring mere loafers. Those who enter are taken in charge and are helped in every way and prayed over but are not allowed merely to stand around. They are urged to enter the meetings.

Incidents of Work.

It would be hard to tell even a small fraction of the practical good done by this mission. A few incidents in the work would serve best to illustrate its power. It receives calls from all over the world. Mr. Strayer has received calls for aid from Germany, France, England, the Mediterranean countries, and all about the world from parents who wish him to look after their boys. His name seems to have spread remarkably. Every day he receives men from different parts of the globe who have carefully cherished a bit of paper with his address given them by some acquaintance with the words, "If you strike Portland friendless go to Strayer and he will give you the glad hand." Those who have been helped by the mission seem to have spread his name far and wide.

Only last week he succeeded in finding a runaway boy whom a mother in Philadelphia had asked him to look up. The boy was in a saloon, but he was brought to the mission and given care and work was found for him. He was induced to write to his mother.

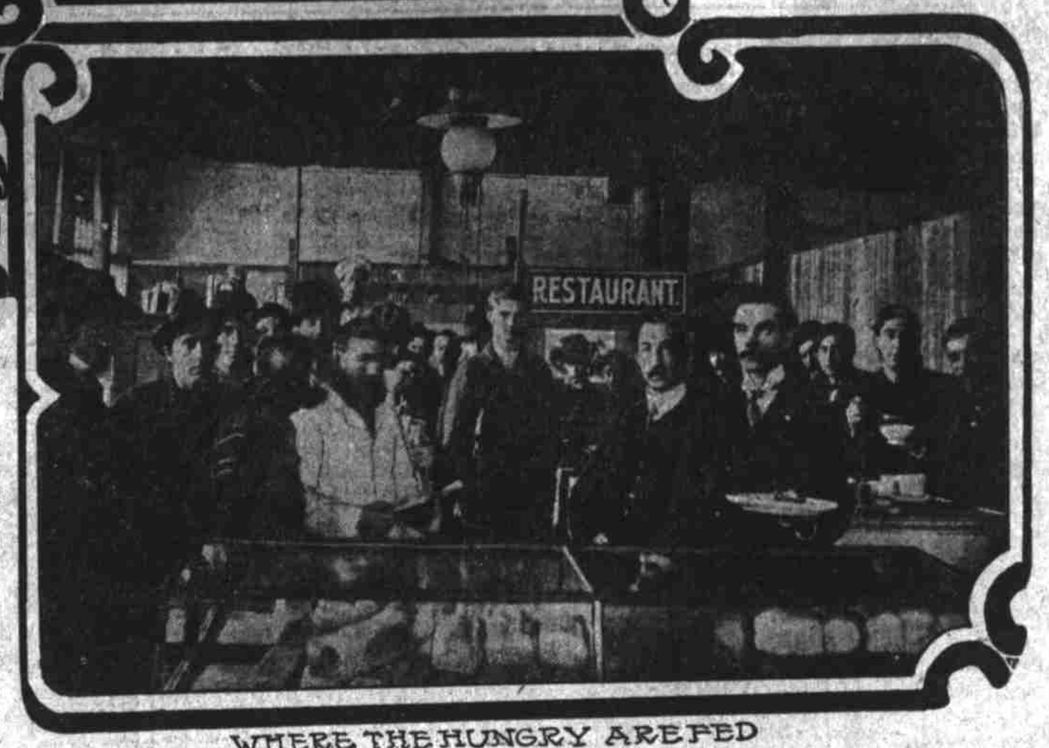
The mission always is ready to furnish paper and stamps for their visitors to write, for, as Mr. Strayer says, "The best thing is to put them in communication with their own people even if they have been estranged for years. Thus they may be torn away from the evil associations and the best in their nature, home and filial love is appealed to.

Call for Aid.

The calls for aid are not limited to the poor. Many of the wealthy class are constantly asking Mr. Strayer to aid in bringing back their sons and husbands who have gone astray. Mr. Strayer can tell story after story full of coincidences and of remarkable occurrences.

Many are the runaways he must deal with. He tries always to meet incoming trains and watches for boys who are trying to sneak out late to escape the police who have been set on their tracks. Recently a boy came to the mission a runaway of some years before. His parents had then lived in Seattle but he thought they had since moved to Portland. He was anxious to find them and to ask for forgiveness. Mr. Strayer took him in hand, found work for him and said he would keep on the lookout. One evening at meeting the boy was converted and as they were praying for him and for his restoration to his family a stranger came in. After the meeting the boy recognized the newcomer as a doctor he had known in Seattle. The boy learned through him the address of his father on the east side and the next day there was a happy reunion. The mother was slowly dying from grief over her lost boy and her delight was unbounded and she grew better from that day.

MR. STRAYER AND HELPERS IN THE OFFICE



WHERE THE HUNGRY ARE FED

An attempt is always made by the administered. There was a sad case him of a family prominent in public workers to gain the confidence of those of a woman in Seattle, the wife of a affairs. With the mother, a famous whom they meet and thus help can be laboring man and the mother of sev- prima donna, and the father active in eral children. She "hankered" for the pretty things her husband could not buy her and finally left home determined to get them. She fell in with other men and finally drifted into the red light district of Portland. She fell as low as she possibly could and went from bad to worse till finally she became such an old hag that she was banished even from the north end. She went to live in a scow on the river, a young woman scarcely over 20, but looking like a faded woman of 60. With several other drunken hags she lived there.

Conditions were horrible when the mission workers found her there among dirty bed clothes that had not been smoothened for weeks and tobacco stained walls and floors. At their entreaties she tossed her pail above her head with a jeer and mocked them with the words, "This is my God," as she hastened to a saloon. Soon after she fell ill. Mission workers took her in charge and when she regained consciousness after many days she was affected to find that they still cared for her after her scoffing. They nursed her back to life and repentance and brought about a union between herself and her husband who forgave her the entire past and brought her back to her children. She has been living happily with them for two years intent on Christian work to which she had intended to give herself up should she not be received at home. Her happiness has restored her health and much of her former good looks.

Interesting Case.

An interesting case in which the mission was active is that of Mr. Sackett, who is such a familiar figure at one of the local theatres where he cuts silhouettes of persons in the audience. Mr. Sackett has a long history behind political life, he traveled widely and spent most of his youth in Washington, D. C. There as a child he was much petted and his knack of cutting silhouettes made him a society favorite. General Grant and many of the presidents and prominent men in political life were reproduced by his scissors.

He was married and had a family, but became a slave to drink. He lost position, money, family, and drifted about the country. Coming up from San Francisco on a steamer he jumped overboard with suicidal intent, but was saved by the crew. He landed in Seattle and continued his old life till he was a nervous wreck threatened always with delirium tremens. Once his cigarette set fire to his bedding and he was nearly scorched to death, but not allowed to die, the one thing he wanted. He made an effort to break away from his old associations and was brought down to Portland by a conductor who was touched by his pitiable condition. He was unable to get back to San Francisco, however, where he hoped to find friends and to build up his health. So he was thrown loose in the north end, and there one night he was picked up by Mr. Strayer, so weak he could hardly stand. Strayer took the shaking man to his mission, nursed him through a terrible nervous illness that followed, broke him with greatest difficulty and with much suffering of the drink habit, and now Mr. Sackett turns his hand cleverly to its old trick to earn a livelihood with a firm on Washington street. Mr. Sackett feels that he is indebted to the mission for everything he has today.

The mission is also a means for saving respectable people from public disgrace. One night Mr. Strayer on his way home was attracted by a shining spot on the dark corner of a sidewalk near, and hurrying over found what he had taken for a heap of rubbish to be an old man lying in the gutter. His coat flap was thrown back and a Grand Army button on it had caught the missionary's eye. The man, a well known and respected business man, had gone to the north end to collect a bill, and unsuccessful had waited in a saloon till the debtor should get the money. There he had taken a drink or two in good will, then he was given "knockout drops" and inveigled into the dive behind, where he was systematically robbed. He was made to sign checks on his bank account, and was finally thrown out into the street with swollen veins and blood on his shirt front. He awoke later to find Strayer praying over him. He was kept there for several days till he looked like himself again. He declared the loss of his loose change a good lesson, but the payment on the checks was stopped.

Had Scoffed at Mission.

The man who had before scoffed at missions is one of its warmest friends now, and on leaving he threw his arms about Mr. Strayer's neck and said, "God bless you, and don't let anything on earth ever persuade you to give up this blessed work."

The assistants in the Strayer mission are almost all men and women who have had bitter experiences. They keep in touch with the police courts, with the detectives, with the saloons, the evil resorts, the opium dens, and every place where men and women may go astray. These are the workers of the mission:

George E. Strayer, general superintendent; Mrs. D. D. Strayer, matron; Mrs. M. M. Shelley, chairman jail committee; Mrs. E. Smith, nurse; Mrs. E. D. Van Horn, evangelist; Mrs. D. V. Fine and Dr. C. M. Owen, Bible class teachers; Moses Jonas, representative to the Hebrews; N. P. Sturgiss, D. J. Lovell, J. N. Lee, W. G. MacLaren, H. Van Doren, R. P. Owen, A. Rheinhard, Julius W. Knispel, Mrs. Grayburn, Mrs. J. R. Sharp, D. Diamond, George Noble, assistant workers; George Cromwell, first cook; Kenneth McKenzie, night cook, and George Gaze, cellar foreman.

TO TRANSFORM *The* SALOON INTO A POWER FOR GOOD--By H. Belloc, Member *of* the British Parliament

AMONG the great evils of society in modern countries, not the greatest evil, but one of the great evils, is the excess in the use of stimulants. Every form of stimulant, from a healthy one like red wine or good beer to the pestilent and poisonous drugs which we owe to modern science, is used in excess, and the excess affects every class of the community.

The cause of this social disease in general is anxiety, and coupled with anxiety that defect of the will which anxiety is able to produce. To remedy that root of the whole evil we must change the very nature of society; but meanwhile there are palliatives rather than remedies which we can apply without falling into any offensive fanaticism, and without interfering with the ordinary pleasures of our fellow-citizens; for the habit of taking drugs and nervous stimulants in excess (as soaking one's self with tea, for instance) there is perhaps no remedy. You have to do with ingrained individual habit, mainly domestic, and one only to be cured by a reform of morals in general.

But with the excess of the use of the old-fashioned stimulants, the stimulants which have been ordinary and healthy foods of our ancestors from the earliest recorded times, it is different. With regard to these we inherit a formed public opinion and old customary laws of licensing and restraint, and, what is more, a good traditional knowledge of when they are good and when they are bad for a man, and in what quantities they are good and in what quantities bad for a man. And one of the most certain things with regard to their use is that they are most beneficient when they are taken in company and with food, and most harmful when they are taken alone and without food.

It is again certain that a perpetual consumption of them in small amounts is worse than occasional excess, and far worse than regular consumption at one time during and after a meal—preferably the last meal of the day. That has been the universal experience of our race for thousands of years, and no modern fad or so-called "scientific" opinion will stand against experience of that sort.

To tell a man who has used wine and beer properly the whole of his life that they are harmful, and to try to mystify him into believing you by using long and technical words, is rank charlatanism, and should be punished (but unfortunately it is not) by the hearty and expressed contempt of every honest man. People who talk in this fashion should be made fools of. It is the best cure, and if they are not yet treated in this fashion, it is because our society still suffers from a moral evil far worse than drunkenness, and that is lack of courage.

Another thing which long experience and tradition have made certain in this matter is that it makes all the difference whether the fermented liquor consumed is made of the right materials and right fashion or not; in other words, whether it is "pure."

Now, in this matter the truth is again perfectly plain. Beer that is made out of hops and malt is healthy; and if substitutes of one kind or another are used, the concoction becomes more and more dangerous in proportion to the type of adulterant supplied. It need not contain an active poison to be a thing undermining the health, creating an artificial craving and in general noxious and detestable.

To give one simple example, and a good one, a sample of beer, with regard to which public complaint was made some years ago, was found to contain salt. Though I was myself instrumental in tracking this fraud—and it was worse than fraud—I was not instrumental in bringing the fellow to punishment. But can anything be conceived more deliberately wicked than serving people with an adulteration of this kind, ruining the digestion, creating an artificial craving, and put in for no other purpose than to make money out of the frailties of men poorer than one's self?

Well, now, if drinking with others and at meals together, or at any rate to the accompaniment of food and of conversation is one excellent rule, and if the drinking of pure stuff is not only a rule, but a necessity for a man who wishes to keep his health, how are these two objects to be attained in England? They are universal in Germany, and common indeed throughout the continent; we only have these traditions in those English villages which are supplied by honest brewers, and still keep up old customs. But what about the towns?

In the first place, I am convinced that whatever could be done would have to be done by private enterprise rather than by legislation, and that enterprise would have to be upon a business footing. Some men, or group of men, furnished with or able to obtain the necessary capital, should inaugurate a system of taverns in our great towns where the stuff sold was guaranteed, and where the arrangements of a large and comfortable room, the opportunities for men sitting down together, the serving of food freely, should be the rule, just as it is the rule upon the continent, and already in a few cafes and restaurants in London, the use of which is unfortunately confined to the well-to-do.

I will consider the obstacles in the way or the arguments against such a scheme. In the first place, could it be made to pay? Yes; it would pay well. It would not pay so largely as the public houses, in which men pass and repass rapidly, drinking as they stand up at a bar, for the amount of space (and, therefore, rental) would be much larger per head, and the time which a man would spend drinking a certain quantity would presumably be longer than the time spent in drinking the same quantity in a public house.

Nevertheless, such a system would pay, and especially would pay in its origin; first, because there is a demand for such a thing, and at present there is not a sufficient supply, and second, because the profits upon beer and wine at their ordinary retail prices are large. I have at present in the cellar of my house beer better, I think, than I could obtain in most public houses, and wine of the same quality as the ordinary claret served in a restaurant. In the case of the beer, the price which I pay, buying it retail in small barrels, is little more than half of what I should have to pay at the customary price by the glass, and the wine is about half what I should be charged even in those small foreign restaurants where wine is sold at the lowest rate.

It is further, probably, though not certainly, true that the guarantee of the purity of the thing sold would be sufficient to attract custom.

The next objection will be the difficulty of getting a license.

Well, the remedy here is to begin with the place already licensed, and to see how the experiment would work. There must be plenty of men, owners of long leases of licensed premises, who are able to make the experiment and who have the choice of using some of their properties where trade is not in so lively a way as to be seriously endangered by the novelty. Of course, in countries where these things are treated rationally and in a free manner, it would be quite easy to start the experiment anywhere and with any capital; but here I am afraid it can only be done by some one already in possession of licensed premises and willing to run a certain risk, or possibly by some rich and generous man who is able to put pressure upon our political machine.

Another obstacle is that point of novelty to which I have already alluded. Many of our customs (and, alas! many of the best) are very rapidly changing, but a complete novelty of this sort might hang fire. I imagine that the first few experiments atleast would not be perilous. If the mass of people knew that there were certain places in their neighborhood where several men could sit quietly at a table and drink, and get food freely and without trouble, and at cheap rates; if the reputation for the purity of the liquor sold were well established; and, above all, if anything like drunkenness were punished by the drunken man being immediately and publicly chucked out, I think that even that difficult thing, a popular habit, would be formed in favor of frequenting such taverns.

Men do not go into public houses to get drunk; they go into public houses for companionship, for conviviality, and to drink a little. Then, indeed, they are led on; but the extent to which they will be led on differs very much with the atmosphere surrounding them.

Here is my suggestion; of course, it is nothing more than a suggestion. No man really knows any trade but his own, and it is possible that those who know all the details and difficulties of licensed victualling will think this scheme impossible; but I am certain from what I have seen in other countries that if it could be made a success it would be a great blessing.

Governor Cummins of Iowa sums up the political situation as follows: "Taft on the first ballot, Bryan without a serious contest, and then a hard, close fight between Taft and Bryan for election to the presidency, with Taft a winner by a much narrower margin than McKinley won by in 1896."

A state convention of the Socialists of Kansas has been called to meet in Topeka the latter part of this week. The party managers plan to name candidates for all of the state offices to be filled at the coming election.

CITY HOUSECLEANING--How the Annual Spring Fever That Catches the Housewives is Dispelled by Dust Pan *and* Broom

THESE are the days of spring housecleaning. Carpets and rugs are sending up clouds of dust in back yards, piazzas are filled with chairs, sofas, hat racks and rubber plants, and inside the house is disorder, which in a week or so, will be turned into a clean, spick and span home once more. It's a hard time, especially for the man of the house (so he thinks), but he will admit after the confusion is over that it was well worth the trouble.

This spring house-cleaning fever has spread until civic associations and school children have caught it and the result is that back alleys, back yards, streets and sidewalks have gone through the same cleaning up process as the houses themselves. Sommerville, Massachusetts, a city of 70,000 people within a 5-cent fare of Boston, cleaned house last spring in a way that can be easily followed by other cities.

Roused the People.

In almost every community in which the land speculator has had a hand in building, may be found premises—sometimes whole blocks and streets utterly neglected and shabby. It was the class of people who live in such blocks that the Winter Improvement association of Sommerville undertook to rouse last year.

In April the people whose yards were generally kept in a tidy condition began to talk to their neighbors about a prize garden contest that the association had organized. Two hundred dollars was offered in prizes, 45 in number, and later in the month 11 more prizes were added in subscriptions to out door magazines.

The interest that the people in the tenements at Sommerville took in this contest was surprising. Owners were obliged to bring soil and oftentimes to put it on almost perpendicular ledges. There were gardens reclaimed from old slate and stone quarries, from brickyards, from tin cans and burdock beds. The way of the contestant was not easy. The conditions of the contest were that no persons who had their premises regularly taken care of should be eligible. The competitors were, generally speaking, the workaday people, who were obliged to do the garden work in spare hours. Few appeared interested in the contest for the money that might be in it, although the $50, $25, $15 and $10 prizes were something worth working for. The important part of the whole contest was that clean and tidy streets began to be popular in Sommerville. Gardens miles from the contesting districts were improved for the first time, where before the sole adornment had been left to the weeds.

From Sommerville, Massachusetts, to Helena, Montana, is quite a jump, but Jacob Riis, who has recently returned to New York from a western trip, tells that the school children of that city united a year ago in a sort of civic Easter, "a positive and permanent movement to make a more beautiful city beautiful because clean." Everybody was busy cleaning up, at home for themselves, then together for the community. Here is the program that was laid down:

Program for Cleaning.

1. Back alleys raked up and rubbish collected ready for removal by the city teams.

2. Back yards cleaned up and put in order; all rubbish and refuse matter disposed of; material of value neatly piled up and the yards planted with flower and vegetable seeds, shrubs, and vines.

3. Sidewalks swept, the space between the walk and street raked and leveled; all paper, dead leaves and other rubbish in the streets and gutters raked up in piles for city teams to take away.

4. All front yards that need it raked and cleaned up; shrubs, vines and trees trimmed; dead vines and shrubs cleaned out and replaced; netting or other support for climbing plants repaired and replaced as needed; walks, fences and gates repaired and straightened.

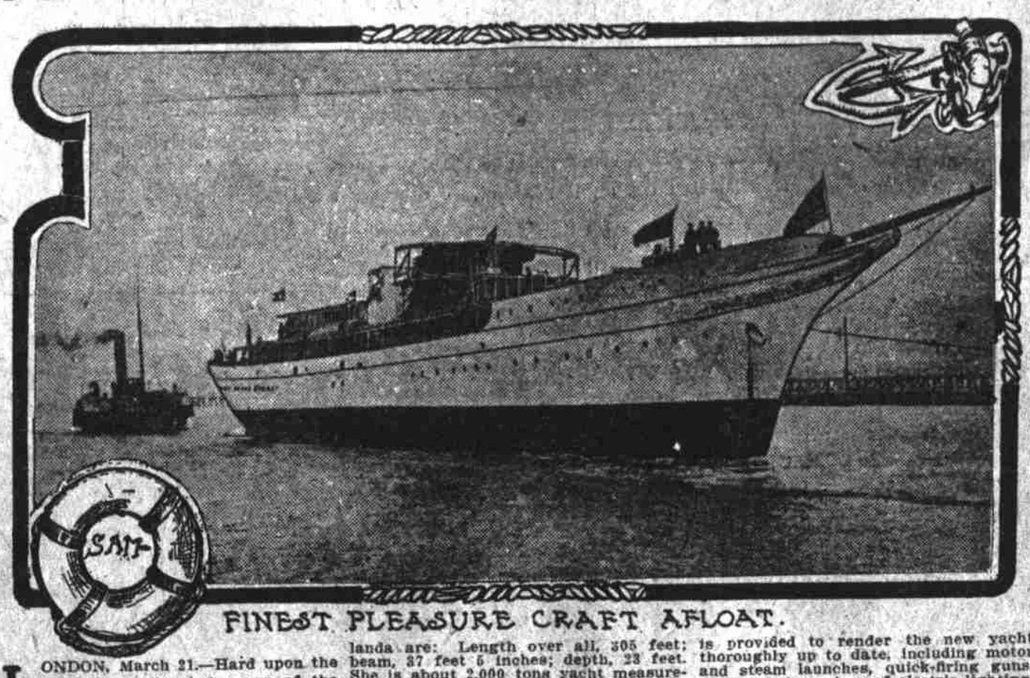
5. Vacant lots cleaned of rubbish and unsightly objects.

Mr. Riis says today that there is not a cleaner or prettier city in the northwest than Helena. There are well kept lawns, flowers and shrubs, where before there was nothing but neglect. Up along the edge of the Prickley Pear valley a beautiful drive has been laid out. The children through their work in cleaning up the schoolgrounds have done something that has not been forgotten, and if there ever is a chance that it should be forgotten, there is still a convention of young citizens out at Helena to bring it to mind again.

The work that the children did is summed up in a circular issued by the school department, and this creed of applied civics may well be followed by any city in the country which is planning for a civic house cleaning:

We need to do the work, not so much for the city's sake as for the children's sake; to remedy a serious defect in our present scheme of education—an education in which the state is giving much and receiving little. We must educate the children in giving to the state by affording them opportunities for civic service. There needs to be less teaching about civics, and more teaching of children through applied civics.

FINEST PLEASURE CRAFT AFLOAT--Commodore Plant's Iolanda, Which Was Recently Launched in Scotland



FINEST PLEASURE CRAFT AFLOAT.

LONDON, March 21.—Hard upon the announcement that many of the big steam yachts of the "multis" of New York are up for sale to the highest bidder has followed the launching in Scotland of Commodore Morton F. Plant's palatial pleasure craft, the Iolanda. Evidently the man who has made his money south of the Mason and Dixon line has not been so hard hit by the recent panic as some of those who share with him the "misery of too much riches," to use Andrew Carnegie's phrase.

Excelled in size only by James Gordon Bennett's steam yacht, in respect of luxury and costliness of her fittings and fixings, the Iolanda surpasses that famous vessel. When she goes into commission a few months hence she will undoubtedly be the finest pleasure craft afloat. She is bigger and more sumptuous than the Alexandra, the steam yacht just completed for Edward VII. The old saying "fit for a king" will have to be altered to "fit for an American millionaire" if it is to be accepted as implying the best that money can buy.

The principal dimensions of the Iolanda are: Length over all, 305 feet; beam, 37 feet 5 inches; depth, 23 feet. She is about 2,000 tons yacht measurement and was designed by Cox & King of London, under whose supervision the yachts belonging to most of the crowned heads of Europe have been built. Her twin screw machinery is of the triple expansion four-crank type of 3,000 to 4,000 horsepower. One of the notable features is that her boilers are partly cylindrical marine return tubular and partly water tube. This combination, the first installed in any yacht, affords the special advantage of being able to raise steam and get under way at practically a moment's notice, or provides additional speed at short notice when required, while the bunker capacity of some 550 tons gives the yacht a very extensive ocean steaming radius.

To the lay mind the figures of her dimensions give a very inadequate idea of the size of the Iolanda. If she were placed in Broadway, in front of the Astor hotel for instance, she would completely block the windows and entrances of that by-no-means small hostelry, while her masts would be on a level with the flagstaffs which support the star-spangled banner over the hotel high above the "Great White Way."

Needless to say, everything possible is provided to render the new yacht thoroughly up to date, including motor and steam launches, quick-firing guns, an elaborate system of electric lighting, which is the largest ever installed in a private yacht. Her designers have made arrangements for manipulating the Marconi installation of wireless telegrapny and a submarine signalling system is also installed.

The heating system throughout the yacht is by steam. The refrigerating plant, with cold chambers, etc., has been very carefully considered, and has very large storage capacity, including fish stores, dairy, etc. A spacious laundry is being fitted up on the orlop deck, the laundry machinery being worked by electric motors. A comprehensive system of ventilation is being installed, some 30 motor-driven centrifugal fans being employed.

The accommodation for owner and guests comprises drawing and dining-rooms, library, smoking-room and other saloons, with owner's staterooms and many guests' rooms, bathrooms, etc., superbly fitted throughout, the general idea of style being Queen Anne and early Georgian. The officers', servants' and crew's quarters are also very spacious and arranged to accommodate about 80 persons.

KING MANUEL A SAILOR.

Educatel Under Queen Amalia's Guidance—Portuguese Hopes.

Manuel II, the young king of Portugal, has been educated almost entirely under the direction of his mother, Queen Amalia. During the first 10 years of his life he had absolutely no instructor except the queen.

When the lad was 10 the Marquis Lietao was appointed to teach him mathematics, the queen continuing his training in languages and literature. Three years ago he was appointed a cadet in the Portuguese navy and divided his time between service afloat and attendance at the Polytechnic High school in Lisbon, where he was still an undergraduate when his sudden accession to the throne put an end to his studies and his dream of a maritime career.

It is 400 years now since the reign of Manuel 1 of Portugal—1495 to 1521. He was called Manuel the Great. It was in his reign that Vasco da Gama rounded the Cape of Good Hope, Americus Vespuccius explored under the Portuguese flag the coasts of South America and Gaspar Cortereal those of North America.

The Portuguese people are inclined to superstition, and in the accession of a second sovereign of the name through wholly unforeseen circumstances they see omens of a renewal of the old glories of the kingdom.

MAKING MONEY IN FIJI.

Capital of $1,000 and Three Years Work Brought Big Income.

A certain enterprising Englishman and his wife, who were getting rich very slowly indeed keeping a country store in Fojo, resolved to try whether the magic bean might do for them what it had done for others in South America and the West Indies.

So, in the face of some actual opposition and continual ridicule, says the National Geographic Magazine, they expended their little capital of £250 on the leasing of eight acres of warm, sheltered valley land and the planting of 9,000 cuttings of good Mexican vanilla.

For three years, with the assistance of one Fijian and occasionally a couple of Indians, the industrious couple kept their plants weeded and tended and latterly looked to the fertilising of the flowers—a rather tedious business, done every day by hand, in the earliest hours of the morning.

At the end of the three years the reward came, for the plants were yielding splendidly and were expected to give about 9,000 pounds of dried beans, bringing an average price of 10 shillings a pound. As this would amount to £22,500, it would appear that they were quite justified in staking their initial £1,000 on the magic bean.