

# KIDNAPING BRIGANDS OF MOROCCO.

A big international row was created by the kidnaping of Ion Pentecostea, an American citizen, and Cromwell Varty, his English stepson, by Ralsouli, a Moroccan brigand. Warships were sent to Tangier and all kinds of pressure was exerted to compel the Sultan to obtain the release of the captives, who were held under threats of death, unless a heavy ransom be paid and other demands be complied with. That the kidnaping is likely to lead to a crisis in the affairs of Morocco is very generally believed. The present situation is a demonstration of the instability of the present government, and is expected to spur European governments to action. Morocco has a pop-

ulation estimated by some at 9,000,000. The Sultan of Morocco claims to be thirty-sixth in descent from Fatimah, the daughter of the prophet. His authority is absolute and not modified, as in Turkey, by the opinions of the leopards. The area of Morocco can only be vaguely estimated, as the southern frontiers toward the Sahara Desert are unsettled, but it probably contains 800,000 square miles.

There is one English newspaper, two French and three Spanish published in Tangier. The army of Morocco is estimated at 80,000, including the militia. It is trained and commanded by English, French and Italian officers.

Nothing has been done to develop the country by either opening roads or railways. It is one of the most neglected spots in the world. Agriculture is very greatly neglected. The people only cultivate their land from dire necessity. In 1902 the chief exports were almonds, beans, peas, oxen, eggs and skins. Its chief imports are cotton goods and sugar. There are representatives of fourteen nations at Tangier. The British envoy is Sir Arthur Nicolson, Bart., K. C. B.

There is perhaps no portion of the civilized world about which European information is so defective. There has been no survey of the country, and the maps have been drawn up largely by conjecture.



A TYPICAL BRIGAND OF MOROCCO.

**Great Men's Mothers.**

A recent issue of a monthly publication entirely devoted to literature contains the portraits of three famous mothers, that is, of three women made famous by their sons. These are Mrs. Carlyle, Mrs. Hardy and Mrs. Spencer. It is curious, says the Ladies' Pictorial, that there is always more interest attaching to the mothers of men of distinction than to their sires, even if they have been men of some mark. It is said that most men who achieve greatness inherit their ability from their mothers, and it is noteworthy that nearly all distinguished men have been greatly attached to their mothers. One can never forget the poet Gray's exquisite epitaph on his mother, or Mr. J. M. Barrie's tender and beautiful tribute to his mother's memory.

**Crime and Left-Handedness.**

It has been discovered by a specialist that more than one-third of the people who are left-handed are criminals. This is very interesting, but we don't see how the discovery is going to be of particular value to society. Let the specialist pursue his investigations and find out whether people are criminals because they are left-handed, or left-handed because they are criminal. With that point settled it may be possible to inaugurate intelligent measures for remedying the matter. At present we are left to suppose that all left-handed people who are not criminals must be baseball pitchers.—Chicago Record.

When arrayed in his official clothes, the Sultan of Johore is a glittering curiosity. He wears gems worth \$12,000,000. They sparkle in his crown, on his epaulettes, in his girdle and in his cuffs.

## IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



PHILANDER C. KNOX, Attorney-General of the United States, whose vigorous prosecution of the Northern Securities case has won him fame. He has been recently appointed United States Senator from Pennsylvania to succeed the late Senator Quay.

# NEW SAFETY FENDER.

Will Catch a Person on the Track as if in a Trap.

The great difficulty experienced with many of the safety car fenders is that they do not do what they are supposed to do. Some of them have actually



THE TRAP FENDER.

been denounced as men-slayers, instead of being life-savers. Knocking their victims down, they have so wedged them against the tracks that there was no possibility of escape.

A lately invented contrivance for preventing the speeding trolley car from mauling or killing unfortunates who may get in its way consists of the ordinary fender, to the upper end of which is attached a duplicate of the lower part, the concave sides of the two portions facing each other, as is shown in the picture. A man, woman or child falling upon the fender is immediately seized from above by the upper part, which automatically closes in on him and holds him securely until the car stops and he is liberated. He is thus prevented from being dragged along the ground or falling at one side of the fender and meeting disaster under the wheels.

## AN ELEVENTH CENTURY CHURCH.

This church, which, happily, has not been destroyed, as was recently reported, is one of the oldest of the "Stavekirke" of Norway. The building is situated to the east of Sogne Fiord. The church dates back to the eleventh century. It is very small



but most curious and interesting. It is built entirely of wood, and to preserve it the exterior is continually painted with pitch. The church that has been destroyed is that of the village of Borgund, on the road between Alesund and Solholt, a church stated to have the finest reredos in Norway.

## A TRICK JUG.

This curious trick jug was sold at a recent London auction sale. From the picture it appears to be the same type as those sometimes seen in our shops and from which it is impossible to drink without knowing the secret. Such jugs are perforated about the



rim and can only be emptied by sucking through the spout while covering with the finger an air vent in the handle. The handle is hollow and serves as a tube through which the liquid can be drawn when the air vent is closed.

## Chinese Humor.

"Chinamen have a fine sense of humor," said the young playwright, Richard Curie. "In their quiet, dry way the Chinese say innumerable good things."

"I once knew in San Antonio a bachelor banker. This man decided that he would employ a Chinese butler. Accordingly, his arrangements were made and in due time the Chinese butler appeared. He served his first dinner admirably.

"After it the banker said to him, 'I think you will do well here, What is your name?'

"My name is Yot Lee Chwang Toy," the Chinaman answered.

"Oh," said the banker, 'I can't remember all that. I'll just call you John.'

"All right," said the new butler.

"At breakfast the next morning the Chinaman smiled at his employer pleasantly.

"What's your name?" he said.

"Me no memble all that," said the Chinaman. "Me just call you Tommy."

Smith then went on his way. Later he felt his leg pain. On examining it

# PLUCK, ROMANCE AND ADVENTURE.

**CAUGHT BEAR.**

RACON HANK STRONG, who lives up at the Meadows, writes a correspondent from Pittsfield, Vt., knows of two tramps who will not bother him or his chickens any more. In fact, he is pretty sure he is in the hands of the entire cult for good and all, as he has been told that in Hobodoni there are certain signs displayed on fences which indicate good and poor field of investigation. He has found some of these signs on his fence a mile from the house, and believes that they were placed there by a pair of tramps with whom he had a somewhat unusual experience.

Hank began to be bothered with members of the "profession" early in the summer, and at first Mrs. Strong, a whole-souled individual, responded to their entreaties for food with Jersey milk, large pieces of pie and good home-made cheese. When she stopped the tramps lung around until dark and made off with chickens, vegetables, and even firkins of butter. As the cold weather came on the hoboes got more numerous, until they became a pest. About a week ago the deacon resolved to be rid of them.

About noon he went to the henhouse, and selecting half a dozen Thanksgiving capons killed and picked them in full view. He strung the six on a pole and put them in the icehouse. The icehouse was a box-like affair, about ten by twenty feet, with a height of eight feet. It had a good-sized door that locked with a spring catch and was strong enough to resist ordinary efforts to open it from within.

As soon as the chores were done the deacon, armed with a bean-pole, took up his position in the kitchen and from a point of vantage at the window watched the door of the henhouse just across the driveway. Mrs. Strong blew out the light after making sure that the kitchen and icehouse doors had been left ajar and sat down with the deacon.

It was a bright night, and the husband and wife could just make out the door of the trap they had laid for the tramps. They waited patiently and at 9 o'clock saw a form on all fours emerge from the direction of the pasture and disappear within the house.

"One 'o' th' varmints," whispered the deacon. "Don't ye move till th' other feller gits inside."

There was a period of suspense that seemed half an hour and then a second form was made out emerging from the pasture. This was approaching in a crouched position and was followed by another about the same size.

"Gosh all hemlock, 'f I won't catch three 'o' 'em," jubilantly whispered the deacon. "Didn't think there was but two."

The forms approached cautiously, circled toward the ice-house, and went in. A moment later the kitchen door was softly pushed open and Deacon Strong crept out, followed by his wife. He moved noiselessly to the ice-house and pushed the door shut with the bean-pole. The next instant a muffled shriek burst from within, followed by a second shriek and a loud bass roar that was never made by a human being.

"Let us out, let us out," yelled a voice. "Good Lord, let us out. There's a bear in here and he's trying to eat us up."

"Holy smoke!" grasped the deacon as a second and louder roar smote his ear. "Quick, Marthy, git th' carbine. It's loaded."

While Mrs. Strong ran for the gun more roars and howls filled the icehouse, followed by a floundering and thumping on the door.

"Wait 'till I get th' carbine," yelled the deacon. "Blame it, don't ye bust that door. He can't eat ye both th' once!"

Just then Mrs. Strong came on the run with the gun in her hand and the deacon slipped the lock. Instantly out tumbled two terrified tramps, hatless and white, and before the farmer could stop them they fairly flew down the road, shouting at the top of their voices. Directly after them came a small black bear with his mouth full of chicken and one paw swathed in the remnant of a coat tail.

"Gimme th' gun, gimme th' gun," gurgled the deacon.

But there was no time for this, and Mrs. Strong pointed the barrel at brain, but both eyes, and fired. The ball nearly lifted the top of the animal's head off, and he died instantly.

"Gosh," ejaculated the deacon, viewing his good wife with pride. "Who'd hev thought it? Blamed if ye can't shoot es well es ye kin cook."

"I call'te we be rid 'o' them pesky tramps for a spell," she responded, with a gleam of pride in her eyes.—New York World.

## \* RAT FOUGHT MAN.

A remarkable story of a fight in the street with an infuriated rat was told to his friends by Andrew Smith, of No. 158 Fifty-seventh street, Brooklyn, where he is employed, and started to cross Second avenue, half a block from his home, when he saw a rat also crossing the street in front of him, but in a diagonal direction. It was evidently leaving a stable in the rear of Wegelin's grocery store on the corner. It was an unusually large rat.

Smith started after the rat. Instead of making for the nearest hob the animal went leisurely on its way, and Smith caught up with it just as it was about to spring up on the curb.

The rat stopped, turned quickly, looking for a moment at the man, then sprang straight at him. At the same time his foot shot out. The rat made a curve over his swinging shoe, landed on his leg below the knee and started to bite furiously. Smith kicked the animal off. It sprang at him again and he kicked once more. This time he struck and the rat was knocked several yards away. It recovered itself and made another dash at the man. This time Smith managed to stun the rat. He killed it before it could recover.

Smith then went on his way. Later he felt his leg pain. On examining it

## To Grow Miniature Trees.

It is quite possible for anyone to own a forest of miniature oaks, which may be grown even without the aid of soil. In order to rear a miniature forest procure a shallow dish and cover the base of it with moss an inch thick. Then set a number of good acorns in rows about two inches apart, and a perfect little forest of oak trees can be raised. The moss must always be kept very moist, and the acorns will begin to grow in the spring.

By June or July they will have raised themselves six to eight inches high, and will form a charming sight for any lover of trees.—London Mail.

## A Remarkable Rose.

There is at the present time in the gardens of Mr. W. R. Armstrong, at Benwell, England, a remarkable rose. It is a Niphetos tea rose, and was, we learn from the Country Gentleman, planted (under glass) eighteen years ago from a five-inch pot into a prepared border. At present it covers an area of 1300 square feet. The blossoms are large, well formed and white, with petals beautifully tipped with pink. Last year, in spite of the lack of sun, 10,000 blossoms were gathered from the rose. This year more than 4800 have already been gathered, and it is thought that the number will be about 18,000.

# BRAVE WATCHMAN.

William McAllister a signman on the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad at Thirtieth and Cumberland streets, Philadelphia, sacrificed his life in saving three girls from death beneath the wheels of a swiftly moving train. McAllister was taken to the Samaritan Hospital with both of his legs broken and his head and body injured. He died an hour after being admitted. The girls whom he rescued went away immediately after the accident and their names are unknown.

Within five minutes of the time he was to be relieved from his vigil by the day man McAllister noticed two mill girls stop to talk to a third girl between the northbound rails. At the same time he heard an outboard train, which within a few seconds would be upon the untinking girls. He shouted a warning as he started toward them.

As the locomotive drawing the northbound train hove in sight, not fifty yards away, a south bound train came along. Without hesitation McAllister sprang in front of the south bound train and reached the girls. He threw his weight against them and sent them sprawling out of harm's way.

But he was too late to escape himself. Before he could jump from the tracks the pilot of the swiftly moving engine hit him.

## SHOT SNAKE, SAVED MOTHER.

Miss Katie Klinger, a young school teacher, saved her mother from a rattlesnake on Goss Hill, Pa., by killing the snake with a rifle at twenty-five yards. Miss Klinger a year ago won a gold medal in a shooting match. Mrs. Klinger was walking in the yard, when the snake reared up in front of her. She screamed, and then fainting. Her daughter, hearing her, secured a loaded Winchester rifle, and shot the snake's head cleanly off.

## \$100 FOR AN EGG

Of an East Indian Game-Fowl Imported into England.

Not often does the price of a single egg climb to \$100, but this is what was offered for each of the eggs of a certain Indian game-fowl, which was brought to England some time ago, says Country Life in America.

For centuries the Indian Game, or Azeel Fowls, have been the very apex of the game-breed, for the pureness of blood and pedigree have been most carefully preserved for so long that the date of the origin of the race has been lost in the past.

It is almost impossible to secure specimens of the purest blood, for they are treasured by the Indian sportsmen at the highest value, and the best fowls are not allowed to go out of their native country.

As game-fowls, they are great fighters. Those who have seen them in India—for the finest birds never reach our colder climates—tell of their prowess and unquenchable tenacity in battle. With them, it is always victory or death.

In America, however, the game fowls are seldom raised for fighting purposes, but for show, and as pets and hobbits of poultry fanciers.

## School Children of Japan.

"Though among the wage-earning class of Japan there is still great ignorance, and an enormous amount remains to be done for their education, it is surprising to note the number of schools supported by the city of Tokio alone," says a writer in Social Service.

"To some of these schools a girl is sent at six years of age, the one chosen being in accordance with her father's income and social position. It is curious that no matter how exclusive a Japanese family may be in other ways, in education the tendency is democratic. Schools are much preferred to private governesses, even among the nobility, and girls of royal blood meet daily in the schoolroom with the daughters of well-to-do commoners. This is probably one of the best plans that could be devised for giving such girls a knowledge of the world and bringing them to a realization of what modern progress has done in making these 'others girls' their friends and equals."

## Editor Shepard's News.

When the late Elliott F. Shepard published a newspaper he printed at the head of the editorial column each afternoon a Scriptural text. The editor of one of the sensational newspapers instructed a reporter to interview Mr. Shepard and outline the questions the young man was to ask. All went well until the interviewer asked:

"Why do you publish Bible extracts? The one to-day dealt with the Crucifixion. Do you consider that news?"

"No," emphatically responded Mr. Shepard. "It is news to a great many people—especially so. I believe, to the gentleman who sent you to question me."

The interview ended there.

# News of Interest TO AFRO-AMERICANS

**Mills Sold for a Song.**

The Coleman cotton mill at Concord, N. C., was sold recently at public auction under an execution of two mortgages held by the Dukes of Durham, N. C. The property was bid in for the mortgages at \$10,000. The concern owes \$20,000.

The Coleman mill was the first in North Carolina to run with colored help. The organizer of the mill was Warren Coleman, a well-known Negro of Concord. He had considerable means and it is said that the failure of the venture cost him most of his property. Coleman died some months ago.

## Negro Congress Called Off.

Rev. E. B. Topp, a well known colored preacher of Jackson, Miss., who is president of the Southern Negro Congress, which was organized in Jackson three years ago, and which was scheduled to hold its annual session at Mobile from the 6th to the 10th of July, announces that the meeting has been indefinitely postponed.

Although the officers of the organization decline to discuss the matter, it is learned from authentic sources that it was decided not to hold the congress for the reason that the race leaders do not deem it wise at present to stir up the Negro question, or to discuss any of its phases in a public gathering, owing to the general feeling prevailing in the country on account of the suffrage plank adopted in the recent republican national convention.

## "Jim Crow" Law in Maryland.

A Baltimore special says: The law passed at the last session of the legislature requiring separate accommodations for white and colored passengers on railways and steamboats, known as the Jim Crow law, went into effect July 1st.

It is held that the law does not apply to through express trains and will be enforced only on trains doing a strictly local business in the state and on steamboats plying exclusively on state waters. All the railroad companies whose lines pass through the state announce that they are prepared to obey the law, having equipped coaches for this purpose.

The steamboat companies whose vessels ply the Chesapeake bay and tributaries have made preparations to comply with the law, having reserved separate places on the deck and in the cabins and separate berths for colored passengers.

## Good Work of Training School.

The Goodwill Institute, Ga. Normal and Industrial Institute for the training of colored youth, opened October 15th, 1903, with an enrollment of only eight pupils. In a small frame building the class room work was carried on and in connection with this a lot of five acres were used as a truck farm and cultivated by the pupils.

On this small farm was raised Irish potatoes, cabbage, corn and all garden vegetables. A new building, two stories high, 34 by 50 feet, to be used for academic purposes, has been erected and the time of closing, June 9th, was nearly completed, and through the providence of the Almighty had been in use about two months to the time of closing.

This institution has for its purpose not merely the intellectual culture, but to teach the beauty and dignity of labor, the education and training of the head and heart and the hand, thereby elevating the race and establishing the nobility of servile.

The school closed for vacation after a term of nine scholastic months with an enrollment of sixty-two and five acres under splendid cultivation.

## Colored Population Figures.

The census bureau, at Washington, has issued the final bulletin on the Negro population of the United States. The number of Negroes in the United States, including the entire area covered by the twelfth census (continental United States, Alaska and Hawaii) and Porto Rico is 9,204,531, perhaps a larger number than is found in any other country outside of Africa.

The report states that between 11 and 16 per cent of the Negro population has, or is believed by the enumerators, to have some degree of white blood.

The center of the Negro population is in DeKalb county, Alabama, about four miles from the western boundary of Georgia, having moved thence from Dinwiddie county, Virginia, where, 16 miles northeast, since 1780 more than 77 per cent of the Negroes lived in the county, against more than 67 per cent of the whites.

Almost 90 per cent of the Negroes in the continental United States are in the southern states and three-tenths of them are in Georgia, Mississippi and Alabama. Negroes constitute about one-fifth of the city population and about one-seventh of the country population of continental United States, but the rate of increase declined steadily through the nineteenth century. The Negroes, unlike the Indians and the native white, have a slight excess of females. Illiteracy among them is about seven times greater than the whites. There are 3,982,837 Negroes in the United States engaged in gainful occupations. Their death rate approximates 30 per cent, while that of the whites under the same calculation is 37 per cent.

The proportion of mulattoes to all Negroes is usually higher in cities of the great cotton growing states than it is in the districts outside of the cities.

The district in which the proportion of Negroes is greatest lies in the Mississippi alluvial region along both banks of the lower Mississippi, where

five-sixths of the population is Negro, the maximum being in Issaquena county, Mississippi, with more than 8500 Negroes to each white person. Negroes form one-third of the population in the south, both in cities and in country districts, while in the north they are about one-fourth of the city and one-ninth of the population of country districts.

In the country districts of the south, excluding the population of cities, which had at least 2,500 inhabitants, both in 1890 and 1891, the Negroes increased from 1890 to 1900 over 10 percent; in the 242 southern cities as a whole they increased 21.7 per cent. Their increase in the country districts was about two-thirds as rapid as that of the whites in the same area; their increase in southern cities was nearly five-sixths as fast as that of the whites in the same cities.

In the five southern cities having at least 100,000 inhabitants in 1900, the Negro population increased 25.3 per cent from 1890 to 1900; the white population in the same cities increased only 20.8 per cent. This is the only group of southern cities in which the rate of increase of Negro population exceeded that of the whites.

## The Largest Number of Negroes Living in Compact Masses are Found in Certain Urban Counties, Several of Which Lies Outside the Great Cotton Growing States.

The four each having over 75,000 Negroes are District of Columbia coextensive with Washington; Shelby county, Tenn., containing Memphis; Baltimore City, Md., and New Orleans parish, La., coextensive with New Orleans.

Half the Negroes in the United States are below 19 years of age, this medium age being four years below the whites. Their illiteracy is much more common in country than in city districts and the families, as with the whites, are the more illiterate sex.

Negro bread winners constitute 62.22 per cent of all Negroes at least ten years of age. For whites the corresponding per cent is 48.6 and for southern whites 46.9.

## The Relatively Higher per Cent for Negroes is Closely Connected with the Marked Prevalence of Female Labor in the Race.

There are twenty-seven occupations in which at least 10,000 Negroes were reported engaged in 1900. These occupations gave employment to 3,807,008 Negroes, or over 95 per cent of the aggregation of Negro bread winners.

The total number of Negroes reported by the twelfth census was 9,240,789. To this number may be added the 368,748 persons of pure or mixed blood in Porto Rico.

## GARDEN OUT OF PLACE.

Mistake Was in Locating it on Baseball Diamond.

Henry Turner Bailey, until recently State Supervisor of Art of Massachusetts, says there is a wrong and a right way to induce the children to love the beautiful, and he tells the following story as an illustration. A superintendent of schools, during the vacation period, made a beautiful garden in a school yard, thinking that if he made it beautiful enough the boys would not destroy it. With September a lot of energetic boys came back to school, and in a few weeks the garden was trampled down and ruined. The townspeople were indignant at the ruffianly behavior of the schoolboys, and spoke of them in rather harsh terms. Early in the spring there was a change of superintendents, and the new man, heard almost immediately of the spoiled garden. He went up to the school and made friends with the boys, and then he said, "You boys don't like flowers, do you?"

They declared emphatically that they did.

"Then why did you ruin that flower garden?" he asked.

"Well," said the spokesman of the crowd, "they ought to have known better than to make it on our baseball diamond."

## SHE GOT THEM MIXED.

Explanation Dawned Rapidly on Mind of Housewife.

A lady walked into a grocer's shop one day with her sleeves turned up to her elbows, and a fighting light in her eyes. "This, er,," she observed with a sniff, as she banged a piece of yellow substance on the counter, "is the soap that does the washin' o' itself; the soap what makes ev'ry washin' day a kind of glorified bean feast; the soap what gets all the linen as white as snow and as sweet as a hazelnut by dinner time, and lets the happy housewife spend the rest of the day playin' with the children, and here am I been scrubbin' three moral hours with that lump, and ain't got so much lather out of it as I could get from a br'ckbat." "I beg your pardon," remarked the grocer, "but it isn't the soap. Your little boy came in here yesterday for half a pound of both soap and cheese; that's the cheese."

"The cheese!" gasped the lady. "That accounts for the other things, then."

"The ot' thing?" queried the grocer.

"Yes, the other thing," came the reply, "I was layin' awake half the night wonderin' what it was made the Welsh rabbit was had for supper taste so funny."—Kansas City Independent.

## A Missing Mascot.

"No more luck," she wailed; "I shall never have another bit of luck, I know I shan't. I've lost it and I hadn't had it but three months."

"What is it that you have lost that you are making such a fuss about?" inquired a friend. "Your pocketbook?"

"Pocketbook," answered the forlorn one. "No, I wish it was only my pocketbook, that wouldn't be serious. But I've gone and lost my beautiful yellow garter and—yes, it may be a plain old thing, but it was such a mascot. Janet wore it when she was married, then gave it to me and I have worn it ever since. And such a good time as I have had! Dances, whist clubs, and no end of larks, and I've met simply dozens of men. You know they say that whoever wears such a mascot will be married within the year. Guess I'm dished now for fair."