

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 1.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

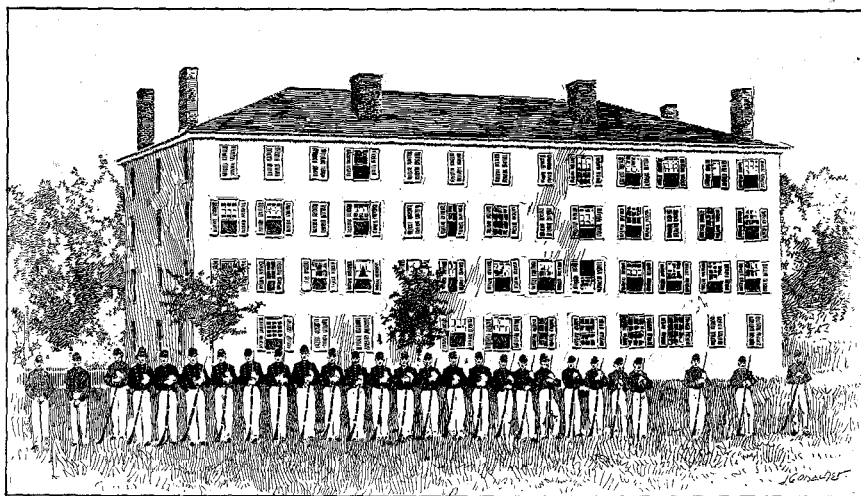
NOTES, IN TEXT AND PICTURE, ON THE MOST INTERESTING PERSONALITY OF THE DAY, ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY, AND ON OTHER MEN AND THINGS OF PRESENT IMPORTANCE.

THE HOME COMING OF DEWEY.

Admiral Dewey's return to his country from Manila may be said to introduce a new personality to the American people. During forty four years of service in the navy, as a cadet, as a junior officer, as a captain, and as a commodore, he was, to the general public, merely a unit in the great organization that upholds the dignity of our flag afloat. Since the day, seventeen months ago, when he achieved fame between midnight and noon, he has been on the other side of the globe, where even the ubiquitous interviewer and photographer found it difficult to reach him. He now comes home to let us make his acquaintance; and on his side, as a popu-

lar hero, he will have quite a new viewpoint from which to judge the American people. We expect to admire him tremendously, and we hope that he will like the way we treat him.

Of course the floating crop of stories about the admiral—some authentic, some doubtfully so—has been ample. His characteristics of self reliance, resolution, promptitude, and firmness have been so signally demonstrated by the test of war that it is not surprising to find that they have been displayed on lesser occasions. Other anecdotes illustrate his love of discipline and precision. He is said to be the best dressed officer in the navy. He is one of the most skilful fencers. At col-

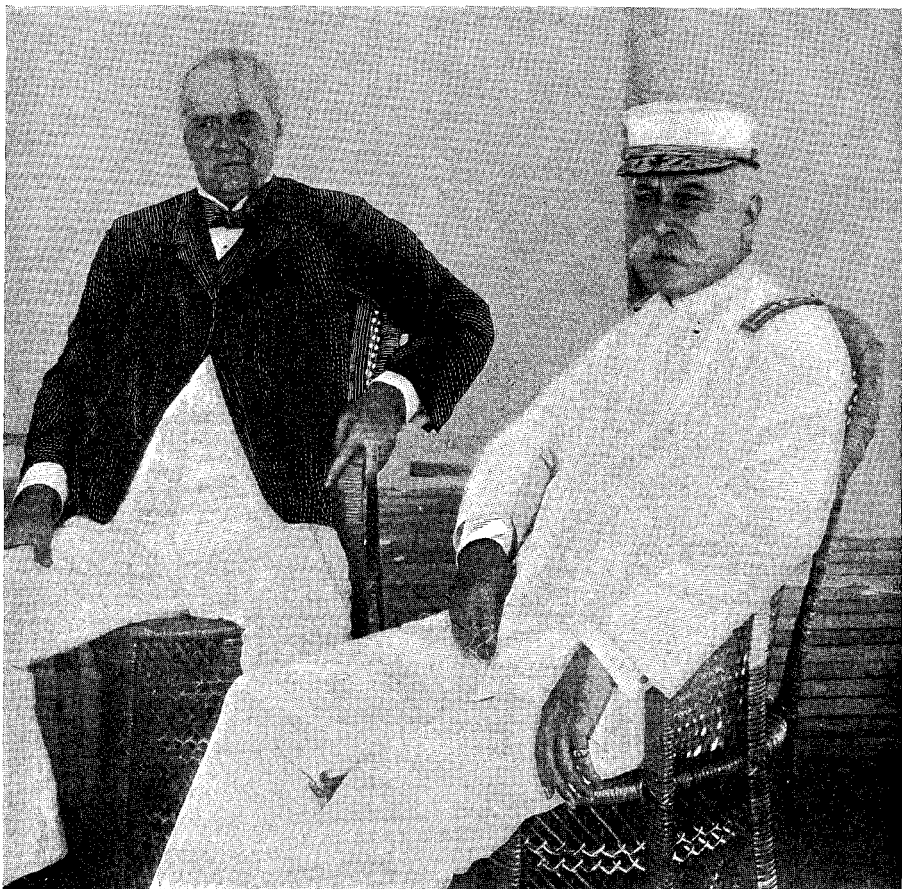


WHEN GEORGE DEWEY WAS AT COLLEGE—A DRESS PARADE AT NORWICH UNIVERSITY, NORTHFIELD, VERMONT, FORTY FIVE YEARS AGO.

From a photograph taken about the time of Admiral Dewey's appointment to Annapolis in 1854.

lege he was by no means a model student. Though he probably was never in serious trouble, it is stated that he was a pretty regular performer of the extra guard duty which was meted out to the Norwich cadets when they infringed a rule. One day a sympathetic elderly gentleman came up to him and said:

little Vermont college at which he was a student before he went to Annapolis forty five years ago. Norwich University—its assumption of so dignified a title seems to show an ambition and an enterprise beyond its limited size—is managed upon military lines, and it was there, as was said by one of the speakers at its



ADMIRAL DEWEY AND COLONEL DENBY ON BOARD OF THE OLYMPIA, WATCHING TARGET PRACTICE, SHORTLY BEFORE THE ADMIRAL LEFT MANILA.

From a photograph by J. Martin Miller.

"My son, you have a good face; why do you do things that cause you to be kept here on guard so continually?"

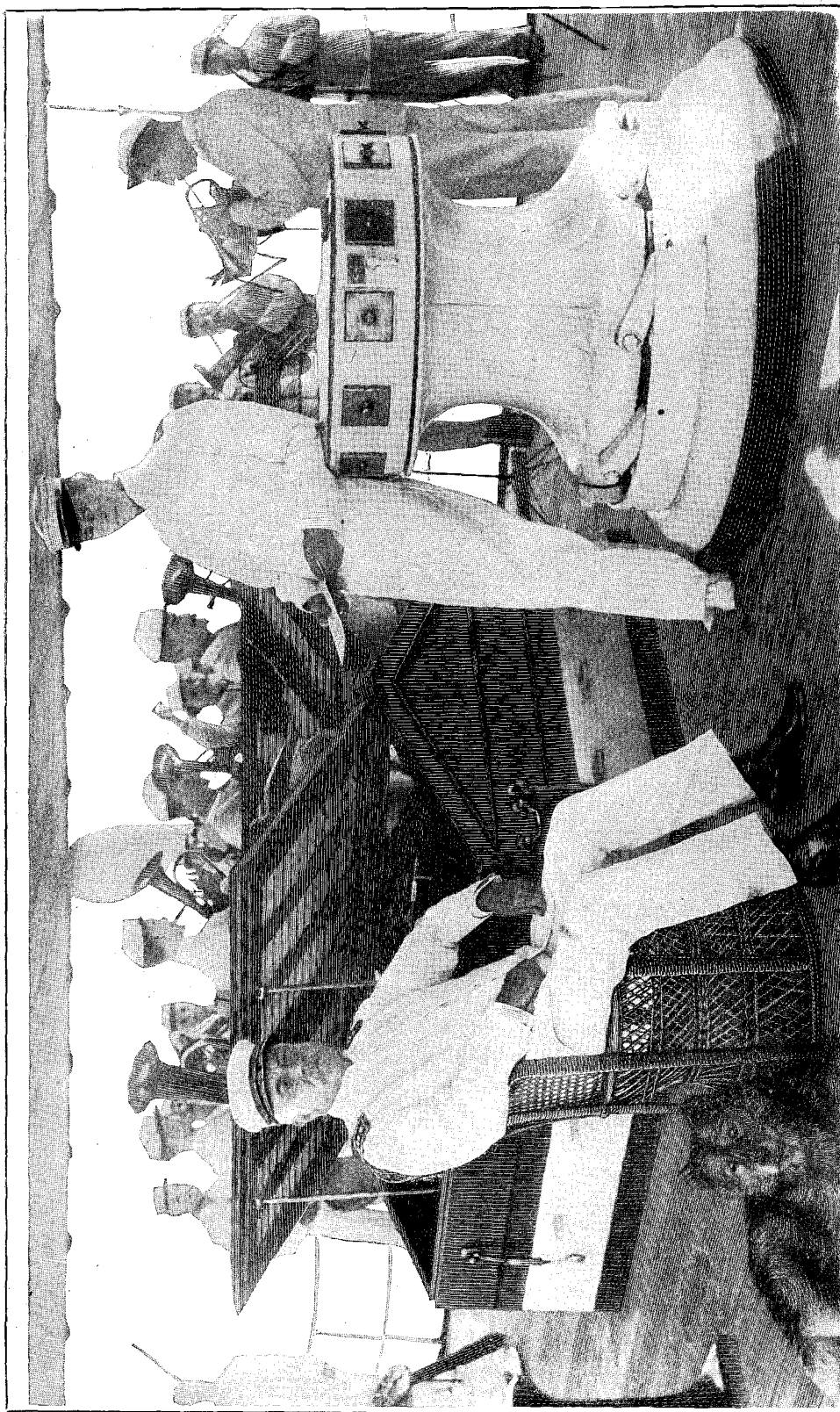
"I don't mind telling you, sir," replied Cadet Dewey, "that it's the only way I can get the exercise I need."

ADMIRAL DEWEY'S COLLEGE.

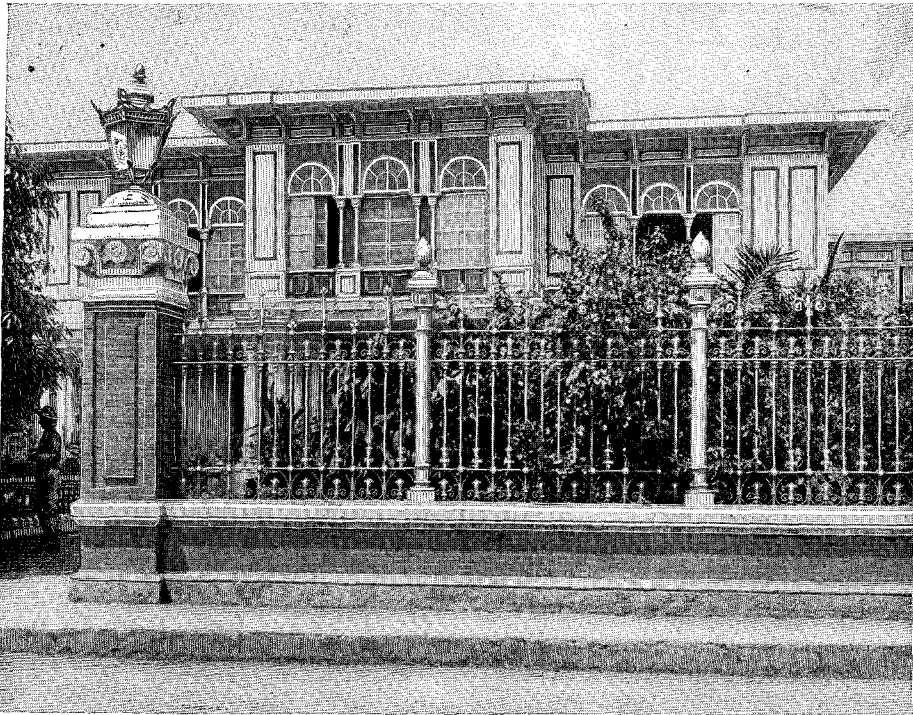
The renown of George Dewey has reflected an unwonted fame upon the

Dewey Day celebration last May, that the victor of Manila Bay learned his military alphabet.

On page 6 is an engraving of the new hall which is now being added to the buildings of the university as a tribute to its famous alumnus. Ground was broken on the 1st of May, the first spadeful of earth being turned by Captain Charles E. Clark, the war captain of the Oregon, who is also a native of the Green Mountain



ADMIRAL DEWEY ON THE DECK OF THE OLYMPIA IN THE BAY OF NAPLES, DURING AN AFTERNOON BAND CONCERT.
From a photograph—Copyright, 1890, by Frances Benjamin Johnston, Washington.



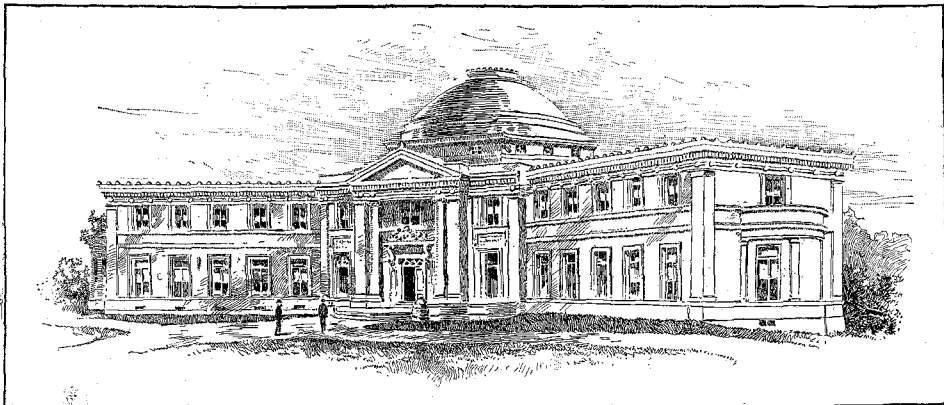
THE HOUSE IN MANILA OCCUPIED BY THE UNITED STATES COMMISSIONERS TO THE PHILIPPINES,
92 CALLE REAL, MALATE.

State. The hall is to be paid for by a fund of \$100,000 contributed by Vermonters all over the country. Its architecture is a simple adaptation of the classical, the principal feature being a spacious central hall, open from the floor to the dome, the walls of which are to be reserved for memorial tablets and framed

documents of historical interest connected with the college. At the main entrance is to stand a statue of Admiral Dewey.

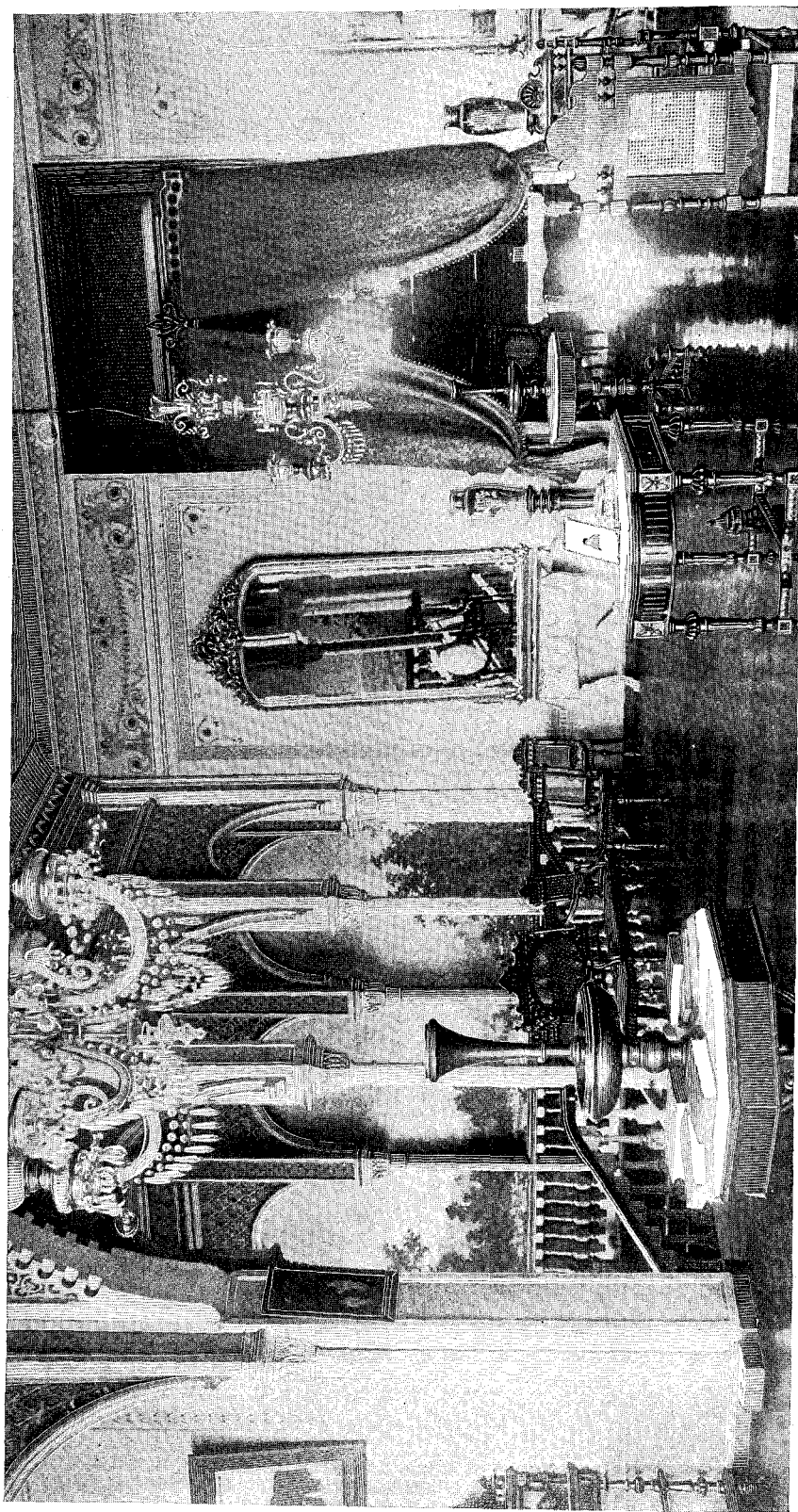
A MANILA MANSION.

During the past fifteen months we have heard much about the Filipino and his

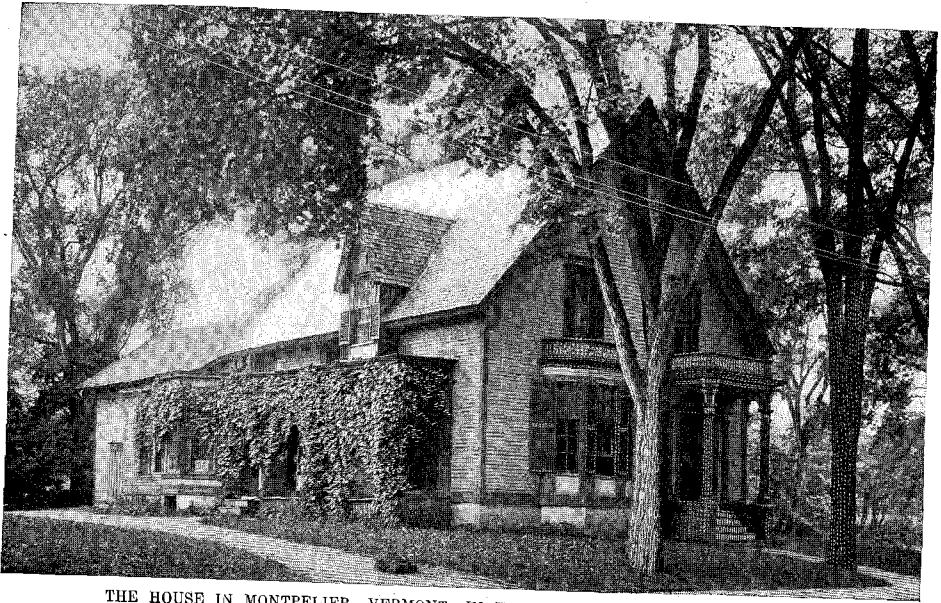


DEWEY HALL, THE NEW BUILDING PRESENTED TO NORWICH UNIVERSITY AS A MEMORIAL OF ITS FAMOUS ALUMNUS, ADMIRAL DEWEY.

From a drawing by the architect, Bradford L. Gilbert, of New York.



THE SALON AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRWAY IN THE HOUSE OCCUPIED BY THE UNITED STATES COMMISSIONERS TO THE PHILIPPINES—A CHARACTERISTIC SPECIMEN OF THE MANY FINE PRIVATE RESIDENCES OF MANILA.

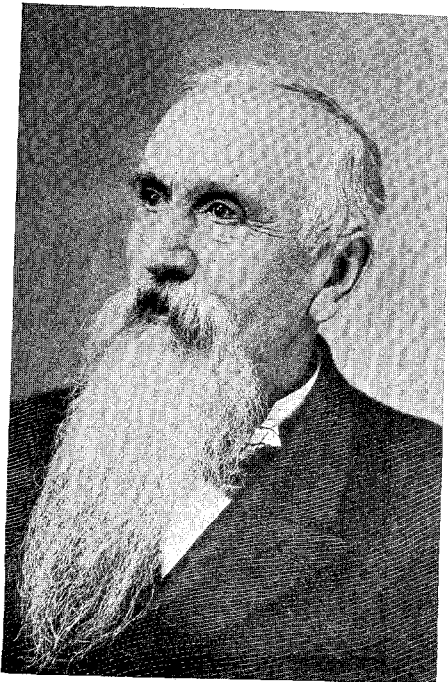


THE HOUSE IN MONTEPELIER, VERMONT, IN WHICH ADMIRAL DEWEY WAS BORN.

From a photograph by Blanchard, Montpelier.

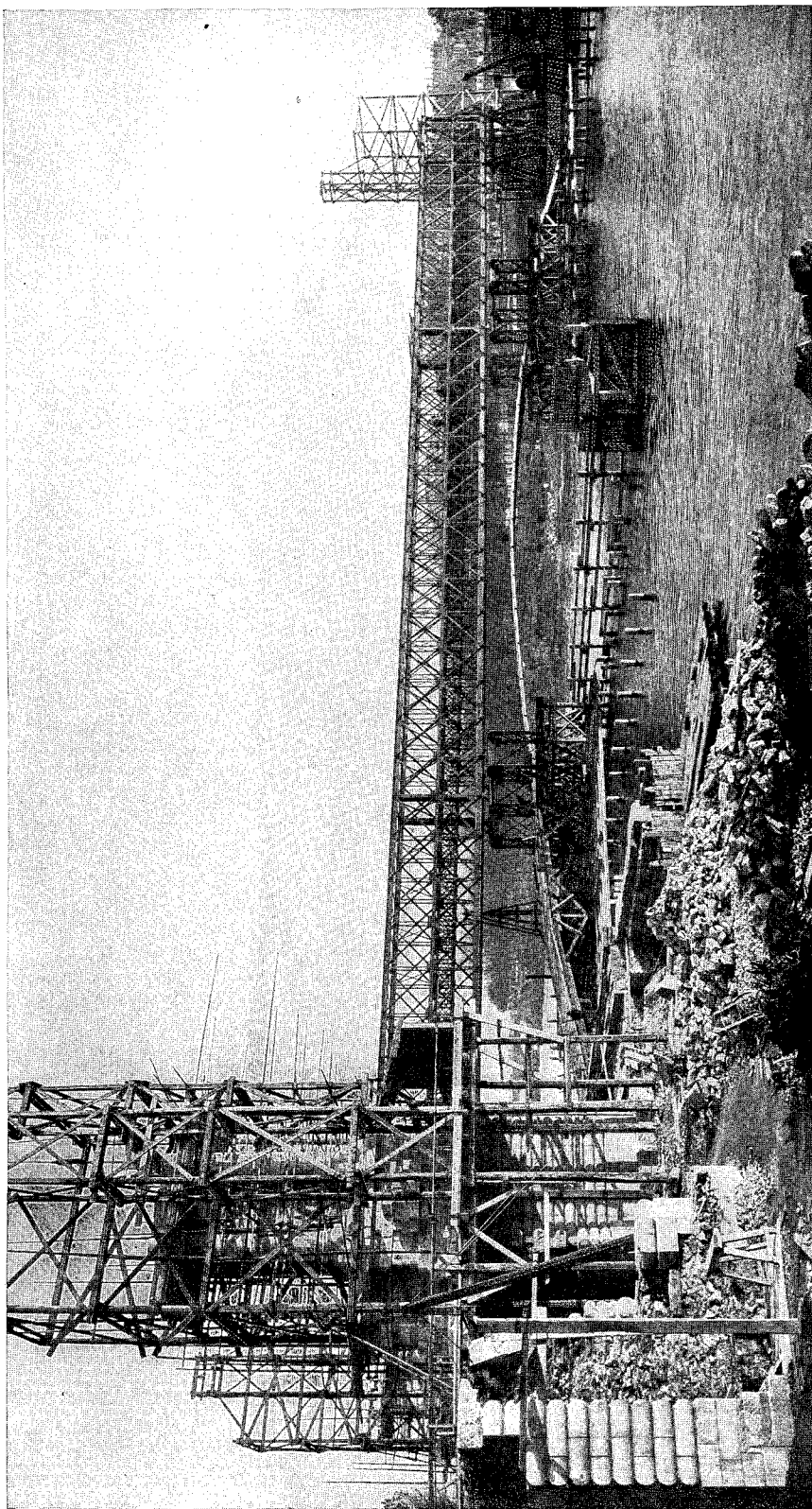
nipa hut, but little has been said about the better class of dwellings in the Philippines. It may surprise many Americans to learn that the residences of the

wealthy people of Manila are simply dazzling in their oriental splendor. Their grounds are generally spacious, and ornamented with a luxuriant tropical foliage;



ADMIRAL DEWEY'S BROTHERS, CHARLES AND EDWARD DEWEY, OF MONTEPELIER, VERMONT.

From photographs by Blanchard, Montpelier.



THE PREPARATIONS FOR THE GREAT EXPOSITION OF NEXT YEAR IN PARIS—THE PONT ALEXANDRE TROIS, THE NEW BRIDGE WHICH IS BEING BUILT OVER THE SEINE.
From a recent photograph by Prou, Paris.

and at night, when they are illuminated with electric light, the effect produced is often nothing less than gorgeous. To avoid the sun's hot rays, fashionable Manila stays indoors during most of the daylight hours;

remain so until three o'clock; meanwhile everybody is at home, trying to keep cool; and the better class of residences are planned to afford the greatest possible protection from heat.



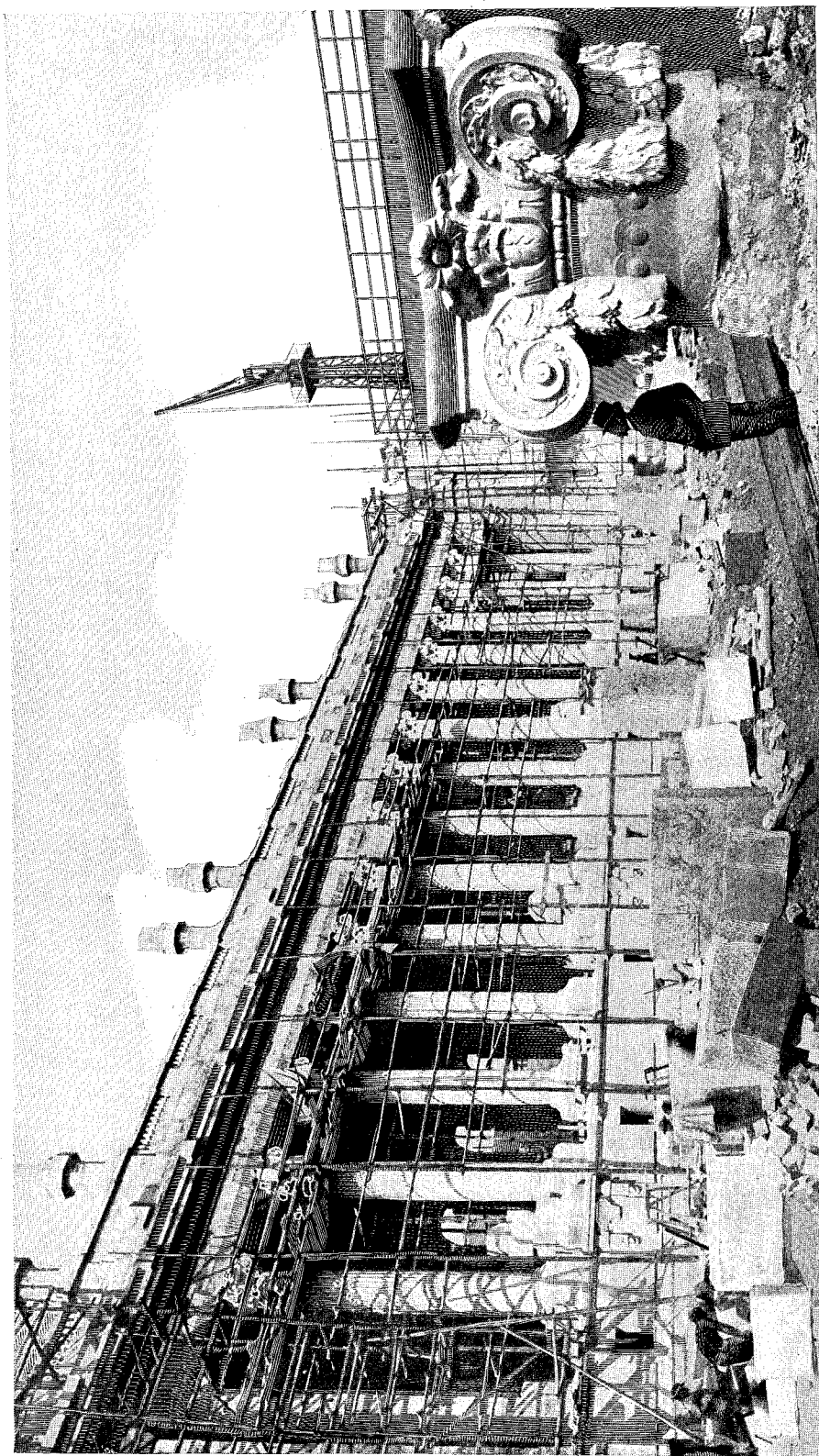
EX SENATOR JAMES W. BRADBURY, OF MAINE, AGED NINETY SEVEN, THE OLDEST LIVING VETERAN OF AMERICAN PUBLIC LIFE—SEE ARTICLE BY JOSEPH H. MANLEY, PAGE 58.

From a photograph by Alman, Newport.

family gatherings and entertainments usually take place in the ample gardens, after sunset.

The wealthy classes in the Philippines are late to retire and late to arise. All places of business are closed at noon, and

The house occupied by the United States commissioners to the Philippines—92 Calle Real, Malate—is one of the finest residences in Manila, though there are many equally comfortable and rich in their furnishings and surroundings. It be-



THE PREPARATIONS FOR THE GREAT EXPOSITION OF NEXT YEAR IN PARIS—THE GRAND PALAIS DES BEAUX ARTS, WHICH IS BEING BUILT BETWEEN THE CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES AND THE SEINE.

From a recent photograph by Piron, Paris.

longs to a Spaniard, who returned to Barcelona in order to escape from the insurgents, for they had marked him, as they had marked most of the leading Spaniards, for assassination and spoliation.



PRINCE MICHAEL CANTACUZE, A MEMBER OF A
TITLED RUSSIAN FAMILY, AND A LIEUTENANT
IN THE IMPERIAL GUARD.

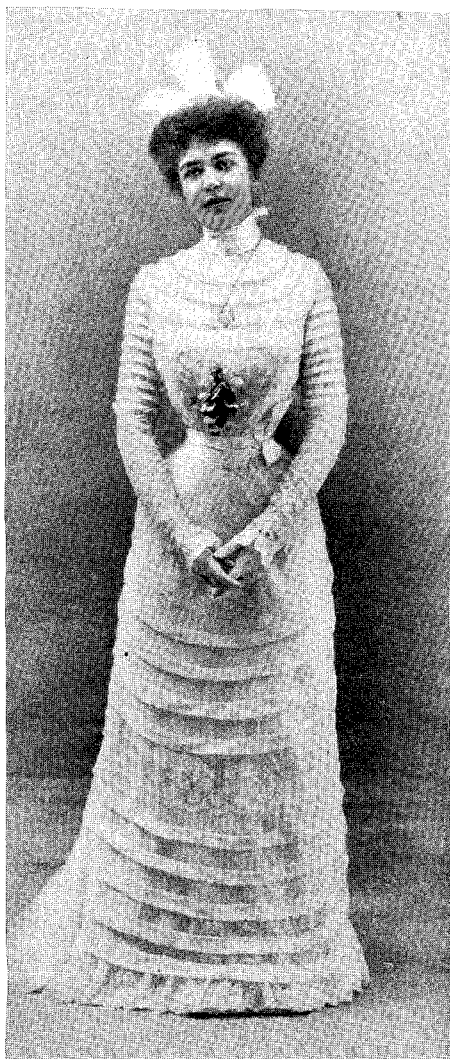
From a photograph by Otto, Paris.

The United States government has been paying him a good rental for the house, enough to keep him comfortable in Spain, and no doubt he has little fear about his property being well protected.

Like all of its class, the house is secluded from the street by a strong, high iron fence resting on a foundation of solid masonry. Entrance by carriage is made through a wide double gate, closely guarded, day and night, by two United States military policemen. Within, the first thing that meets the eye is a wide marble stairway, which is truly a model of simple elegance. Ascending, the visitor finds himself not in a hallway, but in a spacious reception room, floored with boards of native wood, twelve inches wide, the dark narra wood and the light gray marretto being laid in alternate strips. The material is so beautiful and ornamental that it seems like an extravagance to use such timber for flooring;

but the Philippines abound in these ornamental woods, some of which are said to be fully equal to mahogany or rosewood. The floor is finely polished, and there is neither carpet nor rug in the room.

All around the upper story of the house, along the outer wall, runs a passageway about three feet wide. Within this, opening into it with shaded windows and entrances, are the sleeping rooms. The outside hallway serves to keep off the heat of the sun, and in the rainy season makes it possible to admit air without



PRINCESS MICHAEL CANTACUZE, FORMERLY MISS
JULIA DENT GRANT, DAUGHTER OF GENERAL
FREDERICK D. GRANT.

From a photograph by Otto, Paris.



THE FRONT AND MAIN ENTRANCE OF THE POTTER PALMER COTTAGE.



THE PIAZZA OF THE POTTER PALMER COTTAGE.

BEAULIEU, MRS. POTTER PALMER'S COTTAGE AT NEWPORT, THE SCENE OF THE MARRIAGE OF HER NIECE, MISS JULIA GRANT, TO PRINCE MICHAEL CANTACUZENE.

From photographs—Copyrighted, 1899, by George Grantham Bain.



THE LATE COLONEL A. L. HAWKINS OF THE TENTH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS, WHO DIED AT SEA ON HIS WAY HOME FROM MANILA.

danger of the tropical deluge flooding the inner apartments. Behind the house, the garden extends to the shores of Manila Bay. To facilitate the commissioners' daily dip in the cooling salt water, a wooden gallery was built out from the second floor, sloping down to the beach, and enabling them to don their bathing suits in their own rooms and run—or walk, if it suited their official dignity better—straight into the gentle surf of the bay.

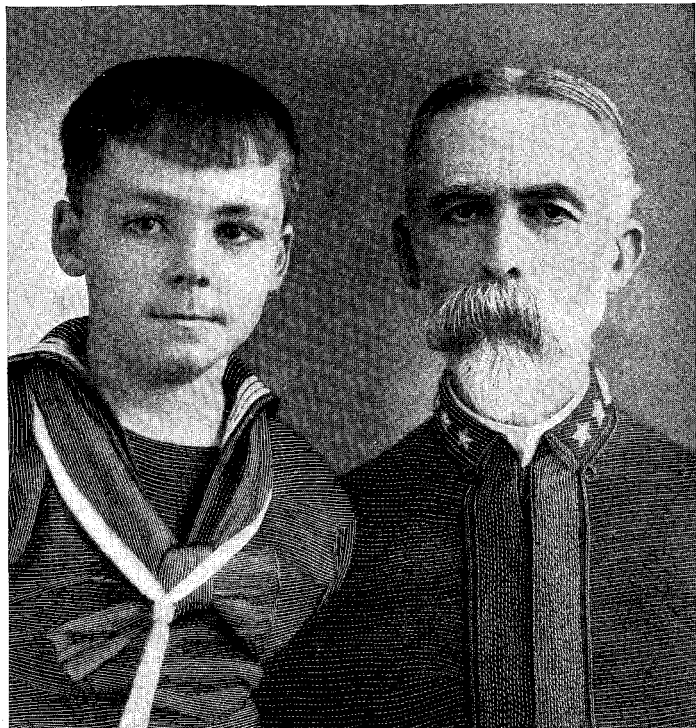
President Schur-

man's quarters were on the south side of the house—on the left, as it appears in the engraving on page 6; Professor Worcester's were in the opposite wing, while Colonel Denby's room was at the back, commanding a view over the bay. Before he left Manila, Admiral Dewey, being a member of the commission, was a frequent visitor, although he lived altogether on the *Olympia*, and it is not recorded that he spent a night ashore during his long stay on the scene of his great victory of May 1, 1898.

THE LATE COLONEL HAWKINS.

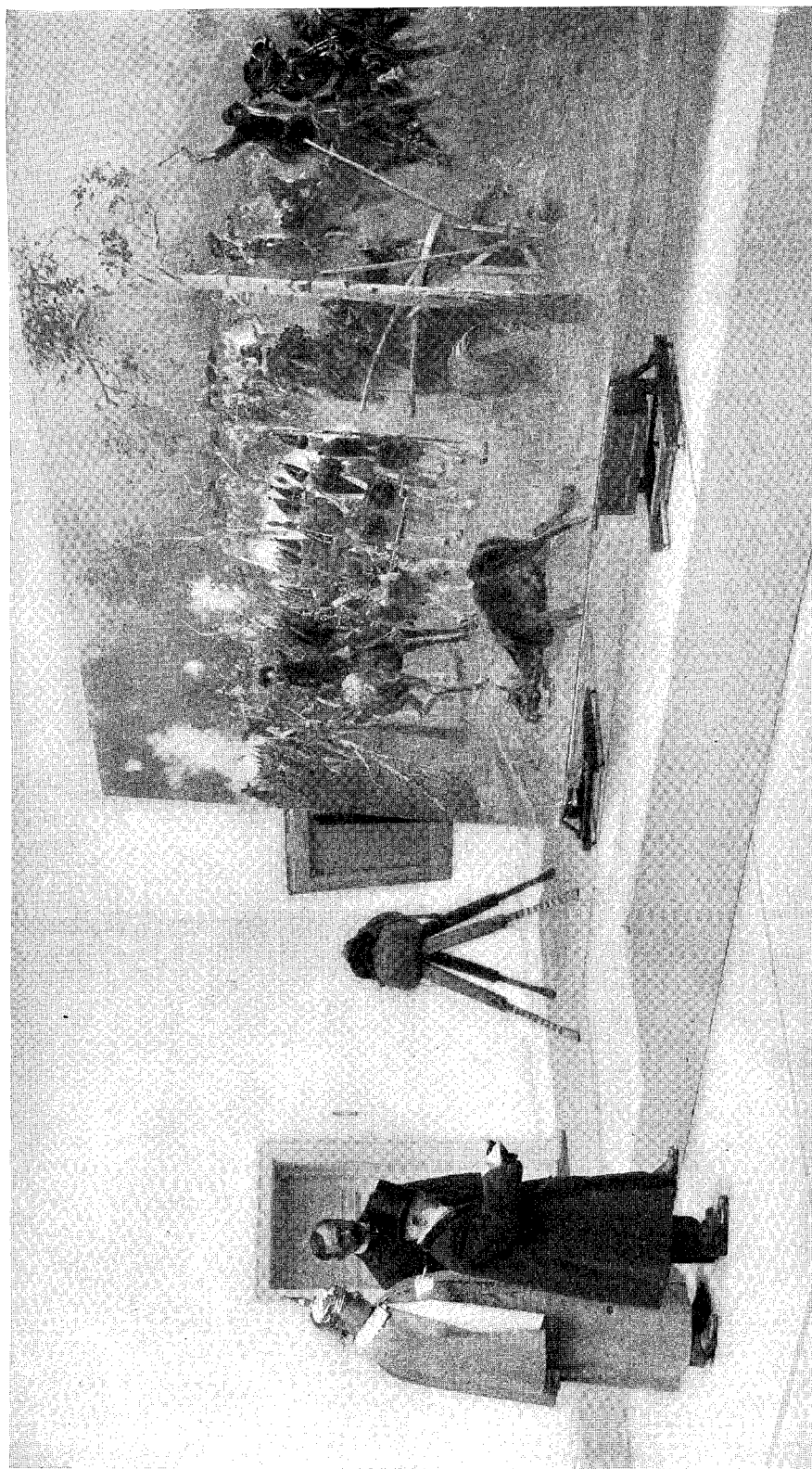
No American soldier deserves a higher place in the list of men who have given their lives for their country in the far east than does Alexander Leroy Hawkins, colonel of the Tenth Pennsylvania, who died at sea, in July, on his way from Manila to San Francisco.

Colonel Hawkins' military record went back to 1862, when, as a boy of eighteen, he enlisted in a Pennsylvania cavalry regiment. His company was nicknamed the "hayseed company," but when it



REAR ADMIRAL WILLIAM T. SAMPSON AND HIS SON, MASTER RALPH SAMPSON.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1899, by Elmer Chickering, Boston.



WILHELM II AS A PATRON OF ART—THE KAISER AND THE VETERAN PAINTER MENZEL VISITING THE STUDIO IN THE PALACE OF MONEBJOU WHICH HIS MAJESTY HAS ASSIGNED TO THE POLISH MILITARY PAINTER, VON KOSSAK.

From a photograph by Ziesler, Berlin.



PRINCE DANILO, ELDEST SON OF THE REIGNING PRINCE OF MONTENEGRO, AND HIS BRIDE, FORMERLY PRINCESS JUTTA OF MECKLENBURG STRELITZ.

went to the front it did good service for the Union, and Hawkins won promotion

from the ranks to a captaincy. Since the Civil War, though he became a successful

business man in Washington County, Pennsylvania, much of his time has always been devoted to the national guard, and last year, when there came a call for volunteers, the regiment of which he had been colonel for many years was one of the first to offer its services. It formed part of the second expedition (General Greene's) sent to Manila, and was the only body of Eastern volunteers, except the Astor Battery, that



MUCKROSS ABBEY, THE FAMOUS RUIN BETWEEN TWO OF THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY, IN IRELAND, RECENTLY REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN SOLD, WITH THE SURROUNDING ESTATE, TO AN AMERICAN PURCHASER.

took part in the capture of the Philippine capital. With Hawkins at its head, it did its full share of the fighting, holding the advanced trenches on the night of July 31, 1898, when the Spaniards made their first night attack, the most serious action of Merritt's campaign.

When the Tenth left Manila, on the 1st of last July, after a year's service in the most trying field in which American soldiers have ever had to fight and work, Colonel Hawkins was already smitten by a fatal disease, contracted from exposure to the hardships which he had unflinchingly shared with his men. It was hoped that he would live long enough to see his home once more, but he died at sea, two days out from Yokohama.

THE GERMAN SAILOR PRINCE.

If Prince Henry of Prussia goes home from China by way of San Francisco and New York, as it has been reported that he intends to do, he will be one of the most exalted personages that ever visited this land of democracy. It is not every day that we have an opportunity of gazing, respectfully or otherwise, upon the son of one emperor and the brother of another.

Prince Henry is a good specimen of royalty. He is an able and interesting fellow, with the strong physical and mental characteristics of the Hohenzollerns. The world would no doubt have heard more of him if he had not been overshadowed by the ubiquitous activity of his elder brother. He himself is well aware of the Kaiser's fondness for occupying not only the center of the stage but also most of the rest of it. Since Wilhelm II came to the throne, Henry has seldom been in Germany, spending nearly all his time afloat. This may be due solely to his devotion to his profession; or partly, as is popularly supposed, to the fact that the relations of the imperial brothers are most cordial when they are some distance apart.

As is more or less of a tradition with the second sons of many royal families, Prince Henry entered the navy as a boy, and in his twenty years' service he has worked his way up from midshipman to admiral. His present command is that of the East Asiatic station, where his tact and good sense have done much to

smooth away the ill feeling caused by Admiral Diedrichs' unfriendly attitude toward the American squadron in Manila Bay. He succeeded in making it entirely clear that no hostility to the United States would be countenanced by the German government. It was a service for which he deserves the thanks of both nations—nations that have so many reasons for amity and so few for enmity.

THE SAXE COBURG SUCCESSION.

The German duchy of Saxe Coburg is not a large state, but the question of the succession to its throne is of some political importance, besides its interest for those who care to follow the genealogical intricacies of European royalty.

Its close connection with the reigning dynasty of Britain began in 1840, when Prince Albert of Coburg, second son of the reigning duke, married Queen Victoria, resigning his possible prospect of inheriting his father's ducal crown to become the "prince consort" in England. Four years later his elder brother came to the Coburg throne, to reign as Duke Ernst II from 1844 to 1893, when he died childless. The succession then fell to his nephews, the sons of his younger brother. Now the eldest of these nephews, the Prince of Wales, was naturally unwilling, and indeed unable, to give up his place in England; and the vacant throne passed to his brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, who became Duke of Coburg, and whose only son, Prince Alfred, was recognized as heir to the duchy.

Some months ago young Prince Alfred died, and once more the Coburg succession was unsettled. Next in line stood Victoria's third son, the Duke of Connaught, and for a time it was expected that he would accept the heirship, either for himself—which would oblige him to resign his place in the British army—or, more probably, for his son, Prince Arthur, an Eton schoolboy. Prince Arthur went over to Coburg, and returned declaring that he would never leave England to become its sovereign. He is said to have been specially disgusted when, having been asked to play tennis with three German princes, he found that they had a squad of soldiers to field for them, and that the men came to "attention" and saluted whenever they handed a ball.

This, Prince Arthur told his schoolfellows, decided him to "chuck" the prospect of succeeding to his uncle's throne.

It is now understood that the young Duke of Albany, whose father was Victoria's fourth and youngest son, will be recognized as heir to the ducal crown.

When the intelligent foreigner locates Niagara on the Mississippi River, or identifies New York with the capital of the United States, we point the finger of scorn, and inquire why the common schools of Europe fail to dispel such hazy notions of American geography. And yet a leading American newspaper speaks of Prince Michael Cantacuzene, the young Russian lieutenant who is to marry General Grant's granddaughter on September 25, as intending to return at once to his paternal estate "near Moscow and Odessa." Now both Moscow and Odessa are large and well known towns—the chief cities, respectively, of central and southern Russia; they are about eight hundred miles apart; and if the little red American schoolhouse is as efficient as it is supposed to be, its every graduate should know that it is no less ridiculous to locate the Cantacuzene castle "near Moscow and Odessa" than to say that President McKinley lives "near Boston and Chicago."

Colonel Georges Picquart is indeed a man of penetration and originality. Not only was he the first French army official to discover that Dreyfus had been wrongfully condemned, but he has also devised a method of checkmating the ubiquitous and hitherto invincible camera fiend. During the Rennes courtmartial he was the favorite target of the army of amateur photographers until he perfected his scheme of defense. It consisted in watching the moment at which the executioner was in the act of pressing the button, and instantly puffing a cloud of cigarette smoke before his own face.

This is far less troublesome, and probably more effectual, than the plan which a camera victim at Newport was said to have tried last summer—that of a personal assault upon his persecutors.

Recently published returns show that during the five years from 1894 to 1898 England imported from foreign countries

goods worth \$882,000,000 more than the value of the goods she exported. At the same time she imported \$140,000,000 more gold than she exported. This is commonly called an "unfavorable" balance of trade, yet it is hard to see why a community should complain when it receives a billion dollars' worth of goods and money over and above what it gives in exchange.

An English historian having compiled a history of the Philippine Islands, Mr. Spencer Pratt, the United States consul at Singapore, sued the publishers of the book for libel, and recently obtained an order directing that no further copies of it should be sold without a suppression and a retraction of certain erroneous statements it contained. It seems that the chronicler—innocently, no doubt—had accepted as true some of the romances that have appeared in the American press as to Mr. Pratt's relations with Aguinaldo, of whom he may be said to have been the original discoverer.

It is but right, of course, that there should be a legal protection against slander; but a public man who undertook to compel the correction of every misstatement he saw in print would have his hands full.

The success of Miss Helen Keller—aged twenty, and blind, deaf, and dumb from infancy—in passing the entrance examination for Radcliffe College is a fact remarkable in more ways than one. It may be scored to the credit of the century just closing that it should show such an evidence of human progress. The last century saw those who lacked their five senses left to live in utter darkness, while the insane were chained and lashed to drive the demons out of their hapless bodies.

In the last four hundred years, according to recently published statistics, the Catholic church has canonized or beatified 416 persons—358 men and 58 women. Of these 76 were Italians, 66 Spaniards, and 37 Portuguese; fourteen were French, with only four Germans, and apparently not one Englishman or American. One would hardly have suspected that saintly virtue was so largely monopolized by the peoples of southern Europe.

SOPHIA.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

SIR HERVEY COKE seeks Sophia Maitland's hand in marriage, but his dispassionate style of wooing proves distasteful to the young girl, who has bestowed her affections on an Irish adventurer named Hawkesworth. The latter worthy, who is seeking to win Sophia for her fortune, has also plotted to bring about the marriage of her twin brother, Tom, to a woman of doubtful character known as Oriana Clark, who is really the daughter of a clockmaker named Grocott; for Hawkesworth has ascertained that if the young fellow marries without the consent of his guardians, he will forfeit a large part of his inheritance, half of which will become Sophia's, and incidentally Hawkesworth's, if he can win her. With this object in view, he lures the boy from Cambridge, where he is at college, to London. Sophia's guardians, Mr. Northey and his wife, who is the young girl's elder sister, try to coerce her into marrying Sir Hervey, foreseeing advantages to themselves in such an alliance; but Sophia has accidentally learned of Tom's danger, and that, although they are aware of it, they have done nothing to save him, and she remains obdurate. Mrs. Northey thereupon harshly declares that she must go to Chalkhill, her shrewish Aunt Leah's home, where existence promises to be a burden to her. In sheer desperation, Sophia consents to an elopement which Hawkesworth has planned; but afterwards discovers that before the appointed time arrives, she will have been sent away from London. She is sorely perplexed as to what to do, when Lady Betty Cochrane visits her, and on learning of her dilemma persuades her to exchange clothes with her, so that she may escape from her room, where she is locked in, and seek her lover. When she reaches her destination, she finds that the Irishman is not at home. She is grudgingly permitted to come in and wait for him, and in Hawkesworth's room she finds damning evidence of his perfidy. Before she can decide upon a course of action, she hears Hawkesworth's voice on the stairs. Unable to escape from the room, the girl takes refuge behind a high backed settle, where she overhears the conversation between the Irishman and his companion, who proves to be her brother Tom. After hearing enough to confirm her worst suspicions, Sophia confronts the two men and denounces Hawkesworth. Young Maitland is furious and attacks the Irishman fiercely, but is overpowered and forcibly ejected from the house. Tom thereupon takes his sister around to his own lodgings, at Grocott's. Here Sophia is dismayed to find that, despite the recent revelations, her brother still intends to be married. He indignantly refuses to listen to her when she remonstrates, and so, during his temporary absence, Sophia decides to go and appeal to the Northeys, to prevent the ceremony from taking place. Grocott, however, has suspected her intentions, and locks her in her room. In the mean time Sir Hervey, who has been notified of the girl's flight by Mr. Northey, sets out to look for her. He traces her to Grocott's, but is there thrown off the track. He has about decided to give up the search, when he encounters Tom Maitland, who discloses enough to arouse the older man's suspicions; for Tom acknowledges having taken Sophia to Grocott's the previous night, and there, but a few minutes before, they have denied all knowledge of her.

XI (Continued).

PRESENTLY Keith, the Mayfair parson, from whom Tom had just come after making the last arrangements, would be expecting both! Even now he ought to be at Grocott's; even now he ought to be starting to the chapel in Curzon Street. And Grocott's was in sight; from where he stood he could see the boy with the flowers and wedding favors waiting at the door. But Coke—Coke the inopportune—had hold of his elbow, and if he went to Grocott's, would wish to go with him—would wish to see his sister, and from her would hear all about the marriage. Aye, and hearing, would interfere!

The cup of Tantalus was a little thing beside this, and Tom's cheeks burned;

the wildest projects flashed through his brain. Should he take Sir Hervey to Grocott's, inveigle him into a bedroom, and lock him up till the wedding was over? Or should he turn that instant and take to his heels like any common pickpocket, without word or explanation, and so lead him from the place? He might do that, and return by coach himself, and—

Coke broke the tangled thread of thought. "There is something amiss here," he said with decision. "She is not at Grocott's. Or they lied to me."

"She's not?" Tom cried, with a sigh of relief. "You've been there? Then you may be sure she has gone to Arlington Street. That is it, you may be sure!"

"Aye, but they said at Grocott's that

*Copyright, 1899, by Stanley J. Weyman.—This story began in the June number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.