

# A SALT LAKER'S VISIT TO THE TOWER OF LONDON.

WOULD you like a little trip with us to the Tower of London and see something of the medieval ages. My friend and I had a short time only to spend in the world's metropolis, and consequently had to limit our sight-seeing to the more noted places only. The first place we decided to see was the Tower, so we proceeded in the morning from our hotel to this world-famed spot. We came to a region of narrow streets, lined with warehouses and sidewalks piled high with boxes, and almost blocked with trucks and wagons. Lastly we passed through the Temple of Fisheries (not a little odoriferous) in front of us loomed up the quaint old battlements of the Tower, with its long line of gray stone walls, broken here and there by a round turret, or tower, rising abruptly from its surroundings. Inside of this outer wall we saw a second similar wall, but of greater height, and in the center of this great enclosure rose the square outlines of the White Tower, or "keep."

The gloomy old fortress of the conqueror that has stood for centuries and centuries, stern guardian of the place. The Tower, we were told, covered an area of 13 acres, and was reared by William the Conqueror, upon a Roman bastion. Early writers, however, allege that Julius Caesar first built the Tower as a Roman fortress. The walls of the White Tower were in places 16 feet thick, and of solid masonry, and considered proof even against modern methods of warfare.

For 500 years the Tower of London was used as the occasional residence of kings and queens, and considered as the chief palace of the sovereign, but the hub of oft repeated murders and unrighteous inquisitions made it unpopular, and consequently it was abandoned by the royalty as a place of residence. I had read of how illustrious as well as honorable young men and women had in this place been condemned to a cruel death, and now that I beheld the place in which they suffered and died, it was almost filled with terror. What unfortunate playthings of unkind fate were these mortals who either pined their lives away in the gloomy cells or left them for the scaffold or the executioner's block! As we approached the outer courtyard we met an affable warder or "petticoated befeater," as they are nicknamed, who explained to us the sights and where and how to go in the fortress. The "befeater" is himself quite an interesting sight, dressed in his quaint old-world uniform, richly embroidered and decorated with shining buckles, badges, etc. The warders, when King Henry the Seventh instituted them, were all picked men, tall of stature and strong. They were his own special attendants at banquets and festive occasions—hence the title "buffeater," their former title, corrupted into "befeater."

THE TRAITOR'S GATE.

New, reader, follow us as we go under the arched gateways, up and down the winding turret stairs, directed to this and that place by the "befeater." We first passed under two Gothic gateways, surrounded by the royal coat of arms, known as the Middle and Bayard towers. We crossed a broad moat and came to the "Traitor's Gate," where, in olden times, the prisoners who had been rowed down the river in barges, were admitted through the wall and so conveyed to their apartments. Here it was that Thomas Moore was brought back to prison with a reversed 33 being carried before him, signifying death, when his beloved daughter, Margaret, burst through the guarding soldiers and embraced him, beseeching his blessing, a scene that moved those stern guards to tears.

Turning to the right we then approached the great square keep of the conqueror, the White Tower, and through a narrow door we went up the winding stair at the foot of which were found the bones of the murdered princes. After reaching the top of the stairway we found ourselves in the queer old chapel of St. John, one of the best preserved specimens of early Norman architecture. Here are 22 mounted and gloomy looking place with massive arches supporting the roof. Here the old conqueror was wont to come to pray to mass, after having carried out some atrocious act of cruelty.

Leaving this apartment we entered the horse armory, and were apparently confronted by all the mailed warriors of the middle ages. Here are 22 mounted figures of horses and horsemen, the latter clothed in the coats of mail of kings and great warriors from the thirteenth to the seventeenth centuries, and on the walls are enclosed in cases curious arms and accoutrements of the period.

WHERE NOBLES DIED.

On leaving Beauchamp tower we passed Tower green, a spot in the court reserved as a private execution place for special victims. The exact spot is marked by a patch of dark stone. Here, as stated, Anne Boleyn was beheaded, also Katherine Howard and later Lady Jane Grey, a child of eighteen. "The queen of nine days," who was a victim of other offenses.

It seems that neither age nor youth were spared in those days, for the gray hairs of the aged Countess of Salisbury, last of the Plantagenets, were brought here to the same block. From here we passed on to the northwest post of the quadrangle to the old church, St. Peter's in chains. In an adjoining chapel of St. Peter's were cast the poor

disheveled bodies of the prisoners executed at Tower green. Queen Anne Boleyn's, was thrown into an old arrow chest and flung beneath the altar. Inside the door in St. Peter's hangs a brass tablet, on which is numbered and inscribed the names of the famous victims buried there. Regarding this chapel, McCauley writes: "There is no sadder spot on earth than this little cemetery. Hither have been carried through successive ages, by the rude hands of goiters, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who had been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senators, and the ornaments of courts."

THE BLOODY TOWER.

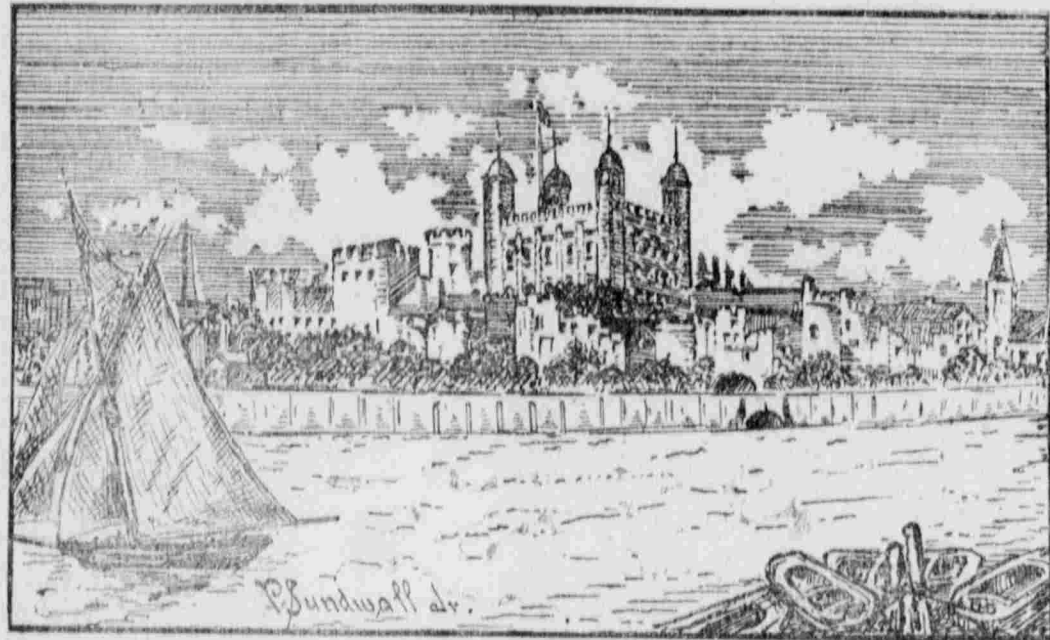
Another of the many gloomy places in the Tower is the "Bloody Tower," sacred to the memory of the little prince, sons of Edward IV, who were here smothered by order of the infamous Duke of Gloucester, so that he himself could ascend to the throne. In 1874 their bones were discovered under one of the narrow stairways leading up into

the White Tower, and by order of Charles the Second were interred at Westminster Abbey.

The last of the sights was the Jewel house in the Wakefield Tower, where are kept the crown jewels of Great Britain. They are under a huge glass enclosed in a cage like arrangement of iron. Here is the famous Koh-i-noor, the largest diamond in the world, and here are also all the crowns, scepters, globes, jewels, and coronation regalia of the Tower of London, or from its history reeking with cruelty and terror so vividly brought before us, we stepped out into the roar and rattle of modern London.

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THE TOWER OF LONDON.



WALL OF OUTER WARD. LANGTHORN TOWER. WALL OF INNER WARD.

## GERONIMO, FAMOUS APACHE TO ATTEND THE PRESIDENT'S INAUGURATION.

GERONIMO, the famous Apache chief, who is now making preparations to take his band of warriors to Washington for the inauguration of President Roosevelt, is one of the few really great fighters that survive out of the host of famous Indian leaders of the last two generations.

Gerónimo, however, pathetic and noble a figure he may appear today, was for many years the most notoriously bloodthirsty of all these Indian chiefs, and for over a quarter of a century,

1855, Gerónimo, at the head of his band, left his camp on Turkey Creek, a beautiful little stream near Fort Apache, Arizona, on the way to his haunts in the mountains of old Mexico. His trail through Arizona and New Mexico was marked for miles on each side by desolation, rapine and death.

Three years before this, Crook, the acknowledged prince of Indian fighters, in company with a few scouts, had penetrated the fastnesses of Gerónimo's camp in the Sierras, and at the risk of his life prevailed on the wily savage to come in with his band and surrender as prisoners of war. As

times. But with every change Gerónimo found his tireless antagonist ever on his heels, and finally, after three years of devoted labor on the part of Miles and his men, years that have shed as bright a luster on American arms as any in the history of the nation, the band surrendered unconditionally at Fort Bowie, Ariz. Gerónimo taking his life in his hands to carry to Gerónimo Gen. Miles' ultimatum.

JOY IN THE TERRITORIES.

It seems incomprehensible, but no sooner was this murderous savage caught than there were influential people in the east who sought to turn Gerónimo and his band loose once more as prisoners of war on parole. But Miles went to Washington and there silenced the coddlers forever by telling the truth about this band of murdering renegades.

Arizona and New Mexico took a long breath. The snake had not only been scotched, but virtually killed. Every town, from Albuquerque to Tucson, gave itself up to a period of wild happiness, and the whole West joined in doing honor to the brave troop that had accomplished the result. A sentiment of loyalty and devotion to Gen. Miles thrives even today along the whole Pacific slope.—J. R. R. in Chicago Record-Herald.

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MODERN BLUEBEARD.



This is a photograph of Johann Hech, the modern bluebeard, made by the police of New York. One fails to find in this picture anything that would warrant so many women in marrying him. It is said that he murdered no less than a dozen of his numerous wives.

## DOES SHE DEAL WITH SPIRITS?



Rev. Mary S. Pepper.

Mrs. Mary Pepper, of Brooklyn, a spiritualist, is the first of the many mediums whose seances have successfully withstood investigations. In fact it is said that when they start to investigate her alleged communications with spirits that she becomes more baffling.

## THE SQUARE MILE HOMESTEAD BILLS.

Great Future for the West Depicted by Congressman Mondell.

WHETHER 640 acres as a homestead shall take the place of 160 acres is a question which is being discussed before the public lands committees of the senate and house. Statements have been made showing that a square mile is not too much to allow a man in certain states of the west, and that 160 acres is too little. An interesting argument was made last Friday before the house committee by Representative Mondell of Wyoming, chairman of the house irrigation committee, in which he took decided ground against any hasty legislation on this subject.

"Congress passed a law on this question last session including the land of western Nebraska," he said, "with the understanding that it would be in the nature of an experiment. After a fair trial there, and a careful investigation of its results, it may be wise—may be wise, I say—to enact similar legislation for other limited localities, but to forthwith apply the plan to great areas of the west at this time would be a dangerous thing. The Nebraska law has been in no sense a demonstration as yet."

Mr. Mondell stated that he had made four or five long railroad trips through this part of Nebraska, and he had observed no indication of settlement under this law. He saw no new houses nor evidence of increased population. He admitted that there are vast areas of the west which can eventually be made as good as the best, but he deemed beyond any process of irrigation, better farming methods or through the introduction of new arid land crops. "But," he said, "we are in no condition at this time, and will not be for many years, to intelligently

or so to be called 'dry farming,' considerable soil by these dry farming methods as through irrigation. For every million or ten million acres we reclaim through irrigation in the west we will have a million or two million acres producing profitably without irrigation."

In our land policy, ultimately cultivate as much land by these dry farming methods as through irrigation. For every million or ten million acres we reclaim through irrigation in the west we will have a million or two million acres producing profitably without irrigation."

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GERONIMO, THE APACHE "RED DEVIL"

In the territory of Arizona and surrounding country, this cruel-hearted demon waged a ceaseless warfare against the whites, and was the terror of every man, woman and child in the whole southwest.

GREAT BUT CRUEL FOE.

Time after time during this long period he outgeneraled, outmarched and outfought dozens of regimental leaders of the United States army, and was personally responsible for the deliberate murder of thousands of helpless settlers and the horrible torture of hundreds of captured enemies. For the last 15 years this old chief has been practically a prisoner of war at Fort Sill and other places. Four years ago it was announced that he had become a raving maniac, but the aberration proved to be merely temporary and in six months he had recovered all his mental faculties.

ABOUT 18 months ago the officers at Fort Sill were told by Gerónimo that he had been converted to the Methodist faith and wanted to profess his conversion at the earliest possible moment. Surrounded by a great crowd of whites, Comanches and Apaches, and facing the Methodist minister, Gerónimo a few weeks later did become converted, and to a speech he made after the ceremony declared that he was ready to accept the Christian faith, that he believed he would be forgiven his sins and was ready to lean on the "White Man's God."

CROOK'S INDIAN WARFARE.

It is almost impossible for a younger generation to realize what the capture and imprisonment of Gerónimo and his bloodthirsty warriors meant to the people of a vast section of the United States. On the 17th of May,