

VALLADOLID.

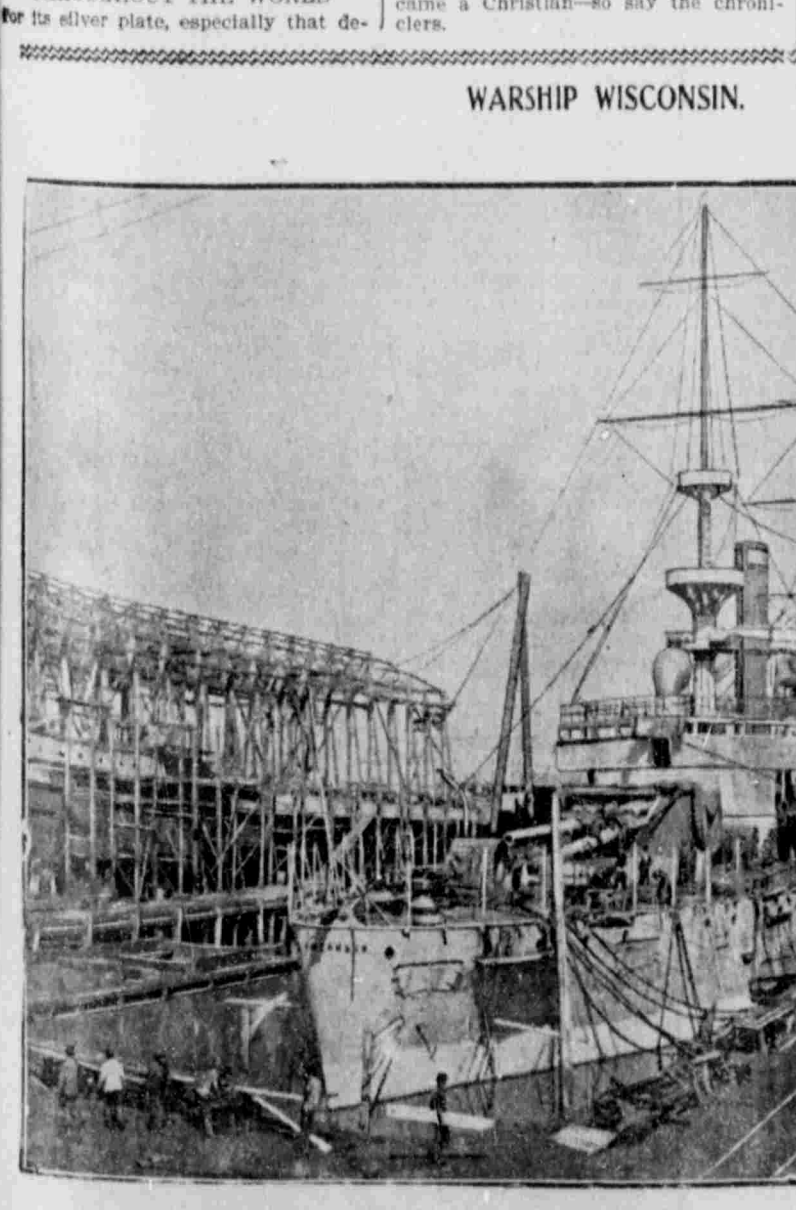
The Ancient Capital of Old Castile, where Ferdinand and Isabella Were Married—For Centuries the Residence of Kings, It Was Ruined by the French Invasion—Now the Center of Spain's Corn Trade, With a Population of Fifty-five Thousand.

Special Correspondence.



JOHN MITCHELL, THE AGITATOR.

Valladolid, Spain, Aug. 2.—This once-famous city, the Moorish Belad Waled, is the saddest example we have yet seen of the ruin wrought by the French invasion. Its modern name, by the way, is pronounced as if spelled Val-yah-dough-lead, accenting the third syllable. Long, long ago it was the patria of Ptolemy, and is described in the itinerary as "a town of the Vacaoli, on the road from Asturica to Caesaraugusta." In the year 920, the cortes of the kingdom met here in the following centuries, and afterwards it became the residence of the Spanish kings, beginning with Juan II, early in the fifteenth century. Ferdinand and Isabella were married here, in the autumn of 1495. Valladolid reached its



WARSHIP WISCONSIN.

We are indebted to Vice President and General Manager Irving M. Scott, of the Union Iron Works, constructing the vessel, for this first photograph taken for publication of Uncle Sam's magnificent new battleship Wisconsin. This brilliant half-tone shows the Wisconsin as she appears at the wharf at San Francisco today, ready for sea. With the exception of a few six-inch guns, the vessel is the latest construction about the end of this month.

As to situation, one would think the surroundings of Valladolid were stony enough to have satisfied even the royal misanthrope who abandoned it. About 120 miles from Madrid and 80 from Burgos, it stands at the confluence of the Pisuerga and Esguera rivers, in the middle of a wind-swept plain, covered with low gray boulders. The view is bound on all sides by steep, but not high granite ridges, behind which are the

FAMOUS CORN-FIELDS.

Hardly two thousand feet above the sea and partially protected by the rocky hills, the climate is exceptionally genial for northern Spain and the skies are generally cloudless. One day is ample time to devote to the fields of Valladolid. You begin with the central plaza, around which are ranged the best shops, its shaded south side being the favorite lounging place of gossips and idlers. In this historic square grand spectacles used to take place, such as bull fights, executions, and autos de fe. On this spot Bernardino made over the crown of Castile to her son, Saint Ferdinand, in the year 1230. Here Charles V., on a splendid throne erected in the open air, shrewdly, but with much spectacular display, pardoned the Comuneros. Here his son Philip celebrated the first memorable burning of heretics, which and the van of many similar atrocities during the rule of the inquisition. The cathedral, begun by the same pious king, three centuries and a quarter ago, stuck fast soon afterwards and has remained a fragment ever since. It is the towers of the cathedral, however, that are the most magnificent specimen of the Graco-Roman style on earth—either the money saved out of the artist's hand, and only the nave and towers were ever finished. One of the towers (there were four in the plan), fell down about a hundred years ago, and it is characteristically Spanish that the debris remains to this day in the streets of Valladolid.

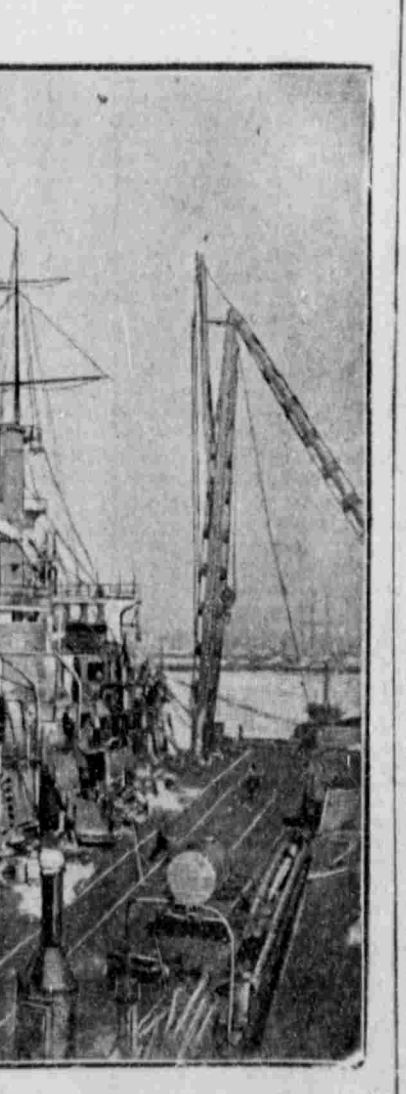
A more interesting church known as Santa Maria de la Antigua, was built in the year 1260. The university, now the best in Spain since the decline of Salamanca, has an average of fifteen hundred students. It was founded in the year 1345, but the present painfully "Rococo" building is not yet twenty years old. Near the tumble-down Palacio Real of Philip III, is the great convent of San Pablo, a Dominican institution of the earliest days, which was rebuilt in 1465 by Cardinal Torquemada, who had been one of its monks. He was the ferocious confessor of Isabella the Catholic, and he it was who extorted from her the promise that she would devote herself to the glory of God and the exaltation of the true faith. The influence of Torquemada's influence the numerous notes de fe, held in the main plaza, became greater sport than the bull-fights and were attended by the court in gorgeous array, the victims of the burnings dressed in yellow shirts on which were painted flames and figures of devils. The cardinal was an enthusiastic patron of art and literature, and the inscription "operibus credite," referring to the splendid buildings which he founded, is repeated

AROUND HIS TOMB.

The facade of San Pablo is still a miracle of labyrinthine Gothic tracery and so is the facade of San Gregorio, one of the magnificent foundations of Cardinal Ximenez. The latter is the great show place of Valladolid, with its wonderful quadrangle and stair case, its arched hall and chapel, and the portal rich in heraldic ornament, which runs up into an armorial tree. Close by is the curious old house in which Philip II was born. The museum is a handsome building externally, dating back to 1499, but hardly worth a visit. It contains all the paintings, carvings and sculptures that could be collected in the provinces when the convents were suppressed. Several of the ex-convents now do duty as barracks, factories and stores. The public library is said to contain twenty thousand volumes. There is a fine new hospital in the spacious Parque de la Magdalena, and several seminaries and colleges. Most interesting among the latter is the Colegio de los Escoceses, formerly a Jesuit institution, founded at Madrid by Col. Semple, in 1627, and transferred to Valladolid about a century and a half later. A score of young Scotchmen are always being prepared here for the priesthood. The English college (Colegio de los Ingleses), is another unique institution. It was endowed by Sir Francis Englefield, one of the most zealous adherents of Mary Queen of Scots who withdrew to Spain after her execution. In 1590 Philip II granted certain privileges to this college, which it still enjoys. Forty-five students from the United Kingdom are the usual number in training for the priesthood. The fish college at Salamanca completes the trio of British R. C. institutions in Spain.

FANNIE BRIGHAM WARD.

WARSHIP WISCONSIN.



FANNIE BRIGHAM WARD.

Frederick the Great said that an army was like a snake and moved upon its belly. His comparison, though witty, was unjust to the snake, for he is a much cleaner being than an army. When he passes from place to place he does not trail filth after him, and when his faeces drop into his destructive energy is right, inasmuch as compared with the frightful threat of disease, either imminent or active, which follows all armed forces.

HON. THEO. ROOSEVELT.



Col. Theodore Roosevelt, governor of New York and nominee of the G. O. P. for vice presidential honors, is not the big-toothed man shown in cheap chalk plates and faded zinc etchings. Au contraire, he has a fine, strong face, incisive eyes and a good forehead, as we show in this beautiful half-tone of the Puck's excellent photograph. This is a portrait of a man who knows and acts and wins.

WHAT WAR REALLY MEANS.

Imagine someone's telling you that all who believe in war are traitors to the rest of mankind. You would probably ask, if you took any notice at all of the statement, how it could be proved. Then suppose the answer was given that war cannot be waged without death; that it is seldom waged without death in the form of frightful carnage, and that death is the natural foe of man. Hence all who kindle the fires of war must likewise kindle those of death, and hence all such incendiaries must become traitors to the entire race.

At the present stage of civilization there is no other mode of answering this question. We may affirm that war is justifiable when some barbarous horde attacks a nation; but this rarely happens. Barbarous hordes are nearly always attacked by enlightened ones, and for the purpose of securing their lands. The missionary comes to them first and tells them of Jesus Christ, whose chief alleged mission was peace on earth, good will to men. They are surely not exceptional in loathing all religion which is not their own. They scoff at it just as Christians would scoff at a preacher of some alien creed who dared his faith along Regent street or Broadway. Finally, in their disgust and wrath, they kill the missionary, and then the soldier takes his place.

War, it may be urged, is admissible when a state fights against tyranny for its freedom. True; but this condition of things ought not any longer to be possible on our planet. The instant that two powers attempt to war against each other, the weaker should be torn number by a stronger power—arbitration. There is no element of Utopianism in this plan. It is absolutely feasible, and in some respects even more so than the freemasonry of the Russian serfs.

Those who cry out against the impracticability of Socialism must find their sharpest conservative javelins blunted when they assail the would-be destroyers of war. There are many wise men today who see in human nature itself a mighty obstacle to the exaltation of socialist creeds. But is there an honest wise man in the whole world at the present hour who does not believe war a curse infinitely more easy to grapple with and extirpate than that of poverty among the masses?

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Kings and rulers are, of course, largely blameless, but we should still survive. But they are the really terrible tools of the people's will. This hideous, persistent evil cannot be explained by a Hunnark, a German emperor, a house of commons or a President of the United States. Personalities and dynasties like these are but the extreme ends of the popular will. They know it, and watch the fluctuations of public opinion as eagerly as a Wall Street gambler watches those of his stock ticker. The days of the personal ruler are over. Even the Russian despot lives in hourly dread of assassination and the sultan of Turkey feels less safe in his lofty palace than a rabble in its hutch.

Concerning slavery, imprisonment for debt, trial by jury and every important persecution which has afflicted mankind for centuries, all the progressive nations of the world have reached one general conviction. Why then do they still delay the abolition of an inhumanity like war? Are not the rebels rightly at fault? Individually hosts of them are, as religiousists, their hypocrites, and, as moralists, their delinquents of a sacred ethical law. But when massed together the educated and the ignorant are in hideous harmony.

The relief of Lady Smith turned London into one howl of jubilation for a day and a night. The relief of Mafeking wrought an effect still more turbulent. Both occasions were an excuse for the most hideous drunkenness.

LORD MACAULAY'S SINISTER PROPHECY

In 1857 Lord Macaulay, the good English historian, essayist and statesman, wrote a letter to Henry S. Hallam, the biographer of Thomas Jefferson, which has often been darkly referred to but which is here presented practically in its entirety:

You are surprised to learn that I have not a high opinion of Mr. Jefferson, and I am surprised at your surprise. I am certain that I never wrote a line, and that I never in parliament, in conversation or even on the hustings, a place where it is the fashion to court the populace—uttered a word indicating an opinion that the supreme authority in a state ought to be intrusted to the majority of citizens told by the head; in other words, to the poorest and most ignorant part of society. I have long been convinced that institutions purely democratic must, sooner or later, destroy liberty or civilization, or both.

You may think that your country enjoys an exemption from these evils. I will freely tell you that I am of a very different opinion. Your fate I believe to be settled, though it is deferred by a physical cause. As long as you

BARON H. VON STERNBURG.



One of the most important diplomats at the national capital today is Baron H. von Sternburg, the German charge d'affaires. He is in daily consultation with the state department as to the relative courses of the United States and the Viceroy in regard to China. This is his excellency's newest photograph.

Thousands of those who roared and caressed could not have written three lines of decently spelled prose; many of them could neither have written nor read. Yet the educated looked on and enjoyed the mad saturnalia and told one another that it was all a proof of imperial greatness.

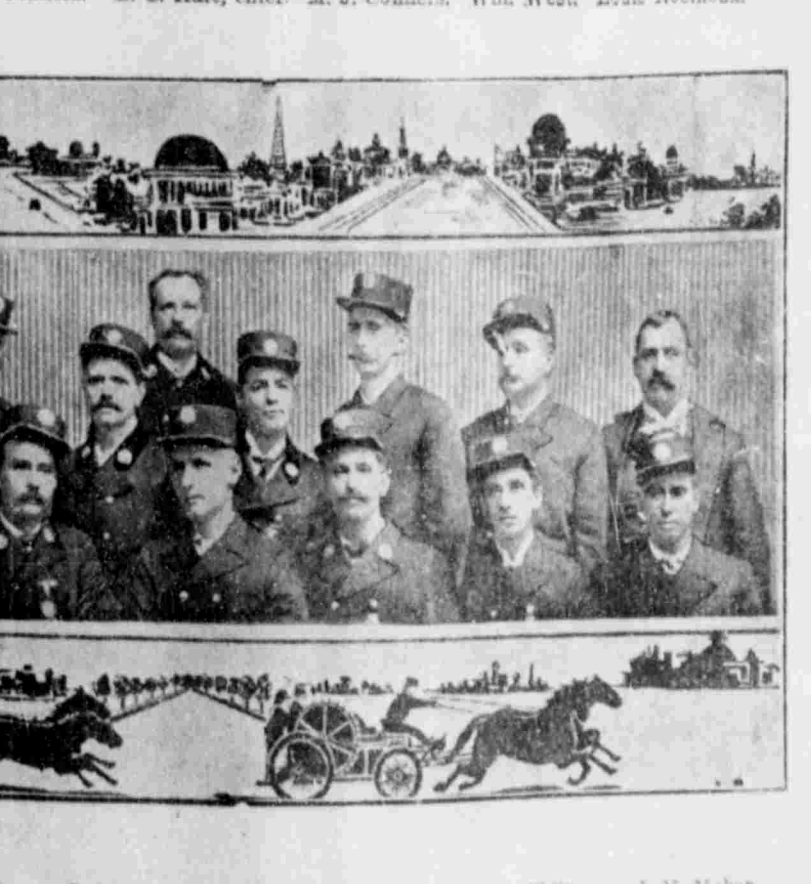
Unhappily the savage is not yet extinct in man. What he calls the impulse to fight for his country is too often precisely of the same sort which prompts him to kill elephants, tigers and other "big game." Of the private this is almost constantly true, except when the hastily conceived drags him into service.

One of the saddest features of war is its horrible tyranny over the unlettered private. I saw a grand procession of cavalry troops here in London not long ago. Helmeted, plumed, bestriding glossy and mettlesome horses, riding with splendid grace and ease, brilliantly uniformed, specklessly gloved and booted, each horseman seemed a model of manhood. But suddenly it occurred to me that the least observable point about this radiant concourse was the faces of its members, and into face after face I steadily peered. There I found coarseness and vacancy predominant. Frequent smiles disclosed broken and discolored teeth, which denoted many a piteous letter written from South African battle fields will show how these ill-fated fellows have been trained to shoot, yet not to spell; to cut and thrust, yet not to think!

With the officers it, of course, is different. The voice of danger, the longing to "kill things," the undercurrent of savagery, yet sways them as it sways their subalterns, but another factor, seldom clearly comprehended, enters into the battle-motives. I mean ambition. Shakespeare calls it seeking the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth. But in all European countries this kind of reputation is held far more valuable than a bubble. It is, indeed, the most "honorable" path to high social distinction.

London, August, 1900. Edgar Fawcett in New York Journal.

J. E. Williams, J. T. Evans, Thos. Connors, G. C. Hale, chief, M. J. Connors, Wm. West, Louis Robinson.



J. M. Canady, John Lynch, J. C. Egner, Capt. L. E. Hale, Evans, Phillips, J. M. Maher, J. F. Gilpatrick, G. N. Roberts.

Truly, America has the finest fireman in the world, as has just been proved by the contest for the World's Professional Championship Cup at Paris. The Kansas City boys, whose group photograph is printed here for the first time, reached and extinguished a test fire and rescued the inmates of the dwelling in 2 minutes, 42 seconds. Their nearest rivals, the Italian brigade, took 10 minutes, 12 seconds, to do the same work.