

The Paris Exposition.

A Veritable Human Merry-Go-Round.
Caustic and Timely Observations
By Elizabeth Archard.

PARIS is full of Americans and English. Americans are everywhere and everywhere are welcome. I saw one the other morning sauntering about the grand entrance to one of the largest and most fashionable stores in the city, peacefully whistling a gipsy tune, while the other half of him slipped inside. How natural it seemed! Bless the man! I know he is a good tempered husband. Our fellow country-

When I visited the French palace of fine arts the first time, workmen were putting on the final touches preparatory to the formal opening. It was an object lesson to see how they did it. Here was a sculptured group, made in the commonest plaster, but a painter was tinting it a fine medieval green, making it resemble precisely a rare and ancient bronze. There, flat upon the ground, and the waist and upper works

speaking other tongues, having each peculiar manners of their own, yet all children of one Creator, bearing precisely the same human nature in their breasts, one and all.

Here at a sidewalk cafe table sat two Turks, with dark, clear-cut faces, handsome and romantically wicked looking. Turks though they be, they are slipping beer with all the gusto of a man from Milwaukee. You see them clink their

the Bois, even though they are in a carriage, are covered with white sheathing from head to foot. Not even their eyes are distinctly visible. The white wrappings were drawn so tight across their noses as to make the sharp outlines of them look like the noses of plaster images. How all the world does stare at them! I wonder what they are thinking about, or if they think at all.

It is a merry go round of humanity, hippopotamus, giraffe, goat, camel and antelope. Turn on the steam music, strike up the tune. Here we go round and round, Greek and Jew and gentile, Mohammedan, saint and sinner. Arabs and Egyptians squat upon the ground. Eastern peoples are more rapidly than the western races, and their faces are the oldest looking possible, as wrinkled as the visages of their own mummies.

At what would be more middle age with us Egyptians wear the pathetic, melancholy countenances of old women who seem to have endured the burdens and griefs of a thousand years. A shadow as of the sunset and going out of a race is over them.

Here we are again, gentlemen! Whirl wheel and strike up the cello! Back country Greeks and Herzegovinians waddle past in the awful looking trousers mortal nightmare could conceive, swathed like mummies as to the waist and body, skimping the cloth skin tight around the calves and ankles. The women of them wear skirts containing some 16 yards of light calico, bulged out around the waist to destroy all outline of figure and drawn in like trousers around the feet. Are the ladies handsome? Well, not exactly. There is no one of the sex as handsome as a freeborn, civilized white woman. Here, to the sound of a dance jig, appear in the human merry go round two Mohammedan negroes, laughing and showing their teeth. They are close shaven under their white turbans, are thick lipbed and wear white, short gowns. Their naked legs shine in the sun like a black enameled bedstead.

Grind out another tune on the steam organ, this time a slow and not heart-some one. A squad of Arab servants and laborers file past wearily. They are searching for the quarters allotted them. The day is a cold one to people from their country, and they shiver. Their garments suggest that they were wrapped in sheets a long time ago and that the sheets have never been changed. In their own country their dress would be vastly more comfortable and even better looking than ours. But what of that? The common people here through after them and openly leer and sneer at them. Even the better mannered stop and stare them out of countenance. They look so queer, poor wretches, they are plainly so anxious and distressed. They carry their worldly goods in burlap bags upon their backs, and that is an additional source of amusement for their warriors. They have been tumbled as from the clouds into a cold world, of whose language they know not a word, hapless, dumb things! Faith, I have been there myself, and I know how it is; bad enough even when you travel first cabin and lodge comfortably.

Why is there in human nature that cruel tendency to ridicule and insult those whose ways are not our ways, even though their ways may often be better than ours? At any rate, let us never leer at strangers. We don't know when we may be strangers ourselves.

The merry go round has stopped. The steam organ ceases to grind.

ELIZABETH ARCHARD.
Paris, France.

LARGE ROYAL FAMILIES.

The royal caste in Europe is increasing at a goodly rate, and among princes blessed with large families may be reckoned deposed potentates, pretenders and highnesses with no expectations worth mentioning. They can only acquire money by accepting thrones when offered, by marrying wealthy royalties or by military service and governorships.

In the future many of them will have

THE DANISH WEST INDIES.

A Resident Correspondent's Explanation of the Present Status of the Islands Which Uncle Sam Is Said to Want.

HOW would you like it, you good people of the United States, if you were suddenly deprived of liberty in its largest sense, denied all participation in national affairs and held subject to the behests of a foreign potentate far over the sea?

The question is superfluous, of course, for you wouldn't like it at all, and if you didn't raise the biggest revolution on record and make it particularly hot for that same potentate and his story are in error as to what you have done in the past.

Yet that is exactly our condition down here in St. Thomas, Santa Cruz and St. John, the three islands which collectively form what are known as the Danish West Indies. Two hundred years ago and more some Danish sailors came into the Caribbean sea, discovered these islands, temporarily vacant, promptly annexed them to the crown of Denmark and declared that all future settlers should be compatriots of the immortal Hamlet. That was all right, certainly, for the privateers of every nation at that time had a habit of appropriating everything they came across, whether a fat old galleon sailing up from Panama with loads of silver or an island inhabited only by aborigines.

So for some two centuries these islands have been the acknowledged property of the Danes, and they have managed them as they saw fit, sending out a governor and soldiers to keep them in subjection and wring revenue from them. The government has been mild and paternal in the main, and really we have had nothing in particular to complain of except our poverty, which has waxed more and more oppressive as time has gone by, until at present we are scarcely able to exist.

The only satisfaction we get out of it is that Denmark is in the same boat with ourselves and every year expends about \$50,000 more than she gets. This is not the fault of the islands, but is principally due to the fact that poor little Denmark lies so far away. To tell the absolute truth, she really has no use at all for these tropical possessions, and only hangs on to them because, like the man in the story who caught a wildcat by the tail, she wants some one to help her let go.

She has been quite ready to let go any time in the past 50 years—for a consideration, and, in fact, there was a time, 33 years ago, when to all intents and purposes she did so and in good faith concluded a bargain with your United States by which, for the sum of \$7,500,000, we were to be transferred to you.

To be exact, the preliminary negotiations for the purchase of these islands were entered into in 1865, and, after two years of slow diplomacy, Mr. Seward, then your secretary of state, cabled to the United States minister at Copenhagen, "Close with Denmark's offer; St. John, St. Thomas, \$7,500,000; send treaty ratified immediately." Denmark had held out for \$15,000,000, but finally a compromise was effected on the sum mentioned, with an option for Santa Cruz at \$5,000,000 more.

Well, the treaty was fairly and squarely negotiated, so far as the Danes were concerned, and sent to the United States senate, where it was slaughtered by Charles Sumner, assisted by a hurricane that came along just as the dis-

severed, depending upon a popular vote or plebiscite throughout the islands.

On the day the popular vote was taken, Jan. 9, 1868, a holiday was declared, and the stars and stripes were substituted for the flag of Dannebrog on every tower and hilltop.

We thought the die was cast, especially when on the 20th of June, 1868, the king affixed his signature to the treaty, which had been ratified by the Danish rigsdag. Four months were allowed for the ratification by the United States senate; then the time was extended to a year, and again to April, 1870, when the United States committee on foreign relations recommended suspending action and ultimately reported it adversely.

So the wretched thing was hung up, and it dragged through several administrations, until it at last became a byword and a shame. And poor old Denmark, our beloved motherland, had the inexpressible humiliation forced upon her of taking back to her bosom all the islands, to whom her king had bidden an affectionate and tearful farewell. It was very hard, particularly as she needed that \$7,500,000, to have it so nearly within her grasp and then to be obliged to lose it forever.

And all that occurred a generation ago. Our dear old King Christian of Denmark still reigns at home and is still noted for his goodness and forbearance; but think of the years that have passed over his head since he was obliged to swallow whatever resentment he may have felt at the action of the United States senate. He is an old man now—82—and he and his gracious queen celebrated their golden wedding just eight years ago. But when that action was pending by which we were to be given over to the United States he was only 50 and in the full vigor of manhood. He is said to be the oldest and most highly respected sovereign of Europe, and it is a pretty good proof of his elevated character that he has not allowed the treatment he received from the United States to sour him toward you.

Of course, you will say that little Denmark needed the money so much that she would undergo almost any sort of humiliation in order to secure the price promised for the islands, and we know well enough that she can never get that sum again. It is rumored that she will now accept \$2,000,000 for the entire group if she can get it, for circumstances have changed since the time of Lincoln, Grant and Seward. Your navy has outgrown all predictions made at that time, and in a sense you need the harbor of St. Thomas more than ever as a coaling station. At the same time we know that by the acquisition of Porto Rico you obtained control of several harbors that might be adapted to your purpose.

Granted that the Americans need a fortified harbor in the West Indies where they can coal and provision their naval vessels, where they can interpose themselves in case of war with a strong European power, they have nothing in Porto Rico equal to this one harbor of Charlotte Amalia, capital of St. Thomas. It is deep and spacious, capable of sheltering a hundred ships of war and is so well protected on three sides by hills that it could be made impregnable by fortifications. Here lies our pretty little capital, Charlotte Amalia, built on

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Having lived in various parts of the United States I can understand the astonishment of your people when I tell them that all sorts of goods here are less than half what they are in the States. If a person have a little more cash or a fairly good income, he can come out here and "live like a prince" on much less than in any part of the United States.

But, of course, while we have our phones, telegraphs and cable lines, we are in a way in touch with the States beyond the sea, there are many things that might be missed by one accustomed to all the latest luxuries of civilization. Here in St. Thomas it is the same routine day after day. The heat early in the morning, because of a drink of coconut water, the biscuit or two and then go to the public offices are closed up tight, so so till about 3 o'clock, when, after having had breakfast and a glass of rum, a stroll along the wharves or out to the fields to see a cricket match on the hill, or a dance take a call on the governor, who lives in a very handsome house and draws a salary of \$10,000 a year. He is a pretty good fellow, and on the whole, the Danes are wise and tolerant; still there are a few striding monopolies, against which the people have for years protested. One is the drug monopoly, which is entirely controlled by one man, who is his father before him, has grown rich by exactions from the poor. There is again, there is but one paper published here, which, as its influence grows, should the Americans take the islands, is an uncompromising organ of annexation. As this is the only paper allowed within the colony, it is understood that whatever it prints is taken abroad as the expression of the people, while it may not represent public opinion at all, but only the monopoly.

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Now and then we hear that the question of annexation is again agitated in the States, and the papers tell us that Mr. Root, our secretary of war, has just recently your secretary of war, Mr. Root, and one of your senators, Mr. Lodge, have made speeches in which they advocated the purchase of the islands as coaling and commercial stations. If this be true, I want you to know that "Barkis is willin'" as he is the common people go, and that the merchants, who constitute the most influential portion of the community, are anxious for the time when American ships shall come here again and use commerce to revive, for that adaptation to the United States means a ruin of prosperity here doubtless.

So if you Americans want the islands, I "rather guess" you can get them for less than half the price formerly agreed upon, or about \$3,000,000 for the whole group.

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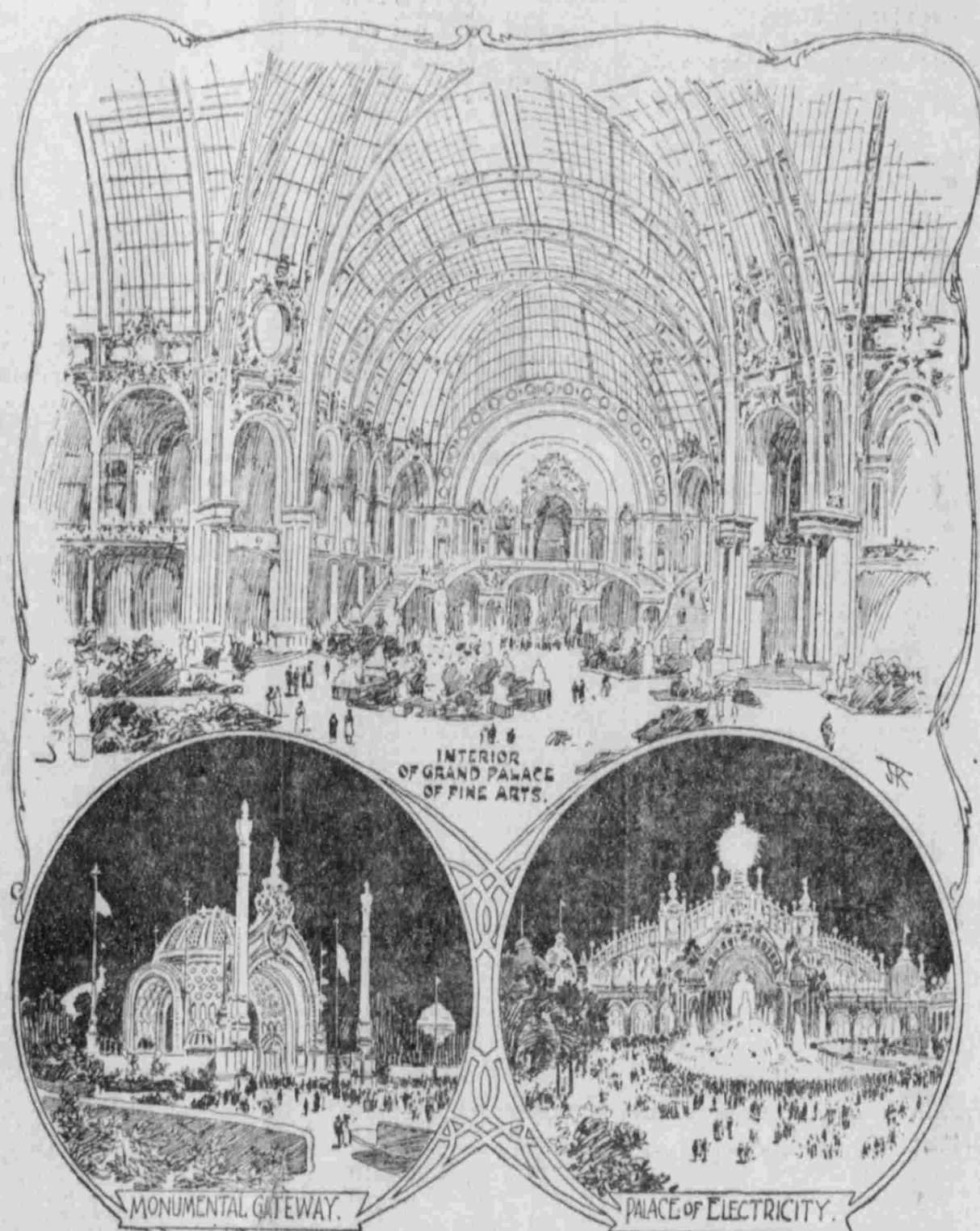
KARL H. SVENSK.
Charlotte Amalia, St. Thomas, D. W. I.

WHERE GREAT MEN ARE BURIED.

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HOW KAFFIRS CROSS STREAMS.

A traveler writes: "The Kaffirs are great swimmers. For example, a Kaffir can ford a stream, shoulder his rifle and swim as swiftly as if he were running. Just the way they accomplish the feat is this: Just before entering the water they get a huge stone, sometimes as heavy as themselves, and, with the help of a companion, place it upon their head. A weight like this gives the balance, and he can keep his footing against the heaviest stream. If he were to drop the water would sweep him off his feet. And this is just one of the Kaffir tricks to accomplish things against tide and flood."



SOME PARIS EXPOSITION BUILDINGS.

men are perhaps more numerous than any other foreign nationality in France. You know them by their voices, which somehow sound harsh and crude in comparison with those of the French and English. A French lady who has been much in our country says it is because Americans pay no attention to the cultivation of the speaking voice. Time then we began. It is not fitting that a man known the world over for a scientific attainment should have a voice like that of a duck or a donkey.

By the way, a special force of French policemen has been detailed to patrol the Seine day and night during the exposition to rescue strangers who, voluntarily or otherwise, have got into the river. So that if any citizen of the United States tumbles off a bridge or walks into the river in his sleep he will stand a fair chance of being pulled out.

Paris in May and June is a dream of beauty. The temperature is delightful, and the trees and flowers in the parks are in that state of perfection to which French gardeners, better than any others, know how to bring them. The most superb mere city view anywhere in the world is said to be that from the Place de la Concorde to the Arc de Triomphe. But now, with the opening of this exposition, Paris has another quite as fine. It is that from the square between the two new art palaces across the bridge of Alexander III to the Hotel des Invalides, where Napoleon lies in his tomb of red porphyry. This magnificent tomb was the gift of the emperor of Russia to France, and they say he gave it because he was so glad Napoleon was dead at last. Southward from the grounds of the fine art buildings is a vista of glistening white and gold, of tower and dome and turret and fretwork, graceful as fine pictures, as if a poet architect had dreamed it and bled his vision into a reality of white cloud and sunshine.

The front of the larger one of the two Palais des Beaux Arts is rather profusely adorned, even for Paris, with figures of classic women—classic in this case—unadorned. I am not up in art, but it does seem possible to carry the "classic" idea out of its proper bearings. For instance, at one side of the entrance to the grand palace of fine arts, high above our heads, is a colossal figure of a white plaster young woman playing the violin without a garment upon her. I submit it with diffidence, but when in the whole course of human events did a woman ever stand up and play the violin without any clothes on? At the opposite side is another colossal plaster female, clad in exactly the same kind of costume, holding what seems to be a sheet in the other. Perhaps she has been doing her washing, and that explains the situation in her case.

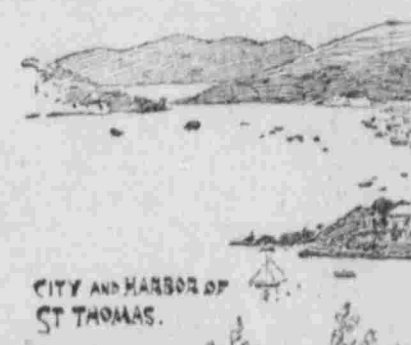
of a stern and splendid warrior, while his legs and the rest of him, sword attached, stood majestically upon a pedestal near by. Packing cases in which the things had been brought to the building were all around, each bearing the name and address of the man who conveyed it thither. The French have the art of advertising down to a point that surprises even an American. Here was a frame looking about like a common bicycle crate, but it had painted upon it the legend "Transports of Statues"—and transports of statues it was, even in the English sense; classic women and men till you can't rest. Workmen were busy polishing off from their muscles the last scrap of clay that might by any means be mistaken for a shred of garment.

Everywhere throughout Paris a subject for painting and sculpture is Prometheus chained to his rock, with the eagle just in the act of beginning to eat at his liver. The theme is repeated here in the fine arts palace. From his expression Prometheus had as much trouble with his liver as people have in these days. There is a bronze plaster lad having beneath him the inscription, "Fisher of Polyps." A small but healthy looking octopus clings to his hand and foot. The expression of the boy shows him to be doubtful whether he has the polyp or the polyp has him. More than any other living artists, perhaps more than any other artists of any age, the French are able to put the expression of pain or joy into marble or upon canvas.

Two objects stand out prominently in my mind after leaving the fine arts buildings. One is the magnificent bronze gates at the entrance to the smaller palace. Their beauty and the patient, artistic workmanship, which has wrought out every detail to perfection, make them a lesson to American designers and artificers in metal. In the midst of the confusion of workmen shouting and wheeling barrows full of earth, hauling up angels' wings and heads with ropes and plastering and wiring their trumpets in their mouths, one other work of art made a vivid impression upon me. It is in the larger palace—a small marble representing a swimming girl doing the overhead stroke—an exquisite piece. The strength and grace of the girl's body, the fine curl and lap of the waves as she plashes through them, are ideally perfect. The artist who was fortunate enough to accomplish such a work is A. Masseouille.

But the stone men and women at this show are not half so interesting, after all, as the living, moving, joying and suffering people that come from all parts of the earth to attend it. Mostly in the exposition grounds and along the Bois de Boulogne you meet them, every nation, kindred and tongue, wearing different fashions of garments,

glasses together and smack their lips, you hear them say "Gesundheit" and "Prost!" in whatever their Mussulman gibberish for the same, natural as life. There two Japanese women, who have been here long enough to become thoroughly Frenchified outwardly, move past in a handsome carriage. A servant of their own race sits in front of



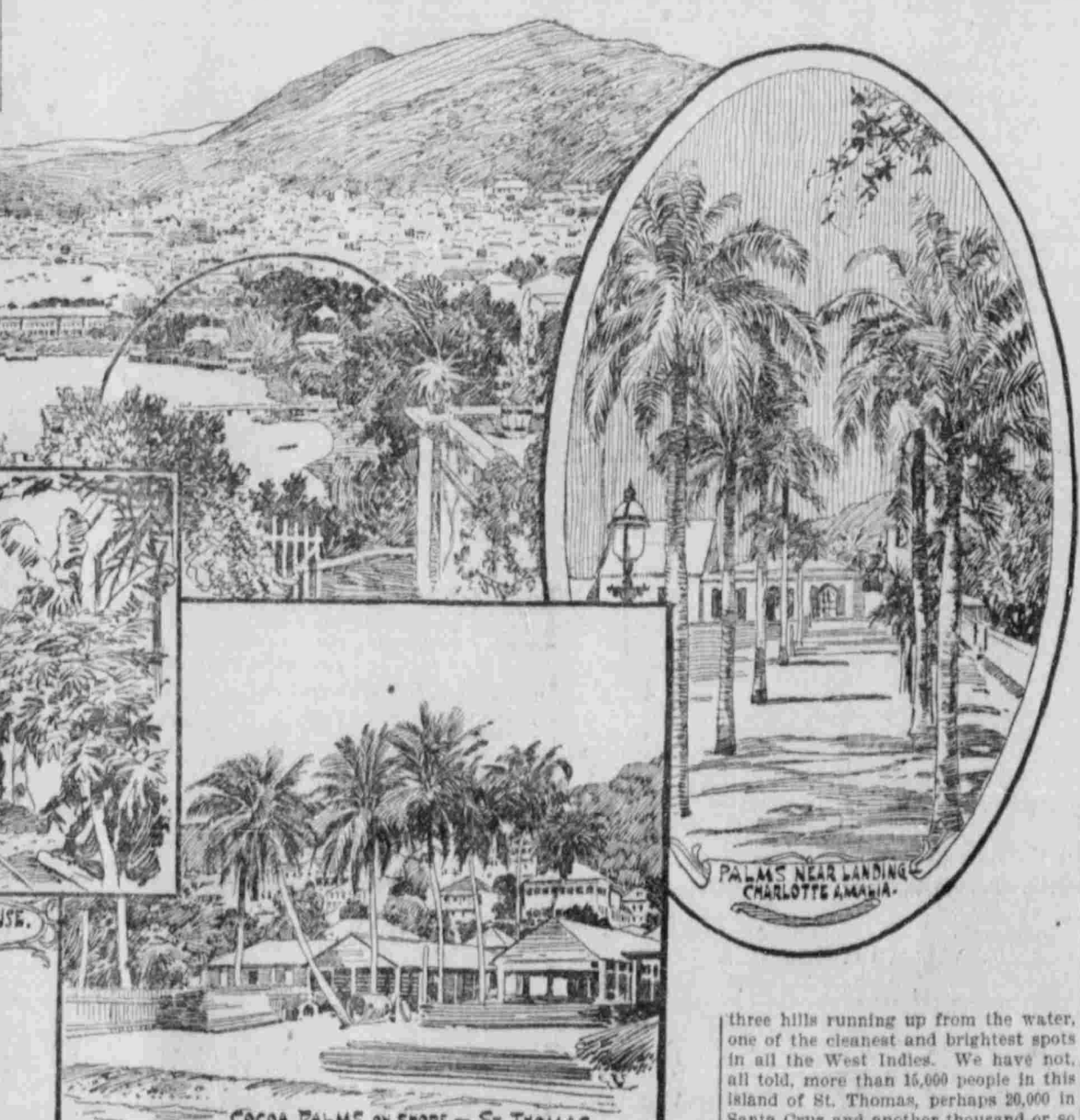
ABANDONED WAREHOUSE.

them, wearing his native costume and a kimono splendidly embroidered in gold. The pretty, doll-like little women are attired in the very latest Paris fashion, with soft white wool costumes and powdered—heavens, how they are "made up!" In a general way the Japanese national character is like the French. They are alike in their artistic genius and wonderful manual dexterity as well as in a certain patriotic pride and boastfulness.

Following the emancipated Japanese from the orient is a carriage loaded with two of a sort directly opposite. The hapless Arab woman may not see the world like others of her sex, even when she is away from home and belongs to well-to-do families. The two Arab women who take their alleged rights in

wearing apparel. He is said to be the most elaborately tailored person in Washington.

Patrolman Stephen Rowan is the most notable member of the Chicago police force, and in one respect probably he is unique. He has been a member of the force for 28 years, and in that time he has never made an arrest. He is 41 years old, and Mayor Harrison has re-



VIEWS IN THE DANISH WEST INDIES.

to rest content with "plain living and high thinking"—unless they descend from their elevated estate and wed nobles or nobodies with cash. In olden times the difficulty was nothing like so great, as superfluous princesses used to be planted in convents, while royal younger sons were sent to the wars.

cussion was going on and destroyed a large amount of American shipping in the harbor of St. Thomas.

It was on the 25th of October, 1867, that our beloved sovereign, King Christian of Denmark, issued his royal proclamation informing us here that the relations with his kingdom were to be

man who takes a drink must pay for his own liquor.

Vice Admiral Bienaimé, the new chief of the French naval staff, was promoted to that position over the heads of 11 rear admirals. His preferment is attributed to his participation in the Madagascar expedition as commander of the naval division on the coast. The admiral has been chief of staff of the

commander of the Mediterranean fleet, commander in chief of the squadron of the Indian ocean and principal of the French naval school.

Frederick W. Atkinson, who has been appointed superintendent of education in the Philippines, is 6 feet 4 inches in height, broad in proportion and of immense personal strength. Like Mr. Frye, superintendent of education in Cuba, he is a graduate of Harvard. He is 28 years old and before receiving his appointment was principal of the Springfield (Mass.) High school. John G. Hoelet, a Minnesota attorney who went to the Philippines a member of the Thirteenth Minnesota volunteers, is still there and is now engaged to marry a wealthy and handsome Spanish widow of Manila.

three hills running up from the water, one of the cleanest and brightest spots in all the West Indies. We have not, all told, more than 15,000 people in this island of St. Thomas, perhaps 20,000 in Santa Cruz and another thousand or so in St. John, so it will be seen that there is not a superfluity of population, even though the greater portion of it is black and colored.

The chief jewel of St. Thomas is its magnificent harbor, and it has not much else except beautiful scenery and another harbor just as good on the north side; but the island of Santa Cruz is fertile and possesses some of the finest sugar plantations in the world. St. John is the smallest of the islands and the prettiest, with fine forests of fragrant woods, a good but almost un-

severed, depending upon a popular vote or plebiscite throughout the islands.

On the day the popular vote was taken, Jan. 9, 1868, a holiday was declared, and the stars and stripes were substituted for the flag of Dannebrog on every tower and hilltop.

We thought the die was cast, especially when on the 20th of June, 1868, the king affixed his signature to the treaty, which had been ratified by the Danish rigsdag. Four months were allowed for the ratification by the United States senate; then the time was extended to a year, and again to April, 1870, when the United States committee on foreign relations recommended suspending action and ultimately reported it adversely.

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The funerals of military heroes are always peculiarly impressive. It is said that the conqueror Alaric, after having captured Rome, died while on his march for Sicily. His army buried the chieftain by turning the river Busento from its bed, in which the grave was dug. After placing the king and his treasures there the water was turned upon its former course, so that the body should never find the grave of the conqueror. The task was performed by the captives taken in war, who were afterward slain in order to prevent disclosure of so important a secret. Attila, who led the Huns to many a slaughter, reached at last the place of his burial, a place near Chalais, A. D. 453. This was Attila's last battle, and a few years afterward he died in his own capital of apoplexy. Three coffins, it is said, were made, one being of iron to inclose the corpse; this was placed in another of silver, while the outside of the coffin was of gold. He was buried at midnight, in secret, with much pomp, and, as at the funeral of Alaric, the prisoners who dug the grave were slain. This took place near Buda, in Hungary. Charlemagne was buried at Aachen, where his throne may still be seen in the cathedral. It is one of the oldest in Europe, having stood for ten centuries. Many years after his death, when the cathedral was being found seated on the throne and dressed in imperial robes. The latter are preserved at Vienna, and are said to be the oldest garments in the world.

HOW KAFFIRS CROSS STREAMS.

A traveler writes: "The Kaffirs are great swimmers. For example, a Kaffir can ford a stream, shoulder his rifle and swim as swiftly as if he were running. Just the way they accomplish the feat is this: Just before entering the water they get a huge stone, sometimes as heavy as themselves, and, with the help of a companion, place it upon their head. A weight like this gives the balance, and he can keep his footing against the heaviest stream. If he were to drop the water would sweep him off his feet. And this is just one of the Kaffir tricks to accomplish things against tide and flood."

men are perhaps more numerous than any other foreign nationality in France. You know them by their voices, which somehow sound harsh and crude in comparison with those of the French and English. A French lady who has been much in our country says it is because Americans pay no attention to the cultivation of the speaking voice. Time then we began. It is not fitting that a man known the world over for a scientific attainment should have a voice like that of a duck or a donkey.

By the way, a special force of French policemen has been detailed to patrol the Seine day and night during the exposition to rescue strangers who, voluntarily or otherwise, have got into the river. So that if any citizen of the United States tumbles off a bridge or walks into the river in his sleep he will stand a fair chance of being pulled out.

Paris in May and June is a dream of beauty. The temperature is delightful, and the trees and flowers in the parks are in that state of perfection to which French gardeners, better than any others, know how to bring them. The most superb mere city view anywhere in the world is said to be that from the Place de la Concorde to the Arc de Triomphe. But now, with the opening of this exposition, Paris has another quite as fine. It is that from the square between the two new art palaces across the bridge of Alexander III to the Hotel des Invalides, where Napoleon lies in his tomb of red porphyry. This magnificent tomb was the gift of the emperor of Russia to France, and they say he gave it because he was so glad Napoleon was dead at last. Southward from the grounds of the fine art buildings is a vista of glistening white and gold, of tower and dome and turret and fretwork, graceful as fine pictures, as if a poet architect had dreamed it and bled his vision into a reality of white cloud and sunshine.

The front of the larger one of the two Palais des Beaux Arts is rather profusely adorned, even for Paris, with figures of classic women—classic in this case—unadorned. I am not up in art, but it does seem possible to carry the "classic" idea out of its proper bearings. For instance, at one side of the entrance to the grand palace of fine arts, high above our heads, is a colossal figure of a white plaster young woman playing the violin without a garment upon her. I submit it with diffidence, but when in the whole course of human events did a woman ever stand up and play the violin without any clothes on? At the opposite side is another colossal plaster female, clad in exactly the same kind of costume, holding what seems to be a sheet in the other. Perhaps she has been doing her washing, and that explains the situation in her case.

of a stern and splendid warrior, while his legs and the rest of him, sword attached, stood majestically upon a pedestal near by. Packing cases in which the things had been brought to the building were all around, each bearing the name and address of the man who conveyed it thither. The French have the art of advertising down to a point that surprises even an American. Here was a frame looking about like a common bicycle crate, but it had painted upon it the legend "Transports of Statues"—and transports of statues it was, even in the English sense; classic women and men till you can't rest. Workmen were busy polishing off from their muscles the last scrap of clay that might by any means be mistaken for a shred of garment.

Everywhere throughout Paris a subject for painting and sculpture is Prometheus chained to his rock, with the eagle just in the act of beginning to eat at his liver. The theme is repeated here in the fine arts palace. From his expression Prometheus had as much trouble with his liver as people have in these days. There is a bronze plaster lad having beneath him the inscription, "Fisher of Polyps." A small but healthy looking octopus clings to his hand and foot. The expression of the boy shows him to be doubtful whether he has the polyp or the polyp has him. More than any other living artists, perhaps more than any other artists of any age, the French are able to put the expression of pain or joy into marble or upon canvas.

Two objects stand out prominently in my mind after leaving the fine arts buildings. One is the magnificent bronze gates at the entrance to the smaller palace. Their beauty and the patient, artistic workmanship, which has wrought out every detail to perfection, make them a lesson to American designers and artificers in metal. In the midst of the confusion of workmen shouting and wheeling barrows full