

Saturday Evening Mail.

VOL. 29—NO. 10.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., SATURDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 3, 1898.

TWENTY-NINTH YEAR

ON THE QUI VIVE.

The committee from the street fair association that went down to visit the Washington street fair this week, returned very much enthused over the success of that fair, and encouraged at the prospect of outdoing it with our fair, which will take place the week of October 10th. Immense crowds were attracted to Washington by the novelty of the entertainment, and despite the very warm weather the merchants reported themselves as being greatly benefited by the visitors. It can be set down as a fact that the Terre Haute street fair is going to be the biggest thing of the kind ever undertaken by a city the size of Terre Haute, and thousands of visitors will be attracted here by the varied attractions. The business men have taken hold of the matter in the proper spirit, and nothing is being left undone that will further its success.

Among the attractions secured this week was a drill by the Uniform Form companies that distinguished Terre Haute at a recent encampment of the Knights of Pythias of Indianapolis, and each of the companies will give an exhibition drill during the week, donating their services to help a good thing along. The managers count on this attraction bringing many visitors from the surrounding country, particularly members of the Knights of Pythias. It is intended, if arrangements can be completed, to have a fraternal day during the fair, on which occasion special efforts will be made to secure a large attendance from the surrounding country of all fraternal orders in which this part of the state is strong.

It is said that Councilman Vory Griffith and Nick Smith, who went down with the street fair committee to Washington, had to run for their train when they returned, the attractions of the couch-couchee dance being so strong that they had trouble in breaking away.

The trotting association has done a very sensible thing in reducing the price of admission to the fall races to fifty cents, or just one half the former price. Recent entertainments have demonstrated that popular priced entertainments draw crowds, and fifty cents for such a series of races as will be given here is certainly a popular price. The races this fall are going to be unusually attractive, the list of entries in those races that have closed being large and numbering some of the finest horses in the country. All the horses that have won distinction in the grand circuit this year are entered here, and there will be some of the best racing ever offered the people. The diving elks, the big 2:05 pace on Elks' day, Wednesday, September 21, the effort of Star Pointer to beat his record on the next day, Thursday, all unite in making a list of attractions never before equalled even by Terre Haute. The wisdom of the reduction in price will no doubt be strongly demonstrated race week.

It is said that the telephones to be used by the Citizen's Telephone company will be so sensitive that the ticking of a watch can be heard over the instrument, when the watch is twenty miles away.

DEATH OF B. C. COX.

Terre Haute Sustains a Severe Loss in the Death of This Well-Known Citizen.

Terre Haute lost a valuable citizen in the death of Benjamin G. Cox, which occurred last Tuesday evening, after a prolonged illness. He was but fifty-one years old, and should have been in the prime of life. Too strict attention to the duties of his responsible position as manager of the immense establishment of Hulman & Co., broke down his health, and a few months ago he made a trip to Europe, intending to spend several months there at various health resorts, and visiting friends on the continent, hoping the prolonged stay would restore him to full health. He was not satisfied, however, and failing to improve as he expected, and home-sick to return, he gave up his visit, and returned home, arriving in New York in a critical condition. He was met there by his brother, D. P. Cox and sister, and brought home in what was then known to be a very serious condition. The best that medical aid could do for him, and the most careful attention by family and friends failed to restore him to health, and on Tuesday night he died quite suddenly from heart failure.

Benjamin Guille Cox was born in Cincinnati on May 7, 1847, and was fifty-one years old at the time of his death. He started first in the grocery business in Cincinnati with the firm of E. P. Trenchard, and by faithful and conscientious service worked himself up to a position of trust and responsibility. This position he resigned to come to Terre Haute in 1867, when he entered the firm of Cox & Son, identifying himself with this concern until 1869, when he purchased the Bartlett book store and retired from the grocery business. On August 26, 1870, Mr. Cox married Miss Elizabeth Naylor, daughter of the late Wilson Naylor, and shortly after his marriage gave up his book store and re-entered the grocery business, taking a position with the wholesale grocery house of Hulman & Co., which had consolidated and opened a store at the corner of Fifth street and Wabash Avenue. Mr. Cox was successively clerk, traveling salesman, and general manager, his sterling business qualities securing recognition from his employers. In 1885 the company was reorganized and Mr. Cox was admitted into the firm.

He was an earnest worker, and was

familiar with every detail of the business of this kind in the west. He worked constantly and almost without rest. It was this close and ardent application to business which prostrated the man. He was not content with doing his share, but was always on the alert to cover every phase of a business in which probably there are more details than in any other known.

The funeral took place yesterday afternoon, and was conducted by Rev. John E. Suliger and Rev. Wm. Mitchell. Hundreds of friends paid tribute to the memory of an honest man and a good friend.

The active pall-bearers were young men who have been closely connected with Mr. Cox in business, and who knew him to be a man of the finest sensibilities. They were: Messrs. Anton and Herman Hulman, Charles Bowers, T. T. Benbridge, George T. McLaughlin, Fred Barnes, Andrew Dempsey and Joseph Fox. The honorary pall-bearers were H. Hulman, W. R. McKeen, Samuel McKeen, Mayor Fred A. Ross, George Newton, G. W. Beaman, Joseph Strong and W. S. Rea.

Mrs. Cox last night was prostrated, as was also Miss Blanche Cox. The wife and sister of the deceased have nursed and watched over his bedside through nights of anxiety and worry, and the shock has proved too much. The children are terribly affected, also, and the residence is now a house of mourning.

HARRISON PARK CASINO.

HARRY W. SEMON'S BIG BURLESQUE CO.

Miss Madeleine Shirley, the bright particular star and prima donna soprano of Harry W. Semon's Extravaganza Company, which appears at the Casino for one week, commencing Sunday evening, September 4th, is from merry old England, where the Stars and Stripes and the English Jack fly side by side together.

Miss Shirley was brought over to this country by David Henderson of Aladdin, Jr., Sinbad and Crystal Slipper fame. She was at one time a pupil of Miss Helena Heale, of London, and later studied vocal art under Sir Julius Benedict and Signor Carlo Duccie of Milan. The late Sir Augustus Harris, after hearing her sing in a casual way, immediately engaged her for the part of "Sibell" in Gounod's "Faust." Soon after this she toured through the principal cities of



MADELEINE SHIRLEY.

Europe with the English Concert Company, enjoying a big success. On returning to England, she took up the study of dramatic art under the tuition of Thomas Coe, of the Haymarket Theater, London. This gentleman brought her before the public in Colley Cibber's old English comedies, "The Country Girl," "She Would, and She Would Not," and also Brinsley Sheridan's comedies of "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal." She soon after entered the field of burlesque, under the management of such well-known managers as John Hollingshead, Alexander Henderson, and George Edwards, and D'Oyle Carte.

"The Young Ladies' Bloomer Club," written by Frederick Solomon, is a charming burlesque, showing the strength of this entire famous organization of forty people, and is composed of high class artists—each of them picked from the cream of the burlesque world for the parts they play. Manager Semon guarantees this attraction as clean and bright and suitable for ladies and children. The plot is full of good things. George Spence and Minnie Sortell, two clever artists, are great entertainers. Miss Sortell's singing is clever. Mr. Spence's charcoal sketches of Washington, Schley, Hobson and Dewey, are models of his art. The four little French maids, La Gaité, La Cigale, La Rosa and La Belle, in the "Midnight Revels," a famous French dance, is very sensational and has created a furor everywhere this quartette of dancers have appeared.

Janette & Sheridan, Mildred Harriman, Jerry Conkling, Mlle. Modesta, Leonora and many others help to make the fun fast and furious.

Labor Day will be more generally celebrated in this city this year than ever before. A very interesting programme has been arranged, and the bicycle races at the fair ground in the afternoon will be very exciting, some of the best riders in the vicinity having been entered. The parade will take place in the forenoon, and the exercises at the fair grounds afternoon. Thos. I. Kidd, of Chicago, will be the principal speaker of the afternoon. Mr. Kidd is general secretary of the national woodworkers' association of the United States, and now has pending against him nineteen indictments in Oshkosh, Wis., for the part he took in the woodworkers' strike there.

SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

MRS. FANNY B. WARD WRITES OF HER EXPERIENCES THERE.

Hospital Work in the Fever Stricken City—The Work of the Red Cross Society—Incidents Connected With the Occupation of the City By Uncle Sam's Soldiers.

Special Correspondence of The Mail.

SANTIAGO DE CUBA, Aug. 30.—The first passenger steamer to enter this port since it became an American possession, was the "Philadelphia," of the Red D line, chartered for one trip only by the Ward company, whose own boats, which lately plied these waters, were purchased some months ago by our government. Naturally, the departure of the "Philadelphia" created a ripple of excitement in New York harbor. Hours before sailing time, (1 p.m., Saturday July 23d,) so crowded was the steamer that it appeared as if several hundred civilians had taken advantage of this first opportunity of getting into Cuba. The throng was largely of the Latin race. Nearly every prominent member of the Junta was on board, chattering and gesticulating as only Cuban-Spaniards can.

Reporters interviewed recklessly, Dusky-eyed Senoritas wept upon the bosoms of the departing and a thousand loving messages were dispatched to friends who yet remained in Cuba.

Then what a skurrying over the gang-plank when the last whistle sounded; and when the steamer finally slipped her moorings and slid away from shore, amid cheers and tears and waving handkerchiefs, it was discovered that but a handful of the throng was booked for the passage. No body went for pleasure only on this long journey to the beleaguered seat of war, but each of the forty odd passengers had his special, important mission. For example, there was the elderly editor of El Porvenir, the Cuban newspaper, published in New York, sent down by the Junta to placate the disgruntled patriots, who are at odds with their American allies thus early in the game because not permitted to loot and murder in the taking of Santiago. There was Mr. R. C. Smith, agent for the Caballero Company, of the Compania Transatlantica Espanola, which has secured the contract for transporting to Spain the army surrendered by General Toral at Santiago—going to complete arrangements for relieving Uncle Samuel of fifteen thousand hungry boarders as soon as possible. There was Mr. W. A. Donaldson, of Far Rockaway, who was last week appointed by President McKinley to collect the duties at our port, going to establish a United States Custom House at Santiago and revive in Cuba the tonnage tax, which Spain long ago abolished. Under Spanish rule, there has been a tax of \$1.00 per ton on all cargoes loaded or delivered at any Cuban port, the sole exception being in favor of coal, which paid no tax, and iron ore, which paid only five cents the ton. The department at Washington retains the latter discriminations but has revived the long-abolished tonnage tax, fixing it at twenty cents the ton, on the registered net tonnage of all other vessels, to be paid on entering the harbor. The "Philadelphia" also carried a dozen or more engineers and mine owners, American, German and Cuban, going to re-open their iron and copper works in the mountains around Santiago; Philadelphia, Baltimore and New York are especially interested in these mines, in the order named. In times not long past a great deal of Santiago iron ore was shipped to points along the line of the Pennsylvania & Reading railroads. These mining companies have two or three short railroad lines, running from the port to their works in the Cobre hills. Not least among their losses by the war has been the dumping of some rolling stock into the bay. The Philadelphia brought along a lot of hoisting apparatus with which to recover the submerged engines. The men are jubilant over the certainty of being able to resume work at once—not only for their own interest, but because they can furnish employment to several thousand impoverished Cubans.

Among the "Philadelphia" passengers was Mr. Kingsbury from the Washington Weather Bureau, sent to inaugurate our signal service in Cuba. The manufacturers of Quaker Oats, with their usual enterprise, sent a man thus early to pioneer the business in the new Land of Promise; and a condensed milk firm had also a representative on board.

Most prominent among the speculators was the son of a well-known Washington produce dealer, with several thousand live chickens, in coops, stowed away somewhere below. Having read that chickens are selling in Cuba at eight dollars apiece, the young man invested in "broilers," which bring about twenty-five cents each at home, expecting to realize an instantaneous profit of several hundred per cent, at the least calculation. It seemed a pity to blight the bud, this budding genius of American trade. The poor chickens, crowded as closely together as sardines in a box and with almost as little air, the coops being piled in pyramids from floor to ceiling of the lower deck, suffering for want of primal elements of the universe—earth, air and water, as well as from seasickness, fright and long confinement, died by the dozens, especially during days and nights of rough weather. When the region of tropical sultriness was reached, the odors from those coops bore no comparison to those of Araby the Blest. The passengers complained, some of them in good English swear-words; the captain threatened to make ducks and drakes of the whole investment by dropping it into the sea, and the young speculator's hopes fell accordingly, from eight dollars the broiler to half that sum in the lump. I may as well tell you the rest of the story, while on the subject, though somewhat out of sequence. When we arrived in Santiago harbor after six days' passage, the remnant of the fowls were so diseased and reduced to bones and feathers, their owner concluded that he would not stand on high profits but dispose of the lot at three dollars a head. When he finally got them ashore, after twenty-four hours delay for lack of lighterage, he could hardly give away the wretched few in which the breath of life yet lingered, though he hawked them in person, at the doors of drug stores and dry goods houses, as well as in markets and restaurants, for less than their transportation had cost him—to say nothing of his own passage money, \$140, for the round trip between the harbors of New York and Santiago. The last time I saw the young man, he told me with tears in his eyes that he had rented a piece of ground and turned the survivors loose, hoping that some of them might recuperate and become saleable; but that in any event he was "out," fully twelve hundred dollars. The trouble was not so much with the chicken business in the island of Cuba, as with the speculator's methods.

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wherein two thousand mother's boys await the resurrection morning.

Then comes Siboney, the great fever camp, where are now six hundred patients. But it is not yellow fever—thank Heaven! The mothers at home may set their minds at rest on that. It is mostly the local calentura—an acute malaria, bad enough to be sure, but which, in the majority of cases, runs its painful course in a few days, leaving the patient, weak as a baby, on the road to recovery. There is typhoid fever too, and much dysentery; and no doubt there are some cases of the dreaded yellow type. Siboney lies sixteen miles east of Santiago, connected by railway; and I shall visit it in a few days, we need say no more about it. Neither need we waste any space in describing Morro Castle, after all that has been said about it in these last few months. To-day it is considerably demoralized in the upper story. Let us hope and pray and plead that there be no attempt at reconstructing that antique pile of infamous history. After the storms and assaults of three hundred years, to rebuild the picturesque ruin on the American plan would be little short of sacrilege. But in all probability it will presently be bricked and pointed up and freshly painted, and made to look as ridiculous as the modern house, with the Queen Anne front and the Mary Ann back, so frequently seen in our rural districts.

Just around the corner of the Morro promontory, a little way inside the narrow, winding channel, lies what is left of the Merrimac, just where young Hobson sunk her; and as the first civilian ship to follow him steamed slowly by, every passenger took off his hat or waved her handkerchief in memory of that deed of valor. A little farther on lies the wreck of the Rien Mercedes—one of Cervera's fleet, you know, which put back, hoping to save herself, when the fire of our ships became too hot on that historic day. The rest of the Spanish fleet, by the way, lies to the westward of Santiago, scattered along the coast a distance of forty miles.

Late in the afternoon we came to anchor, amid a lot of Spanish prizes, gun-boats, transports and men-of-war. In

front lay the old city on its sloping hillside, its towers and steeples all intact, apparently not much damaged by our bombardment. It was too late to think of landing, and so we spent another night on ship-board, amid a pest of mosquitoes and smells indescribable. Strange to say, although the day has been excessively hot, the evening was uncomfortably cold, a feature of the climate in this part of Cuba which is not doubt largely responsible for much of the sickness among our soldiers.

The clamor of vesper bells came faintly to our ears as we sat on deck, and through the captain's glass we could see the hill streets all swarmed with soldiers, American, Spanish and Cuban; but none on board who went to peaceful slumber in his berth that night had any idea of the horrors of war he was going to find on the morrow—of heart-rending scenes that would murder sleep for many a weary night thereafter.

Miss Annie Wheeler, youngest daughter of Gen. Wheeler, of Alabama,—a fragile girl of 24 years—has charge of the female nurses in the army hospital of Santiago. How she became a Red Cross nurse is a romantic story. The motherless girl is peculiarly devoted to her father, whom she calls her "Sweetheart." She accompanied him and her brother to Tampa, and was daily seen riding about the camp with them on horseback. To be by her father's side, she would have gladly gone into battle, but since that could not be, she determined to do the next best thing and go to the front as a nurse, in order to remain as near to him as possible. She met with strongest opposition on every hand, but with the blood of "the fighting Wheeler" in her veins, Miss Annie is not easily swerved from a good purpose. General Wheeler earnestly protested against the project, but would not oppose a command to the dictates of his daughter's conscience. Some of the heads of the army absolutely refused her transportation to Cuba, and others denied her permission to land when she finally arrived off Santiago. Only General Miles, after recapitulating the dangers, which she well understood, and urging her to return to safety—lent his strong helping hand and enabled her to enter upon her chosen path of duty.

When she first joined Miss Barton female help was very scarce in Santiago.

For a week she was almost alone in the crowded water side hospital, so far as other women are concerned.

There were several male attendants, to lift the sick, to bring in patients and carry out the dead, besides an efficient steward and two or three visiting physicians; and now there are also four white and three colored female nurses, under Miss Wheeler's direction.

Early and late she toils, rising at 5 a.m., and leaving the scene of her labors only at nightfall, often walking unattended through the darkened streets of Santiago—but as safe as in her own parlor under the all-protecting symbol of the Red Cross.

In the hospital she is as a ray of sunshine, her slender figure dressed in girlish white, or in blue cambric with snowy apron and kerchief, her curling hair brushed neatly back and blue eyes shining with earnest purpose; washing sick men's faces, writing letters home for them, administering food or medicine, and taking the last messages of the dying. No necessary service, however menial or repellent, is ever shirked by her, nor will she weary in well doing. The old rule holds good, here as well as everywhere else in this old old world, that the worst

MODERN PHILOSOPHY

Breweries always look prosperous.

Nothing draws a crowd quicker than a diagram.

Very few women can tell a lie so that it will stick.

No man who wears a hat with a fancy band ever cuts much ice.

A woman with gloves on can't handle a baby the way it deserves.

We have heard men tell palpable, black lies in order to sell a bible.

Most of us waste too much time in figuring up what others ought to save.

A man who will play checkers in real weather won't do anything else.

A boy's best way of deceiving his mother is by pretending the greatest frankness.

A man who has anything else to do, can't keep himself dressed up all the time.

There is a great deal of very expensive fishing tackle that never catches any fish.

A fast horseman lives on the hope continually that his horse will soon do better.

A great many girls go to boarding school and yet never know a thing about cooking!

No married woman ever gets time enough to waste to belong to a cooking club.

Usually, after one has tried every hard way to do a thing, he finds an easy way of doing it.

Very few people can go on being economical if they happen to strike a streak of luck.

The happiest man is the one who works when he gets a day's work and loaf the rest of the time.