

## 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 benefitted 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 Rank 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 couched-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 the fact 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' track, 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 homesick 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 immense establishment, the largest of its 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. Sulger 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 Bowser, 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. Bennett, 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 Alladin, 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 "Siebel" 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 Theatre, 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'Oyly 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 olio is full of good things. George Spence and Minnie Sortelle, two clever artists, are great entertainers. Miss Sortelle'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 Gaitie, La Cigale, La Rosa and La Belle, in the "Midnight Revels," a famous French dance, is very sensational and has created a furore everywhere this quartette of dancers have appeared.

Vanetto & Sheridan, Mildred Harrison, Jerre Conkling, M'le Modesta, Leonda 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 this 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 outs 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 Caballos 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 reopen 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 miners 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 manufacturer 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—air, earth and water, as well as from sea-sickness, 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.

If live fowls are to be transported on a long, tortuous voyage, they should be provided with healthful conditions, for pecuniary consideration, if not in the interest of humanity. Instead of being too greedy to take advantage of people's necessities, he should have remembered that with few exceptions the impoverished Cubans have absolutely no money for the necessities of life and cannot pay fancy prices for imported chickens. If he had brought dressed fowls, on ice, to be sold at reasonable rates, he might have done better, or if he had established a "chicken farm," with incubators, anywhere on the island and waited for better times and his plant to grow together, he would doubtless have done very well indeed.

Our week's voyage was much like others in this direction. It would be rare indeed were not some squalls encountered in the 1,367 miles that stretch between New York and Santiago! Hardly that the Brooklyn Bridge, the bronze Goddess and other landmarks and water-marks of Gotham faded from view, before the passengers began disappearing, one by one. Not a soul confessed to mal de mer—oh no! Perish the thought. Only, somehow, the sight of food suddenly became a horror and the desire to recline in seclusion was simultaneous and universal. All the omens and portents known to mariners held true—such as

"Rainbow in the morning,  
Sailors take warning."

"If the Bermudas let you pass,  
You must beware of Hatteras."

The first long Sunday was a blank. We knew we were sailing the Sarragosa Sea, amid patches of wonderful sea-weeds, accompanied by those other navigators, the nauticus and flying fish—but the inclination for a recumbent attitude in private was still so strong that few ventured forth. Days followed days on the sunlit sea, all so much alike that one lost track of time, and hardly knew whether he had been from home a week or a year. The skies grew bluer and bluer, and the waves white-capped above the bluest blue eyes ever beheld. Some of the nights were passed in a struggle to hold oneself in bed, so boisterous were the long Atlantic swells; and anon, rocked in the cradle of the deep more gently, one gazed through the port-hole at a disk of star-illumined sky and thought of the dear home faces till tranquil slumber came.

By and by Maisi light, holding aloft its beacon-signal, sprang out of the mist to greet us. Its tall white shaft, set on the eastern tip of the island, looks enough like the Washington monument to give the wanderer a home-sick pang. The low hills that encompass southeastern Cuba, rising in natural terraces from the water's edge, remind me of the artificially terraced slopes of the Peruvian Andes, whereon the Incas cultivated their cocoa. Farther to the westward, the hills mount higher and higher, until merged in the dark cloud-canopied maestro (master) mountains, along which we coast within a mile of the wave-eaten coral rock which forms their base. Later in the day Guantanamo is passed—the erstwhile unimportant point, where history has lately been made. The name, by the way, is pronounced Wan-tan-ah-mo—with the accent so strong upon the "tan" that the two remaining syllables are an indistinguishable jumble. In its broad iron bay, separated from the sea by a long, narrow strip between two low promontories. We saw a dozen ships at anchor—men-of-war, transports, prizes, the Red Cross steamer "State of Texas," the "Resolute," bringing down immune nurses, and other supply and relief ships in the service of our army. Then comes the place where our troops were first landed on Cuban soil, and the dreary hills up which the Rough Riders stormed in the face of the Spanish guns. Human life was held so cheap during those few stirring but awful days, when the young and strong and ambitious died with a cheer on their lips. Over there are the trenches where our hungry soldiers lay in the rain, where more precious lives were yielded up from needless hardship and exposure than were taken by the enemy's bullets; and somewhere there is the silent bivouac

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 Riena 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, gunboats, 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 no 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 uphill 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 camps with them on horseback. To be by her father's side, she would have gladly have 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 Wheelers" 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 3 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 odd old world, that the worst

[CONTINUED ON FIFTH PAGE.]

## 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 bad 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 loafs the rest of the time.

It is so queer that when people take up a new doctor they try to work up all the trade they can for him.

Every man likes to talk a great deal about his great liberality toward the opposite political party.

A man who doesn't sweat easily is unfortunate, because, no odds how hard he works, nobody believes it.

How bored we all feel when we make some remark that leads to a longer to telling another long and uninteresting story.

A fellow shaking hands warmly with everybody that he meets may not be especially friendly. He may be drunk.

When a man's socks are hanging down over his shoes he is just as comfortable as when they are up, provided he doesn't know it, but it looks funny.

The trouble with the man who doesn't smoke, and spends his cigar money for other things, spends four times as much as his cigars would cost him.

ALEX. MILLER.

## WEBB CASTO DEAD.

A Well-Known Resident of Sugar Creek Stricken With Paralysis.

Webb Casto, one of the best known figures in this community, died at his home in Sugar Creek township shortly before six o'clock this morning as a result of a paralytic stroke. He had an attack at ten o'clock last night, and this morning the second stroke caused his death. Deceased was one of the most familiar figures in the county, and his bluff, hearty ways made him many friends. He was a native of this county, and was born November 23, 1834, being at the time of his death sixty-four years of age. He was a member of the old Eleventh Indiana, one of the fighting regiments during the war of the rebellion, and later enlisted in the 71st Indiana, which was afterwards changed into the 6th cavalry, of which Dr. Spottswood, M. C. Rankin, and other well-known residents of this city were members. He was prominent in Republican politics, was a candidate for sheriff several times and had held positions in the revenue service. He was also prominent in G. A. R. circles, and had been commander of Jacob Hoops Post of Maxwell. He was a Royal Arch Mason, and his funeral, the time of which has not been fixed, will be conducted by the Masonic fraternity.

Prof. W. C. Isbell Stricken.

While conducting the opening ceremonies at the Commercial college last evening, Prof. W. C. Isbell was stricken with brain trouble and had to be removed to his home on North Sixth street, where his condition, this morning, is reported to be serious. His friends have notified him to be in failing health for some time. His illness will not interfere with the business of the college, as Prof. A. F. Wallace, of Pontiac, Ill., who had been engaged as principal for the coming year, has leased the institution, and will conduct it as heretofore. Mr. Wallace is an educator of great experience, and will devote his entire time to the conduct of the business. He will act as business manager. Mrs. Isbell, who has had charge of the short-hand department of the school, will continue in that department.

James Walsh, father of County Treasurer "Jack" Walsh, died this week at his home on South Third street. He was an old and well known resident of the city, and was held in the highest esteem by a large circle of friends.

Fred Smith's horse, "Dick," won a race at Bloomington, yesterday, against a field of eleven fast horses. He made the fast time of 2:13 1/4 in the race. The horse is entered in the races here this month, and is expected to make a good showing.