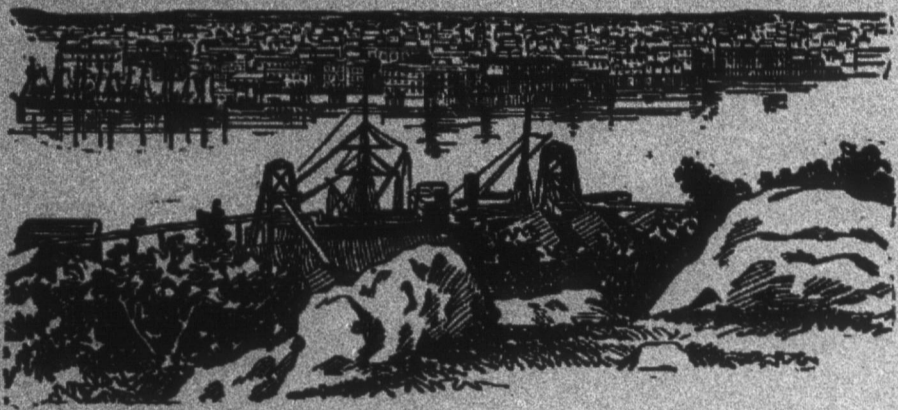


CUBA'S METROPOLIS.

GAY AND ROBYN HAVANA'S PICTURESQUE SIGHTS.

The Handsome Harbor and Its Defences—The City's Architecture—Many Parks and Cafes—Sights Seen Every Where.

HAVANA has long been reckoned the eighth commercial city of the world. Morro Castle, with its Dahlgren guns peeping out through the yellow stone, and its tall sentinel lighthouse, stands guard over the narrow entrance of the harbor; the battery of La Punta on the opposite shore answering to the Morro. It is a proud and a strong fort, but its defense, declares the Chicago Times-Herald, is merely a matter of sentiment. With such armament as Havana has, an invading



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF HAVANA.

fleet could be held out of the bay. The castle is re-enforced by the long range of cannon and barracks on the city side, and the massive fortress of the Cubanos crowning the hill behind the Morro. All these are decorated with the red and yellow flag of Spain. So many strong fortifications show how important the home government regards the place.

The harbor of Havana compares favorably with the most famous in the world. Infinitely more picturesque than New York Bay, it is much livelier in maritime interest than that of the Golden Gate. The bay is shaped like a human hand outstretched, with the wrist as the entrance. It is populous with ships from almost every Nation on earth. The one idea it impresses is that of activity. European and American mail steamers come and go daily. Coasting steamers and the boats of the regular lines from Mexico and the islands of the Caribbean seek the bay, and great forries ply between the docks of the city and the Belga shores. There is also a fleet of sailing boats, yachts gathered from all over the world, row boats, and what not in the seaway.

The city itself is pleasing or irritating to the newcomer according to the spirit that may possess him at the time of his arrival. But all travelers agree on one point—they universally declare it to be one of the noisiest, liveliest, pell-mell, happy-go-lucky, wide awake, clamorous, dangerous towns in existence. The great Humboldt said of it when he entered it from the bay that it was the gayest and most picturesque sight in all America.

It is certainly not American, and yet there is nothing like it in Europe. It is intensely Cuban, and a type of itself. In a general view the town presents churches, cathedrals and other structures that force themselves into prominence against the background of less imposing houses. There is nothing in this great extent of public buildings that strikes one as being specially valuable from an architectural point of view, and even if there were its beauty would be entirely subordinated by a colossal prison near the shore, which was built for the purpose of having a capacity to lodge with ease a matter of 5000 prisoners at a time.

The city is divided into two parts, called the intramural, or old town, which lies between the bay and the site of the ancient walls which have

fallen into decay and have been used for an upbuilding of the new city, and the extramural town, consisting of the new city, which lies beyond the site of the old walls and is more or less modern in its architecture. The streets of the old town are laid out in fairly regular order, and are pretty well paved. But these thoroughfares are narrow in the extreme, with sidewalks barely wide enough for one

pedestrian. The streets of the new city, although laid only in macadam, are wider, airier and fringed on either side with pretty palm trees, giving the town a garden-like aspect. The architecture of the dwelling-houses is heavy, and this gives them an appearance of old age which they really do not deserve. The material used in their building is the porous stone which abounds in the island, and which, when first quarried, is as easily worked into blocks as wood, but which becomes as hard as granite when exposed to the atmosphere. The facades of the houses are generally covered with stucco, painted in all colors. Blues, yellows and greens are used indiscriminately, and the visitor is at once unpleasantly struck by the bizarre effect, but soon learns to appreciate the nice manner in which this apparently crazy and unsystematic laying on of color harmonizes with the glowing tropical atmosphere. This coloring of the house fronts is not

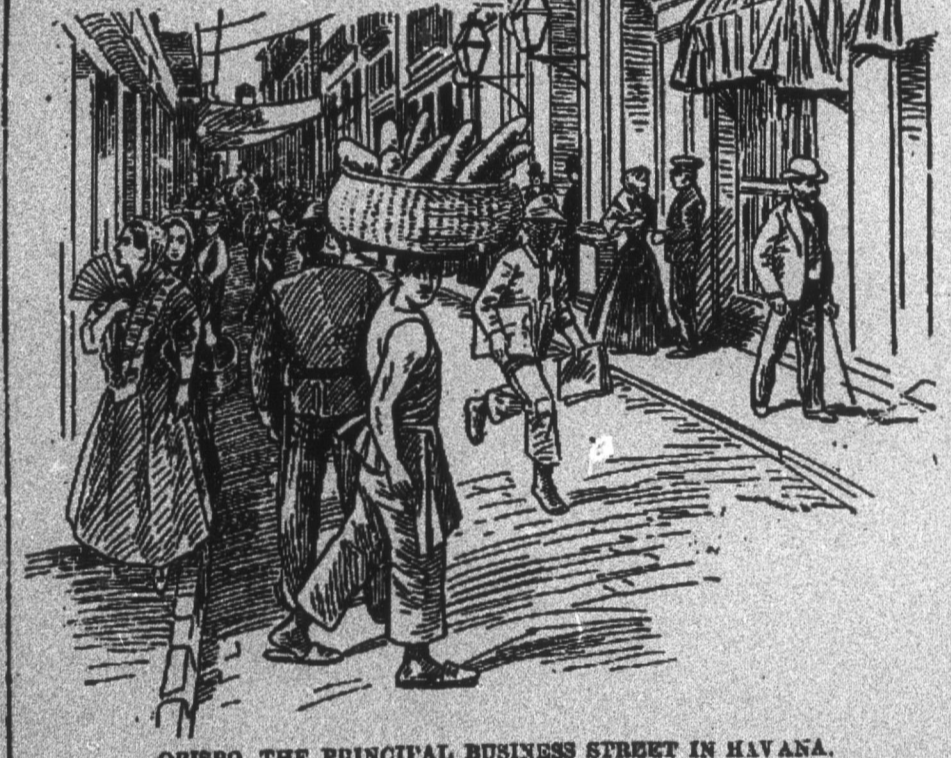
and night to meeting and lassitude, smoking and luxurious ease. Evidences of satiety, languor and dullness, the weakened capacity for enjoyment, are early conspicuous, the inevitable sequence of indolence and vice. The arts and sciences seldom disturb the thoughts of such people. "The pretentious town house is side by side with the humble quarters of the artisan. High life and low life are ever present in strong contrast, and in the best of humor with each other, affording elements of the picturesque, if not of the beautiful. Neatness must be ignored where such human conglomeration exists, and, as we all know, at certain seasons of the year, like dear, delightful, dirty Naples, Havana is the hotbed of pestilence. The dryness of the atmosphere transforms most of the street offal into powder, which salutes nose, eyes, ears and mouth under the influence of the slightest breeze. Though there are ample bathing facilities in and about the city, the people of either sex seem to have a prejudice against their free use."

Havana is abundantly supplied with parks, squares and public places. The squares are ornamented with royal palms, and here and there an orange and banana tree, and now and then an Indian laurel. The Plaza de Armas, fronting the Governor's palace, and the Parque de Isabella are two splendid specimens of Cuban appreciation of the richness and fertility of the soil and the rare climate. The Parque de Isabella is a picture of gay life in the evening, and is one of the beauty spots of Havana.

The cafes are innumerable and some of them the equal of the best and most exclusive restaurants in Europe or America. The principal playhouse is the Tacos Theatre. Other places of amusement are Payret Theatre, the

without a reason, in fact. It has been found to absorb much of the sun's rays, which, without this disadvantage, would work serious injuries to the eyes.

There is no city in the world where noise—pure noise, made for its own sake and nothing else—reigns as supreme as in Havana. At daybreak all the bells in the city are rung furiously. Church bells, fire bells, public bells and private bells unite with one accord to produce a discord calculated to drive a civilized man mad. Add to this the crowing of game cocks, with which the town is overstocked for gambling purposes; the rattle of innumerable cabs and public conveyances, the clangor of gongs on street car lines, electric and otherwise, and



OBISPO, THE PRINCIPAL BUSINESS STREET IN HAVANA.

the general roar to which every waking Havanaese adds his mite, and the city, even in the time of most slumbersome peace, can well be supposed to surpass any other town of 300,000 population in the world.

The populace of Havana, at least in times of peace—and this accounts for its disquietude in times of war—is essentially gay. This accounts for the number and variety of the cafes, cocheres, eating and drinking places,

Albion Theatre and the Circo, Teatro de Jane. The Casino is a place of amusement and instruction combined, a sort of atheneum, in which such art as lives in Havana is fostered and in which state balls occur.

The glory of the new city lies in its splendid streets and the well ordered vegetation that has been cultivated along their lines. The churches are without number and are enthusiastically filled on Sundays and holidays. On these occasions unusual demonstrations are indulged in in the way of bell-ringing.

No city in the world, with the possible exception of San Francisco, is so lavishly supplied with food products as Havana. The earth and the sea render up all their best fruit, and living is cheap.

The great Havana market is where the visitor opens his eyes. An upper floor and a lower open on all sides and under a roof. It covers a good-sized block. All Havana is here buying its dinner and other supplies. There is a multitude of booths, containing fruits of the tropics, fish, meats, leather goods, jewelry and curios, such as only a seaport mart can pick up. The human beings who preside here are representatives of every nation on the globe.

The hotels are built around a court, so that every room has direct communication with the open air. A terrace often encircles the upper story (the second), and on it are shrubberies and plants, and maybe a few parrots. There is a most comfortable place to sit; indeed, the majority of the citizens of Havana spend their time on their house-tops. They dry clothes there, and use the space for a back yard.

At the hotels, as at many private houses, two meals a day are served—breakfast in the late morning, and

dinner in the evening. Coffee can be had shortly after rising. Wine is freely drunk. Candles serve as illumination when you retire.

Almost everybody in Havana smokes cigarettes. Cigars are very cheap ordinarily. Cigars that cost "two for a quarter" in the United States are bought in Havana for \$5.50 a hundred.



STREET IN THE OLD PORT OF HAVANA.

Other tobacco is equally cheap, and so men, boys and women smoke.

Even in times of peace civilians are scarce in Havana. Soldiers stand at every corner—they are the police. The uniform is the same blue as the marine's, but the blouse, trousers and blue cap are trimmed with crimson. A sword and heavy revolver, and sometimes a rifle, constitute the equipment. The Spanish Government officials around the docks are dressed in outworn suits of the prevailing blue. A wide-brimmed straw hat, looped up at one side with a cockade, is a familiar headgear.

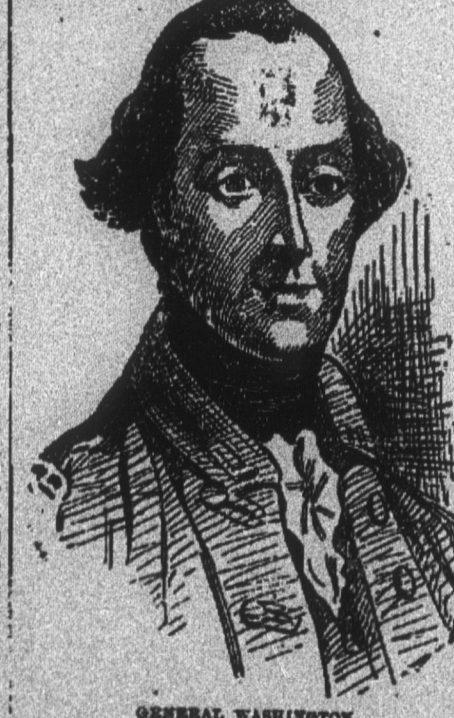
There are many other uniforms—cavalry, artillery, officers'. You cannot walk five steps without meeting one. All these distinctive raiments are neat, but look cheap beside the dress of a United States soldier or marine. The cloth resembles cambric and is porous and cool. However, it fits the wearer well; he is always clean, and his shoes are blacked. The men are not as well set up as the Americans. In fact, the men are not as robust as our countrymen. They are sallow and thin. It may be the climate, and it may be the excessive smoking.

With all his politeness and kindness, the Havana citizen looks on the American as legitimate prey. If you have the misfortune to be of that nationality your fate is sealed. You cannot hide your identity. You walk too fast and you are too straight. Even the very children on the street recognize you. The bootman charges you 50 cents, when the ordinary price is only 20. Figures on fruit and all merchandise rise alarmingly when the American approaches.

New Picture of Washington.

Collectors of Washingtonians will be interested to learn that a hitherto unknown engraving of the Father of his Country has recently been discovered. It is not mentioned in W. S. Baker's "Engraved Portraits of Washington," which is the standard work on the subject. But Mr. Baker has recognized it as a valuable addendum to the contemporary portraits of our first President.

The engraving in question, according to the legend thereon, was "Pubd. 15th July, 1784, by Whitworth & Yates, Birmingham." These English engravers are well known as the publishers of other valuable prints of the same subject. It shows Washington in his early manhood and differs considerably from the more familiar portraits which limn him at a ma-



GENERAL WASHINGTON. (A new portrait which has just been discovered.)

ture's age. The discoverer is a gentleman in this city, who purchased half a dozen impressions belonging to a farmer in the West. The Western gentleman explained that they had been in his family for generations, but could give no further information. He was not aware of the rarity of his property.—New York Herald.

The Archdukes Joseph and August of Austria have gone to Woorishofen for their annual Kneipp cure.

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

And His Departure—A Different Feeling—A Theory—Not His Full Title—In Constantinople, Etc., Etc.

And then they both began to sing. The key was, I think, B flat. She took the alto, May the air, And I—well, I took—my hat. —Town Topics.

ESTIMATED. Bingo—"That doctor must have found out how much I am worth." Mrs. Bingo—"Why?" "I just got the bill."—Life.

WHY HE DARED. She—"I think I might love you more if you were not so extravagant." He—"It's my extravagant nature that makes me love you so."—Life.

A DIFFERENT FEELING. Miss Timberwheels—"How were you impressed by Mr. Noodles?" Miss Hungerford—"I wasn't impressed. I was oppressed."—Judge.

OUT OF HIS LINE. Tourist—"How long will it take me to reach the ferry, me good man?" Policeman—"I ain't no mind reader. I'm a policeman."—Detroit Free Press.

A COMPLIMENT. Editor—"Your story is flat." Author—"Yes?" Editor—"I wish to compliment you. Most stories we get are rolled up."—Puck.

RIDING NOT NECESSARY. Berthwhistle—"Do you ride your cycle to reduce your weight?" Duannap—"No—hustling for the money to meet the installments for it does that."—Puck.

A THEORY. Maria—"How kin these weather prophets tell about the weather, anyway?" Josiah—"I dunno; unless maybe they go by the almanacs."—Puck.

IN CONSTANTINOPLE. The Sultan—"Have they ceased to allude to me as the 'Sick Man?'" The Grand Vizier—"No, Commander of the Faithful; but they are willing to admit that you are not in business for your health."—Truth.

NOT HIS FULL TITLE. "Hungry Higgins?" said the kind lady. "Of course that is not your real name!" "None," answered Mr. Higgins. "It's not might be called a empty title."—Indianapolis Journal.

SOMETHING REAL HORRID. Ethel—"And would you really be willing to die for me, George?" George—"Darling, I swear it." Ethel—"But, would you be willing to die of hydrophobia or appendicitis, or something like that, George?"—Truth.

NOT AT HOME TO HIM. Caller—"Is your father at home?" Little Daughter—"What is your name, please?" Caller—"Just tell him it is his old friend, Bill." Little Daughter—"Then I guess he ain't at home. I heard him tell mamma if any bill came he wasn't at home."—Washington Times.

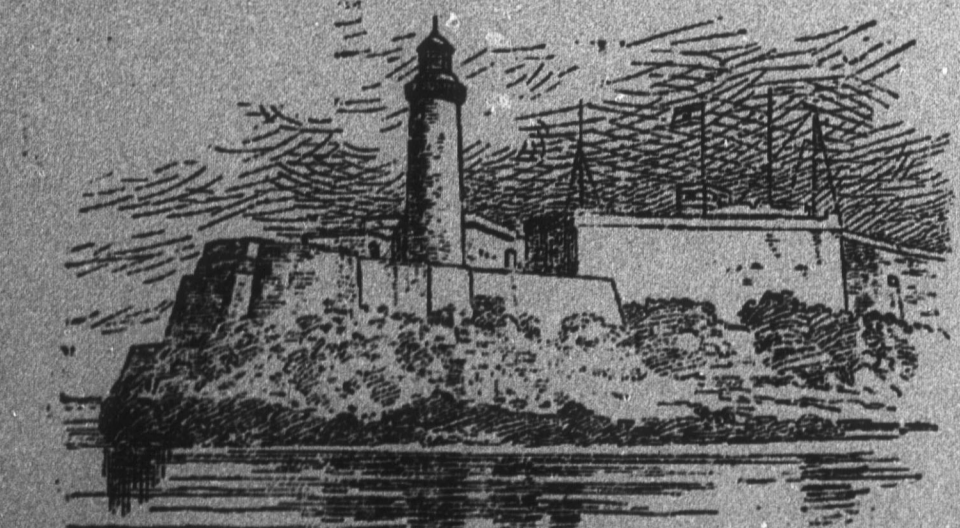
SARCASTIC. Mrs. Achem (reading)—"The Chinese are a cheerful people. In China, while the dentist pulls the tooth an assistant stands by and drowns the lamentations of the victim in the noise of a large gong." Mr. Achem—"So they have adopted the painless method of extracting teeth in China, eh?"—Norristown Herald.

SLIGHTLY TWISTED. He entered the store hurriedly, with the air of a man whose mind was filled by a weighty commission. Those whom he passed at the door heard him conning under his breath a formula which he seemed to fear might slip away and be lost. He approached the counter like one who wishes it were well over.

"I wish to get," he said boldly, "some ribbon for a red baby." The salesgirl's blank stare seemed to arouse him to a sense of something lacking. "That is," he said, "I would like some baby for a ribboned red one." The salesgirl was smiling broadly now and four cash boys, a floor walker and seven customers gathered and grinned in unison.

He began again. "That is—of course, you know, I mean, some ribboned red baby for one—that is—some red ribs for one baby—some one's red baby's ribs—some red ribs for one baby—some—thunder and guns, where's the way out?" He departed on a run.

"I wonder," said the salesgirl thoughtfully an hour or so afterward, "if he could have meant some red baby ribbon!"—New York Press.



MORRO CASTLE, ENTRANCE TO HAVANA.

fallen into decay and have been used for an upbuilding of the new city, and the extramural town, consisting of the new city, which lies beyond the site of the old walls and is more or less modern in its architecture. The streets of the old town are laid out in fairly regular order, and are pretty well paved. But these thoroughfares are narrow in the extreme, with sidewalks barely wide enough for one

lounging places and resorts of every color and complexion, calculated to offer opportunity to idle and lazy men. A recent visitor to the island, describing the habits of the men and their unspesakable indolence, says this of the town's resorts and their habits:

"The men luxuriate in the cafes or spend their evenings in worse places. A brief period of the morning only is given to business, the rest of the day