

# Geo. Ade in Pastures New

The Story of What Happened to an American Consul.

BY GEORGE ADE.

In undertaking a trip to foreign parts I have had two objects in view: (a) To strengthen and more closely cement our friendly relations with foreign Powers—to furnish the common desire to travel beyond the limits of his native land. Mrs. Willoughby, who in the home circle was known as "Ma," was a devotee of the "Chautauque Circle," and she too, had an ambition born of much reading to pack up and go somewhere. The family doctor said that a visit to some milder climate, far from the rigors of northern winter, would be a pos-

relieved of wearing responsibilities. He was well fixed financially and still in the prime of life—not due to retire permanently, but ready to take it easy. For years he had nursed a vague desire to travel beyond the limits of his native land. Mrs. Willoughby, who in the home circle was known as "Ma," was a devotee of the "Chautauque Circle," and she too, had an ambition born of much reading to pack up and go somewhere. The family doctor said that a visit to some milder climate, far from the rigors of northern winter, would be a pos-

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wish to make a ten strike as a reformer I must seek new fields." So I decided to fit through Europe and spend all the time I could spare from dodging table d'hôte dinners to bolstering up and regulating the consular service.

In writing today about the happy experiences of an American consul I am following the advice of a friend who urged me to send some letters back home.

"Don't put in too much about your travels," he said. "People here read about European travel until they grow Montanna. Whenever the opportunity presents itself write something entirely irrelevant—something that has nothing to do with anything particular. The less you say about foreign countries the better you will please your readers, and if you can arrange to write a series of letters in which no reference is made to either Europe or Africa who knows but what you will score a hit?"

Why no desire to boast of my accomplishments? I feel that up to date I have followed instructions rather closely. If any dates, statistics or useful information have crept into these communications it is through oversight and not by intention.

In writing from Paris the natural impulse is to describe Napoleon's tomb and tell how the "Champs Elysees runs right out to the Arc de Triomphe and then cuts through the Bois de Boulogne. Fearing that this subject matter has been touched upon by other visitors, I shall disregard Paris and go straight to my task of reforming the consular service.

To begin with, usually the American consul is all right in his place, but his place is at home. Overpaid, possibly, but he does his best to earn his \$5000 per annum. If he kept all the money that he handled in the course of a year he couldn't be a really successful man. He finds himself plumped down in a strange country. About the time that he begins to learn the language and has saved up enough money to buy evening clothes he is recalled and goes back home with a "dress suit" on his hands. Take the case of Mr. Ebon Willoughby, of Michigan. It is a simple narrative, but it will give you a line on the short-comings of our consular service, and it will carry its own moral.

"Old Man" Willoughby, as he was known at home, owned and edited a successful daily paper on the outskirts of the Michigan pine belt. He was a wheel horse in the party and for forty years had been running the cause of his nominees. The aspiring politician who wished to go to Congress had to go and see Willoughby with his hat in hand. He helped to make and unmake United States Senators and was consulted regarding appointments. But he had never asked anything for himself. His two boys went to college at Ann Arbor and when the younger came home with his degree and began to take a hand in running the paper Mr. Willoughby found himself, for the first time in his life,

benefit to her.

So Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby began to study the atlas. One of the sons suggested to "Old Man" Willoughby that he could take a trip to an attractive southern country at the minimum expense by securing an appointment as consul. And, of course, apart from the financial advantage, there would be the glory of representing a great nation and hoisting the flag over a benighted foreign population. The suggestion appealed very strongly to Mr. Willoughby. He wrote to the "Congressman" and the Senator and wanted to know if there was a vacancy—salary no object, but he would like to go into a mild and equable climate where he could pick coconuts.

His friends at Washington simply overturned the State Department in their eagerness to give him what he wanted. They discovered that there was somewhere on the map a city called Gallivancia. It was down by the southern seas—the abode of perpetual summer and already enjoying a preliminary boom as a resort. The acting consul had been a British subject. The pay was so small that no enterprising American had wanted the job. The United States Consul at Gallivancia reverberated pleasantly in the imagination of Mr. Willoughby.

He told his friends at Washington to get after the place, and in less than no time his daily paper announced that he had "accepted" the appointment.

The politicians represented to the State Department that Mr. Willoughby was a sturdy patriot, a capable character and a great ability—all of which was true. They might have added that he would be just as much at home in Gallivancia as a prior bear would be on India's coral strand.

The news of his appointment gave one section of Michigan the trembles for several days, and the Willoughby family was bathed in a new importance. Mrs. Willoughby was given a formal farewell by the ladies of the congregation assembled in the church parlors. Mr. Willoughby was presented with a jeweled badge by the members of his lodge and the band serenaded him the night before he went away.

He and "Ma" stood on the back platform and gazed with misty eyes at the flutter of handkerchiefs on the station platform until the train swung around a curve and they found themselves headed for Gallivancia and glory. Both of them felt a little heartily and dubious, but they were not to be deterred.

They boarded a ship and after several days of unalloyed misery they landed at Gallivancia.

Now, Gallivancia is the make-believe capital of a remote island having no commercial or other importance. No matter where an island may be dropped down, some nation must grab it and hold it for fear that some other nation will take charge of it and pay the expense. That is why Gallivancia had a governor general and a colonel in com-

mand, and the Right Honorable Bishop of the gunboat and a judge and a cluster of foreign consuls. The men had a club at which whiskey and water could be obtained, unless the bottle happened to be empty. The women exchanged calls and gave formal dinners and drove about in rickety little victorias with terrified natives in ivory perched upon the box. The lines of social precedence were closely drawn. At a dinner party the wife of the magistrate, and so on. The women smoked cigarettes and gambled at bridge, while every man who had won a medal at a shooting match pinned it on his coat when he went to a ball. It was a third-rate copy of court life, but

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were most profoundly ignorant. Mr. Willoughby did not even own a dress suit. When he got a "Prince Albert" coat he felt that he had made a very large concession to the mere fripperies of life. And "Ma" had her own ideas about low-necked gowns! Can you see Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby in Gallivancia? Can you understand what must have been the attitude of these gold-braid peewees toward an old fashioned apple pie couple from the tall timber?

Mind you, I am not poking fun at the Willoughbys. In the opinion of every real American a man of the Willoughby type is worth a ten acre lot full of these two by four titles. The Willoughbys were good people—the kind of people one likes to meet in Michigan. But when the ladies of the foreign colony came to call on "Ma" and said "Dyuh me!" and looked at her through their longnettes, she was like a staid old Plymouth Rock hen who suddenly finds herself among the birds of paradise. She told Mr. Willoughby that it was the queerest lot of "women folks" she had ever seen, and although she didn't like to talk about people until she knew her ground, some of them did not seem any more respectable than the law allowed. Poor Mrs. Willoughby! She did not know it was good form for a woman to smoke and drink, but bad for her to be interested in her husband. She tried to apply a Michigan training to Gallivancia conditions, and the two didn't seem to jibe.

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## DEFEAT OF THE DALTONS

### THE VICTOR TELLS THE STORY

Who the Men Were That Made Up the Outlaw Band Which Invaded the Southwest—Their Attack on the Banks of Coffeyville and Fight With the Citizens.

In the annals of the Southwest there is no incident so stirring, so full of bloody and dramatic features as the story of the last raid of the Dalton gang at Coffeyville, Wednesday, October 5, 1892, when that town was changed in an hour from a peaceful scene of commerce and pleasure to bloodshed. The tale has been told many times, it has been made the subject of epic verse, it has furnished material for the author of the "penney drama," and it has been told in many languages, but the author of the "penney drama" did not see the world of the murdering band of criminals has never before told the story himself. This man is John J. Klohr, who has told the story of that memorable day.

I don't like to tell this story. I have never told it before, that is, with anything like completeness. It is just a word or two about the Daltons before beginning the story of their final raid. They were Kentuckians, born and bred. They were famous for their daring and their notorious Youngers and Jameses. In them the last of slaughter was inborn. In 1859 the Dalton family, father and mother and thirteen children, among them the three who met their death here—Bob, Emmett and Gratian—came to Kansas. They settled on a farm in Montgomery county, where they remained until the opening of the Territory. Then began the life of adventure that proved their undoing. First, United States marshals, then train robbers, whiskey peddlers, and bandits in the mountain passes of California; then, the final act, bank robbers.

On October 4, 1892, five men, Tim Evans, Grat Dalton, Bob Dalton, Emmett Dalton and Dick Broadwell, the last having been enlisted in the scheme a day or two before, rode up from the Indian Territory from that part known as the Cherokee nation.

They passed the night hiding in the wooded fastnesses along the banks of the Verdigris river on which this town stands. Early on the morning of the 5th they took up their journey again, their blooded horses refreshed by rest and food.

For miles they followed one of the main roads into Coffeyville, the road that becomes Eighth street when it enters the town.

As they neared the town they were noticed by many people riding to and from the city. The Daltons, who were, of course, well known in Coffeyville, were disguised by false beards and by other means. Long cloaks concealed their weapons—Winchester rifles and heavy Colt's revolvers. They looked, as they intended, like a party of deputy United States marshals riding into the State on official business. This was an occurrence too common to excite wonderment or remark.

They rode up Eighth street many eyes were turned upon them, but without arousing the slightest suspicion. It was evidently their intention to tie their horses on Eighth street, where they were to make their stand. However, the street was torn up, pending certain repairs, making this impossible. An alibi running directly across the street attracted their attention. They turned down it, the only false move they had made thus far, and tied their horses to a paling back of my livery stable. Then, in a single moment, the Daltons, their long coats removed, their spurs clanking, their guns swinging at their sides, Bob and Gratian Dalton and Powers, entered the Condon National Bank, and covering the cashier with their Winchester, commanded him to open the vault. Gratian Dalton, behind a desk, ordered that the partitioned vaults and the business part of the bank from the front, and opening a heavy grain sack commanded the cashier to get out and pour into it all the cash in sight. That done, he, with a fierce oath and threatening wave of his gun, commanded the cashier to open the vault and get the gold.

"I can't," replied the cashier. "The time lock is on the vault."

"What time will it open?"

"At half past 12," returned the cashier. The time was only a guess on his part; it was after 10 o'clock then, but Gat bit at the desperate expedient to gain time. "We'll wait," he announced.

All this time the citizens were not idle. So completely by surprise had the assault on the bank been that no one was in the least prepared to meet the town marshal, Frank Connelly, was unarmed. The first intimation that I had of the affair was when some one ran into the stable shouting that Condon's bank was being robbed. I had no weapon in the barn, but, running across the street to a hardware store, I fitted myself out with a small Winchester, the first thing I came upon.

Stationing myself on the street I began to fire on the Condon bank, hoping to frustrate the plans of the bandits. In the first thing I saw others, who hurriedly procured weapons from the hardware store. The plate glass windows of the bank were riddled and bank people narrowly escaped being struck from the flying iron, but the effect of the fusillade was to make the robbers chary of staying too long in the bank. In the grain sack was a quantity of the gold, and Bob Dalton stuffing the paper money into his coat.

Then they made their way to the rear doors of the bank, driving the cashier and his assistants before them. When they swung open the door they were confronted by George Baldwin, 22 years of age, a brave and bold youth, as ever breathed. In his hand he held a pistol, a toy compared to the weapons carried by the robbers.

"If I have to give the man," said Bob Dalton, nodding his fatal Winchester to his shoulder he fired, and Baldwin fell to the ground mortally wounded.

At the other bank, the First National, a similar scene was enacted. The cashier and others in the bank were made to hold up their hands and the contents of the vault were emptied into a sack. Here, too, the fire from the people on the streets, became too severe and they were forced to discard the heavy silver for the lighter and more valuable gold and paper.

Charles Gummy, another of the bravest men this or any other town has ever known, opened fire on the bank but was wounded by a shot from one of the robbers that splintered the right hand of his gun and smashed his right hand into a mass of raw flesh. Friends rushed out to him and dragged him within the shelter of a store.

After leaving the First National Emmett Dalton and Dick Broadwell passed down Eighth street, where they were joined by the three from the Condon bank. There in front of his shoe shop stood George Cubine, gun in hand, waiting for them. Two shots rang out simultaneously and Cubine fell back dead. Charles Brown, a fellow workman of Cubine's, saw him fall and ran out to help him. Again the deadly rifle of the bandits spoke and Brown fell a martyr to right and the ties of comradeship.

Passing down Union street, after killing Cubine and Brown, the five bandits, seeing Thomas Ayres, cashier of the First National Bank, standing by the curb with a rifle in his hands, Bob Dalton's rifle rang out and Ayres fell, wounded in the head

although the distance was more than 25 yards.

Bob and Emmett then hurriedly dodged behind buildings and were not seen again until they re-appeared in the alley where they had taken shelter. Great Dalton and his companions, Powers and Broadwell, regained the shelter of the alley first.

The alley was standing a Standard Oil tank, so that a magnificent team of grays was hitched. Using the wagon for a breastwork, the three bandits prepared to fire a volley at all who should dare dislodge them.

All this time I was, so to speak, mounting guard over the horses. I saw Great Dalton's companions take up their positions for the attack. I determined to wait until the most auspicious moment came before attempting to do anything. Just at this moment Bob and Emmett came down the alley from the other way, making for their horses. As I saw them they saw me. We had often competed in friendly shooting matches, and I knew that when I fired a shot to kill.

"Hell!" he exclaimed. "There's Klohr. I hate to do it, but he's got to fall. For a moment I was transfixed, watching his face pale as the bird watches the snake about to seize it. Then instinctively my own rifle came to my shoulder. I fired just as Bob pulled the trigger. His bullet went wild, glancingly striking the side of the alley, taking a tangent course and killing both the Standard Oil horses and entering my barn, where it demolished a buggy wheel. But Bob, poor chap, lay in the alley, shot through the breast. Emmett fired at me, and I returned the shot. He was wounded, could see his way, but he kept steadily on. His companions behind the oil wagon now opened up on me. I had no time to care for Emmett. Scolding the boys, making sure he came to a breach, he crawled through and away.

Great Dalton, Powers and Broadwell kept up a galling fire on me. I was not hit. Some way I felt excited, and above everything on this earth, I did not fear their bullets; it seemed as though they were invulnerable.

Finally, Great Dalton hit me. I got him. Then, seized with a sudden terror, Powers and Broadwell made a rush for their horses. Before they could mount the horses, Emmett, too, was broadside, exerting superhuman effort, dragged himself into the saddle and rode off. His body was found later beside a hedge a mile from town.

Emmett, who had made his way to a lumber pile, now re-appeared in the alley, obviously trying to reach his horse. I shot him again. He had enough, and he made his way to a still doing time at Fort Leavenworth.

A DELICATE INSTRUMENT.

Apparatus for Measuring the One Seventy-fifths Part of an Inch Has Been Perfected.

Consul Mahin writes from Nottingham that, after five years' labor, Dr. P. E. Shaw, of the University College, has completed an apparatus making it possible to measure the one seventy-fifths part of an inch, and which will prove of great use to scientists in researches.

The invention consists of a very fine microscope, the objective lens of which is mounted in connection with it which must be suspended by rubber bands from a specially adapted stand. It is placed under the microscope and surrounded with every safeguard of measurement. It is a delicate coherer for wireless telegraphy, but even then," says Doctor Shaw, "it is impossible to carry out experiments of this nature, as there is traffic in the streets. Every factory, too, where motive power is employed, must be closed."

Even a draft is said to be fatal to the successful measurement of such minute quantities. The apparatus is said to be kept away from the vault, and it is said that the inventor has made it necessary to suspend experiments until the insect has been disposed of.

The apparatus is claimed, could be made specially serviceable in measuring engineering measurements one seven-hundredths part of an inch. It is said that all scientists recognize that Doctor Shaw has succeeded in surpassing every other method of measuring minute quantities in delicacy and accuracy. There are said to be many other uses for it—for instance, in the study of nature and possibly of the human mind. It is said that the inventor has been successful in measuring the sparking gap of an electric current, and in measuring the force of a spark.

Doctor Shaw's apparatus a sparking gap of half a volt can be measured. It is said that the inventor has made it possible to measure the force of a spark, and that there should be exact measurements of very small lengths of wire. Being that nature deals in such small quantities it is useful to attempt to measure such secrets without the sine instruments.

IN A POISON FACTORY.

Visit to Plant Where Thousands of Pounds of Drugs Are Made Annually and Where Men Wear Glass Masks.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"I got on this morning," said the foreman, "but you will see it."

The visitor donned the uncanny mask of glass, and the foreman led him to the room where the machinery was at work. "We make 1,000 tons of cyanide a year," he said. "A dose of five grains is enough to kill 2,500 people."

He opened a door, and a room filled with white vapor, and shadows, sparks, smoke and weird figures in glass masks was revealed. In the center of the room, in a round tub, a quantity of molten cyanide of potassium bubbled and steamed. The flames glinted strangely on the glass.

The foreman coughed.

"These fumes," he said, "are wholesome. The cyanide is made here, and I have known weakly chaps, working here among these strange fumes, to pick up a few dollars."

In another clean, cool room the finished cyanide was stored. It looked like crystallized white sugar, good enough to eat.

"Good enough to eat," said the foreman, "but you will see it. I have had men eat it. Four men committed suicide in that way. The fumes seem to create in our men a desire to taste the drug. They fight this desire, most of them, successfully, but they feel it so strongly as to work in coffee beans, and some feel it so strongly as to succumb."

Christianity in Japan.

Dr. William Elliot Griffis, who was formerly a professor in the Imperial University of Japan, and has been the highest authorities in all matters pertaining to that country, expresses it as his belief that the prospects for the spread of Christianity in Japan are much better now than they were before the war. The many of the prominent generals and Japanese statesmen under the new regime are professed Christians, and undoubtedly give a great impetus to this faith among the common people. This promise is confirmed by the reports of the mission in Japan, and the American Tract Society, which has maintained an extensive work in that country and in Corea