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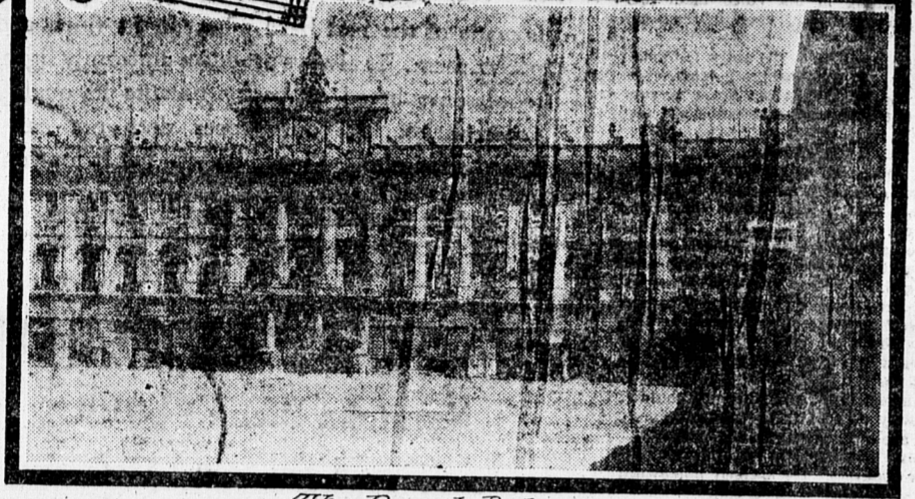
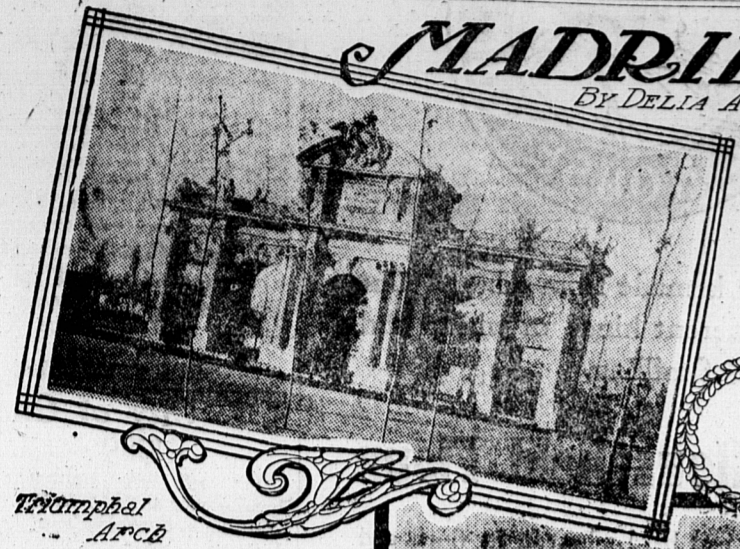
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MADRID, the Capital of SPAIN

BY DELIA AUSTRIAN



Madrid is not the largest of the European capitals, but it is extremely cosmopolitan and well kept. Like all capitals, it is most attractive in the winter and spring, when the place is alive with diplomats and foreigners. After leaving the station we wander into a large street which brings us to an enormous square called the Puerta del Sol. The shape is certainly as odd as the size, for it is semi-circular and surrounded by a great many high buildings. In the centre is an enormous fountain, which really suggests a miniature lake. From here radiate ten fine streets, like so many spokes in a wheel. There is life and gaiety here all day, from early morning until close on midnight. In the early morning a continual stream of men and women pass through the square on their way to work. Toward midday many equipages pass by, occupied by well-dressed Spanish women and by diplomats on the way to the palace. In the afternoon the large square is filled with carriages containing beautifully gowned women and highly uniformed men starting off for the afternoon airing. On pleasant afternoons it is a central place for men and women to hold informal receptions, while away a happy hour in laughter and conversation. After 6 o'clock the square is heavily crowded with representatives of all social classes, from the most exclusive nobility to the poorest working people, out for a walk and supper at one and another of the many-riced cafes. Judging from the hundreds of people who swarm the Puerta del Sol and the adjoining streets after 5 o'clock, one imagines that the city is largely filled with idlers. This is not exactly true, as in Spain all classes, from Government officials to the working people, give themselves up to pleasure after 5 o'clock. The square is well named, for it means the Gate of the Sun, and the three

is no gate, the place is bathed with sunshine. But not all the people gather there; many more go into the Alcala, a park bright with flower beds and green canopies made by the lapping branches of trees. Here are plenty of men and women chatting on benches and listening to the military band. Another of the popular squares is the Salon del Prado, noteworthy for the splendid obelisk of the Dos de Mayo, placed there to commemorate the Murat massacre of 1808. One of the most popular rendezvous of the Spanish people is the Plaza Mayor, the grand square of Madrid. It is 2,450 feet above the sea. It is here one of the royal bullfights takes place, and near by is a beautiful bronze statue of Philip III. In recent years the square has been converted into a large garden. Under the arcade are many shops, principally filled

with attractive Spanish boys. Many of the public buildings are in one and another of these large squares, and they are built in keeping with their surroundings. The older buildings have been remodelled until they seem really modern. Attractive in spite of their age are the isolated buildings of the home offices built by Charles III, in 1763. Another spacious marble building, handsomely carved, is in the square called the Piazzuela de la Villa. This large building was once a royal residence, but it is now the home and public office of the Duke of Infantado. But there are plenty of more modern structures. Close to the obelisk is the Exchange, built of marble and stone; the facade is ornamented by many Ionic pillars. On the opposite side is a larger marble building called the Spanone, one

of the finest public buildings in Europe. The houses in the old parts are often worn and dingy looking; some are many centuries old. But in the newer parts, such as Barriada Salamanca, the houses and apartments have much the same style and individuality that characterize our private buildings. They are far more gorgeous inside than they are without. The ceilings are beautifully painted and decorated with charming pastoral scenes. The furniture is elaborate. It is both splendidly carved and gilded. Some of it is made in the country, but a large part is imported from France. The floors are softened by beautiful rugs woven in the Moorish towns and in Persia. But the feature that attracts one most are the streets, in which the people promenade and make merry. They are compact, for one can drive from one end to

the other in half an hour. Most of the streets are broad, excepting in the old parts, where there is still a dash of local color in the narrow, winding lanes and the hanging balconies. The most splendid of these streets is the Prado, which is the Champs Elysees of Paris and the Mall of London. The Prado, though not long, is beautifully kept, bordered with plenty of shade trees and flanked by smaller avenues. These extend to the well-known garden of the Buen Retiro, marked at both ends by two enormous stone fountains. They are beautifully ornamented. One is surmounted by a colossal cybele seated on a shell and drawn by waterhorses. The other is a Neptunian of great size. In this vicinity is the famous Church of Nuestra Señora de Atocha, rich in gifts given to Isabella after the assault of Feb. 2, 1852.

Though the Prado is lively every pleasant afternoon, it is so crowded on fete days one can hardly pass. The street is a mass of people, carriages and horses. The peasants from the towns around mix with the nobility listening to the bands and dining in one and another of the cafes. Another favorite centre is the Plaza del Oriente, between the Royal Palace and the Royal Theatre. The middle classes love to congregate and wait for the royal carriage to drive by to the theatre. It is in the form of an oval and its outer promenade is ornamented with fourteen enormous statues of kings and queens. In the centre of these pretty gardens is a magnificent statue of Philip IV., mounted on his charger, as becomes a king who was considered the best horseman in Spain. The statue is 49 feet high, and the reliefs on the pedestal are remarkably fine. They represent, with allegorical figures, the knightly of Velasquez by Philip IV.

In the Plaza de Independencia is another splendid adornment to the city. It is the only triumphal arch in Madrid and was designed by Salustiano and created at the command of Charles III, to commemorate his entrance into Madrid. The gate consists of five arches and is 72 feet high. Although Madrid cannot boast of a larger body of water than a river called the Manzanares it is ornamented at several points with a series of splendid stone bridges. The one at the west end is a stone bridge of nine arches and is ornamented with large buttresses and medallions. At the top of the Pasco de Recoletos is a monument to Columbus in the debased Gothic style of Ferdinand and Isabella. The sides are ornamented with reliefs and the whole is surmounted by a white marble statue. In addition to the attractive boulevards and gardens ornamented with statues and fountains are the government buildings and the palaces. A splendid building is the House of Commons. It is on the north side of the Plaza de la Cortes. In the centre of the facade is a pediment representing Spain receiving the Law, through Power and Justice. Another building that invites interest, especially for strangers, is the Casa du Museo, the museum of Spain. The building is spacious and modern and

is fully equipped with plenty of foreign and up-to-date machinery.

More elaborated even than the House of Commons is La Casa de los Ministros, which was built and fitted up for the secretaries of state. The grand staircase and vestibule are of rare and costly marble. The ceiling of the library is decorated with three exquisitely fine medallions. But the Royal Palace is the main point of interest. It is the building to which strangers turn with curious gaze. It is about 420 feet long and 100 feet high, but the wings and the hanging gardens are still unfinished. The base is of granite, but the trimmings are marble. The splendid entrance leads into a large court with a glazed upper gallery. It is said that when Napoleon ascended the long sweep of marble steps for the first time he exclaimed to his brother, Joseph: "Well, you are certainly housed better than I."

Though there are plenty of suites to tire the eyes, none is so beautiful as the chief salon. It is called the Embajadores, or throneroom, and the decorations are magnificent. The most priceless ornaments, as well as the most beautiful, are the rock crystal chandeliers, heavy and very large. The curtains and draperies are of crimson velvet, which give a warmth to the marble and lustre to the room, especially in the evening, when the great chandeliers are lighted.

A legitimate part of the palace is the magnificent library that boasts 100,000 books, rare manuscripts and beautiful illuminations. The Spanish are equally proud of their large collection of implements of war, housed in the saloon. Though a great deal of the collection is many centuries old, the building is new and modern. The nucleus was started in the time of Charles V. But there are weapons from the time of the Spanish Armada, the Inquisition, as well as those used at the time of the landing of Columbus. The walls are covered with helmets, bows, swords, and gigantic lances. From the ceiling hang the banners of all the armies of the world, from inner Mexico to the farthest oriental countries.

But it is the National Picture Gallery of which Madrid is most proud. Though the collection is comparatively small there are a number of pictures that have a priceless value. The first room is especially noteworthy for the paintings of Luca Geordano. In the second room is a large collection of Goya, the last of the great Spanish painters. In the third, which is a large square, are the masterpieces of the great masters. Here are seen the loveliest of the Virgins of Murillo, and on another wall the portraits of the saints of Ribera. In the centre of the room are the pictures of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian and other great Italian painters. But of the Spanish masters, Murillo and Goya are especially popular. Murillo street waifs, happy in their poverty, are always loved; while Goya is at his best with peasant scenes, representing smugglers, massacres, thieves, wars, etc.

Madrid, indeed, has much to be proud of.

CAN CHANGE IRON INTO STEEL

A German named Hallman is astounding Europe with scientific results obtained in a new process for changing low-grade iron into first-class steel. It has already been done in Germany and in London and the great English firm of Vickers & Sons is said to have covered a vast area in the British rights to the new process. The real secret of the process lies in certain peculiar chemical power whose ingredients are so far unknown to the public. Most marvelous of all is the fact that the models of machinery have been worked up in low-grade iron and coated with the powder. After being put into the airblast furnace the models have been removed and the iron found transformed into first-class steel. The experts who have watched this marvel working powder perform the astonishing chemical change are well known throughout Europe, and any possibility of deceiving them would seem out of the question. Some machinery was heavily quoted with the powder and changed entirely into high grade steel, while other models were only lightly coated and with these only a thin skin was changed into steel; the interior of the metal remaining iron. For instance, an iron car wheel was given a steel rim and a heavy iron chain was turned into solid steel at one end and graduated to the other end with a coating of steel of regularly decreasing thickness. The possibilities of this wonderful powder are tremendous, because tools can be cast as iron and afterward converted into first-class steel. Objects can be made of iron whose flexibility is necessary and then changed into steel at wearing points or at points of contact. The scientific men and engineers who have witnessed the performance of this secret powder have been dumbfounded at the results obtained and the British government is said to be negotiating for the rights to use it in producing guns and warships.

VAIL, THE ATHLETE

The broad-shouldered model of fashion artists has taken a back seat and the man with the more normal shoulders is now posing for the fashion illustrators. Some time ago athletes were in great demand by fashion artists for their posters and illustrations of good-looking clothes, but the latest fashioners have decreed that the padded shoulders are to be a thing of the past. The popular figure is slim all the way up, not narrow-shouldered, but of the measurement that the tailors call "natural," which means that the shoulders seem only a little broader than they really are. In the latest styles of coats for men there is no padding and the bulk that looks like a champagne bottle tilted upside down is a thing of the past.

SURE THING

Jigson—That trust magnate is dead opposed to strikes.
Wigson—That so?
Jigson—Yes. Why, he has sent all the clocks in his home to the clockmaker's and had the striking apparatus taken out of each one.



SCENE FROM BLOODY PITTSBURG STRIKE. Strikers and street loungers crowd about a deputy who is posting notice that town is under martial law.

How Animals Climb.

In adapting ourselves to circumstances we might certainly do worse than take a lesson from the animals. For instance, the way in which certain squirrels have adapted themselves to tree climbing is wonderful indeed. On the undersurface of their tails a group of African squirrels have developed certain structures which may be well compared to the climbing irons used by men. These take the form of transverse rows of large, triangular, horny scales, with their points turned inward. When pressed against the bark of a tree these scales enter the wood and afford material aid in climbing. Ant eaters have adopted the same principle. They are covered with scales, and they do not fall to make the most of them when climbing. Certain bats appear to have found their hooklike thumbs and hind feet insufficient for purposes of suspension. Accordingly they have developed suckers, which, in the form of stalked disks, are attached to the sides of their feet.

Why Lightning Rods Are Pointed.

The reason a lightning rod has a sharp point is because a fine point offers no resistance to the discharge of electricity and in order that a cloud may be emptied of it noiselessly and harmlessly. The degree of resistance is in proportion to the surface of the object. If the rod were surmounted by a knob, for instance, the discharge would be violent. But many a lightning rod has received an electrical discharge when the people in the building below were calmly unconscious of the fact. Noncorrosive metal is used for the point of the rod, as corrosion makes resistance. The difference between a point and a ball is shown in discharging a battery. The full charge from a large battery would be received quietly on a metal point, while a moderate charge from a small one would explode violently on a ball. It is said that a full charge may be passed harmlessly through a person's body if received on the point of a needle, whereas the same charge received on a discharger, with a ball or knob on the end, would mean instant death.

Said at Last.

On one occasion a highland minister called upon Dr. Alexander Whyte of Edinburgh for some financial assistance for the work in the north. Dr. Whyte regretted that he could not afford to assist the highlander, but advised him to visit a wealthy layman in the city. Going to the house of the wealthy layman, the highlander found him disinclined to give and ungracious in manner. Nettled at his reception, the highlander answered brusquely.—Resenting the tone, the rich man asked,—"And whom do you take me for?" "A fire deserving sinner, like myself," came the quick retort. Returning to Dr. Whyte, he explained the circumstances. "You did not say that?" eagerly asked the doctor. "Aye, I did," replied the other. "Well, well! I've been wanting to say that to him for the last fifteen years! Here's a five pound note for your fund."—Dundee Advertiser.

The Cat and the Owl.

"Metaphysics," said a clergyman, "is a subject that always makes one think of the cat and the owl." "A cat, you know, once set forth in quest of happiness. She wandered up, she wandered down. She questioned this animal and she questioned that. Finally, wrapped in meditation in a tree, she perceived an owl." "Owl," said the cat, "tell me, most wise bird, where happiness is to be found?" "In meditation," the owl replied. "Meditation alone is the true secret of happiness." "But," said the cat, "on what subject am I to meditate?" "On the subject," the owl answered, "which has occupied the race of owls since the beginning of time—namely, which came first, the owl or the egg, for, while the owl comes from the egg, so also does the egg come from the owl!"



THE RECENT PITTSBURG STRIKE RIOTS. The photograph shows a deputy sheriff handcuffing a striker who has been arrested for rioting. The man merely protested against constables entering his home.

He Knew What They Would Do.

Sir Charles Locock, who was the physician attending Queen Victoria at a certain period of her reign, was once commanded by her majesty to proceed to Berlin and report on the condition of her daughter, the crown princess. On the return trip, stopping at Dover for a hasty luncheon, he was enabled to snatch a glass of poor sherry and a piece of questionable pork pie. Thereupon he hurriedly drew out his pencil, wrote on a piece of paper and stuck it in the band of his hat. Then he resigned himself to the deep sleep that came upon him. He did not wake until the train had pulled into the London station, and, still dazed by his slumber, he jumped into a carriage and was driven home. The grins of the servants and the exclamation of his wife were followed by the inquiry from one of the children, "Oh, papa, what have you got in your hat?" Then he remembered his experience on the train. Taking off his hat, he removed the large white paper on which he had scribbled this petition to the general public: "Don't bleed me. It's only a fit of indigestion from eating some con-founded pork pie!"

Servants' Accomplishments.

A Brussels merchant advertised for a servant. One applicant pleased him. The terms and outtings were arranged, when the girl asked, "Who washes the dishes?" Taken aback, the merchant asked her to repeat her question. The girl did so without turning a hair. "Madame washes the dishes, and I dry them," replied the merchant. "Can you play the piano?" he asked. "No," was the reply. "Then I am afraid you will not suit," said the merchant. The girl retired with a dignified air. With a politeness which is described as exquisite she turned to the merchant and said, "Tomorrow I shall take lessons at the conservatory, and as soon as I begin to make progress I will call again!" This story is certified as authentic.—Throne and Country.

Their Size.

Lawyer (to deaf witness)—Do you know the plaintiff's pigs? Witness—Eh? Lawyer (raising his voice)—Do you know—plaintiff's pigs? Witness—Yes. Lawyer—How long have you known them? Witness—Eh? Lawyer (louder still)—How long have you known them? Witness—Fed 'em all last spring. Lawyer—Were they all about a size? Witness—Eh? Lawyer (rises on his feet petulantly and shakes his forefinger at the conclusion of each word at the witness)—Were they—all-of-a—size? Witness—Some ov 'em wor, and some ov 'em wor'n.—Exchange.

Old Time Baseball.

I shall never forget the good times I used to have. Our principal sport was to play ball, but not the kind known as baseball now. That was not heard of at that time. In the old style game we had four stakes, which answered for bases, about four feet high and fifty feet apart. We had a catcher and a man to throw the ball, similar to the pitcher of today. The batter could use a flat bat or anything he wished. The ball was quite soft, and when it was thrown the batter could hit it in any direction he might wish. If he wanted to knock it backward he had that privilege. If he hit the ball he had to run to the first stake, just the same as we run to the first base now. If the ball was caught he was out, but in case it went on the ground and he started to run around the bases the man that got hold of the ball could throw it at him, and if he could only hit him it put him out of the game.—George E. Keith in Huntington School Souvenir Book.

A Girl's Way.

It was a sweltering summer afternoon. Algernon sat in the hammock, and Claire occupied a wicker chair. She was very pretty, and Algernon was hopelessly in love with her. He was almost in despair as he sat looking at her playing with his heart, and he knew it. "Oh, Claire!" he pleaded. "Why are you so cold?" "I am not, Algie," she protested. "You are, Claire," he insisted. "And I say just as positively that I am not." "Claire, Claire!" he cried. "How can you say that when you know you have treated me like—?" "Oh," she interrupted, fanning herself lazily meanwhile. "I thought you were talking about the weather, Algie."—Lippincott's.



ARMED DEPUTIES AND THE STATE TROOPS GUARDING ONE ENTRANCE TO THE PRESSED STEEL CAR CO'S WORKS IN THE RECENT PITTSBURG STRIKE.

Investment and Speculation.

When any one is buying a fishing rod or a rose tree or laying down a cellar or setting up a library, either he knows what he wants, where to get it and what to pay for it or else he takes earnest counsel with his friends and with the most trustworthy professional advisers that he can find and uses all the wits that he and others can bring to bear on the subject in order to make sure that his purchase is prudently conducted. He attends sales, rummages in shops and discusses the matter in his club until he and it are voted a nuisance. If only half as much time and trouble were devoted to the careful selection of investments there would be fewer bad companies, unscrupulous promoters and ornamental directors, the world would be very much richer, and its riches would show less tendency to gravitate into questionable hands.—Cornhill Magazine.

The Good Time.

Frequently you hear a rich man abused because he stays on the job that made him rich instead of spending his time gadding about the earth in search of a good time. But it is hardly fair to assume that avarice and greed prompt such action or even that it is a lack of faith in humanity. Very likely the work done represents the good time for the man who stays at it after all need of work has passed, for it is certain that there are many ideas of what constitutes happiness, and the man who selects loafing is apt to change his mind in time if he tries it. Doing nothing is harder than work, and if a man has spent many years at work, learning little of play, work brings him more enjoyment than the butterfly existence.—Acheson Globe.

Reconciled.

Visitor—I don't see how you can reconcile yourself to being a farmer. Si Seeder—I couldn't if I didn't see one of you city men once in awhile.—Philadelphia Bulletin.