

UNCLE SAM'S CONSULAR SERVICE



WASHINGTON.—It is the desire of Secretary of State Knox as it was that of Secretary Root, to put the consular service of the United States as nearly as it is possible so to do upon the plane of the civil service. All consular appointments today are made largely upon the recommendation of senators and representatives and other men of political influence, but the appointments are even places of the lowest rank in the service and must depend upon the excellence of their work to secure promotion. Moreover they must pass a satisfactory examination before the department will assign them to post of duty.

The administration, it is known, would be glad if it were possible to apply civil service rules to these appointments of ministers and ambassadors, but as the holders of these high diplomatic offices are forced to great expense of living, and their salaries are comparatively small, no man can become a first place representative of his country abroad unless he belongs to the class of the millionaires. The result of this is that in many cases money rather than ability flags the appointments of some of our ministers and ambassadors.

In the past there were many literary men of standing but whose books did not bring them in a large revenue, who sought places in the consular service in order that they might have a regular income, comparatively little office work, and an opportunity also to get the atmosphere of Europe or Asia or of some other continent to give life and color to the books which they intended to write. The literary man today has to stand on the same level in seeking an appointment as a consul as that occupied by the lawyer or the merchant. There are not as many writers of books and essays in the service today as there were in the past, and in one way the United States government is the loser thereby.

If some one would go far back through the files of the state department and read the consular reports contained therein, he doubtless would run across some clever bits of writing put on paper by men who knew the art and who have interest and color and life to some seemingly dry as dust trade subject. It is very likely that the reports that Francis Ross Hart wrote when he was consul at Glasgow, Scotland, would make delightful reading even though they treated on the subject of wool or, it may be, of Scotch whisky or Scotch cattle. There have been other literary men in the service, some of them better known than that of Hart. It is only necessary to give the names of Washington Irving and Nathaniel Hawthorne to give the service a name. Not long ago in the service abroad the government had Albin W. Tourgee, Arthur Sherburne Hardy, James Leitch, and George Horton. Two of these men did comparatively recently, but they lived long enough to see some of their writings appear in print as public documents and to know that the motive in which they wrote their

scrub oak and thickets of white and purple gorse, flitting stubbornly for a hold upon the shifting sands, with here and there some straggling group of pine, the protesting remains of a great forest which wind and sand, fire, and water had quelled.

This was a description

BOXERS ATTACKING AMERICAN LEGATION IN PEKING, CHINA

subjects was appreciated by thousands of their American countrymen.

Some of the other consuls abroad, men who made no pretense to literary ability, have turned in from time to time trade reports that were picturesque in their nature and written with some cleverness. Not long ago the government decided to issue in a form between a pamphlet and a magazine the Daily Consular Reports. As the editor of the publication a veteran newspaper man, Maj. John M. Carson, was appointed. With his training he saw to it that the best of the material received from the consuls was given a place of prominence, and he succeeded in making of the consular reports a publication of real interest.

In the records of the department there is one report which from the first paragraph holds the close attention of the reader. It was read the other day by one who did not know until the last line was reached whose hand had been work in its writing. The thought was, here is something worth while.

The title of the article was simply, "Rebellion in France," and the first few lines showed little of interest. Then the eye reached this: "One after another great waves of sand, moved by the restless winds that sweep across the Atlantic, continued their unceasing march across the fair plains of southern France, burying all before them—fields, meadows, vineyards, houses, churches; even villages—leaving behind them only gray billows, to which clung bunches of bracken, a few starved bushes of

the irresistible march of the gray sand dunes from the shore of the Bay of Biscay toward the heart of the most productive land in Europe. The description was embodied in a consular report, and it was so utterly different from the descriptions written by most consuls, or by their clerks, as it more often the case, that the reader's eye and mind went on wondering, with curiosity held in check until the signature should come at the very end. The thought was that here was a consul or a clerk who should be writing books instead of commercial pamphlets intended for the eye of the few. The story—this official communication is a story and nothing else—leads to the final planting of the pine which saved the fields of France.

"Wherever the foot of the sand dune rested, there was hopeless blight. A little wiry grass grew in the shadow of the heather and gorse, on which the sheep browsed under the eyes of solemn-faced chieftains perched on stilts and knitting as they watched. On and on crept the phalanx of the terrible dunes, slowly but surely blighting all in their path, not only creating a desert but destroying hope. As long as the winds blew from the west the dunes marched to the east; the desert fires ravaged the intervening spaces; flocks grew fewer, the desolation more extreme. In the heart of sunny France a desert was established, ever increasing in extent and threatening to stretch across its fairest fields the arid wastes of the Sahara."

The official document then tells us in the words of its contributor how France was saved by the adoption of the idea of Bremonet, one of the sons of the seemingly doomed region. The seeds of the pine, the "pin maritime" of the French, were gathered and sprouted carefully and the young trees were planted in places where the moving sands did not overwhelm them until their tough roots had taken a firm hold, their wiry leaves, which loved the briny spume, would offer no resistance to the wind, and falling about their roots, would give shelter and enrichment until a forest grew which would hold the sands in check and save the threatened interior from desolation.

It was Napoleon who seized upon the idea of Bremonet. "His vision penetrated the centuries and he saw the march of the deadly dunes arrested and the desert they had created made to blossom like the rose."

The consul tells us that after a century has passed the status of Bremonet looks down one of the great furrows which life between the dunes has shown how to conquer. Today, as we are told, "the dark squadrons of the pin maritime are posted on thousands of sandy slopes, faithful guardians in the shelter of which the vineyards and wheat fields rest secure. The gray dunes which were sweeping over the land have become fortified fortresses which shelter civilization and prosperity."

At least one real live item was contributed not long ago by G. B. Ravndal, United States consul at Beirut, Syria, to the pages of the consular reports. When this was put into the publication it is probable that the editor-in-chief was on a vacation. Otherwise the Beirut consul's tale would have been put on the first page instead of being sandwiched in between "Rubber Cultivation" and "Commercial Failure in Germany."

According to the consular report Pascha Abdul Rahman at one time imported into Damascus a hooper steam threshing machine through the agency of a gentleman named Michel Etouf Nasser of Beirut. It is the belief of Consul Ravndal that the Indians threaten will rout the Bedouins of the desert, and he looks up to this climate with a picturesque recital of the facts attending the arrival of the machine and

its subsequent career. His tale of the threshing machine follows:

"Its triumphal march through Damascus stirred the White City of the East from center to circumference. On its way into the country it broke down bridges innumerable, but pulled itself out of the creek beds beautifully, and it had the honor of being started on its pioneer career in the presence of the governor-general of the province, the field marshal in command of the Fifth army corps and many other gentlemen of high station in Ottoman civil and military life. With its self-feeder, automatic harrow, straw breaker, etc., it is a marvel of ingenuity, and its service to this country in blazing the way for labor-saving machinery, with its accompanying amelioration of industrial and social conditions in a region east of Mount Hermon, where people live and work as did their forefathers when Abraham crossed their pastures with his Chaldean flocks, is beyond estimation. In the Hauran to-day thousands of acres are lying idle; they are likely now to be reclaimed, and the predatory Bedouin tribes who infest the country will have to retire before the new order of things."

Consular positions do not pay large sums of money, but the life is in many respects an attractive one and there are always many applicants for any vacancies which may exist. It is virtually a necessity that the person who desires a place in the consular service shall be able to speak at least two modern languages; that is, one in addition to English. While the circumstances are not supposed to be hard some men who have been through college with credit in their studies have failed to answer properly enough of the questions put to them to give them a hold on the service.

At times the United States consuls have dangers to encounter. It was exceedingly unpleasant in Spain for some of Uncle Sam's representatives during the months just prior to the beginning of actual hostilities at Manila Bay. In Chili and in Turkey with a comparatively short time it is consuls have had occasion to put up a brave front against the populace and to show the stuff that they were made of. Fresh in the memory of everybody is the awful time when the beleaguered legations had withdrawn to the walls of "the forbidden city" in China.



SHEPHERDS WATCHING THEIR
SHEEP ON THE
SAND DUNES
OF FRANCE



ITS TRIUMPHAL MARCH
THROUGH DAMASCUS STIRRED
THE WHITE CITY OF THE
EAST FROM CENTER TO
CIRCUMFERENCE



"Why didn't you come around earlier? The snow is all melted away."
"Dat's just my luck, lady. Every time I feels like workin' de sun comes out and does me out of a job!"

BABY'S WATERY ECZEMA

Itched and Scratched Until Blood Ran
—\$50 Spent on Uddell's Treatments
—Disease Seemed Incurable.

Cured by Cuticura or \$150.

"When my little boy was two and a half months old he broke out on both cheeks with eczema. It was thick, watery kind and we had to keep his little hands wrapped up all the time, and if he would happen to get them uncovered he would claw his face till the blood streamed down his clothing. We called in a physician at once, but he gave an ointment which was so severe that my babe would scream when it was put on. We changed doctors and medicine until we had spent fifty dollars or more and baby was getting worse. I was so worn out watching and caring for him night and day that I almost felt sure the disease was incurable. But finally reading of the good results of the Cuticura Remedies, I determined to try them. I can truthfully say I was more than surprised, for I bought only a dollar and a half's worth of the Cuticura Remedies (Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills), and they did more good than all my doctors' medicines I had tried, and in fact entirely cured him. His face is perfectly clear of the least spot or scar of anything. Mrs. W. M. spot or scar. Mrs. W. M. Comer, Burdett, Pa., Sept. 15, 1908."

Patent Drug & Chem. Corp. Sole Props., Boston.

Intruder Among the War Dogs.
Prof. William Lyon Phelps of Yale went to West Point last fall to lecture. He was lecturing in the chapel, the cadets were rigidly paying attention, erect, yes front, each man a ramrod of military etiquette. An Irish setter entered the chapel and ambled artfully down the aisle and up on to the platform. The cadets squirmed under the eagle eye of their officers but not a man smiled. "Bully" noticed the strain. He looked down at the dog wagging its tail benevolently on the rostrum. "What! How's this?" said Prof. Phelps. "A setter? Why, I expected to see nothing but West Pointers up here!"
—Yale Alumni Weekly.

Question of the Hour.
"We are really at a loss to know how to punish Europe," said a man. "We have tried all the punishment in our kindergarten list without effect. We have reasoned with him and told him that he will cease to be our pretty pet and will grow up to be a bad, bad man, and—"

"Madam!" interrupted the gentleman of the old school, who was visiting them, "you will find on the trunk in my room a very excellent strap that I shall not need temporarily."

But, of course, he didn't know anything about modern methods.

Not Our Discovery.
The Greek, Praxiteles, 250 B. C., taught the doctrine of the rotundity of the earth, and the ideas of the sphere, its poles, axis, the equator, arctic and antarctic circles, equatorial points and the solstices were quite generally entertained by the wise men of that time. There were plenty of men in Rome, therefore, who were prepared to talk about the earth as a sphere and to make globes illustrating their ideas.

"COFFEE DOESN'T HURT ME"

Tales That Are Told.

"I was one of the kind 'who wouldn't believe that coffee was hurting me,'" says a N. Y. woman. "You just couldn't convince me its use was connected with the heart and stomach trouble I suffered from most of the time."

"My trouble finally got so bad I had to live on milk and toast almost entirely for three or four years. Still I loved the coffee and wouldn't believe it could do such damage."

"What I needed was to quit coffee and take nourishment in such form as my stomach could digest."

"I had read much about Postum, but never thought it would fit my case until one day I decided to quit coffee and give it a trial and make sure about it. So I got a package and carefully followed the directions."

"Soon I began to get better and was able to eat carefully selected foods without the aid of milk or other digestants and it was not long before I was really a new woman physically."

"Now I am healthy and sound, can eat anything and everything that comes along and I know this wonderful change is all due to my having quit coffee and got the nourishment I needed through this delicious Postum."

"My wonder is why everyone doesn't give up the old coffee and the troubles that go with it and build themselves up as I have done, with Postum."

Easy to prove by 10 days' trial of Postum in place of coffee. The reward is big.

There's a Reason.
"There never was a better coffee. A new one, I think. It's so good, so healthy, so genuine, true, and full of human interest."