

MISS ANNA GEORGE REVEALS THE MAINSPRINGS OF HER FATHER'S LIFE.

Tells of His Unusual Love of Home, of His Great Work for Humanity, of His Broadly Religious Bent, and of the Many Happy Hours of Her Childhood Passed in His Company.



Miss Anna, Daughter of the Late Henry George.

"MY father! He was my religion, my ideal of a man, almost, I may say, the link which drew me nearer to God!"

Henry George's daughter, Anna, looked up from her slender white fingers, interlaced in nervous, convulsive twitches, which showed the agony that probing at her heart's memory caused her.

The western sun fell on her long, reddish hair, which frames a face, gentle rather than pretty, like a saint's aureole. A young man telling her bonds she looked like, seeing in spirit the agony of some martyr, suffering for his suffering, but inspired with the faith that the cause for which he gave his life would triumph.

"My father was not a religious man, but I think, I know he believed in God. There may have been a time when he did not—nearly all of us have to go through that some time in our lives—but toward his last years he did."

"He did not believe in doctrines. The fatherhood of God was his creed—man his prayers. He taught the religion of humanity—we never go to church."

"It is hard to tell in a few words the beauty of his character. It seems almost too sacred to show to strangers, and still so few have any idea of it from his works and from what has been written about him."

"The first memory I have of my father goes back to the days in San Francisco. I was a mere baby, too young, almost, to remember, but his tenderness then is so stamped on my mind that nothing can efface it."

"I was a delicate child, and—well, I don't know just what was the matter with me, but I used to wake up every night about 12 o'clock, screaming."

"Nobody could quiet me but father, nobody could soothe my imaginary fears like him. He was writing 'Progress and Poverty' then. No matter how deep the thought upon which he was engaged, he always left his work to come to me."

"He used to take me in his arms to his study, and show me pictures of birds. Oh!"

A sob, a tearless sob, told how the birds after many years still nestled near her heart.

"I don't know what kind of birds they were—they seemed to be doves, red and blue doves. I suppose it was their bright colors that attracted me. I was too young to speak, but it seems to me as if I could see the birds they were in I could turn to the very page."

"The Dublin, when I was a little child, I was under his care for a long time. It was while my sister Jennie was ill with typhoid fever, and my mother had to nurse her."

"Father used to take me for such long walks, and never seemed to tire of answering all my questions and explaining things to me. And I remember so well how he used to buy me little boxes of chocolate cream drops."

"My father had views of his own upon the education of children. I remember so well when I was first sent to school, sweeping with mortification because I was made the bearer of a note to my teacher telling her I must never bring a school book home with me."

"I felt disgraced, to be treated differently from other girls, but father was very firm,

and said that when I left school it was not to study, but to play."

"He was a most indulgent father, tender and gentle. He never forbade one doing anything without explaining why he did so. He demanded obedience, but not blind obedience. He respected our individuality; he treated us like reasonable beings, even though very small and very young beings, and showed us the reason we should do as he directed."

"If we disobeyed, we were warned not to do so again. If we disregarded the warning, we were punished. Father was just; he would hurt us for our good, though it hurt him more than it did us."

"He had such infinite patience. He would explain things to us, things which must have seemed so trivial to him. I have often wondered at his wide and varied knowledge. Sometimes we have had discussions among ourselves on subjects we never dreamed interested him. He would look up from his thoughts and join in the conversation, telling us things which none of us thought he knew."

"His memory was like a sensitive plate. It received a lasting impression of all he ever read or heard. He loved poetry, and could quote it as easily as though he was reading it, and still he never committed it to memory. It seemed photographed on his brain."

"A strange fancy, poetry, for one who studied the great, solemn problems of life, was it not? But so characteristic of the man, who was broad enough to sympathize with every feeling, even though not always sharing it. He was not sentimental but he loved poetry, the rhythm and the harmony delighted him. No matter what the subject he could always call to mind some poem to fit it. He recited with so much feeling. Rabbi Ben Ezra was one of his favorite poems. I never heard any one bring out Browning's meaning like him."

The girl's words, at first clear and distinct, faded into a low whisper, then a muse, and the memory of her father's voice conjured up the aged Jew who said:

For thee—a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks—
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail;
What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me.
A brief I might have been, but
Would not sink 'till the scale.

"They say my father was a self-educated man. I suppose that is true, inasmuch as he sought education, but he had as tutors, Shakespeare and the older poets, John Stuart Mill, teachers of all things and all times."

"He read constantly. There was nothing upon which he could not converse intelligently. His mind was fairly kaleidoscopic—every subject showed a new side to it. And it was so well ordered. No matter what thought he wanted, he was always able to put his finger on it at once."

"His life was just as methodical, all work. He rose at five every morning, and worked until eleven at night. He never would think of his meals or his clothes but for us. He gave no thought to himself, to his own comfort or pleasures."

"Frequently he sat wrapped in thought at the dinner table, solving some problem of life. When he least expected it he would look up from his reverie and say something for which we had to seek explanation in his eyes."

"He was a delightful teaser. It was impossible to tell whether he was in jest or earnest without consulting his eyes for the answer. They had such a merry twinkle in them then, though his face showed no trace of a smile. In these moods he was fond of the fantastic and humorous in literature, of the weird and imaginary. He delighted then in Stevenson."

"Father was fond of music; music with meaning in it. Folk songs, the 'Marseillaise,' songs with reasons for their being, appealed to him. In the old days, before my sister Jennie was taken from us, he used to sit here where I am and look out at the sea while she sang 'The King's Highway' to him and I accompanied her on the violin."

"Go your way, let me go mine; I to beg and you to dine," she hummed, catching the echoes which her picture of the past called up."

"Father was never the same after Jennie died. That was last May. He kept up too well at first; hiding his grief from us. But it broke his heart."

"Jennie was the oldest of us all. She was twenty-nine and was very close to him. She had been his amanuensis for years, and seemed to read his thoughts before he spoke them."

"My mother was able to do that better than any of us—there was the most perfect bond of sympathy between them. Mother was his adviser and critic in all things. He never undertook anything without first consulting her. Her judgment, her advice, he placed above any one's."

"This was true not only in business, but in his literary work. Hers was the only praise he envied. She travelled with him and thought of his health and comfort as she would a child's."

"About the only pleasure he ever thought of taking was a sail. He never lost his boyish love for the sea, and our little home, in view of the water, was a source of constant joy to him. His study looked out on it; he could see the ships sail away from where he wrote. It is a big room, flooded with sunshine. After Jennie died I was there a great deal with him, taking dictations from him on my typewriter. He used one also. For hours and hours no sound would pass between us, but we understood one another."

"Father was not a demonstrative man. Little outward evidences of affection were not frequent with him, although he was not lacking in tenderness. I often thought it was because his love was so deep that it needed no emphasis."

"I don't think he ever kissed me twice in succession, or put his arms around me that I did not cry. It was so unusual—it meant so much more from him than it would from any one else. It was like giving his heart anew."

"He gave it to everything he did. Those words of his at Cooper Union: 'Even though I die,' told the story of my father's earnestness. He gave it to all he did; he inspired it in all his followers—his work is the creed of those who worked with him."

"And Rabbi Ben Ezra's words are his epitaph:

So take and use thy work,
Amend what days may lack,
What again o' the stuff, what warrings part
The good.
My times be in thy hand,
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death complete
The same.

TREASURE ISLAND YIELDS ITS GOLD.

Wealth Hidden on a Volcanic Mass in the Pacific Is Found.

\$30,000,000 THE AMOUNT.

Skeletons Grimly Tell the Tale of the Failure of Previous Expeditions.

BRITISH WAR SHIP INTERFERES

Romantic Appearance of an Old Map and the Despair of a Woman Who Secured It Too Late.

Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

Stevenson's tale of "Treasure Island," with its desperate men singing the above ghoulish couplets, its skeletons, its "Black Dog," and "Pew," and "pieces of eight," its mysterious map, and its desperate attempts to discover hidden treasure, at no matter what peril to life, is fully matched in the true story of Cocos Island, from which a British frigate has just returned with the tale that the vast quantity of gold and silver and precious stones hidden there many years ago has just been found.

A solitary mass of rocks, of volcanic origin, lying in the Pacific Ocean, 600 miles southwest of Costa Rica, of which it is a possession, is Cocos Island. It is in latitude 5 degrees 30 minutes north, and longitude 87 degrees west. It is barren and dismal, for on the volcanic rocks vegetation grows but sparsely. Yet there is an abundance of fresh water to be had, and turtles and fish and birds, with wild geese that leap from rock to rock, furnish the food.

In 1820 a vast treasure of \$30,000,000 was hidden on the island. Central America was in revolt against the dominion of Spain, and personal wealth was in daily danger of confiscation and loss. Then it was that some of the wealthiest citizens gathered together their jewels, their silver and their gold, and, with mutual pledges of good faith and secrecy, arranged to send the treasure to a safe hiding place.

At dead of night they put the wealth on board a little schooner that crept quietly in shore. The crew, with the exception of the captain, then dispersed, and a dozen of the wealthy men went on board to work the little vessel, which silently crept on into the darkness. They were but indifferent sailors, for they all agreed that it was better to risk their lives than to admit others than the captain, who was a man they could thoroughly trust, to the knowledge of what they were about to do.

After several days of sailing over glassy seas, the rocky island was sighted. As they reached it, it frowned upon them in bleak and dreary sullenness, and a storm arose that dashed great waves upon its rocky sides.

A hiding place was chosen—a cave on the side of a hill—and there chest after chest was deposited. The men looked at each other furtively and with glowering suspicion. There were a few words of doubt expressed, and between two of the number a quarrel arose. One fell dead across the hidden opening of the cave, and gave the treasure his baptism of blood.

The return voyage was sombre, for each man feared that he had trusted his neighbor overmuch. One night as the schooner neared the Central American coast, the captain was stabbed and thrown overboard, and the five men who remained could with difficulty manage the ship. A heavy wind drove it toward a rocky beach, and the men barely escaped with their lives. Each had with him a map of the island, with a cross upon it to show the location of the treasure.

One of the band was captured by the Spaniards and slain; another secretly fitted out a vessel and sailed alone for the treasure, but the boat was driven back and wrecked and his dead body was washed ashore.

The remaining three, loyal to each other, sailed at the close of the war, but again a mighty storm arose, and their boat was driven back and one of the three was drowned. The two remaining sailed again, and reached the ill-fated island, only to be dashed against its rocky shores to perish.

The third man, who had a map of the treasure, and it was, therefore, over a broad space that the searchers had to look.

Few ever returned to tell of their experiences, for most of the adventures, even though they felt the hand of death pressing heavily upon them, could not bear to relinquish their golden dream. Those who gave up the search and escaped were gaunt and haggard and nerve-broken men.

A sick sailor had been befriended by her husband and taken to his home. There, as the poor fellow, growing daily weaker, found that there was no hope of life, he whispered his secret to his benefactor, showed him a map of the island, and told him what he understood of its meaning. Brennan, grim as a sailor, had heard of Cocos Island, and was beside himself with joy. But grim death, that had so long guarded the treasure, and had taken the sailor who gave Brennan the map, took Brennan himself within a few short weeks.

It was in March last that his widow, in a vessel manned by nine men, sailed from San Francisco, and she and the sailors gazed eagerly at the darkly forbidding rocks as the island was neared. They were confident that the island was deserted, and that none would see them draw forth the long-hidden chests of treasure.

But as they neared the island and steered

"THE MIKADO" WILL BE REVIVED FOR CHARITY AT THE ASTORIA.

The Metropolitan Musical Society Has the Matter in Charge and Will Give Society a Rich Treat. Singers Are from Church Choirs and Are Well Known for Their Sweet Voices and Past Amateur Operatic Performances.



Miss Margaret Gaylord, Yum Yum, in "The Mikado" for Charity.

THE Mikado and his court, his Lord High Executioner, Little Yum Yum, Katisha, Nanki Poo, and all his followers, whom Gilbert and Sullivan made famous in rhyme and music, will delight New York again very soon. They will be in town only one evening, and, of course, will put up at the Astoria, like the true fashionables there and will tell their delightful nothings for charity on October 18.

On that date the first operatic performance in the ball room theatre of the new hotel will be given, in aid of the Sisterhood of the Synagogue, at Central Park and Seventeenth street, by the Metropolitan Musical Society, an amateur organization, which comprises with many professional operatic companies, and which, during the seven years of its existence, has earned over \$30,000 for charity.

In its personnel and management the Metropolitan Musical Company is remarkable, for it has a permanent orchestra, of fifty skilled musicians, a chorus of twice as many voices, trained to a degree that is truly wonderful, and an all-star cast, composed of men and women whose choir singing has won them fame.

Thus equipped, it is easy to predict that "The Mikado" will be brought out in a way that will do credit to its composers as well as its performers, and will afford an evening of artistic delight to those who attend its performance.

Yum Yum, who in everyday life is Miss Margaret Gaylord, the soprano of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, will captivate the audience, for she is just the dearest little person for that role who has ever assumed it, and not only looks her part, but sings it to perfection. She has been the coy Japanese maid before, in Buffalo, where she sang with great success in another amateur musical club.

Miss Viola Pratt Gillett, of the Mount Morris Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, will be Katisha. Those who remember her Lady Jane in the Metropolitan Musical Society's performance of "Patience" at the Metropolitan Opera House last year know what they may expect.

The gentlemen Japs are equally clever. P. T. Fredericks will be the wandering minstrel, Nanki Poo, "a thing of shreds and patches." Poo Bah will be done by Judson Bushnell, of Dr. MacArthur's church. Ko Ko will be entrusted to Ralph McDougall Skinner, of the Marcy Avenue Baptist Church, Brooklyn, and Victor Ballard, of Christ Church, Brooklyn, will impersonate Fish Tush. Bramhall Child will be the eighty Mikado.

About one hundred of his subjects, whose names do not appear in the play, will be grouped around the pretty little crimson curtained stage, which will be set with wonderful scenes, showing cherry trees in full bloom, a golden sunset of Japan, gorgeous birds and all the things in which the artists of that quaint land delight to revel in.

These hundred Japanese ladies and gentlemen, whose voices will take up the refrains of the principal actors in chorus, will be gorgeously arrayed, the women in Kimonos, and the men in, instead, by whatever name these may be called. Brocades and curiously embroidered stuffs will make

their clothes, which will be as perfect as though devised by that master of stage setting, Sir Henry Irving. Mr. Ashmead, who has had great success as stage manager, has charge of all the arrangements on the boards.

The orchestra will be under the direction of the society's musical director, Edwin J. Lyons. It began with two members, himself and a boy friend, some years ago. They were practicing together one day, and were doing so badly that Mr. Lyons's father, Julius J. Lyons, who is an able musician, undertook to show them how the work they were trying to interpret should be rendered.

The following day some friends of the two young men also asked for instruction, and before many weeks a class of thirty was formed. The members became so interested in their work that a permanent orchestra was formed, which has since furnished many recruits to the Sedgwick Danrosch orchestra, and which, during the seven years of its existence, has earned over \$30,000 for charity.

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SMITH A VICTIM OF RUM, The Brain of Grover Cleveland's Old Friend Is on a Dissecting Table at Cornell University.

Ithaca, N. Y., Nov. 6.—Professor Wilder, the eminent physiologist of Cornell University, received a brain from Buffalo this week. There would be little remarkable in this but for the fact that it indicates the close of the final chapter of one of life's tragedies.

Lyman B. Smith, once a prominent politician and a man of wealth and a close friend of ex-President Cleveland, died a pauper and his brain will be used for a lesson in anatomy, and, incidentally, in temperance to the students of this university.

Smith was born in Buffalo, of an old and reputable family, in 1821. He received a good education, and after leaving school was admitted to the law office of James T. Hudson, of that city. At the end of three years he was admitted to the bar.

He began to appear as a lawyer quickly made a name for himself. He was one of the few men in this State who practiced in the United States Supreme Court in the '60s.

In 1856 he was elected Treasurer of Erie County on the Democratic ticket. He held this office till succeeded by a Republican in 1862. He became one of the Democratic leaders in Buffalo. He made money. He spent it freely and generously. He made large donations to his party. He was everywhere known and liked.

Finally he became known as the Tammany representative in Buffalo. When the Tweed ring was in power he was made Assistant Secretary of the Assembly. He held this position until the fall of the ring, which was also the signal for his own first fall.

From that time his home was in Buffalo save when he received a minor political job in the capital city. He made a great deal of money, but never kept it. He always claimed it went for the party.

In the latter part of the '70s Smith's name began to appear less frequently in the papers, and by the time of Cleveland's first election he had faded from public sight. Poverty had forced complete seclusion.

It seemed as if he grieved for the old notoriety, for he became morose and began to drink. Six years ago he had an office at No. 134 East Swan street, Buffalo. He still had enough law practice to support himself, his wife and his son. Five years ago his wife died, and his downward course was doubled in speed.

Soon he lost all of his clients. He had not enough money to pay for the rent of his office, and he was forced to close his place in East Swan street.

Then his old friends, lawyers and politicians, began to appear from day to day to give him enough money to pay for a room in cheap lodging house localities and to buy food. Still the old generous spirit remained, and he took care of one of his sons, a strong, robust fellow.

His mind became to an extent weakened by drink, and his face was his mental thermometer. In the morning he would start out on regular rounds of the offices of old-time friends with a wee-begone expression. After a successful trip he would return happy and smiling, and as long as the money lasted Lyman was again Lyman of old. But let his pockets be empty, and he was soon old Smith.

He died last week in the Buffalo General Hospital, a charity patient. And now his brain is here awaiting dissection.



Old Map of Cocos Island, Showing Where Treasure Now Found Was Hidden.