THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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The Philadelphia Record declares that John D. Rockefeller seems to be almost as magnificent in his giving as in his taking.

"Where do all the pins go?" demands the Sierra (Cal.) Times. They go where most of the money goes—into the women's clothes, answers the Washington Post.

Says the Philadelphia Press: "The larger American interests become the more warships the country needs to defend them. A navy that was adequate once is useless to-day."

The Philadelphia Press opines: There is a kindly state of feeling between the United States and Canada, and it will be improved by the settlement of the pending questions.

Six men in every thousand in the Navy have consumption. Ten years ago the ration was three in a thousand. Defensive measures at the source must be taken, says Surgeon-General Rixey, who suggests more exercise and more careful examination of recruits.

Theodore Gill, who knows as much about fishes as any one in the world, works for the Government at the Smithsonian Institution for $1 a month. He can easily afford to do this, as his personal fortune is $250,000. Another scientist who donates his knowledge to the Government is Dr. Harrison G. Dyer. He is the famous "bugologist," and the greatest known authority on mosquitoes. Dr. Dyer receives $25 a month.

The New York Press cheerily maintains that the automobile has not got everything its own way in this country—yet. A report of the Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Agriculture says that there are nearly 20,000,000 horses and nearly 4,000,000 mules still doing business in the United States. When it comes to a matter of price, however, the poor horse must feel himself in a most humiliating position, for, though in the aggregate he is put down as being worth nearly $2,000,000,000, individually he is appraised as being worth on average only $93.51. Even the mule rates higher than this, its average value being given as $112.16.

Some facts regarding tea and its uses are given in an article in the Scientific American. Some of the uses of the spent tea leaves by the economical Chinese are given. In the first place, they may be dried and pressed into bricks to be used as fuel. One use of this fuel is in curing pork, and pork thus cured is highly esteemed. The ashes of the fuel are used as fertilizers. At other times the spent leaves are stewed, or allowed to stand a long time in water, to extract the tannin, which is used in making leather and for producing a nut-brown dye. Sometimes the old leaves are used for fodder, or they may be mixed with new leaves to form what is known as

"English scientist" seems to ...k Press to have broken ...ticularly virulent form ... One of them has now ... the satisfaction of ...t that Longfellow's ... Hiawatha "could ...om him and run ... fleetness that the ...," is simply im... The scien... he calls "a ... calculation" ...rder to have ... Hiawatha ...d 216 yards ... There are several ... statements con... of Hiawatha ...h records that ...er, and to them no ...scientist" will presently ...tention. It looks as if ...low was done for.

...ustration of the broad-minded ... which scientific men take of ...ities toward the public is af... by the action of Dr. M. Dorset, ... Bureau of Animal Industry, ...ment of Agriculture, declares ...h's Companion. Dr. Dorset has ...ined a patent for a process of ...ecting swine from hog cholera; ... instead of trying to make money ...n the patent, he has given it to ... United States Government. The ...ey value of hogs which die an...lly from cholera is estimated at ...,000,000. Any cure, therefore, ...t great importance. The method ... heretofore has been the injec... of the cholera virus, but about ...ty per cent. of the treated ani...s have died. The new method is ... injection of serum from the blood ...n immune hog which has been ...e immune by treatment with the ...m of hogs afflicted with the dis... It is a preventive rather than ...rative measure. The invention ... be used by any citizen of the ...ed States without payment of ...lty. The reason for patenting it ...at in that way it becomes possible ...vent greedy individuals or firms ... exacting a price for the use

The Dead Christ and the Holy Women.

By ANTON VAN DYCK, in the Berlin Gallery.

According to Scripture.

AN EASTER STORY.

FROM the indisputable evidence of the calendar they knew that they had been married just six years Easter — but the recollection brought joy to neither.

Five of the six he had alternated abroad, or, when in town, at his club.

She, curiously enough, had never ceased loving him, and had, by her charming personality, won a warm place in his parents' affections, with whom she dwelt.

A mere triviality had separated them. Just at first wounded pride silenced her. But when days merged themselves into years without word or sign, her anguish increased pro rata, so it came to pass that the wealth of love cemented itself in her bonnie little five-year-old son his father had never seen, though cognizant of his existence.

There were times when she felt an indescribable longing for his presence—then she would summon all her dignity to her aid and strive to overcome it—but our wills are not always under control, and feminine nature is still an unsolvable quantity.

Thus, she decided that concessions, if any, must certainly emanate from her if their embittered lives were ever to be welded into one harmonious whole.

So, like a thorough tactician, she formulated her plans and resolved to storm the citadel. Her anticipation of victory was heightened by the encouraging reports of mutual friends who assured her that his misery exceeded hers—his loneliness in the midst of social distraction more pronounced—and his stubbornness still his besetting sin.

Easter morn with the scent of lilies in the air; the glorious radiant sun lavishing her quivering spears of abundant gold on the fashionable throng promenading the avenue. And he—irreproachably attired, nodding nonchalantly to passing acquaintances from his point of vantage—allows a shade of annoyance to mar his cynical countenance as an express van suddenly halts in front of this habitat of sweldom.

But annoyance quickly gives place to consternation as a huge packing case, profusely perforated and handled with solicitous concern by some person—presumably a footman—and a dainty befrilled French maid, whose instantaneous appearance mystified him more than the congregated spectators.

His range of vision being necessarily limited, he remained in ignorance of the close proximity of a faultlessly appointed automobile. But, consternation in turn gave place to absolute horror as he deciphered his own name in bold lettering upon the case, and realized that it was to be deposited in his apartment.

He had scarcely regained his mental equilibrium, ere his valet, with evident perturbation, announced—but just what he intended to impart was relegated to oblivion, for, following close upon his heels, were the obsequious man and maid servant and between them the obnoxious case.

"If monsieur permits" — but ere monsieur could collect his scattered senses the duo had swiftly and deftly sundered the seemingly clumsy box, and disclosed to view an immense egg elaborately gilded and tied about the centre with a broad satin ribbon.

"Monsieur's Easter gift," announced the maid demurely, adding, "when Monsieur is ready the carriage waits below." Scarce comprehending and certainly unconscious of their exit, he gazed apprehensively at the novel gift—this chef-d'oeuvre—then gingerly approached, while conflicting thoughts spread through his brain.

Upon close inspection, however, perceiving numerous perforations, he felt greatly relieved, and, under the impression that some eccentric friend had presented him with a rara avis, he proceeded to untie the knot of ribbon.

Instantly the egg parted—disclosing a satin-lined nest in which reposed the sweetest, chubbiest miniature of—himself. The little man was arrayed in a middy suit, and the jaunty gold-lettered cap had slipped back, revealing a glistening mass of sunny curls.

One tightly clinched hand held a sadly battered woolly dog.

Drowsily, sleepily, the big brown eyes opened.

Unabashed, and with perfect unconcern, he clambered from his bizarre abode, and, like a lesson well learned, placed his dimpled hand within that of the astonished elder man, and, with the abandon and confidence of prattling babyhood, lisped, "Me want mamma, oo tum too!" then spying the glistening fob, ejaculated, "want dat, too," suiting the action to the word.

Having gained one point he grew loquacious anent his woolly dog, his chu-chu ears, gran'ma and gran'dad, interlaced with spasmodic attacks of mamma; his attentive listener, albeit a clumsy nurse, was strangely affected by this hum-drum domestic recital until the demands for mamma dominated all else with the exception of a piteous little, "Ise hungry, too."

Then he hastily pressed a button, but in lieu of the valet he expected, the demurely smiling maid awaited

With a cry of delight the little fellow sprang into her arms. The maid reluctantly turned toward the door. Suddenly he bounded from her embrace and scampering toward his erstwhile nurse, lisped plaintively, "Oo tum too," with an irresistible but familiar little gesture.

The man flushed dully, hesitated, then, as the insistent "tum-tum" became more clamorous, suddenly bestowed an involuntarily caress, gathered him in his arms and paced the apartment with uncertain steps.

Halting before the wide window he perceived for the first time the waiting automobile.

The child evidently recognized it, too, for a joyous gurgle escaped him—"Tum-tum wif me," he pleaded eagerly. The man glanced sharply about—the maid had noiselessly disappeared. Straining the child closely to his breast, he showered burning caresses upon the wide-eyed, wondering little face. Then, hurriedly, as if fearing a revulsion of feeling, he donned his outer apparel and softly departed, holding the little one close, its gleeful laughter echoing strangely through the lofty corridor and she—watching, waiting, catches a glimpse of two happy faces—murmurs tremulously, "Verily; a little child hath led him."—Buffalo Evening Times.

—Harper's Bazar.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

BOYHOOD'S BOOKSHELF.

Some eve I'd like to plant myself
By boyhood's long-neglected shelf,
Once more to ope those volumes worn
Which modern pages make forlorn;

Once more to let the moments speed
With Optic, Castlemon, Mayne Reid!
The "Boat-Club" set, "The White Chief" there—

"Jack Hazard!" Joy! Again we meet
By grace of Trowbridge lines replete!
Rad, 'pon my word, here's "Cudjo's Cave!"
(Was Cudjo not a "dandy" slave?)

The "Scottish Chiefs" is this, I guess,
With "Thaddeus of Warsaw"—yes!
And this (I loaned it o'er and o'er)
Is Stephens' "Left on Labrador!"

Pass by that dog-eared treasure? No!
'Tis Scott's entrancing "Ivanhoe!"
(How often, of its glamor taught,
Have Tom and I in tourney fought!)

And here, imploring boyhood's eyes,
The "Last of the Mohicans" lies!
Haill Hawkeye, Uncas, Chingachgook!
("Deerslayer" is that next old book.)

Come, "Crusoe;" pretty ragged, you—
A hundred times read through and through!
Your woodcuts blurred. While this one—see?—
The far-marooned "Swiss Family!"

And look! Their lonesomness confessed,
"Aladdin," "Sinbad," and the rest
Peer forth from covers stained and dim,
Awaiting—cheek by jowl with Grimm!

Upon this faded back discern
The tempting, wizard name of Verne!
The title? Must be "Field of Ice"—
Or, no; some "trip," of strange device.

Munchausen, here; that, Gulliver;
This, Coffin—truthful chronicler.
(The other three, of course, are bricks,
But can't beat "Boys of '76!")

And you, oh gift of gentler pen:
Louisa Alcott's "Little Men!"
And you, whom kindred soul creates:
"Hans Brinker; or, The Silver Skates!"

But Duty warns—like mother's dread:
"Stop, my son; time to go to bed."
In vain I beg: "One chapter more!"
Farewell, dear shelf of boyhood's lore.

—Edwin L. Sabin, in St. Nicholas.

TRANSFORMATION TESTS.

Divide the picture into squares, as shown in the figure. Then on another piece of paper draw a horizontal line, ab, equal to the side, ab, of the square. Divide this line into the same number of equal parts as ab of the square, and draw a line from each point of division to some point below, as f. Then draw the line fh, parallel with ab, and marking a point on it, g, draw a line from it to a.

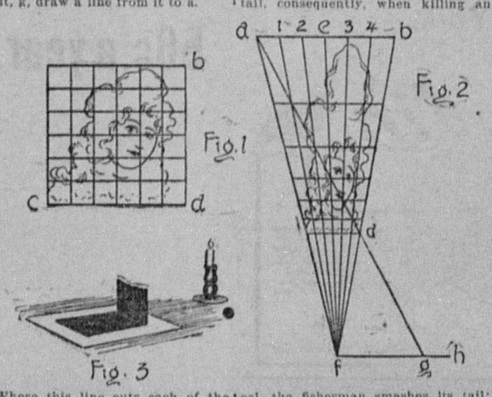

Fig. 3

Where this line cuts each of the other lines, draw horizontal lines through the points, parallel with ab. This will give Fig. 2 (abcd), divided into the same number of parts as the original square.

You must redraw in Fig. 2 the picture of the head in Fig. 1, putting in each section the part that is in the corresponding section of the original square. The greater the number of squares into which you divide the original squares, the easier will this be to do.

You now have your picture transformed, but if you look at it from a point near the paper, above the point, f, you will see it in its original form. The point at which you look at the picture varies according to the position of the points f and g, but it may easily be found by trial.

Instead of drawing a head, you may draw animals, or leaves, or flowers, or any design you choose.

Another, and perhaps easier, way of making anamorphoses, is to prick pinholes in the picture or the design, forming the outline and principal marks. Now hold this pricked design upright on a table before a candle light, and place a piece of paper before it, so that the light, shining through the tiny holes, will mark the design on the paper in points of light.

Trace over this illuminated design with a pencil, and afterward fill in the detail. The picture will be seen to be a distorted one. If you now place it exactly where it was on the table, and remove the original picture and the candle, and put your eye exactly where the candle flame was, you will see the distorted figure as if drawn in the proportions of the original in proper shape.

By following the illustrations, you will not make any mistakes, and your success will be more than amusing.—New York Mail.

NUMBER ONE BOY.

"He is a 'Number One' boy," said my grandmother, proudly. "A great boy for his books; indeed, he would rather read than play, and that is saying a good deal of a boy of seven."

"It is, certainly," returned Uncle John, "but what a pity it is that he is blind!"

"Blind?" exclaimed the grandmother, and the "Number One" boy looked up, too, in wonder.

"Yes, blind, and a little deaf also, I fear," said Uncle John.

"Why, John, what put that into you head?" asked grandmother, looking perplexed.

"Why, the 'Number One' boy himself," said Uncle John. "He has been occupying the one easy chair in the room all the afternoon, never seeing you or his mother when she came in for a few minutes' rest. Then when your glasses were mislaid, and you had to climb upstairs two or three times to look for them, he neither saw nor heard anything that was going on."

"Oh! he was so busy reading," apologized grandmother.

"That is not a very good excuse, mother," replied Uncle John smiling. "If 'Number One' is not blind and deaf, he must be very selfish, indeed, to occupy the best seat in the room and let older people run up and down stairs when he takes his ease."

"Nobody asked me to give up my seat or to run errands," said Number One.

"That should not have been necessary," urged Uncle John. "What are a boy's eyes and ears for, if not to keep them posted on what is going on around him? I am glad to see you fond of books; but if a pretty story makes you forget all things except amusing 'Number One,' better run out and play with the seven-year-old boys and let grandmother enjoy the comfort of her rocker in quiet."—Ram's Horn.

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT ANIMALS.

Unlike most animals, horses have no eyebrows, and hares are minus eyelids. Consequently the eyes of the latter cannot be shut, and a thin membraneous substance covers them when asleep. The eye of the owl is also very peculiar, seeing that it is immovably fixed in its socket and cannot stir in any direction. To compensate for this seeming disadvantage it can turn its head almost completely around without moving its body.

If you were to keep a frog's mouth open many minutes it would soon die, as, owing to its peculiar construction, it can only breathe with its mouth closed. On the other hand, fishes are compelled to keep opening and closing their mouths in order to give their respiratory organs full play.

A curious fact about the eel is that it has less life in its head than in its tail, consequently, when killing an eel, the fisherman smashes its tail; it also has two hearts.

Snakes usually have their teeth in the head, but one variety in Africa, whose principal food is eggs, is provided for a substitute for them in its stomach.—Dundee Advertiser.

The Reign of Law.

Over all things in heaven and earth, visible and invisible, stretches the mighty arm of universal law. And the law is no respecter of persons. It knows neither time nor place, male nor female, parent nor child. It bestows no favors, it inflicts no punishments, its rain falls alike on the just and on the unjust.

But there is no law of miracle. There is a law of growth, a law of decay. In all Nature's wide vocabulary there is no such word as stagnation. There is progression and there is retrogression, and on either of these two roads all creation moves. The future builds on the ever-vanishing present; to-day is the sum of all past yesterdays, and what man becomes to-day will be his starting-point to-morrow. This is evolution.—William D. Little.

Where Polly Got Her Name.

The name Polly, applied to the parrot, is said to have been brought to the North in an early day by flatboatmen, who took grain and provisions down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers to New Orleans. Parrots were in cages at the doors of many French shops, and the Westerners heard the French say to the bird, "Parlez, parlez," pronounced parley, and meaning "Speak! speak!" This word, as they brought it back, came to be polly.—Kansas City Times.

Unsmiling Love.

This note was picked up on the sidewalk: "Dear L——: The reason I didn't laff when you laft at me Sunday in the postoffice was because I have a bile on my face and kan't laff. If I laff it will hurt, but I love you, you old sweet thing, bile or no bile, laff or no laff, you know that. P. S.—Burn this up."—Atchison Globe.

President Roosevelt gave Japanese navy officers permission to observe the building of submarines for the American navy in Massachusettes.

SPORT AND ADVENTURE

FACING A WOUNDED TIGER.

The courage and good nature of elephants when engaged in tiger-hunting are the subject of comment by Gen. Thomas Gordon in his book, "A Varied Life." He gives an account of the pursuit of a wounded tiger in the Indian jungle. The tiger had turned back in howling fury, looking for a victim.

He first made for Davison, but catching sight of my head as my elephant descended into a dry water-course, he dropped and crawled in the grass, and tried to spring on me in the howdah.

He was on the right side of the elephant's head in a moment, and in trying to reach me broke the front part of the howdah with a blow of his powerful fore paw.

The elephant was badly bitten and clawed on the trunk and head, and her right eye was blinded by the eyebrow being torn down over it. She gave voice to suppressed screams of pain and rage, and made the most violent efforts to shake the tiger off.

My Bhil gun-bearer behind me in the howdah, regarding the situation as desperate, slid down the elephant's hind quarters and took refuge in a tree. All I could do was to wait an opportunity to fire without injuring the courageous elephant. At last I had a safe chance to put the muzzle against the tiger's shoulder. One shot—it was an expanding bullet—and with a great growl of agony from the tiger and a trumpet yell of rage from the elephant, the whole of us were struggling loose in the high bushes.

The elephant was coaxed to come forward to the dead tiger, and after feeling cautiously with her outstretched trunk, she gave the body a kick of contempt and allowed it to be tied on her back, to be carried back to our camp.

No time was lost in attending to the elephant's hurts, but preparatory to handling them she was fed with a stiff mixture of coarse molasses and flour, with opium and brandy thrown in liberally, after which she took an intelligent and good-tempered interest in the proceedings.

With the tent-pitcher's repairing needles and stout thread, and the help of the mahouts and their assistants, her cuts and wounds were stitched and salved, and many yards of native cotton cloth used in swathing her torn trunk. She was fed by hand for several days, and seemed quite to understand that this was done to keep the bandages on the damaged trunk from being displaced by her use of it in feeding herself.

FIGHT WITH LEOPARD.

Lieut.-Col. Hutchinson, of the Second Ghurkas, had a thrilling fight with a leopard which attacked his wife while on a shooting trip near Dehra Dun.

They were returning after a day's shooting, says a Lucknow correspondent of the London Express, and the beaters had gone on some distance ahead, Mrs. Hutchinson was walking about ten yards in front of her husband. She deviated slightly from the path and surprised a young leopard, which immediately attacked her.

Col. Hutchinson instantly raised his rifle to shoot the beast, but dared not fire for fear of wounding his wife.

Then, seeing that the only way to save her life was to drag the leopard off, he dropped his rifle and attacked the beast with his hands.

The leopard first attempted to seize his arm, but missed, and Col. Hutchinson was able to keep it at bay while his wife rose and ran to call the beaters. Meanwhile the animal sprang again on Col. Hutchinson and a desperate fight between the man and the beast followed.

Col. Hutchinson eluded its springs with marvelous agility. He made several attempts to regain his rifle, but the leopard was on him before he could pick it up.

Then he thought of his revolver and was placing his hand on his hip to draw it when the leopard sprang on him again and seized his right arm. Desperate as the position was, Col. Hutchinson did not give in, and, although he was suffering terrible agonies, he grappled with the beast. They rolled over several times, the leopard still clinging to its hold on his arm.

At last Col. Hutchinson freed his arm and succeeded in getting his revolver. Then he shot the leopard in the eye. The animal let go its hold, but the shot had only blinded it.

Before it could spring on him again Col. Hutchinson had gained possession of his rifle and succeeded in killing the beast just as the first of the beaters came back.

Col. Hutchinson was by this time so exhausted from loss of blood and the struggle that he was in a state of collapse. He was carried back to his bungalow and his arm, which was terribly lacerated from the shoulder to the wrist, was attended to.

DESERT DANGERS.

The sand-dunes of the desert seem very harmless objects, but, writes Mr. George Wharton James in "The Wonders of the Colorado Desert," let one unused to the desert beware how he risks his life in their dread wilderness. Once well in the heart of them, one becomes utterly confused, for the wind completely destroys all tracks in a few minutes, and it is impossible to retrace one's steps.

The heat is stifling, for the sands reflect the glare and the heat, and one is almost blinded, and although there is wind, it seldom reaches the secret recesses and little shut-in valleys of the dunes. It floats the sand over and upon you, and this heated sand irritates nostrils and mouth, until one opens his mouth and pants like a dog, only to get more air so sand-laden that he cannot bear it. Many a poor wretch has been lost to the world forever in the treacherous secrecy of these sand-hills. Overpowered by the heat and thirst, unable to find his way out, he has fallen, to be covered almost immediately by the drifting sand, and thus suffocated while unconscious.

The only safe plan I know of when thus caught is to take off one's coat and throw it over the head. Resolutely refuse to breathe through the mouth, and by constant clearing of the nostrils, compel inhalation by that channel. Sit down and make no attempt to escape during the heat of the day. If the sand begins to cover you, rise, and as it falls under you, make it your new couch, and keep doing this so long as is necessary. Then, when night falls, guide yourself back to safety by the stars. And one who cannot travel by the stars and does not know the general direction of places in the desert ought never to travel alone on it. He does it constantly at the peril of his life.

A SELF-POSSESSED TRAVELER.

The late Mrs. Isabella Bishop, whose travels in different parts of the world secured for her membership in the Royal Geographical Society, visited America when she was a young woman. She was unused to travel and was alone when she had the following experience, which is told in Blackwood's Magazine:

Once, in a train going to New York, she was dreadfully tired, and yet she had a feeling that if she went to sleep the man sitting next her would pick her pocket. She struggled for some time against her inclination to sleep, but having for a moment given way, she awakened to feel the hand of her neighbor gently withdrawing her purse from her pocket.

In her purse, besides some money, which was, comparatively speaking, of small moment, was her baggage check. That was the only thing that really mattered. If she accused her neighbor of theft, nothing was simpler for him than to drop the purse out of the open window beside which he was sitting. No; she determined she would leave any interference until they arrived at their destination.

She secured the services of a porter, and, with apparent calmness, followed her traveling companion down the platform. Having described her luggage to the porter, she at the critical moment bowed slightly to the pickpocket, and, with an airy smile, said, "This gentleman has my baggage check," and he immediately presented it to her.

SAVED BY A PONY.

I can never sing the praises of the horse enough, for it is to the intelligence and bravery of a little Shetland pony that I owe my life.

At the age of nine I resided with my grandparents, who owned a farm at the side of the river Isay, in Perthshire. My grandfather had a little Shetland pony for running to the village with the milk, and during the afternoon, while the pony grazed on the river bank, I was in the habit of getting on its back. It was one day, while disporting myself in this fashion, that the incident happened which would have proved so disastrous to me but for the pony.

Overhanging the river from the opposite bank was a large hawthorn tree, and, just as the pony carried me past, I carelessly stretched out my hand to get a piece of blossom. In attempting to pull it away, however, it did not come so easy as expected, and instead I pulled myself off the pony's back. As I clung to the branch it swung me right above the centre of the river.

How long I hung there I cannot tell. I can fancy I yet feel the choking sensation and the bubbling of the water in my ears when I dropped. The buoyancy of my clothes brought me to the surface, and, as I was being carried down by the stream, I cried to Donald, the pony. In a twinkling the faithful animal sprang into the water, and, just as I was sinking a second time, seized me in its mouth and carried me to the bank.—Mrs. Turpie, in Scottish American.

EATEN BY WOLVES.

Wolves killed W. H. Crabtree, of Montgomery, Iowa, and Patrick Wood, of Spirit Lake, who were members of a hunting party in the wilds of Canada. The report of the tragic death of the members was brought here by O. R. Lazarine, of Spirit Lake, the sole survivor, who is so terribly injured that he is not likely to live.

Lazarine says the party were attacked by a large pack of wolves in a clearing near their cabin, and so fierce was the rush of the hunger-maddened beasts that they were unable to reload their guns. The hunters were driven back, and as Lazarine gained the door of the cabin, his two companions were pulled down, their cries as the famished wolves tore them literally to pieces being the last thing he remembered.

Homely Art Criticism.

An aged woman was standing before a beautiful picture of a blacksmith in a local department store last week. The picture was a remarkable painting, and had evoked so much praise that hundreds of visitors thronged around it. The figure was that of a village blacksmith standing at his forge, which was blazing with a light that illuminated the whole room. The woman came to the canvas with several younger women, apparently her children. They all stood with rapt attention before the work of art, contemplating the light effects and the beautiful shadows. One of the younger women asked of the elderly woman what she thought of the picture. "Well, it's all right but the sleeves," she replied. "I lived in the country a long time and I know something that the painter with all his knowin' didn't know. That blacksmith's sleeves are rolled out. Now they don't wear them that way. A blacksmith always turns his sleeves in so the flying sparks won't catch."—Indianapolis News.

Many men in official and Congressional circles in Washington regard an American protectorate as the best solution of the Cuban problem.