

LIFE IN THE SUBURBS.

Phase of Existence That is Often Met with Many of the Minor Mills.

"Life in the suburbs has its drawbacks, as well as its advantages," said a man who ought to know for he lives on the edge of town, says the Washington Post.

"When we moved into the suburbs the neighborhood was not built up, and truly it was delightful, so peaceful! However, we were always longing to see some new houses go up. At last they commenced to spring up like mushrooms all around us, and, being small houses attracted people of modest circumstances and large families.

"The mere fact that a man has moved into the suburbs is interesting in that it pertains to his immediate little patch of ground, and he will coarsened in all sorts of mental labor, which would never appeal to him in any sense in the city. When in the suburbs, it is quite the proper thing to put your own grass by means of a lawn mower. The older the mower, the more pleasure it will afford the neighbor, and it is really a fair to start in at six o'clock in the morning. Imagine what it must be in a locality built up, as mine is, to listen to the click, click of a half dozen lawn mowers going at once. However, the hour of the day is by no means a settled thing. One can start a lawn mower at any time and keep it going as long as one likes. Some mornings I am awakened by the discordant sounds of this instrument of torture. In a little while it ceases, and I turn over with a muttered prayer of relief and thanksgiving to finish my morning's sleep, when some other kind neighbor starts up.

"After the lawn mowers have gotten in their work and breakfast is finished, the neighborhood children start in on the pianos. Their fathers have left the mowers for their occupations down town, but the rest of the family keep on in the good work. A half dozen or more pianos going at once. An afternoon nap is simply impossible. While the older children are practicing the younger ones get out in their wagons, and some of the sidewalkers respond with the yells and quavering of the smaller tribes.

"About half past four the heads of the families return, and from that time on the real amusement commences. For each family on some distinct musical feature. In one house it is a banjo. In another a guitar. In another a mandolin. Others possess pianofortes, autoharps and other variations of musical instruments. When all are going simultaneously the effect is something that must be heard to be appreciated.

"Immediately after dinner suburban custom requires that each man should bring out his hose and water the yard. So, for an hour or more, the size and trickle of water is heard.

"Surely, this is all that make the nervous impatient man, when suddenly two or three voices in different houses are uplifted in interpreting such masterpieces as 'Hiawatha,' 'Tessie,' 'You're the Only One.'

"There is one great charm about the suburbs—nearly every one retires early, for which I am truly grateful. I suppose the exertion of the day is too much. When I first moved out I commenced to do all these things, but now I am considered too exclusive for anything, for you couldn't pay me to touch a lawn mower, and as for pianos and watering hose, I hate them all."

"I am glad that in America a certain strictness regarding the observance of Sunday is maintained. I believe in this strictness. I should hate, though, to see it carried so far as the Scots carry it."

"A friend of mine was taking in Scotland last summer. One Sunday morning he put his little hammer in his pocket (for he is an amateur geologist), and, strolling out upon the hills, he began to chip off such specimens of rock as interested him.

"A native happened along as my friend was thus engaged. The native looked on with a frown for a moment. Then he said: "Sir, do you ken yer hreadin' more than comes there?"

"Breakin' the Sabbath, eh?" said my friend, with a laugh, and I appeared the Scot he put away the hammer and walked onward a little way with him. A turn in the road revealed the ruins of a castle.

"What castle is that?" said my friend. "The Scot frowned. 'The name of the day' he said severely. 'Is the name of the day?'

"Dear Wife Wipes Her Feet." The Duchess of Bedford, who lives more than the duke is a lover of animals, has many pets among the collection at Woburn Abbey. One of the most eminent of these is a tiny pony, not three feet high, who she has herself trained from very early youth. This little creature is as tame as a dog and runs about with his mistress everywhere she goes. The Duchess rarely makes a ride without taking him to the hospital, where she has been treated for the Woburn village, and she is always accompanied by her pet pony greatly to the delight of the small invalids in the hospital, who like to see him rub his feet on the floor or may be seen entering a doorway, and his white cloth with a silver ring, caught him by the harness. Westminster Gazette.

KEEPING THE "SAWBATH."

An Amazing Instance of the Strictness of the Scots.

Senator Francis Hendricks, of Rochester, and ex-Senator Frank H. Cook, of New York, were completing the arrangements for the Syracuse fair, and, while talking to some reporters about the advisability of keeping the fair open Sunday, related the Tribune, Senator Hendricks said:

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HOODOOS IN THE NAVY.

Cruiser Olympia Reckoned Infinitely for Her Characteristics, But She Made a Record.

"I wasn't surprised any when I read of that big deal that was put in the bottom of the cruiser Olympia when she went around the other day," said an attaché of the navy department, who used to be a chief petty officer in the navy, to a Washington Post reporter. "The Olympia was a hoodoo ship from the day of her launching. The young woman who tossed the bottle of champagne against the prow of the Olympia on the day of her launching missed fire—that is to say, the bottle didn't break—just as the bottle that the young woman rapped against the battleship Maryland failed to break when the Maryland's unsuccessful launching was pulled off and when anything as ominous as that happens at the launching of a navy ship, the old-time belief have a way of shaking their heads and of muttering evil prophecies.

"The Olympia, a beautiful cruiser, proved all of the bad prophecies that were uttered against her, and the first year of her career was a series of bad accidents. I helped to put the Olympia into commission for the first time, at the Mare Island navy yard. On the very day that she went into commission she was the occasion of the death of a naval officer.

"He was a fine young chap from Norfolk, a naval constructor named Armistead. The Olympia was being warped into the Mare Island dock to receive the final coat of red lead on her keel. Armistead was standing at the top of the dry dock, superintending the docking, when the loop of a three-inch hawse suddenly snapped. The knot caught the young naval constructor alongside the head. He fell down, and he never moved again. I never saw a man killed so suddenly except with a bullet.

"A week or so later the Olympia started down the coast of California for her first machinery trying, warming up and compass adjusting cruise with the full force. Her point of destination was San Diego, where there was a big flower festa in progress. The Olympia was sent to San Diego at the earnest solicitation of the California horticulturists, who wanted to give the San Diego flower festa a sort of official and deep water tone. On the run down the coast a couple of seamen got their legs caught in the loop of a cable that was being wound up on a steam windlass, and the four legs of the two men were cut off as clean as if they'd been on the operating table. One of them died.

"On the up-trip to San Francisco from San Diego we had a bit of drift on the smaller guns. Small charges were fired. One of the guns shot back upon the instant of her firing and knocked the gunner into a shapeless pulp. Then it was found—after there had been a gunner killed, of course—that no oil had been placed in the recoil cylinder, so that the gun could not have done anything else but bob back and kill whoever happened to be in the way of it.

"A number of minor incidents happened on board the Olympia before the finish of that dinky little two week cruise down the coast, although I don't recall that any more men were killed. I remember, especially, for her being shipped, especially for her being deserted in white bathtubs—went over the side like rats from a leaky windjammer—so that two or three almost entirely new crews had to be shipped before the Olympia was ready for the real deep water. Lieut. Tommy Phelps, who was the navigator of the Olympia of that first cruise of hers down the California coast, was a relieved man when he finally brought her into Mare Island again. He hadn't slept ten minutes during the cruise for fear that the Olympia would go on a bunch of unhatched rocks somewhere or other, and he seemed to be as thoroughly convinced as any of the men aboard that the Olympia was doomed to be a hoodoo.

"And yet, after all, this hoodoo business doesn't hold together with the most perfect consistency throughout a ship's whole career. For example, the ship that had the honor of carrying George Dewey on her quarterdeck while the battle of Manila was on couldn't have been such a terrible hoodoo, after all; and it was the Olympia that stole through the gray dawn of that May morning in the van of the American fleet, with her captain all prepared for the fray and waiting for those quiet but memorable words of Dewey's: 'You may fire when you are ready, Gridley!'

"How Japs Play Ken." In its most widely practiced form the basis of the Japanese game of ken is that the fully outstretched hand signifies paper, the fully closed hand, a stone, and two fingers alone extended, the best being closed scissors. Each of the players, counting one, two, three, throws out his hand in an attempt of pronouncing three, and the one whose manual symbol is superior to that of the others is declared the winner. Superiority is determined on the hypothesis that whereas scissors cannot cut a stone, they can cut paper, and whereas paper is cut by scissors, it can wrap up a stone. Consequently scissors is inferior to stone but superior to paper, stone is inferior to paper, but superior to scissors, and paper is inferior to scissors but superior to stone. There are innumerable varieties of the game for it is not a mere method of determining a dispute or priority—and they are constantly added to by ingenious young ladies, the dancing girls, class especially, who play it with exquisite grace and add such an amount of beautiful hands and arms—Japan Mail.

"The East Indian correspondent of an English hardware trade journal recently sent to his paper a photograph of an Indian razor, which is a rough blade which looks as if it would not cut soap. Millions of these native blades, he asserts, are in every-day use by the benighted natives in India. Until recently owing to the natural conservatism of the race, the European article, though admittedly much superior, was totally neglected. Orthodox natives, like the Chinese, consider it a crime to attempt to improve on the handwork of their forefathers, so that the present native razor is just the same as that in use centuries ago. The blade is probably made out of a piece of junk iron. It has a blade about two and one-half inches long and a handle turned out of a piece of teak—by a fiddle, I think, probably—rigidly attached to the blade. This device can be bought in the native bazaar for six annas, equivalent to 18 cents, while the cheapest German razor offered in the shops costs twice as much.

"Not Criminals at Heart." My experience gained by close contact with the men in our prisons during the last seven years has convinced me that but a small percentage of the wrong men within prison walls should be called criminals at heart. In this statement I have been endorsed by warden who have had a far longer and more intimate experience than I, and whose duty it is to watch very closely the actions, characters and tendencies of the men under their charge.

"I believe that in every man's heart, however hardened or hopeless the exterior, there is some tender spot if one knows rightly how to touch it. Some kind of sweetness, that can be made to vibrate to the very harmony of heaven, and all the Japanese doctors of life. Mrs. Ballington Booth, in Ladies Monthly.

"Enough Said." "Is day anything in de count' word' sweeter dan possum?" "Pass de plates round!" But is no time for profane! Atlanta Constitution.

"A Rip Van Winkle Letter." Reported in the Johnstown (Pa.) Post Office Fourteen Years Before Forwarded.

"That Johnstown is slowly but surely awakening to the fact, says the Gloversville Leader, that this is the twentieth century and that people are demanding modern facilities in the way of mail service was demonstrated a few days ago when a letter was received by a resident of Gloversville, accompanied by envelopes, etc., that showed that the officials of the Johnstown office had taken special care to see that it was promptly forwarded. There was nothing unusual in the fact that the letter was mailed from Johnstown to Gloversville, but there was something out of the ordinary in the other part of the proceedings, as the letter had been in the Johnstown post office since March 5, 1889. It was mailed from Albany on March 4, 1889, and arrived at Johnstown at seven a. m. March 5, 1889. Then it rested. Old Rip Van Winkle was never more dead to the world than that letter was. It saw postmasters come and postmasters go, survived the vicissitudes of political strife, the struggles and battles of partisan contests, saw the old town go down until the electric cars cautiously crept through the streets, and then witnessed the rejuvenation of the ancient burg.

"The letter reached the party to whom it was addressed a few days ago and it was read with much curiosity. It was written by an uncle of the recipient and the writer is now dead. Some people mentioned in the letter are also dead and the recipient of the letter has three been married. Probably if the post office in the vicinity had not been moved the letter might have remained undisturbed for many more years.

"Cases of Paper in Japan." In no other country is paper used for so many different purposes as in Japan. Since the discovery of the art of making paper by the Egyptians, thousands of years ago, it has been used for writing material, but some of its other most important uses, have come to light within the last century. Now we make many things of paper, such as heavy rolls, and car wheels and dishes. The navy every civilized government has a corps of engineers investigating the possibilities of balloons in time of war, but hundreds of years ago the Japanese sent up large paper kites, which were suspended human spies, who thus could look into and study walled, but useless, fortifications. Jason Trench, in Four-Track News.

CHILD LABOR AND PAUPERISM.

A Fruitful Cause of Deterioration of the Individual and of Society.

"What connection do we find between child labor and pauperism? In almost every case, the men who first lose their places and are most quickly thrown out in an industrial crisis, who are the last to be taken on in times of industrial prosperity, men who are inefficient and not very strong, men who do not stand well in the trades and whom the foreman is glad to get rid of in any way, are those who have never had sufficient training, and who curiously lack strength and vigor, writes Jane Addams, in Charities. How far is child labor responsible for this class of paupers? We have a municipal lodging-house in Chicago largely filled with tramps. It is surprising to find how many of them are tired to death of monotonous labor and begin to tramp in order to get away from it, as a business man goes to the woods because he is worn out with the stress of business life. This inordinate desire to get away from work seems to be connected with the fact that the men have started to work very early, before they had the physique to stand up to it, or the mental vigor with which to overcome its difficulties, or the moral stamina which makes a man stick to his work whether he likes it or not.

"There is no doubt that child labor also tends to pauperize the parents. We have in Chicago a great many European immigrants, people who have come from country life in the south of Italy or Bohemia, hoping that their children will have a better chance here than at home. In the old country these immigrants worked on farms which gave a very normal activity for a young boy or girl. When they come to Chicago they see no reason why their children should not go to work, because they see no difference between the normal activity of their own youth and the grinding life to which they subject their children. It is difficult for a man who has grown up in outdoor life to adapt himself to the factory. So the parents drop out, and the children making the adaptation, remain, and you get the curious result of the head of the household being more or less dependent upon the earnings of the child.

"The pauperism of society itself, however, is the most serious charge. What happens when an industry depends upon the labor of boys and girls? It takes these boys and girls at the time when they ought to be at school, when, if they were the children of business men, they would be having their most expensive education. The manufacturer gives them no real instruction, and teaches them nothing beyond the habits of promptness and obedience. In almost all factories the work at which the children are employed leads to no trade. By the time they are old enough to receive adult wages they are often sick of the whole business.

"The gravest charge I have to bring against child labor is that it pauperizes the consumers, all of those who use the product into which this labor has entered. If I wear a garment which has been made in a sweat-shop, or a garment for which the maker has not been paid a living wage, or a wage so small that his earnings had to be supplemented by the earnings of his wife and children, then I am in debt to the man who made my cloak. I am a pauper if I permit myself to accept charity from the poorest people in the community.

"A RUDE RAZOR." The Blade Used by East Indians Looks as if It Would Not Even Cut Soap.

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"Curious Natural History." Queer Specimens of Animal Lore Collected in 1877. Rare Egg-Tick Book.

It is interesting to know, says the London Express, that among some country folk the curious idea still prevails that with the master die the bees. Somebody tells me that instances of this have been noticed of late. At a sale of the humble effects of a villager lately dead two or three hives of bees in old straw skeps were disposed of, but when they came to be examined it was found that all the bees were dead.

"A coincidence of this kind will probably keep alive the superstition in that village for generations to come. Some curious specimens of folk-lore and natural history are contained in a rare book, called 'The Sportsman's Dictionary,' to which Mr. C. M. Woolsey has drawn my attention. This was published 160 years ago. The author was evidently a Philistine among Philistines in his attitude toward nature. Of the master musician, the blackbird, he says: 'This bird is not known to all persons, and is better to be eaten than kept, being much sweeter to the palate when dead and well roasted than to the ear while living. Sings about three months in the year, or four at most, though his song is worth nothing, but if he is caught to whistle he is of some value, it being very loud, though coarse.' What an ear and mind!

"And here is the story of the squirrel with the ring in it of the seventeenth century. It reminds one of the hares of Isaac Walton that changed their sexes once a year. 'If what is reported of them be true, the admirable cunning of the squirrel appears in her (where we commonly use 'his' when the sex need not be specified, our ancestors often used 'her') swimming or passing over a river, for when she is constrained by hunger so to do she seeks out some kind or small bark of a tree, which she sets upon the water, and then goes into it, and holding up her tail like a sail, lets the wind drive her to the other side, and carries meat in her mouth to prevent being fished by the length of the voyage.'

"Of the wild bear we have this: 'And what place so ever he bites whether man or dog the head of his teeth causes an inflammation in the wound. If, therefore, he does but touch the hair of a dog he burns it off, nay, huntmen have tried the heat of his teeth by laying hairs on them as soon as he was dead, and they have brivelled up as if touched by a hot iron.'

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"The Average Saleswoman." Five Years is Estimated as the Length of Time Most of Them Serve.

"What becomes of the saleswomen who grow old in the service?" asked a Star reporter of the manager of one of Washington's best-known department stores, recently.

"Girls stay with a great many of the stores for a long time," was the response. "They can stay as long as they wish to, and the longer they stay the better the store likes it. Every year adds to a salesgirl's value—that is, if she is conscientious and really wishes to be of service. There is no objection to middle-aged saleswomen. It is all nonsense to imagine for a moment that after a girl's first youth is past she is of no more value to a store. Many girls work hard and become heads of departments, but even if they should not be able to do so, they are kept and are welcome to their positions as long as they wish to have them. The average length of time that a girl stays with a firm is five years. Of course, some stay four times and five times as long as that, but I am talking of the average girl. At least 25 per cent. of the girls get married. Are they ambitious? Yes, a good many of them are, but we really know very little about that, as they do not tell us about their studies. Those who wish to go to something else generally go to business colleges at night, and then, when they have completed the course, leave the firm to go into something else. No, we do not discourage them when they wish to go to something better; in fact, we are very glad to see them make the most of themselves."

"Girls, as a general rule," declared another manager, "are content with their positions and are not very anxious to go into anything else. The work in a store where the firm treats its employees well is not very hard, and the salary is usually good. So they just stay on until some man comes along and they get a lifetime position. The average length of time a girl stays? Well, three or four years I should say. Sometimes it is ever and ever so much longer than that."

"A girl is sure of one thing if she is a saleswoman—that as long as she is conscientious and does her best, she will keep her position and get better wages each year. Every merchant prefers to have employees stay with him as long as possible. The girl that drifts from store to store does so with very little benefit to herself. But girls are really very contented, and most of them are seen behind the counters of the same store for a long time. They have the same sort of idea that school teachers have—the salary is good and they like the work. Do merchants employ young and good-looking girls in preference to older women? Most emphatically they do not. It may be so in some of the stores, but most merchants judge a girl by her ability to sell goods, and not by her good looks. Of course, she must dress neatly and look pleasant, but the older women are sometimes preferred. A woman of 30 or 35 who applied for a position would get it as quickly, all things being equal, or more quickly than a young woman. It is simply the ability to dispose of goods that counts. No, a saleswoman need not worry that she will be turned down after she grows older, as long as she tries to be a benefit to the store. She is always assured of a good position and grows each year more in the confidence of her employer."

"The trouble with most girls," said a well-known merchant, "is that they look upon marriage as a certainty and therefore do not try to improve themselves. I have some very bright girls in my store, who, if they would, might make themselves of value to us, but they are just common saleswomen so far as we are concerned, because their interest is not in the store. Their minds are centered on parties, dances, beaux, and so forth, and their work is but a minor consideration. These girls are dead sure they will be married. Most probably they will. But there is a chance they will not, and it is a pity they do not look on their work as men do theirs, as something that will have to be done through life. Men look on their work as a career, but rarely does a woman feel that way. If she does she gets her reward and becomes head of her department, and there is no position she may not aspire to."

"Physical Side of Literature." Apropos of the sadly early death of M. Gustave Larroumet, a French contemporary raises the question whether there is anything in the nature of literary pursuits that makes against longevity. The answer is, of course, that essentially there is nothing, but that accidentally there may be a great deal. That the actual worry of composition wears out the frame prematurely is more than the facts warrant anyone in saying. In every age and in every country literature has been written by hale and hearty veterans. Livius, Mommsen, Tolstoy, Tennyson, Whittier, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and George Meredith are the most obvious names on a list that every reader will be able to supplement. So long as it is possible to compile such a list without even stopping to think the most bitter enemies of literature can hardly claim it with unheated trades. Poets, dramatists and novelists seem on the average to live longer than mathematicians, and insurance companies have no reason to refuse their premiums. London Globe.

"The Statement Caught Him." "It's no soft snap," he said, "this running for office. Why, I'm going right and day. I haven't heard my wife's voice in some time."

"And then his friend, with an expression of mingled sadness and hope, reached out and grasped his hand and said eagerly: "For the Lord's sake, tell me how I can get into politics!"—N. Y. Times.

THE AVERAGE SALESWOMAN.

Five Years is Estimated as the Length of Time Most of Them Serve.

"What becomes of the saleswomen who grow old in the service?" asked a Star reporter of the manager of one of Washington's best-known department stores, recently.

"Girls stay with a great many of the stores for a long time," was the response. "They can stay as long as they wish to, and the longer they stay the better the store likes it. Every year adds to a salesgirl's value—that is, if she is conscientious and really wishes to be of service. There is no objection to middle-aged saleswomen. It is all nonsense to imagine for a moment that after a girl's first youth is past she is of no more value to a store. Many girls work hard and become heads of departments, but even if they should not be able to do so, they are kept and are welcome to their positions as long as they wish to have them. The average length of time that a girl stays with a firm is five years. Of course, some stay four times and five times as long as that, but I am talking of the average girl. At least 25 per cent. of the girls get married. Are they ambitious? Yes, a good many of them are, but we really know very little about that, as they do not tell us about their studies. Those who wish to go to something else generally go to business colleges at night, and then, when they have completed the course, leave the firm to go into something else. No, we do not discourage them when they wish to go to something better; in fact, we are very glad to see them make the most of themselves."

"Girls, as a general rule," declared another manager, "are content with their positions and are not very anxious to go into anything else. The work in a store where the firm treats its employees well is not very hard, and the salary is usually good. So they just stay on until some man comes along and they get a lifetime position. The average length of time a girl stays? Well, three or four years I should say. Sometimes it is ever and ever so much longer than that."

"A girl is sure of one thing if she is a saleswoman—that as long as she is conscientious and does her best, she will keep her position and get better wages each year. Every merchant prefers to have employees stay with him as long as possible. The girl that drifts from store to store does so with very little benefit to herself. But girls are really very contented, and most of them are seen behind the counters of the same store for a long time. They have the same sort of idea that school teachers have—the salary is good and they like the work. Do merchants employ young and good-looking girls in preference to older women? Most emphatically they do not. It may be so in some of the stores, but most merchants judge a girl by her ability to sell goods, and not by her good looks. Of course, she must dress neatly and look pleasant, but the older women are sometimes preferred. A woman of 30 or 35 who applied for a position would get it as quickly, all things being equal, or more quickly than a young woman. It is simply the ability to dispose of goods that counts. No, a saleswoman need not worry that she will be turned down after she grows older, as long as she tries to be a benefit to the store. She is always assured of a good position and grows each year more in the confidence of her employer."

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"Red-haired Girls Succeed." As Wives, Mothers and Qualities Women, They Are as a Rule, Better Than the Average.

These are the days of the girl with 'red hair—fiery red, not Auburn. It is very seldom that one encounters an old maid with red hair. All girls with such tresses are snatched up by wife hunters before they have lived long enough to become old maids. People of large experience and wide observation declare that