

Wichita Daily Eagle

MISS ALICE B. SANGER.

THE PRIVATE SECRETARY OF PRESIDENT AND MRS. HARRISON.

How the Correspondence of the White House is Handled by the Deft Fingers of a Young Woman—How She Has Brought to Mr. Harrison's Notice.

(Copyright, 1890.)

WASHINGTON, April 2.

HE calling a visiting public of the capital numbers ten thousand. During a season the ladies of the cabinet receive this many, and senatorial ladies who are well liked meet half this number.

The list of the most popular representative wife rarely goes over three thousand, and even the ordinary individual passes the allotted five hundred friends before the winter passes. One can conceive the immense labor attending the proper care of so many callers, and can understand Mrs. Chief Justice Fuller's plaint when she said: "It takes my three older daughters and myself every morning in the week putting down the people who call on a Monday and answering invitations."

Every year it becomes a more colossal task, and some women have been obliged to hire secretaries just for that work unless they have daughters. If they do have, the task falls upon them, and many a wealthy senator's daughter works as hard as a copyist in the departments.

For some time after Gen. Harrison's election to the presidency Mrs. Harrison tried the task of being her own secretary. As the mail increased to forty and sixty letters per day she called in the president's stenographer, Miss Alice B. Sanger, to write her letters, and she herself signed them. Ever since her return to the White House in October she has been obliged to delegate the whole duty to Miss Sanger, and only personal friends receive letters in the handwriting of the mistress of the White House.

When the morning mail comes to the executive mansion the letters are quickly separated by a clerk, who puts all directed to Mrs. Harrison on Miss Sanger's desk. She runs over them quickly, throwing aside those that bear the unmistakable script of the crank. The others she carries to Mrs. Harrison's room. The two sit down at the desk. Miss Sanger selects those that bear the

writing of any of Mrs. Harrison's intimate friends, opens them with her silver paper knife, throws away the envelope and passes the letter to Mrs. Harrison. If it is anything she wishes to answer herself, she places it to one side. Otherwise she returns the letter to Miss Sanger, who takes stenographic notes of the desired reply always on the letter, so that there can be no mixing of answers.

Then the grand bulk of letters—the begging variety—are taken up. The secretary reads them at a glance, and tells the gist to Mrs. Harrison. For instance, a woman in Wisconsin, or Alabama, or Texas writes for a dollar to buy a rheumatism plaster, and in leading up to the request inadvertently relates her whole history and the laborious process by which she contracted the disease. Miss Sanger says: "Mrs. —, of —, wants one dollar to buy a cure for her rheumatism."

According to the reply she puts "yes" or "no" at the head of the letter, and in a few days Mrs. —, of —, is delighted with a letter on White House paper bearing the words:

"Mrs. Harrison begs me to state that she is very sorry for your affliction, but there are so many calls on her charity, etc."

A signature that is probably known today better than any other woman's in the United States. Usually three-quarters of an hour is taken up in going through the mail. Miss Sanger then gathers up all the letters, goes back to the office and takes the odd half hours between the president's or Secretary Halford's calls upon her to write the answers.

It is said that Miss Sanger knows more about the president's affairs than any one except Private Secretary Halford, and for a number of ten days before the opening of congress she was the only one besides Mr. Halford who knew the president's message.

She is a jewel of secrecy, this young woman, and both the president and Mrs. Harrison trust her with every confidence. She is a down east girl, and was born in Connecticut twenty-four years ago. Her parents moved to Indianapolis when she was a child, and it was there she had her schooling. At 15 she graduated from the high school, and expected to go to college the following year. Her father, who was traffic manager of an Indiana railroad, met with reverses, lost his health, and the young girl was forced to study typewriting and stenography. She wrote in various offices, and was taking court reports one day when Mr. Miller of the law firm of Harrison, Miller & Elton, rushed in and asked for a stenographer. She went to his office and was there two years, when Gen. Harrison was nominated to the presidency. She knew him but slightly, as the other stenographer in the office did his work; but the day after the nomination Mr. Miller sent her to the Harrison home, and she remained there until January, when the president gave her a

two months' leave. She traveled abroad during that time; and in addition to being one of the best stenographers at the capital, she is also a cultured and noble looking girl.

CAROLINE SIFTON PEPPER.

FRESH FROM PARIS.

PARIS, March 23.—What a pity it is for fashion in beautiful Paris that France is republican! No more of those magnificent fetes at which were worn costumes that cost weeks of study and set the fashions of the universe after. There are now no such things. A little stupid dinner, or a still more stupid official reception, at



THE AMERICAN GIRL AT THE BOIS.

which there are no really grand toilets to speak of. Mme. Carnot dresses well, but she does not make anything of her position as the leading lady in the nation as regards dress. Nobody copies her.

It is said to say it, but it is your countrywomen who carry off the palm for handsome dressing. They have the money and the taste, but they have not the proper means of displaying their beautiful goods here, for Mme. Carnot, from some unexplainable reason, does not welcome American ladies. Perhaps they are too pretty and too bright.

On some of the old and noble families, therefore, falls the pleasant duty of receiving the pretty young American ladies. I noticed day before yesterday a young American girl driving along the Champs with the dowager Duchesse d'Orto, and afterwards they descended to take a cup of chocolate in the Bois. I thought the young lady's dress was a model of simplicity, and it was worn with quite French chic.

The gown was of drab poult de soie, with six rows of brown velvet ribbon around the bottom. It was entirely unadorned and had a multiple flat of brown velvet ribbon. The jacket was of shaded tulle, cut very plainly and trimmed only by braid and buttons. With this she wore a large hat to match in color.

Sarah Bernhardt drove by like a flash, but left a vision of a princess toilet in gold colored plush and cinnamon bear skin. The great donna, however, does not seek so much for dazzling effects now as she did before she became Queen of Arc. She looks, acts and dresses her part off as well as on, and seems to live in the sweet delusion all the time, and every one who knows her says she has gained much in all amiable qualities.

Bernhardt wore a lovely toilet the other day at the races—a gray argenteo Irish poult de soie. It had a border all around of black fur, above which was a deep embroidery in silver.



THE AMERICAN GIRL AT THE THEATRE.

Our bonnets this season, alas! are going to resemble cockle shells as to form, and they are not at all chic nor becoming; but perhaps we will get used to them after awhile. Only the exquisite beauty of the flowers and ribbons on them could reconcile us.

Isn't it droll that when bonnets and hats were large parades became veritable soldier tents, and now that bonnets are growing smaller, parades are becoming smaller also, and the new spring sunshades are not much larger than dinner plates, and all in the brightest of colors, though some are covered with lace.

I noticed at the opera last night that nearly three-fourths of the ladies, and gentlemen, too, of the old families wore bouquets of violets, so that the very hall was filled with their perfume. It is significant, but may lead to nothing.

MARQUISE D'A.

A prize of \$500 was offered for the best design for a soldiers' monument in Iowa. It has been awarded to a woman, Mrs. Harriet A. Ketchum.

Nothing to brag about. Salesman (holding up a vase)—This is exceptionally fine; all I have painted. Small Sister (earnfully)—That's nothing; so is the back of our house.—Life.

Misunderstood. "Ah, sir, I've seen better days," said the beggar, pitiously. "So have I," said de Jinks. "It's very naughty today."—New York Sun.

Conated Out. I thought that I had won her heart, That she was mine alone; No more would I raise my fears, Henceforth her love I'd own.

For she had asked in tender tones, In which true love signs were, If my latest photograph Would kindly give to her.

Discoited wretch she gave it to The maid who cleans the halls, But first she wrote upon the back: "I'm out when this one calls."—Times Messenger.

FROM COAST TO CAPITAL.

A WINTER JOURNEY THROUGH HONDURAS.

Primitive Ways and Hard Traveling—Some of the Experiences of a Four Day Mule Back Ride—From Amapala to Tegucigalpa.

(Special Correspondence.)

AMAPALA, Honduras, March 11.—The road to Tegucigalpa is not even paved with good intentions. It bears the high sounding name of "the royal road," but the horrid, footed peasant folk: far from the promised path. To the foreigner it is simply execrable. The rocks and the ruts make it impossible to go beyond a walk—with an occasional dog trot—and for this reason the most direct road from the coast to the capital, while only 105 miles, takes them five days to accomplish. There appears to be no prospect of bettering its condition or the condition of any of the roads. The intention is to leave them as they are until some action of the elements makes them impassable. Then the government steps in and repairs damages.



TEGUCIGALPA.

If the sure footed mule can find a stepping place of any kind that is enough. The native cannot see what more is wanted. Time is not money in this country, and it should take ten days instead of two to get to Tegucigalpa, what difference? Absolutely none. Tomorrow is just as good as today, if not a little better. It is a peculiar philosophy all the way through, and can best be illustrated by a personal incident. The only two modes of conveyance for human beings or freight are mules and oxen. The former carry all bundles on their backs; the latter, with loads about their heads, pull heavy carts, the wheels being solid blocks of wood.

There are no spools nor tires, no iron nails or locks. The packings are made by the strong vines of the forest, and the thing works as though it were created before Adam. No grease being used, the heavy lumbering thing groans and strains and tosses along at the rate of nearly a mile an hour. Overlooking one of these carts on my journey from the coast, I found it in a state of approximate dissolution. One of the wheels had cracked, and it seemed as though every jolt would create a perfect wreck. The driver was moving on wholly unconcerned. I stopped my mule and said to him: "Your cart is almost broken down."

"Si, señor," he answered, in a tone of surprise. "Why not stop and fix it?"

"Why should I stop? I am going on very well."

"But you will certainly break down in a little while."

"It may be so, but I will not offend heaven by borrowing trouble. The señor would not eat before he is hungry. Why should I mend my cart when it can go along without it? When this accident happens I will be time enough to worry, not until then."

I could not beat it into his head that he was probably pulling through his journey, while by not doing it made a breakdown a certainty in an hour or two. I put spurs to my mule and hurried on. Looking back I saw the native curiously eyeing me, as much as to say: "There goes a silly Americano, who would drink before he is thirsty, and who is rushing on to Pezpire today when he might go leisurely to-morrow. What fools these foreign mortals be!"

Pezpire is twenty leagues from the Nicaragua frontier and twenty-four leagues from that point of the coast whither I had started for the capital. My mule had told me the seventy-two miles could be made by good riding in two days, as the mountain climbing was moderate. I can assure you, however, for days I had lived on tortillas and beans, the native food, eating and sleeping in unattended huts, with naked children, hungry swine and mule dogs closely watching me. It was said that at Pezpire there was a restaurant kept by a Frenchman, and that there I would be entertained. Visions of a half bottle of claret, a cutlet and a bit of white bread rose before me and kept me up under the howling sun. What a hungry, tired man rode into Pezpire that night! The moon rode before me up to the Frenchman's adobe house, in the door of which a pretty but frouzy woman stood. It wasn't very inviting, but I lacked entertainment. The woman sulkily shook her head. "He's fighting drunk," she said, pointing to a white haired, grizzled old fellow on the earthen floor. As there was no other place to go to sleep, I brushed past her while the moon led the mules into the back yard.

"You must give us food and sleep," my guide said, walking over the prostrate Frenchman, and the woman finally consented to let us have two cots, which we could put out in the yard with the benches and the chickens, and provided us also with dirty coffee and the everlasting tortillas and beans. Meanwhile the Frenchman awoke. He was "fighting drunk," and ordered us out of his house. We refused to go. Francisco Soldivan sent you" he roared, and pointing up a great knife he said: "When I see Francisco I will carve him up. I will cut out his heart, so" and he made a deadly thrust in the air. "I will spit at him and torture him. He is a liar and a villain." Then, after a pause, he said: "I will, however, forgive your knowing him and let you stay," which was quite kind of the Frenchman.

In politeness the natives of Honduras are tremendous. Very quiet and quaint is Tegucigalpa. There is not a carriage or vehicle of any kind within its walls. It is solemn and grave and proud. The men and women dress well and are prosperous. The president canopy with the French king, "I am the state," and the climate is not so hot as on the coast. In many respects it is a pleasant place to live, although for the American any place in Central America is exile.

Four days at the capital and three days on a mule brings me again to the coast. The ship for Salvador sails in an hour. I will be a passenger. Waiting on the pier I see the old Frenchman of Pezpire, dressed quite neatly. He is talking with another old man. "Do you know who his friend is?" my companion inquired of me, and answered: "That is Givandio; I know him. They are talking it all over."

"I wonder what they are saying?" I remark, curiously. "Possibly," answers my companion, "one is telling the other the observations of still another Frenchman, who said: 'The old man who marries a young wife is like one who buys a book for his friends to read.'"

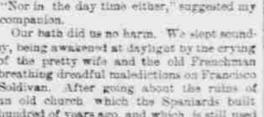
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"I can't be for the life of me," said Gus De Jay, "what some people were put on earth for."

"My dear Mr. De Jay," said Miss Pepper, "you shouldn't cultivate this unfortunate habit of introspection."—Washington Post.

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Professor Partridge—Mother! Mrs. Partridge—Yes, love. Professor Partridge—You told me the other day that I was getting absent minded? Mrs. Partridge—Yes, love. Professor Partridge—I believe I am. I've put the puppy on my head and fed it my wig.—Judge.

dark, wholesome and clean. Her eyes were of wonderful beauty, mobile and glistening, and her voice was as soft and musical as a perfect symphony. Actually, she was an overwhelming sort of girl, for whom I dare say the men would fight or commit any sort of devilry.

She must have descended from those Arabian virgins who made people die from love, for, as she looked at you, the tenderest tears seemed swelling in her eyes. The view here was very refreshing, and we concluded to spend the afternoon and night, taking a very early start for Sabana Grande and Tegucigalpa, only fifteen leagues away, but on mountains of 5,000 feet elevation. That night the old native, father of the girl, heard the cry of the mountain tiger, and saying he knew where the animal came for water, invited me to go with him on a hunting trip. At midnight we started. At 2 o'clock we reached the pool, and after an hour's waiting the game appeared. The old man courteously offered me the gun to shoot, but it was an old Queen Anne affair, and I saw more danger from the gun than the tiger.

The result was not exciting. The native's shot was steady and fatal. The animal fell dead and in half an hour was skinned. I was sorry that I did not do the shooting. I have the skin today, and, by the time the United States is reached, may feel justified in being the slayer of the beast. Upon our return to the river we fell in with two murderous looking natives, who suddenly sprang out of the brush. They drew their knives and cackled horribly. The old man gave them his gun, and they stood and talked with him, watching me narrowly. I felt my time had come. There seemed no escape. If I ran, they had the gun, and I knew not where to fly. I could not fight, for though I had traveled much I never carried a dagger or a pistol in my life. It was pretty hard to die thus through the head. Boldly, thoughts of loved ones at home. Was I then not to see the capital after all? Was I to die without a glimpse of Salvador, or Guatemala, or Spain, or other cities far away? Was I to be killed by those ruffians with my pockets full of letters, high and mighty person, as my said little back with Central American silver worth eighty cents on the dollar? How would they kill me? I wondered. Would it be a dagger in the back or a charge from the old musket? Suddenly the old man beckoned me, and he and I started away down a trail.

"These men wanted a couple of cigars," he observed, "and were ashamed to ask you. They wanted me to do it." I made him call the ruffians back and insisted upon their going with us to the house, where I had both a bottle and tobacco.

They didn't quite understand the sudden cordiality of my feelings for them. Talk it altogether it was quite a sight. Two hours, sleep and in the bright light of the morning we left the Honduras Hebe for Sabana Grande and the capital. On our way we met a company of soldiers in charge of a prisoner. Through the forest he led the prisoner, told his story. He was a handsome fellow. He was clerk to Givandio, a merchant of Nicaragua. Givandio was a Frenchman, old and rich. He did business in two towns. He married a young and pretty wife. He did business in one town and sent his wife to care for the business in the other at her own father's gate.

She employed the young prisoner to assist her. After a year the young prisoner met a Costa Rican girl and paid her much attention. Mrs. Givandio was furious. She discharged the young prisoner, wrote to her husband and "confessed everything." The young prisoner, after being dismissed, went into the interior, where he was arrested for stealing 2,000 pesos from Givandio. "It is a conspiracy," he said. "I took nothing; he and she both know it. It is his effort to even up." It so proved, for a week later the handsome young prisoner was discharged.

As you near Tegucigalpa the road grows better. For a league outside the city the highway is reasonably fair and the mules stop over it, happily. After our long, hot journey I am sure our appearance as we entered the city was disreputable. Personally your correspondent was a guy. An old straw hat and a ragged coat, torn on the trip, were shocking to behold; yet the native civility showed itself by the gravity and kindness of our salutations. Even the boys would cry out "hello" and politely give us welcome. I imagine our entrance into the city of the United States! I can about hear the small boy wanting some one to "shoot the hat," and making some laudable remark about "getting on to McGinty's."

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YOUNG FOLKS COLUMN.

ENTERTAINMENT AND INSTRUCTION FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Frogs in Their First or Tadpole State of Life—An Experience Which Made One Boy Resolve Never to Kill Another of These Creatures.

No one ignorant of the fact would suspect a frog of ever having been a tadpole. The two are as unlike in appearance as in name. The mournful looking creature in the picture was, however, in its first stage of existence only a wriggling tadpole with no legs and a body that tapers to a point, forming a tail. Tick's Magazine, from which the cut is taken, tells the young people how this transformation comes about, and mentions a number of facts about frogs as follows:

When the frog is changing from one state to the other, the hind legs first begin to grow, then the fore legs appear and the tail is lost. The tadpole lives in the water; the frog, while loving to live near the water, visits it, only occasionally, but makes his home on the shady, moist banks of ponds or streams. The voice of the male is powerful, that of the female is comparatively weak. It is amusing to hear, in the warm summer nights, the different notes and sounds which these queer creatures can produce, from a low, deep croak, given only occasionally, to the high, unintermittent song of many voices blended together, until, if heard from a distance, it sounds like the ringing of silver sleigh bells.

The great bullfrog of America has a wonderfully powerful voice, while that of the blacksmith frog of South America is like a hammer striking against some metallic substance. Still another frog is called the sugar mill, because it produces a sound like the grating of a sugar mill.

There are many kinds of frog, some of which are used for food, and considered a great delicacy. Nets are often used for catching them. A lad who was fond of frog hunting had once a peculiar experience, which, he said, put a stop to his ever again indulging in the sport. The lad caught a very fine frog, and was putting an end to its existence, when the strange creature crossed its legs on its breast and looked up in his face with its great eyes—for frogs are said to have beautiful eyes—in such a beseeching manner as to cause the greatest pity in his heart. He then declared that he would never catch or kill another, for it seemed to him like a human being pleading for life.

Little Miss Leggett, a venturesome miss, for she could do that and she would do that.

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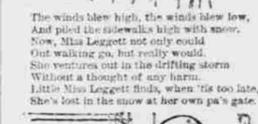
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