

Wichita Daily Eagle
A FEMALE LIVERYMAN.

SHE RUNS A BIG STABLE BETTER THAN MOST MEN COULD.

The Only Woman in the Business in New York City—She Drives Sharp Bargains, but She Holds Her Trade—How She Manages and How She Lives.

A wide awake, energetic woman keeps a livery stable at No. 145 West Forty-ninth street. Her name is Annie Childs, and she is fair, plump and fat. Mrs. Childs has a clear, ruddy complexion, an elastic step and an easy, conversational style that tells its own story of genial associations and intelligent observation.

This courteous and thoroughly efficient business woman is known from one end of the livery trade to the other. "You'll not find a man in a livery establishment in New York who knows the business better than Mrs. Childs," a prominent liveryman said to a reporter.

"Oh, yes, she's got a husband, but it's Mrs. Childs who is known to the trade. She is in full charge of the stable, and when I say that I mean that she's the boss. I'd trust her with any branch of the business in preference to most men. The fact is she's 'up to snuff' and no mistake. If you don't believe it go and see for yourself."

The reporter did go and see for himself. It was early in the forenoon, and business was quiet, therefore Mrs. Childs was upstairs in her comfortable homelike apartments, making for bed a comfortable visitor was ushered into a bright little office, the distinguishing feature of which was its extreme cleanliness. The walls were lined with pictures of famous horses. There was an oval mirror over the marble basin and on the marble top of a washstand.

Mrs. Childs, who was called through a tube, made her appearance in the space of exactly one minute by the reporter's watch. She came down smiling, and was a goodly sight to see in her trim black dress and bright, silky hair that was pinned up. Her collar was Irish from the iron, and her hair-dressing was her finger nails neatly manicured.

She sat down quickly, and opened the conversation quite as gracefully as many ladies do in the liverying rooms. "So you think it odd to see a woman in the livery business, do you?" she said laughingly. "Well, I have never thought of it in that light, but perhaps that is because I have never had time to think much about it. It has taken just about all my time to get through with the actual business of it for the last sixteen years. I am English, was born and reared at Edmonton, near London, and grew up with horses for my playthings, so many English girls do. I have never seen a horse yet that I was afraid of, and I am called a good horsewoman. My father-in-law was a crack horseman and so are all his sons, including my husband, so you see I have always been surrounded by horses."

"When we came to America my husband wanted to open a boarding stable, but he had other business to attend to and could not give his personal attention to it. He never thought of my going into the business, but I saw that he needed me and I immediately advised him to let me carry it on myself. We opened a stable in Eighteenth street, between Sixth and Seventh avenues, and there I conducted it on a small scale, keeping my office in the sitting room. My business gradually grew larger, until this little writing desk which served me in the sitting room would do no longer, and I moved down stairs and went into business professionally. From that time on I have conducted every detail of the business without help, save that of the ordinary hands employed about livery stables, and can say without egotism that I have made it a success. I take orders, see that they are properly filled, attend personally to getting them out, receive customers, keep books, buy all the carriages, harness and occasionally horses."

"Another branch of the business consists in selling vehicles for my customers, who are abroad—in fact, I attend to everything in connection with the business, and have never yet been entrusted in a single instance. I find that horsemen trust me with the greatest respect, never indulging in coarse language in my presence. I assure you I couldn't be treated better if I were dear old Queen Victoria. In fact, I don't think they would try to take advantage of me as they do of a man. The men I deal with always seem inclined to favor me, and I assure you I drive very sharp bargains. I know by actual experience that I am a more economical buyer than my husband, and, for that matter, I think women always look sharper to the pennies than men. The men in my employ obey me implicitly. I never have any trouble with them, but I keep a sharp lookout that they do their duty. I attend to every order that leaves the stable, and in this way I often get up until 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning."

"I think the absence of tobacco smoke and dirt from my office has been a drawing card for my stable. It's rather peculiar, even for a man, don't you know, to sit down and give his order in a clean, quiet spot. I receive all complaints, for they are sure to come sometimes, no matter how careful you are, and when I have a headache I go out and walk hills. Collecting requires a good patience, but I have never had any trouble with it. My most fastidious customers are of course ladies, but I usually succeed even in pleasing them. After having done right by them once they will almost sure to come back again, and in this way I often keep their custom from year to year."

"And how about your home life, Mrs. Childs?" "Oh, it goes on beautifully. You don't think I'd sacrifice that to my business, do you? No, indeed. I have three little children and my husband to provide

comforts for, and I never neglect them. In the first place, I have excellent health, and can run a great many duties into a day. I keep a capable servant, give my orders in the morning, and see that everything is set going before I go to the office. When I want anything particularly nice to eat I manage to prepare it before business hours. I do all the sewing for my children, too. We rent a farm at Westchester, and in the summer time we live there, driving in and out early in the morning and necessarily very late at night—New York Press.

A Wash for the Eyebrows. The red oxide and vaseline ointment for the growth of brows and lashes is quite harmless. There is only one grain of mercury to the ounce, you know. Apply the ointment with a camel's hair brush or with your finger along the edge of the eyelids and on the eyebrows before retiring for the night. Wash it off in the morning with a little warm water, in which as much baking soda as will lie on a five cent piece has been dissolved.—Exchange.

Chickens That Grow Fat. Ravenswood has a pair of fowls which grow fat, as it is called, instead of feathers. They are the property of Arthur Ritter, a bird and dog fancier of that place. They are a cock and hen, with black skin and comb and pure white plumage. Mr. Ritter says he got them from an influential friend who has connections in Japan. They cost him \$4. A dozen of them were sent out for that price, but he had ten or a dozen. Nothing like them, he says, were ever seen in this country before. They are rather small but very pretty birds, but the eggs the hen has laid are larger than those of any other species.

Mr. Ritter had the eggs at \$4 apiece. The two chickens weigh together about seven pounds. The hair or plumage which they are covered is long and silky. A plume pulled from the breast is seen to be made up of the plan of a feather. The top and wing and tail feathers are like small ostrich plumes, and differ entirely from the straight hair on other parts of their bodies. Among those who have called to see them was James A. Bailey, of Barnum & Bailey's circus company, who asked for a price on them, but Mr. Ritter refused to sell.

According to their owner, who, however, declines to vouch for the story, the evolution of the new species was attended with a tragic consequence. He says the birds come from the island of the Galapagos. The original discoverer of the breed was commanded by his emperor to give up the stock to the crown. He refused and lost his head. His sons, out of spite, decapitated all the honkeys, or silky chickens, as they are called, on their deceased parents' estate. They, too, were arrested, but they avoided the fate of their father only by accepting the place of chicken breeders to the king. They bred a pure white native fowl with a guinea hen, and from her brood one chick developed into a silky. It took six years more to get a mate to the first silky, and even now the eggs of pure silks sometimes hatch out plain guinea chickens.—New York Sun.

When Emigration Will Cease. According to Mr. Giffen, a few generations more will see the end of emigration, because there will be no room for more emigrants, all the blank habitable space having been occupied. Mr. Giffen is a master of statistics, but his manipulation of figures in support of this rather dismal theory is open to objection. Take the case of the United States—at the present time the most attractive emigration field. Uncle Sam's territory, exclusive of Alaska, amounts, speaking roughly, to about 3,000,000 square miles. One-third of this Mr. Giffen deduces as uninhabitable, but if ever the rest of the country becomes as populous as present Europe the Americans will soon find means of utilizing and fertilizing their sage brush and alkali deserts.

That of the remainder in such countries as England, France, Holland and Belgium. In the state of New York alone, despite the big city at its southern extremity, there are hundreds of square miles of wild land—and which could and would be cultivated. The pressure of population needed in England, the Scotch and the Welsh show at the present time so little desire for emigration. England alone ought to send out at least 500,000 emigrants yearly, and in their new homes they would do more to preserve the unity of the empire than any artificial federation schemes.—London Standard.

A Street Fight at the Capital. I saw a crowd on Pennsylvania avenue, in Washington, the other day, and in course of time reached the center, where stood two young rascals, a little boy and a little girl. They were angry. Angry? They were "lighting mad," only they didn't fight. The girl was dressed in a short pink calico gown; her bare legs were wide apart, her hands were clinched, and her pigtail quivered with excitement. The boy's trousers reached from his toes to his shoulders; his hat was on the sidewalk, and he was stiff with rage.

"You black 'ring!" shouted the boy. "You smut!" cried the girl. "No blacker 'n' you!" "You stay 'n' in de ink pot too long, you did!" Tears came into the boy's eyes; he was speechless with rage; and before he could recover himself an old negro pushed through the crowd and pulled the lad off the sidewalk and down the street, leaving the girl the victor.—Chatter.

Stopped the Train for Her Porse. A woman who went to Boston from Lisbon one night had seated herself comfortably in the car and the train had started when she suddenly exclaimed: "I have lost my pocketbook." Conductor Blackie inquired and she thought that she had dropped it on the platform at the station. The train was backed up and the pocketbook was found on the platform where it had been dropped by her.—Lawston Journal.

Theatrical Catastrophes. A New York doctor says that five-sixths of the people who come to him to be treated for catarrh can trace the beginning of it back to colds caught in an opera house. He adds that the average theatre is a breeding of colds, sore throats, pneumonia and consumption. He has no free pass.—Detroit Free Press.

Ever Thus. "How does your husband spend his time evenings?" "He stays at home and thinks up schemes to make money." "And what do you do with yourself when he is thus occupied?" "Oh, I think up schemes to spend it."—Epoch.

The latest invention is a hat with clock work fixed in the crown. When wound up it causes a little door to open on one side of the hat, when the figure of a yankee

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man appears and makes a polite bow, thus saving the wearer the trouble and inconvenience of taking off his hat every time he meets an acquaintance in the street.

Cyrus W. Field is said to wear two watches. One an elaborate affair, valued at \$2,500, is worn to please a friend who presented it to him, and the other, an ordinary gold watch, is worn to tell the time of day. He does not use the fine watch for fear of being thought too "showy."

FOUND IN THE CONTRIBUTION BOX. Coins of Many Countries and Tender Histories Are Dropped Therein. When people read the paragraphs in the funny papers about the buttons and the pencils and the contribution boxes, they usually give the man who wrote the article credit for drawing largely upon his imagination. The fact of the matter is, however, that the truth is funnier than all the humorous man's fictions. The treasures of nearly every church in this city are regularly to the United States treasury a lot of punched coins which they realize not much more than half their face value. The counterfeit coins are usually destroyed.

The treasurer of one of the best known Catholic churches in the city showed the writer a collection of punched coins the other day the face value of which amounted to about \$20, and all of which were put into the contribution boxes in one month. A quick looking collection it was, too. There were coins representing nearly every civilized nation in the world. Among the collection were German pennings, English sixpences, shillings and half-crown pieces, and a sixpence struck in honor of Queen Victoria in the year of her jubilee; Canadian pieces, French 50 centime pieces of the time when Napoleon ruled that country and pieces of the same denomination struck since the country became a republic; Mexican coins, pieces from Venezuela and coins from numerous other countries.

The largest piece was a United States half dollar; there were several of these. There were a number of quarters, dimes, half dimes, five cent and three cent silver and nickel pieces and a copper one cent piece, all more or less of a piece having a hole punched in them or a piece cut out of the edge. Each hole was carefully plugged with lead so that the sharp edge collector would not observe that the piece was mutilated unless he inspected it closely. There were more times than pieces of all the other denominations put together.

No doubt many of these pieces have an interesting history, for the reason that many of them contain monograms, and during the time that bangle bracelets were the rage they were often adorned with such wrist. Some of them were undoubtedly tokens of love, and how they found their way into the contribution box will probably remain a mystery. Perhaps some of them were spent in life necessity and finally reached the contribution box after passing through several hands. May be some of them were spent for caramels by a proud beauty to show her disdain for a lover's admirer. Possibly some of them were lost.—New York Tribune.

By Ten Yards. "Among the Selkirk glaciers" contains the description of a narrow escape in their icy fastnesses. As we descended the glacier we stopped when we had accomplished five hundred feet to take a reading of the barometer and found that the temperature was eight degrees lower than at the summit of the pass. Further down it felt still colder. Our tracks were quite visible till we came to a steep part of the glacier, where the snow was blown off the ice and numerous crevasses stood wide open. Finally we reached a natural gateway in the cliff and quitted the glacier. Then came the descent along the top of the moraine and down to its lower termination.

The ice of the main glacier had been broken down the crevasses, and some crevasses formed regular ice caves, easy of access. Not wishing to get our clothes wet, and needing them to sleep in at night, we proposed sleeping in one of these ice caves, and giving the rest a chance to clear. If we were, of course, aware of the danger of stones falling from the ice above, so no doubt the idea was totally lacking in that prudence with which the traveler should always be equipped. However, we got our lesson.

We had just diverged from our track, and were making our way over some debris to get to the cave, when a great deal came about ten tons of rocks and ice from the glacier above, right across his mouth. If we had been ten yards further! This thought dashed through our minds simultaneously, and was expressed in our faces as our eyes met.

Pay Your Telegrams. No business practice is more uncommercial than the sending of telegrams at the expense of receivers, when they are actually in the interest of the senders. Too many persons engaged in mercantile affairs are so hopelessly ignorant of mercantile etiquette as not to know that the sending of telegrams as described is an inexcusable fault. The sending of unpaid telegrams has grown to be a nuisance of such a magnitude that radical measures are suggested for putting an end to it.

A. R. & Co. receive a telegram that reads as follows: "Send one bale cheese cloth, \$140 per yard; date bill June 1, thirty cents off ten days." Commence on that

sale may reach \$1.35; the cost of telegram was \$30, the interest for the extra time \$50, total \$80—leaving the seller \$70 gross commission. Those who are so utterly regardless of commercial courtesy might as well advise the telegraph office to accept no unpaid telegrams for their accounts. This would quickly bring the hopelessly ignorant class to a realizing sense of the courteous obligations due from one merchant to another.—Dry Goods Economist.

The Practical Extinction of Smallpox. About 30,000 children are vaccinated annually by the physicians of the board of health in New York city. Adults who request it are also vaccinated. The operation is performed upon from 80,000 to 90,000 persons every year. The vaccinating corps of the health department was organized in 1874. The result of its work was not apparent until 1878. The deaths from smallpox previous to 1878 averaged 59.57 per 100,000 per year; since 1878 they have averaged 8.38 per 100,000 per year, and this average is being yearly reduced. During the past sixteen months we have had only two cases of the disease in New York city. One of these cases occurred in the most thickly populated part of the city, where the number of inhabitants per acre is greater than on any other spot in the world, yet so well was the neighborhood protected that not a single case occurred among the many that were exposed.—Dr. Cyrus Edson in Forum.

DAUGHTERS OF EVE. Carmelita was originally engaged for the United States by the Kralivits at a salary of \$150 a week. She is now said to receive \$1,000 a week. Mrs. Harrison likes "Little Annie Bonney." By her request the marine band plays it as often as possible at the White House indoor and outdoor concerts. According to recent reports Miss Robertson, of Anvers, Ill., was the champion census taker. She had made an average of 292 names a day, netting \$8 per diem.

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