

Western Kansas World.

Yearly Subscription, \$1.50.

STOCK FARMING THE BASIS OF OUR INDUSTRIES.

Givler & Crooks, Props.

SEVENTEENTH YEAR.

WA-KEENEY, KANSAS, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1895.

NUMBER 14.

HE LOVES HIS WORK.

Mr. Thomas W. Smillie, Uncle Sam's Chief Photographer.

Some of the Wonders Contained in the Camera Shop of the Smithsonian Institution—What Will Be Done in the Future.

[Special Washington Letter.]

One of the most interesting as well as important branches of the Smithsonian institution is the photographic establishment, which was organized many years ago with a view of collecting and disseminating valuable information in the art of photography among scientists and inventors and to develop that art among scientific institutions. The establishment has lately grown into national prominence on account of the wide scope and character of its work. The chief photographer is Mr. Thomas W. Smillie, who for twenty-six years has held the position. He is a Scotchman of five-and-fifty years. He is tall and slim, with pale features. His mustache is light and so is his hair,



PLATE OF THE LARGEST CAMERA.

of which latter, however, there is not much, and what there is circles the horizon only of a well-shaped head. His brownish-gray eyes are as kindly as his soft voice. He is thoroughly contented when at work in his studio and loves to mingle with his appliances in the shop just as an inventor loves to test and operate a machine of which he is the happy author. Mr. Smillie is an expert on photographic work, and owing to his reputation was engaged to take charge of the photographic office when the organization was established. He modestly asserts that he is as yet only a rudimentary worker, but it can be said that he ranks as one of the foremost of American photographers.

The camera shop is connected with the Smithsonian institution, but is located within the building occupied by the national museum. The studio embraces a number of rooms on the top floor of the building, completely isolated from the rest of the structure and quite remote from the exhibits of curios. The quarters occupied are by no means suitable for the work which is done, but owing to the lack of funds there has been no adequate provision made for the enlargement and improvement of the present facilities. Several blind doors shut off the sight of the gallery from the communicating corridors, and the gallery is only reached after climbing a rather perpendicular and perilous circular flight of iron stairs. The room where the principal work is done is occupied by the innumerable tools and appliances of the workers, and affords anything but an agreeable place to labor. It is lighted by a large skylight, the roof of which starts from the surrounding walls, about five feet from the floor. The room is therefore close and squatty, and disagreeable in summer on account of the heat, while it is uncomfortable in the winter months on account of the cold. There is also a number of windows or small doors on the walls from which are built large board platforms. On these the negatives are placed when the pictures are being printed by exposure to the light.

Although the photographers have inadequate and disagreeable quarters their scientific appliances are said to be the best obtainable. The institution is fortunate, too, in being the recipient of valuable specimens of improvements, which are donated by the manufacturers who desire them to be tested officially, and great importance is attached to the opinion of the photographers at this studio who examine the various appliances and put them to the best use. The room has a varied collection of cameras of all kinds, from the little miniature plaything to the immense tripod camera for use in taking pictures and views of extensive landscapes and large buildings. The largest camera in the collection has a plate 25x30 inches. To the visitor to the studio the most interesting figure in the collection is a small daguerreotype camera which was presented to the National Photographers' association, September 21, 1871, by Prof. S. F. B. Morse, the well-known inventor of the telegraph. That association was the prototype of the photographic association of to-day. The former association ceased to exist a few months after Prof. Morse made his donation. Its history is very interesting, as it numbered among its membership nearly all of the early and famous photographers of the country, and to it is due much credit for the place which photography holds to-day in the world of arts and refined mechanics.

This camera was the first daguerreotype apparatus made in our country and before its presentation the father of practical electricity sent to Paris and secured the first achromatic lenses ever made, and which have since that time played a very important part in photography.

Along the low wall of one side of the room are several cabinets which were formerly used to hold curios downstairs in the Smithsonian institution, and have been taken up for use in the studio. In these cabinets are exhibited specimens showing the entire process of taking a picture from the time of removing the cap from the lens until it is mounted and polished on the cardboard back. This fine collection of specimens is the result of years of extensive research on the part of the photographer, Mr. Smillie, who has gathered together samples of each of the articles used in taking and developing a photograph from the time the first machine was invented until the present day. It is believed that the national museum will in a short time have an additional building constructed, specially for its own use, in which the photographic studio will be allowed a large section of space for the exhibition of such specimens as Mr. Smillie has been able to accumulate. For the present the collection is packed away in the cabinets on the sides of the wall, almost unknown, unnumbered and unsung. There is also piled in confusion on the shelves in these cabinets a large assortment of photographic paraphernalia which, if sufficient space were afforded, could be assorted and arranged in groups to form another valuable addition to the exhibition.

A special room to the left of the photographic office is given up entirely to microscopic work and is known as the microscopic room. This branch of photographic work is Mr. Smillie's forte. He is an expert in the work and has won fame abroad as well as at home. The Parisian academy of inventors awarded him a medal for excellence of workmanship in the photography of thin sections of wood. The microscopic room is dark and small, and the only entrance which the sunlight has is by means of a window filled with yellow-paned glass.

The principal work in which Mr. Smillie is engaged is that of making photographs of the curiosities which are intended to be placed on exhibition in the institution downstairs. It is imperative that all of the valuable specimens should be first photographed for the future preservation and restoration of the specimens, in the event of their destruction. The various objects are so numerous that the establishment is kept constantly busy on this special work. There is a picture department where each photograph after it is taken is catalogued and stored away with the many thousands of others which have been taken before. Probably the branch which furnishes the most subjects for work is the section of Indian curios and relics. There are myriads of these incessantly com-



AMONG THE NEGATIVES.

ing into the hands of the museum authorities and ample work is afforded the photographers.

This photographic studio also performs some valuable service in that it furnishes photographs for use in illustrating scientific magazines and journals. The publishers of the various scientific papers call upon Mr. Smillie from time to time for photographs of specimens of the various curios which they intend to describe in their next issues. Work is also done for the papers published by the national museum, and every illustration of a curio printed in the museum's annual journal, "Contribution to Knowledge," is copied from a photograph furnished by Mr. Smillie.

This important branch of work established in connection with the Smithsonian institution, although well developed, can be said to be only in a primary condition. Much work of a valuable kind can be accomplished in the future, and it is expected that in later years this establishment will develop into a camera shop of such magnitude as to attract attention from scientists and inventors of the whole world. The world moves on and takes no notice of the deaths of men, because others arise and take their places; but the world would be much poorer if the light and life of this national photographic establishment, in the person of Mr. Smillie, were taken away. He is in the full strength and vigor of robust manhood and bids fair to live to see the work of his creation honored and appreciated by his country and by the civilized nations of the earth.

SMITH D. FRY.

MODEL LODGING HOUSE.

How Chicago Cares for Homeless and Needy Women.

A Philanthropic Enterprise Based on Rushing Principles—The Work Which Its Founders Hope Eventually to Accomplish.

[Special Chicago Letter.]

Of the numerous and various institutions provided by the philanthropic for the victims of untoward conditions, the lodging house for women is one of the latest to be established. It is also one of the most uncommon. There is but one in Chicago, and that was opened only a few months ago. In fact, there are not more than two or three in this country.

The reason that a lodging house for women is so unusual as to be almost unique among institutions is not far to seek, since it is really simply a matter of supply and demand. It is only since the advent in numbers of the



MISS JANE ADDAMS.

(Prime Mover in the Establishment of the Model Lodging House.)

much mooted "New Woman," who very often goes forth to toil, as does a man, for her daily bread, that there has been any need of such an institution. Formerly it was only the woman who through some misfortune was obliged to do almost anything to keep out of the last ditch in the struggle for existence that frequently needed shelter, and she, as a rule, stood in need of food, also, and, for the matter of that, almost everything else. At the "Home of the Friendless" she was housed, and her needs ministered to until such time as she could be relaunched on the tide of meager bread winning, to more often than frequently return to be again cared for, since she was essentially a dependent creature. The woman whose temporary needs demand a lodging house such as has been provided in numbers in all large cities for men, is a wholly different being. She is not dependent, but independent. She has usually a bit of money in her pocket and also has clearly defined ideas of what she proposes to do. Her necessity is not to go into dry docks for repairs, but only into a safe harbor for a brief space. She is not a seeker after charity, in fact would resent its bestowal, although she gladly avails herself of an opportunity to be comfortably housed, when she can pay a small sum for the accommodation in money or labor.

"The Model Lodging House and Workshop for Women," which is sole representative of its kind in Chicago, was established in response to a demonstrated demand. A year ago, when the sudden financial depression was followed by the shutting down of so many factories and workshops, the Chicago Women's club secured funds and opened sewing-rooms where women were paid fifty cents a day in order to relieve as much as possible the want which was pressing. During the time these emergency sewing-rooms were conducted it became clear that there was need of a lodging house for women with a workshop, where a woman could earn the price of a night's lodging, and even more if necessary. A committee was appointed to see what could be done about establishing an institution of this kind, and, after securing pledges of financial aid from the various clubs of women throughout the city, the undertaking was launched in a modest way in apartments opening off a little-remembered



IN THE SEWING-ROOM.

of a passage, which in turn opens off of West Polk street at 186 and 188. The building is arranged in little flats of three and four rooms each and is admirably suited to the purposes of a model lodging house for women, since the small room designed for a kitchen and furnished with a sink can be util-

ized for toilet purposes by those who sleep in the rooms adjoining.

When the lodging house was opened quite a number of the clubs that had pledged a certain amount to its support furnished one or two rooms complete, and on various doors opening into neat little apartments are such announcements as "West End Women's Club," "Harvard Club," "King's Daughters," "Archer Club." While in the main the furnishings of the various rooms are uniform—as, for instance, small, white single iron beds are used throughout the house—little things which give a homelike air, as pretty rugs, a few pictures and rocking chairs, are added or withheld, at the will of those who, as it were, adopt the room.

It is evident that there is more bestowing than withholding, and also that there is more or less emulation among the different clubs represented as to making the rooms they have in charge attractive, as there is not one of them in which there are not many things that have no other office than to add to the appearance or comfort of the apartment. In fact, there are few boarding houses, of the cheaper sort, where the rooms are so pleasant. To be sure, there are from two to four beds in a room, but everything is spotlessly clean and the ventilation is good. Each little bed is furnished with springs, a nice mattress, sufficient bedding and a white spread. In addition to this there is a gown for every lodger. The rules require that every applicant for a bed shall take a thorough bath and have her clothes examined. She is then given a clean gown in which to sleep.

The rules of "The Model Lodging-house and Workshop for Women" are few and simple. First of all, everyone who comes is received. If the applicants have money they pay fifteen cents for a night's lodging; if they have none, they are expected, if they are able, to work one hour, which is considered adequate payment. There are but two persons regularly employed, the matron and the forewoman of the workshop. Everything is done by the inmates, in order to give them as much employment as possible. Giving those who need work something to do just now is one of the most difficult problems confronting those who have the undertaking in charge. It is not a case of fields white for the harvesters with few or no laborers, but of waiting laborers with scarcely a single field in which they can work. Aside from the bath, which has already been spoken of, there is nothing required of the lodgers excepting that they shall retire at ten o'clock and leave the house not later than nine o'clock in the morning, and that each one shall wait on herself and take care of her own bed and her part of the room as long as she remains.

A careful record of everyone who at any time has been an inmate is kept, and some of these accounts are as pathetic as they are interesting. One woman who came to Chicago from Kansas City to look for her husband was quite crazed at finding herself alone, almost destitute and friendless. She was taken to the home and cared for until she could care for herself. The officials at all the depots know of this lodging house, and many a woman, who would otherwise be likely to have a most hapless time, is sent here until she can settle herself. There is an emergency fund, which is drawn upon in case of necessity, so that no one is left unprovided for. There is also an arrangement by which any woman who wishes to do so can work a half hour for what is known as a European breakfast, which consists of rolls and a cup of coffee, or an hour for an American breakfast, with meat and potatoes. In addition to the sleeping rooms there is a pleasant sitting-room where there are papers and books. As a rule, the books and papers are scarcely glanced at during the time the lodgers are gathered in the sitting-room, as they are, with almost no exception, a gregarious company, who love best of all to exchange experiences.

The work shop connected with the lodging house for women is a light place where women are given employment at fifty cents a day when work can be obtained. All sorts of plain household sewing are done to order. Efforts are now being made by Mrs. Edwin H. Keane, Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House social settlement, Mrs. W. H. Tyler, Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson and other prominent Chicago women to raise funds for a building which will be especially suited to their purposes and will be in every particular a model lodging house and work shop. A portion of the fund for this purpose is now in hand, and it seems assured that at no distant day a model shop, where all sorts of work will be done and a large number of machine women will be employed, will be an accomplished fact. It is proposed in connection with this workshop to put goods on the market warranted to be made under hygienic conditions, such as do not exist in the sweat shops where most ready-made garments are made. Arrangements are also being made to form consumers' leagues throughout the country which will stand pledged to buy no goods made in sweat shops. Thus, "the model lodging house and workshop," which was established only six months ago, promises to be the beginning of a far-reaching and important movement as well as a temporary shelter for self-helping women who, for any reason, are for the time being without a home.

ANTONETTE V. H. WAREMAN.



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A FEMINE REASON.

"Honor bright, now, Nellie, why did you marry Mr. Jones?"
"Well—he's a good fellow. I rather liked him, and he has plenty of money, and—dear, the way that Simpson girl let everybody see she was just dying to have him was just shameful. Now, I couldn't let her have him, could I?"

More Than He Could Stand.

Judge—How did the man libel you?
Applicant for Warrant—He called me a beggarly politician, yer honor.

Judge—The word beggarly is hardly libelous.

Applicant for Warrant—It ain't that, yer honor; it's the word politician that I want satisfaction for.—N. Y. World.

CAUSE FOR JOY.



Uncle Remus—What's de mattah wit yo', Rufus?
Rufus—De doctah says I's got de scarlet fevah, an' must'n goto school fo' a month.—N. Y. Herald.

The Kind She Needed.

Miss Dawson—Why, this box of writing paper is perfumed with a violet odor. How strange! Why do you do that?

Salesman—So that your correspondence may be kept inviolate, miss.

Miss Dawson—What a good idea! I will take two boxes.—Truth.

At the Cafe.

Mrs. Swellbones—They say that if you drink absinthe it makes your hand tremble dreadfully.

Mrs. Flasher—Really? Waiter, make that a large absinthe instead of a ginger ale. I am going to wear nine diamond rings at the opera to-night.—N. Y. World.

Very Liberal.

"So you wish to marry my daughter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, now, tell me, what can you promise her?"

"Oh, she shall have her share of her income, I assure you.—Truth.

INEXPLICABLE.



Miss Anthony Susan—To think that that thing can vote and I can't!—Judge.

As to His Own Knowledge.

"Banks," said Rivers, "speaking about the finances, isn't there what you call a 'better feeling' now?"

"No, Rivers," said Banks, absent-mindedly exploring his vest pocket with his thumb and finger. "There is no improvement in the feeling."—Chicago Tribune.

Frank, But Not Flattering.

Joseph—If I should die, would you get another feller, Mary Jane?

Mary Jane—There ain't no other feller around here, Joseph, or I wouldn't wait for you to die.—Puck.

A Brave Man.

In the window of a Boston chemist appears the sign: "Spirits of all kinds sold here." A joker passing by thought it would be very funny to go in and ask him to sell him some "malignant spirits." The chemist, without a moment's hesitation, turned to an assistant and gave the order in an imperative tone:

"Thomas, run up to the second floor and tell my wife's mother to come down at once. Here is somebody who wants to buy her."—Texas Siftings.

Her Error.

"Tell me all," the pastor urged kindly. "I put a button in the contribution box," she faltered.

He smiled.

"And did your conscience trouble you?" he asked.

The woman raised her eyes earnestly.

"No," she answered. "I put in the wrong button and broke a set, and I would like to exchange it, if you please."

—Detroit Free Press.

A Hint to the Penitents.

Experienced Tramp—Hello! we're in luck. I hear a husband and wife quarreling in this house. I'll wait until he comes out.

Fresh Tramp—Wot good'll that do? Experienced Tramp—I'll tell him I'm a wanderer over the face of the earth because I can't live with my wife, and he'll give me a dollar.—Texas Siftings.

A Rocky Road.

Editor Hightone Magazine—I have examined your manuscript, sir, and find it a thrilling narrative, which arrests attention at the start and holds it spellbound to the end.

Struggling Author (despairingly)—Then, of course, it won't do.—N. Y. Weekly.

HOW THOUGHTLESS OF HIM.

Jack—Oh, grandma, a telegram has come to say that Harry has broken the record at college.

Old Lady—Dear me! how careless of him! If it cannot be mended I suppose he will have to pay for a new one.—Philadelphia Press.

Fashionable Philanthropy.

Englishman—Why is it you Hamerians copy the English?

American—We are in hopes you Englishmen will see how it looks, and get disgusted with yourselves.—N. Y. Weekly.

In Gotham.

Uncle Forecarner (who has just returned from a visit to New York)—Down ter yer Cousin Tiptop's they hev a little pair o' silver tongs ter pick up the sugar wif ef yer fingers are dirty.—Judge.

Sure Death.

Matson—Good heavens! Chawley has swallowed his pocket mirror. It will kill him.

Steel—Sure. Anything that's food for reflection would kill Chawley.—Town Topics.

Tommy's Blossom Think.

Tommy—Ain't these nice sweet apple blossoms, mamma?

Mamma—Yes, Tommy.

Tommy—And isn't it funny, mamma, how they can grow into such sour apples.—Harper's Young People.

He Was Entirely Disinterested.

Uncle—And what are you going to give your little sister for a birthday present?

"I'm going to ask father to get her a football, and then I'll show her how to play."—Pearson's.