THE STORY OF THE CENSUS

Superintendent Porter Tells How the Great Statistical Work Will Be Done.

How the Country Will Be Divided Into Districts, the Things the Enumerators Will Want to Know, and What It Will Cost.

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If it were possible for the Superintendent of the Census to ascend in a balloon on the morning of June 2 at a point somewhere in the neighborhood of Cincinnati, where the center of population was located in 1880, to a height that would enable him, with extended vision, to survey the vast domain of ours, he could watch with interest the army of 40,000 enumerators, equipped with portfolios of schedules, march forth on the important errand to count the population of the United States. Over hills and mountains, through valleys and along the tortuous course of rivers, on horseback through swamps, on foot along the dusty country roads, following the thousands of miles of coast, treading the pavements of crowded cities, elbowing their way into every nook and corner of the broad land where man finds a dwelling place, census-takers go in search of the raw material, which, when tabulated, becomes the foundation of our representation in Congress and the food for the statistician's decennial statistical feast.

It is a fascinating task, and curious, indeed, must be the experiences of some of these agents of the Census Office. If the work is done faithfully and the aggregate experience of the 40,000 enumerators could be written in a mighty volume, it would give an insight into every home. The lights and shades of human life would be brought into sharp contrast. The luxurious magnificence of the Fifth-avenue homes of millionaires, the poverty of the tenement-houses, where human beings are born, live, eat, sleep and die in one room; the simplicity of the old homesteads, where so many sterling men and women have received their early instruction and spent their boyhood and girlhood; the privations of pioneer life; the discomforts of the negro cabins of the South; the barrenness of the miners' cottages in the mining regions, and the huts of those who gain their livelihoods by fishing. And then the people that those enumerators will meet! All sorts and conditions of men and women will answer the thirty questions on the population schedule, and, if the census-taker is only an observing man, how many queer and interesting experiences he might relate.

"Surely you have a big job," I hear my reader remark. Yes, it is a big job to take the census of a country with 65,000,000 of population, especially if it be taken on the scale required by the Congress of the United States. It takes lots of organization and a good deal of money. It must be done rapidly and everything has to be in readiness so that at the tap of the drum on the morning set for counting the people every one is ready to do his share of the work.

It should be remembered that the Census Office is not a permanent bureau of the government, but an impromptu branch of the Interior Department, organized under the direction of an officer called the Superintendent of Census for the express purpose of doing this work. The superintendent of the eleventh census began his work on the morning of April 17, 1889, having been appointed by the President of the United States, in accordance with the provisions of an act of Congress, approved March 1, 1889, for taking the eleventh and subsequent censuses. On that day the Census Office consisted of a superintendent, a clerk, one messenger boy, two desks, a ream of white paper, and a box or two of official envelopes and sundry other stationery. To-day the Census Office employs 800 clerks, 500 special agents, and 175 supervisors. Next June the census force will consist of 40,000 enumerators, 1,000 clerks, and probably 1,000 special agents. Then it will gradually decline until the last report has been printed, when the superintendent and the small force then around him will fold their tents and silently pass away and become merely an infinitesimal part of the great population which they have enumerated.

"This is interesting and attractive, but how is it all done?" "How do they go about it?" "Where do you begin?" These are some of the questions I hear my young friends asking. Have patience, and you shall have the story from beginning to end.

Take down a map of the United States and divide the several States into districts containing say about half a million population each, according to the census of 1880. Of course, you will not be able to do this in States where the population is less than 500,000. So you will have to give all such States one supervisor, as the large expanse of territory in the majority of such cases more than makes up, so far as the work is concerned, for the lack of population. The census law allows 175 supervisors, who are appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate in the same way as the superintendent is appointed. The country having been thus "districted," as it is called, and the supervisors for the several districts appointed, the main office in Washington has a direct representative, as it were, in every section of country. As it devolves upon the Superintendent of the Census to divide the whole country into supervisors' districts, so, in turn, must the supervisor subdivide the district into what are called enumerators' districts, and submit that subdivision to the main office in Washington, where it is approved by the geographer of the census and returned to the supervisor, who will then make the selections of enumerators.

The enumerator's district varies in size according to the character of the population. Thus, in the thickly-populated quarters of a large city, an enumerator can take a much greater number of names than he can in a sparsely populated district of one of the Western or Southern States. While this work of dividing the country into supervisor districts and then subdividing them into enumerator districts is going on, the large force in Washington, under the direction of the superintendent, is preparing the schedules, blanks and circulars to be used by the enumerators. The principal schedule, of course, is the population schedule, of which no less than 26,000,000 will be required. The paper alone for this single requisition would fill about a hundred freight cars. The mere printing of this schedule, with all the facilities of the Government Printing Office, will probably take sixty days. There are thirty questions on the population schedule, framed with a view of finding out the full Christian name of every person in the United States; their surname; whether a soldier, sailor or marine during the civil war, or widow of such person; the relationship of the person to the head of the family; whether they are black or white, mulatto, quadroon, octoroon, Chinese, Japanese or Indian; their sex; their age; whether single, married, widowed or divorced; place of birth of the person; also, the place of birth of father and mother in the case of foreign born; number of years in the United States; whether naturalization papers have been taken out; profession, trade or occupation; if engaged in the gainful occupations, months unemployed during the census year; if attending school, the number of months of such attendance; whether able to read and to write, and, if a person of foreign birth, whether able to speak English. Also, for the purpose of ascertaining the number who are disabled from their ordinary employment by reason of acute disease or by reason of chronic lung disease or consumption, or from injuries, such as fractures, etc.; the name of disease and length of time afflicted; also, whether defective in mind, sight, hearing or speech; or whether crippled, maimed or deformed; whether a prisoner, convict, homeless child or pauper.

In addition to the population schedule, the enumerator carries with him on his rounds what is termed a "special schedule." These special schedules are prepared for the purpose of finding additional information, which the law requires in case the persons are veterans of the war; whether defective in mind, sight, hearing or speech, or are prisoners, homeless children or paupers.

Having noted the main facts, it then becomes, if there are any such persons in the family as referred to above, the duty of the enumerator to fill out the special schedules, for which he is paid an additional compensation.

The last five questions on the population schedule relate to another important inquiry, which a recent law passed by Congress demands the superintendent to make, and which is intended to ascertain how many persons in the United States own homes and their farms, and how many rent their homes or are tenant farmers. Also, to find out if these farms are free from mortgage incumbrances, or, if mortgaged, the amount of the mortgage. The enumerator will not be called upon to ask the head of the family, or whoever may give him the information when he calls, the amount of the mortgage debt, but he will simply take down the address of the person, and the information required by law will be subsequently ascertained by correspondence, circular and by the aid of special agents, who will be required to visit the houses of such persons who fail to give this information to the Census Office.

It will thus be seen that the population schedule will require a great deal of care in filling out, and that the enumerator must not only be quick and accurate in his penmanship, but a man of intelligence and courtesy to ask all these questions in a manner that will not be offensive to the people and will elicit prompt and correct replies. After each day's work the enumerator is required to fill out two postal cards, stating the exact number of persons enumerated during the day, and forward these cards, one to the supervisor of his district and the other to the Superintendent of Census at Washington. In this way an absolute check is kept on the work, and the Census Office is able to tell exactly how far the work is progressing.

The law requires that the population shall be all counted in fifteen days in cities and in thirty days in country districts.

Having enumerated his district and assorted his special schedules, corrected, as far as possible, the main schedule, the enumerator must forward them to the supervisor, who, after examining and approving them, packs them in a large box and sends them to Washington. On receipt in Washington what is known as the "rough count" is made. That is a count which makes no classification, but simply ascertains the number of persons enumerated on each schedule. Hence, as soon as all the schedules are received it will be possible to give a rough count of the population.

Few who have never been inside of a census office have any idea of the labor necessary even to make a rough count, to say nothing of the classification of the population into all the different groups required by the census law. By the various methods heretofore employed the returns have either been gone over and over, tallying out first one set of facts and then another set of facts, by making little tally marks in squares or sheets of paper and then counting, and then aggregating these tally marks; or else the returns have been transcribed to cards by writing, and then these cards first sorted by hand according to one scheme, and then counted, and then sorted according to another scheme and counted, and so on until finally all the desired data are obtained.

The eleventh census will be counted by the aid of electricity. At first this seems rather a startling statement, but if any one of my readers would only come to the Census Office and see the electrical counting and sorting machines now at work on some of the special data, the thing would be made clear to them at once.

Now you will see that the enumerators have furnished the Census Office with quite a complete description of every person living in the United States, but these records are not in a convenient form for counting or tabulating. We, therefore, first prepare a card for each person on which we record the different facts regarding that person with a machine something like a typewriter, only that instead of printing letters or figures these machines punch round holes. If the given person was a male a hole was punched in one place, while if a female a hole is punched in another place, the position of the different holes thus completely describing the person. In this way the Census Office will have a card for every person in the United States. A card with a given number printed on it will represent you, and the little holes punched in this card will tell how old you are, where you were born, where your father was born, where your mother was born, whether you could read, whether you could write, and so on. These cards will be about the size of postal cards, and if stacked in one pile would make a column over ten miles high, and will weigh fully 180 tons.

The Census Office will have to know how many boys there are ten years old, how many eleven years, how many twelve years, and so on, and the same for the girls. Again it must know how many in Congress and how many could write, how many were born in New York, how many in Pennsylvania, and many other things. To obtain this information from these punched record cards, we use the electrical tabulating machines. You see it would be impossible to make a machine which could read writing or printing, but our little type-writers punch holes instead, and such holes can easily be read by a machine. This is done as follows: The cards are laid one by one in a machine something like a printing press, only, instead of type, little needles or points are brought against the cards so that where there is a hole in the card the little pointer goes through and touches a drop of quicksilver below, which closes an electric circuit, or telegraphs to a little counter or register. These counters look very much like clocks, but instead of the works of a clock we have an electro-magnet so arranged that, when an electric circuit is closed through it, it moves the hand ahead one point. As the cards are rapidly passed through the machine, they first telegraph to one counter and then another, according, for example, as they represent boys of girls; some other counters will at the same time count how many could read and how many could not, and so on; so you will see that this machine really does a number of things at the same time. When all the cards for a given district have thus been passed through the machine the results on the dials are written down and sent to the printer as part of the census reports.

At the same time, as the little registers record the different facts as above described, the cards are divided into classes, for example, according to age, with the electrical sorting boxes. As each card telegraphs to the different counters, so also does it telegraph to electro-magnets of the sorting-boxes, so that first one lid and then another is thrown open, according to the age of the person represented by the given card. The cards are simply thrown into whatever box is opened by the machine, so that when all have been run through the machine they are found assorted according to age. The cards for each age period are then counted according to some other data, and this process is kept up until all the required information is obtained.

In the actual counting and sorting, after the punching has been done, one of these electrical machines will count in five hours as many cards as could be counted by the old method in fifty-five hours, or equal to the work of one person for eight days, counting seven hours as a day's work. Surely this is a great saving of time and of expense, while at the same time enabling the Census Office to tabulate many interesting facts which may be found on the schedules, but which the great cost of tabulating by hand has prevented heretofore.

The next in importance to the count of the people come the vital statistics and the statistics of the special classes, for after we know the number of our population, its characteristics, distribution, and parentage, the question of its health and physical condition naturally comes up for consideration. All facts relating to marriages, births and deaths, are obtained by the enumerator, by calling upon something like eighty thousand physicians to aid in the work, and by copying the reports of the registers of births, deaths and marriages in States where these facts are gathered by local officials.

Closely connected with the vital statistics of the country is the subject of the statistics of those classes of people who are more or less disabled by physical and mental infirmity, and therefore require constant special care on the part of the State or special means for education. These classes include the insane, the idiotic, the blind and the deaf. The work of the Census Office, however, does not end here. It includes all sorts of special inquiries, such as statistics of education, church statistics, statistics showing the amount of pauperism and crime. These facts are all gathered largely by the aid of correspondence, and by the employment by special agents who are conversant with topics of this kind, and who, by reason of their experience, know exactly how to prepare lists and bring in the information to the Census Office.

How many readers would be able to answer the question if put to them off-hand, "How many minor civil divisions in the United States, such as cities, towns, townships, counties, school districts, etc., have the power to raise taxes and incur debt?" Do not answer all at once. "A good many thousand," I hear some one say. There are no less than 150,000 such minor divisions of the country. Surely it is important to know the total amount of money raised by taxation for local purposes and the total amount of debt which has been incurred by all these taxing and debt-creating powers. In order to do this the Census Office must deal separately and individually with the local officers and functionaries of these myriad local divisions. Over 150 clerks are at this moment engaged on this branch of the census work alone, and within a few months it is hoped that a statement of what may be called the local finances of the country—that is, a presentation of the budgets of all these places—may be given to the country.

You who are farmers will, perhaps, wonder how the Census Office is able to give you once in ten years the total number of acres devoted to raising of wheat, of corn, of oats, of what not; the number of cattle, horses and sheep that browse in the fields and meadows; the number of hogs that sleeep, grunt and squeal in the back-yards, and all other facts relating to agriculture. This information is collected by the enumerator on a special schedule, and afterward tabulated by experts in the Census Office, who know all about farms and farming. And, also, by the aid of special agents, the important facts in relation to the manufacturing industries are gathered and brought to the great emporium of facts and figures at Washington. In all important cities the schedule of manufactures is withdrawn from the regular enumerator, and is placed in the hands of special agents, or rather special enumerators, whose duty it is to call at every factory, or workshop and mill with the view to finding out the full particulars relating to the number employed, wages paid, the amount and value of product produced, the capital invested, and such other information as is required. So, in most other industries, experts have to be appointed in nearly every important industry, who are conversant with what may be called the technology of the subject. Some of the more important inquiries are those relating to the chemical industry; clay and pottery products; stone and glass; cotton goods; iron and steel; mixed textiles; newspaper and periodical press; shipbuilding; wool and worsted; silk goods and electrical apparatus and supplies.

The special inquiries of the Census Office do not end here. The value of our mineral industries has grown during the century from a few million dollars annually to an aggregate of nearly $600,000,000.

A special agent of the census, with his note-book in his hand, may be found sitting at home with a farmer ciphering out his crop reports; in the counting-house of the manufacturer figuring on the annual production of iron and steel or the number of yards of cloth, and in the mining camp ascertaining the tons of ore or coal brought up from the bosom of the earth; along our river courses; at fishing points on the lakes and the coast, interviewing the fishermen in relation to their catch of fish.

In this short article it would be impossible to give even a cursory idea of the innumerable methods employed by the Census Office experts or "sharps," as they are now called, in gathering the varied facts for their numerous reports. The main thing after such inquiries are taken out of the hands of the enumerator, is to prepare correct lists of all the establishments in case of manufacturing; of all mines, in that of mining; of all the fishing villages and fishing ports, in such inquiries relating to fish and fisheries. By doing this and employing trained experts in handling these returns, more satisfactory results can be obtained than by committing the matter wholly to the enumerator.

The work of the Census Office does not even end here, though I am afraid that the mere catalogue is getting wearisome. Elaborate statistics are being prepared in relation to internal transportation, by rail and by water, and likewise important data relating to the telegraph, telephone, express and insurance business of the country.

Even the poor Indian must be investigated. What boy is not interested in the Indian? though I fear, as a rule, boys are not so much interested in the social condition of the Indian as they are in stories of his adventures and conflicts with the white man. The Census Office will not go into these facts, though no doubt the large body of special agents, whose duty it will be to visit all the reservations and sections of country where the Indians still roam, would be able to tell some interesting and startling stories when they return. But for stories of adventure no census inquiry should be more prolific than that with reference to the population, wealth and resources of Alaska. Even this wild territory has been divided into seven census districts, and seven special agents have been appointed to collect all the data possible relating to this desolate and distant region, which is likely, ere long, to become an important source of wealth to the country.

Here you have in a nutshell the story of the census. It is possible in the hurry, and I assure you the Superintendent of the Census is a very busy man nowadays, that I have omitted something. The ramifications are so vast, extending, as they do, into every section of the country, that it is difficult to dispose of the subject in a two-column article for a newspaper. The youth of the country certainly ought to be interested in these decennial inventories, which are made only at an enormous expense to the government, and by the employment, practically, of all the statistical ability attainable for the purpose. The present census will probably cost in the neighborhood of $10,000,000, and when it is completed it will mark another decade in the material progress of the country. Before another census year rolls around the readers of this article will be men and women, interested in the political and social future of the Republic, and, perhaps, more appreciative of the results which a census furnishes than they are this year. ROBERT P. PORTER.

When the Farmer Will Be Prosperous.

C. Wood Davis, in the May Forum.

Our domestic consumption will absorb the entire product of cereals, potatoes and hay, within five years from January, 1890, and thereafter agricultural exports will consist almost wholly of tobacco, cotton and animal products, the volume of which will shrink as constantly, if not in the same degree, as home consumption increases. To most people it would probably appear quite absurd even to suggest that much within ten years it will be found necessary to import large quantities of wheat to feed the ever-increasing population; but such will be the logical sequence of the necessity of employing wheat-fields in the growth of other staple crops, and of the virtual exhaustion of the raw material from which farms are developed.

Does not the evidence show that before this decade is half spent all the products of the farm will be required at good prices, that lands will appreciate greatly in value, and that the American farmer will enter upon an era of prosperity the unlimited continuance of which is assured by the exhaustion of the arable areas.

Good Indians Found at Last.

Minneapolis Tribune.

This pleasant little item is from the Lyman Journal, published in the Sioux reservation. "The Journal acknowledges a friendly call from the great Sioux chiefs Drifting Goose and Bad Hand this week. These gentlemen greet us to the land of their fathers and extend best wishes for the success of the paper and say they will do what they can to extend its circulation among their people." Who says we cannot learn something from the noble red man? Bad Hand and Drifting Goose might have scalped the editor and tomahawked the devil for printing a short allowance of sporting news or devoting too much space to the tariff on glass beads but they didn't. They gave the white man a lesson in politeness by promising to hustle for subscribers, and then joined him in a little fire water at the nearest saloon.

How She Caught Him.

Philadelphia Times.

"Are you Mr. Smith?" the girl asked, as he nervously stood at the door; "because if you are Mr. Jones, or Mr. Brown, or Mr. White, or Mr. Green, or any of the other gentlemen she's not at home; but if you're Mr. Smith she is at home."

"I am Mr. Smith," he answered, and his face could have given the sun a thousand points and beaten it for brightness.

"To think," he said to himself, as he waited in the parlor, "that she has chosen me out of so many devoted admirers. How she must love me!"

And that night she told her mother in confidence that the many-lovers racket had worked beautifully, and that Augustus had proposed.

She Didn't Like to Bother Him.

Babyhood.

Little Fannie W., not quite six years old, had been taught to pray when she had been naughty. One day she said she asked God to make her good and He did it right away, and that He always did it when she asked him. Her mother said:

"Why don't you ask him to make you good all the time?" and she replied:

"Oh, I had rather be bad some than to be bothering the Lord so much.

THANKS FOR A PRETTY GIRL

She Removed Her Hat in the Theater, and Was Given a Public Testimonial.

How Mabel Jenness Struggled and Finally Became a Platform Talker—Carmencita's Popularity—A Blow at the Blue-Bloods.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

NEW YORK, May 3.—A stately and handsome example of the well-bred young lady attended a theatrical first night, last week, and occupied, with her escort, seats in the third row of the orchestra. She was so fair to look upon that a large share of the audience watched her as she went down the aisle and settled gracefully in her chair. It was then observed, with much interest, that she raised her arms and detached from her head the fashionable hat that became her so well. Her hair was bright golden, and under the radiant lights it fairly flashed in its beauty. The old gentleman sitting behind her settled back comfortably in his chair, and congratulated himself that he had been placed behind such a thoughtful creature, for now, could he not only see the stage but a splendid head of hair as well? Presently two or three young women in the immediate vicinity quietly removed their hats, having noted the admiration that the originator of the scheme had excited. From this the movement spread until the hatless feminine heads were discoverable all over the theater, even to the rear rows of the circle. Between the acts a paper began to circulate about among the people occupying the orchestra. Each gentleman, as he received it, read something that had been written on it, and then smilingly signed his name, after which he passed it to his immediate neighbor. In a few moments the paper came back to the old gentleman that had started it on its travels. Bending forward, he politely addressed the golden-haired girl, handing to her, at the same time, the paper. She read it, and, as she did so, a deep blush and a smile crept over her face. The paper was a vote of thanks, signed by thirty or more of the male spectators. Its text was as follows: "We, the undersigned, desire to express our respectful admiration for a most beautiful and considerate young lady, name not known, who, by removing her hat from her bright golden head has set the fashion for others, thereby rendering it possible for a delighted audience to witness the details of a stage performance." The pretty girl cast a radiant smile over her shoulder at the old gentleman behind, and, folding the paper, tucked it into the front of her dress, by the side of a bunch of pansies. And everybody was very happy.

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Beauty is a source of nonsense and humbug, as well as admiration. For instance, there is Mabel Jenness. Nature made her handsome, and now, taking advantage of that fact, she is telling other women that they may look as well as she does. Of course, she takes pains to get good pay for her impossible advice. She serves as a lecturer and a model at once, and her listeners are often foolish enough to believe that by going through with a lot of physical exertion and mental discipline they may change their visages from ugliness to loveliness. Miss Jenness is making a comfortable fortune out of this illusion. It has become fashionable to hear her. I don't know that she is to be blamed particularly for taking her beauty to that sort of a market for sale. Besides, I can tell something to her credit. Probably not one woman in the audiences that throng to hear this apostle of beauty and culture is aware that the inmates of a poor-house were her first hearers. At the age of eighteen Miss Jenness was a timid, retiring creature, and half an invalid, as she suffered intensely at times from a nervous disorder that puzzled the physicians and cost her many weary days and sleepless nights. Under her timidity, however, was a determined spirit, else she might have been always an invalid. As it was, she entered the Boston School of Oratory, hoping to find partial relief at least from her suffering by the help of the required physical exercise and the absorption of her mind in something outside of her pain. But it was not an easy task that she had undertaken. The daily oratorical drills before the class were a terrible ordeal for her timid nature, and practice at home was no less painful. Her famous sister, Mrs. Jenness-Miller, had been a graduate of the school, and at this time was in the front rank of platform speakers. Miss Jenness found it impossible to practice before her with any credit or profit to herself, her sensitive fear of ridicule making her awkward and constrained in the extreme. For a while she treated the birds and squirrels of her lovely suburban home with daily specimens of her skill, but she needed to look into attentive human eyes to gain confidence in herself.

Every attempt before her sister resulted in failure. Dr. Emerson, president of the school, strongly advised against these trials, knowing what unsparing criticism Miss Jenness would suffer from her brilliant sister, and supplemented this advice by a startling suggestion. It was that she should give the inmates of the poor-house a weekly reading. Nothing better shows the quality of her spirit than her unhesitating compliance with this advice. The unfortunates in the unwelcome retreat mentioned were transported with the sight of a beautiful girl, in elegant attire, standing before them for their entertainment, and they feasted their eyes, at least, while gems from the poets fell from her youthful lips. Whether the poets were glorified in their minds, or their minds glorified by the poets, is not known, but in their uncritical and sympathetic presence Miss Jenness gained a modicum of confidence in her powers. At the end of the course she was improved in health and was graduated with honor. Miss Jenness now faces her fashionable audiences with a quiet, unassuming grace, having become so much of an artist in her chosen work that the art itself is concealed. But, my dear aspiring girls, do not run to the poor-house for distinction, for you are not all Miss Jennesses, you know.

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A curious case of unforeseen and fortunate fashionableness is that of Carmencita. A spectacular play was produced at a Broadway theater last summer. The ballet was good enough as to rank and file, but woefully lacking in solo dancers. Instead of paying the high salary necessary to import a new and really first-rate danseuse, a much cheaper investment had been made in a young Spanish woman, who was unique in posturing, whirling and writhing, but she was no adept in her art. It was hoped that the singularity of her performance would make of her an acceptable substitute for the costlier conventional article. But it did not turn out so. This woman was Carmencita. After a spell of idleness, she accepted a job at Koster & Bial's beer garden. Of course, I didn't see her there, for that is not a ladies' resort. After her appearance at the Broadway theater, I next witnessed her poses and gyrations in the parlor of a Murray Hill mansion. It was the hostess's exploit at a reception to give to her guests, instead of entertainment by a vocalist or elocutionist, a dance by this Spanish creature whose skirts reached to her ankles, and whose terpsichorean feats were altogether modest. That she came direct from an alcoholic and disreputable garden gave extra zest to the exhibition. Then the Sun took the notion to exploit her in several columns of description and pictures, the World and Herald each gave similar space to her, and she became a transitory fad. Koster & Bial have a contract with her and she cannot break it, if, indeed, she wishes to, for her work there seems to render her more fashionable in the eyes of her polite spectators. Three or four times a week since her sudden vogue began she goes to the residence of some wealthy family and gets $100 for a half an hour of exertion. If she "ever, ever, ever goes back to Spain," as the song in "The Gondoliers" puts it, she will be much richer than she could ever have dreamed of becoming by means of her visit to America.

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Beauty is skin deep, and the manufacturers of face powders have made many and costly experiments in their search after a preparation which will serve to make visible the blue veins sometimes seen beneath skins of certain texture. These are justly considered a great mark of beauty, and that a face powder having the powder to bring them out in delicate tracery of a faint, almost imperceptible blue, would have an extensive sale, goes with saying. But the operation is not so simple as might be imagined. The skin is first treated with a paste, said to have been invented by a monk, at the command of Pope Leo X, who had very beautiful hands, and was very desirous of having the blue veins show plainly. Of course, that is fol-de-rol. After an application of this "magic paste," the powder must be used. The effect is startling. The only drawback to this invention is that it enables the most ordinary parvenu, the merest upstart who may not know the name of her grandfather to pose as a "blue-blooded" scion of aristocracy, and unglove a hand which might have graced the arm of a duchess, or even a princess. It behooves the so-called "refined woman," the real "gentlewoman," to cast about for some other distinctive mark by which she may still hold fast to her perogatives. It would seem that the "blue-veined" hand, cheek or brow is no longer the sign of noble blood. Anybody may now exhibit her "blue veins" while she measures off a yard of ribbon for you.

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The private shooting gallery for the family is naturally a sequence of the interest taken by many rich women in the use of shotgun and rifle. About the first one known in this city was fitted up by a belle of our own and Washington society, who appropriated a generous portion of her pin-money for that purpose. A ball in the paternal mansion remote from the street and the living rooms is made an attractive retreat to lovers of sport. On the walls are hung engravings of the goddess Diana in her many representations as patroness of the chase, and alternating with these are trophies of the beautiful owner's skill in the hunt, the most notable being a bear skin with claws tipped with gold. In the interim between the winter festivities and the summer begira to beach and mountain frequent parties of sporting doves are gathered in this gallery. It is considered an especial mark of favor by the young lady's male friends to be invited to these parties, an impression she is careful not to lessen by too frequent hospitality. Once inside this gallery the doves are transformed into Dianas of the most correct form. Attired in tunics loosely confined by a girdle or cestus, and short of skirt, neat stockings and feet in buskins, there they are, a dazzling company—Diana and her nymphs—especially when the fancy takes them to sling bow and arrows at the back, well out of the way, and crown their foreheads with a silver crescent. It is impossible to record the scores made on these occasions, although they, as well as the work of a certain invisible marksman with bow and arrow, are worthy of mention.

The owner of this gallery, moreover, is a true sportswoman. During the summer flitting she turns from all fashionable resorts and buries herself in the woods with a small party of congenial spirits, where, well chaperoned and equipped, she revels in the manly sport of shooting at living targets. Her skill in small game is seldom excelled—her coolness at all times, never. She picks off a squirrel from the tree-tops by sending a bullet through his head, but she takes no further interest in her game when it is done, turning quickly away as if some womanly tenderness contended with her passion for sport. Her admirers, however, are led to believe by her coldness that she is too thoroughly a follower of Diana to entertain a passion of a tenderer nature. This hunter-girl's greatest exploit was achieved a season ago. Her party had had a morning of exciting sport, the game-bags were filled, and the hunters were resting deep in the woods after a luncheon, had been served by their servants. All were silent, enjoying the deep repose that follows successful sport, when a crackling of dead branches near them aroused brisk attention. Our Diana's hand was first upon her rifle, hers was the first shot. A bear dropped dead in its tracks with her bullet in its brain. His skin it is that holds the post of honor in her shooting-gallery. Our Diana, however, is, like Alexander, sighing for more worlds to conquer, for how can she hope to exceed this feat, and who is ever wholly contented on the lonely pinnacle of success?

* * *

A young Frenchman of title has been noticeably ardent in his devotion to a girl who is a shining beauty mark in society, and gossip has had it that the engagement of the pair would soon be made public. The young lady had confided to her chum that her admirer was the sweetest man in the whole world, and among his many virtues he possessed the one that she demanded most in a man—he was generous to a fault. Knowing that she was fond of flowers, he sent to her each day a wealth of the most expensive ones to be found. When roses were most expensive he inundated her with them, and converted her boudoir into a fragrant bower of rare and beautiful plants. One afternoon the chum was calling, and as the two sat together in the blossoming room, the Frenchman's floral offering was brought in by a servant. The delighted girl sprang for the basket and buried her happy face in its soft sweetness.

"Isn't he a dear?" cried she to her friend, plucking a regal rose and pinning it to her breast after bestowing upon it a rapturous kiss.

Just then she discovered a note tucked snugly among the flowers, and, with a blush and an apology, she clutched it and tore open the envelope. As she read, her face grew grave and pale, and her hands trembled violently.

"Oh, what has happened, Alice?" cried her friend, springing forward and putting her arm about the suffering girl's waist.

Alice looked with wild eyes at the note, and then thrust it into the hand of her friend. "Read," she gasped.

The note was certainly painfully disillusionising. It was as follows: "Will you not try to make the young man who sends you these flowers pay me his bill? He has given me nothing for all the baskets I have sent since many months ago. The bill is very large, and I am much in need of money. When I ask him he says go to the devil. I cannot sell him any more after this, and I write to you hoping you may have influence to make him pay his debt."

The Frenchman went home a few days ago, and Alice's chum has almost succeeded in making the disappointed girl believe that she would never have been happy married to a man of his deceptive methods.

CLARA BELLE.

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George Washington's Coat Buttons.

May Century.

In connection with the conch buttons shown in an accompanying illustration, the story is told of General Washington that one day, while walking alone in the streets of Philadelphia, he was accosted by a poor Italian, who, ignorant of the personality addressed, continued to follow and importune him to buy some of the conch shells, which he carried in a basket on his arm, and which he persisted were the only things that he had in the world to dispose of. "But, my good man," remonstrated Gen. Washington, "what would I do with your conch shells? I have no use for them." "Oh, yes, you have," came the ready rejoinder. "You might have them made into buttons for your coat." Smiling at his prompt reply, Washington not only purchased the shells, but, the better to further the advice, took them at once to his tailor, and, directing them to be riveted, ordered a brown velvet coat, that their especial usefulness might be straightway demonstrated.

The Meanness of Anonymity.

Archdeacon Farrar, in the May Forum.

It is no infrequent event to see anonymous remarks and criticisms so unworthy, and dictated by motives so transparently base, that we may be sure they would not have been written if their authors had not been sheltered by anonymity from open shame. Anonymity, which to a good man makes no difference, becomes a strong temptation to a bad or common-place man. Just as dastards who have been paid to do it, shoot down their victims from behind a hedge, so base writers are rendered more unscrupulous by concealment. Good and noble men have, to my knowledge, gone through life with the anguish of a hidden and rankling wound, inflicted by those who would hardly have dared to do it had their names and their real insignificance been known.

Written for the Sunday Journal.

Dew Drops.

I.

To a rose, with dew bespangled,
Sparkling in the morning sun,
Spoke a fairy, "Whence this splendor,
Where hast all these riches won?
Are these diamonds but to deck thee,
Is thy beauteous dress too plain?
Thou ambitious, charming flower,
Thou requirest no such gain."

II.

When the flowers all are slumb'ring,
Awakes a rose, but yet alone,
Waiting, sighing for its lover
While the stars from heaven shone.

Love expressing, soft and gentle,
Longing the flower speaks:
"Truant Dew, where hast thou lingered?
Bend to me thy welcome cheeks.

See, my sisters all are sleeping,
Wrapt in blissful dreams at last;
I, alone, for thee am waking,
Come, oh come, 'ere night has past."

And the dew the rose embraces
Lovingly as a cooing dove,
Begs, entreats the beauteous flower
For a token of their love.

And the rose's lips of purple,
Blushing to his prayers, yield.
Cupid, as of yore, has conquered
Heart, and heart together sealed.

Willingly her head has fallen
On his bosom, free from care,
Hours flee as if but moments
While they oft their love declare.

As the day is fast approaching,
Now the lovers say adieu,
And unseen, on clouds departing,
Soaring upward, flees the dew.

And the gems so brightly gleaming
On the rose so glowing, fair,
Are but tears that shed at parting,
Love's devotion thus declare.

—Otto Stechhan.

Written for the Sunday Journal.

To My Children.

Dear Children, all, good night;
And to-morrow, when I greet you,
It will be, Good Morning; for the sight
Of your dear faces must renew,
Each day, the blessed joy
Which is the Mother's due.

But some sweet morning light
Will glow, I know, on you alone.
Shall I, then, miss your faces bright?
Will then the Mother life be done?
In those fair realms afar,
Where Love is Sun?

You will miss the watchful care,
Grown troublesome, perhaps, with use of years,
That often sees in happiness a snare,
And sometimes welcomes even tears.
But I shall then, beyond the weeping and the fearing,
Be only wiser in the seeing. S. F. A.

Written for the Sunday Journal.

Beyond the Gate.

Beyond the gate, through meadows rare,
Alone I go to breathe the air
Of stillness; when the sunsets burn,
If, faring thus, I ne'er return,
You need not question, wait or care.

Thus much, I cannot live and bear
The secret anguish of despair,
And none will try my woe to learn
Beyond the gate.

Before I go, my grief to share,
My trembling fingers fain would dare
Pluck this one little leaf of fern
That withers in the broken urn,
To bring old scenes, when wandering there,
Beyond the gate.

—Alonzo Leora Rice.

The Pilgrim.

"A Wandering Echo of Forgotten Song."

I travel in wayworn shoon,
My doublet is torn and sere;
But hark that note
From yon wood-bird's throat,
O the spring, the spring is here!

I fare in a rusty coat,
My scrip gapes wide for cheer;
Yet though I lack gold
My heart is bold,
O the spring, the spring is here!

I dine on a moldy crust,
With wine from the brooklet near;
But monarchs ye
Come envy me;
O the spring, the spring is here!

I've nought but this staff and scrip,
Thus, Fortune, no frown I fear;
Though the road be long
In my heart is a song.—
O the spring, the spring is here!

—Joseph Lewis French, in Overland Monthly.

What the Times Need.

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking.
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking;
For, while the rabble with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting justice sleeps.

—J. G. Holland, 1856.

An Old-Time Lyric.

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I flee.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you, too, shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more!

—Richard Lovelace.

"I'll Not Confer with Sorrow."

I'll not confer with Sorrow
Till to-morrow;
But Joy shall have her way
This very day.

No, eglantine and cresses
For her tresses!—
Let Care, the beggar, wait
Outside the gate.

Tears if you will—but after
Mirth and laughter;
Then, folded hands on breast
And endless rest.

—T. B. Aldrich, in the Independent.

My Pumps and I.

From off my closet's topmost shelf
You've tumbled down in needless haste,
With memories of my gayer self
Which pipe and books have quite effaced.

Though wax still clings about your toes,
My mind in looking backward halts;
And though I strive and strain, it throws
No light upon my final waltz.

Quite vanished is your pristine shine—
Identical the circumstance!
For sadly tarnished has grown mine,
And I've forgotten how to dance.

—Meredith Nicholson, in Light.

Sweet Weather.

Now blow the daffodils on slender stalks,
Small, keen, quick flames that leap up in the mold
And run along the dripping garden walks;
Swallows come whirring back to chimneys old.

Blown by the wind, the pear tree's flakes of snow
Lie heaped in the thick grasses of the lane;
And all the sweetness of the Long Ago
Sounds in that song the thrush sends through the rain.

—Lizette Reese.

Just a Sober Fancy.

Wise are the ideal-breakers, yes,
But this is manifest:
Philosophy gives restlessness,
Religion gives you rest.

—Merchant Traveler.

But There Seldom Is.

Kansas City Times.

Prince Bismarck says that the antagonism between employed and employer is the result of a natural law—a law so natural that the time will never come when both will be satisfied. The Prince has nearly all the truth, but not all. When both sides of the labor controversy feel that substantial justice is done there will be only a mild antagonism. It is unjust employers and unreasonable employed which make clashes. Certainly there can be no such a thing as substantial justice.

First Lesson in Genesis.

Washington Star.

In a Sunday-school class in the neighborhood of Meridian Heights the teacher last Sunday asked who was the first man.

"Adam," replied the small boy.

"And who was the first woman?" she asked a little girl.

The child hesitated for a minute, then her face brightened.

"Madam," she sung out, and the preacher hadn't the heart to correct her.

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