INCIDENT OF MOB RULE

INHUMAN TREATMENT OF A GIRL ON THE STREETS OF ST. LOUIS.

Pauline Hesser Tells How She Was Beaten, Almost Denuded and Forced to Run for Her Life.

St. Louis Republic.

The outrageous assault upon Miss Pauline Hesser, which took place on Memorial day on Geyer avenue, between Twelfth and Ninth streets, has already been productive of several things. Among them a petition to the Governor, an indignant public sentiment against such mob demonstrations and the sending to the Reform School of three young Bohemian girls who confessed to taking part in the assault upon the unfortunate domestic. If the efforts of C. K. Reach, of No. 2314 Hickory street, who has represented himself to Miss Hesser to be an attorney of many years' experience, are successful, there will be another development to the assault upon that young woman. That will be a damage suit against the city of St. Louis for a large amount of money.

Miss Hesser is a tall and intelligent looking young woman of twenty-three years. She has been for some time in the employ of her present mistress, who lives at No. 5082 Cabanne avenue, and who treats Miss Hesser as a member of the family. The young woman's parents are both dead, and the only relatives she has in St. Louis, where she has lived many years, are two married sisters and an uncle. Since Memorial day, when she met with the most exciting, the most humiliating and the most hazardous experience of her life, Miss Hesser has been laboring under severe nervous illness, which is the natural result of her frightful experience. Her story of the affair was given in these words:

"I had not been on a Transit car since the strike, but the lady who employs me rode on them frequently without fear or molestation. I took the Tower Grove-avenue car down town, and rode to my sister's home without any unusual experience. About 4 o'clock I started home. At Twelfth and Calhoun, as the Tower Grove car in which I was riding crossed Calhoun street, I saw a great crowd of men and women and children running toward the car. It frightened me, and I got off the car. Up to this time I had not thought anything about the strike, but as I got off it occurred to me that the crowd was going to attack the car. I started to walk across the street to the sidewalk, when all the men and women in the crowd rushed at me as if they were going to kill me. I was panic-stricken, and did not have any idea why they were after me. I turned around to the crowd, and, seeing a woman in the front, said to her: 'For God's sake, what is the matter?'

"'Matter enough, you ——,' she said, calling me a vile name. 'You are a scab, riding for money.'

"Then the whole crowd took up the cry 'Scab! Scab! Paid scab! Soak her! Kill her! We'll teach her to ride on scab cars!' These and many other expressions they hurled at me. My legs trembled beneath me. I was frightened almost to death. I felt that I would faint. But, fearing that they would kill me, I steadied myself and tried to speak.

"'I am no scab,' I said. 'If you speak of riding for pay, I do not understand you. I paid my fare and am simply riding to my home. I——'

MEANT TO KILL HER.

"But the oaths and jeers of the men and the vile epithets of the women stopped me. I could not be heard. Several in the crowd rushed toward me, and again I thought my time had come. In a second my whole life passed before me, and I gave myself up for lost. I remember I had one regret, that I must die on the street. I suppose every one likes to die at home, surrounded by their friends and relatives. Well, I thought my death was about to come, and I wished that the crowd would let me go home to die. I can talk about it now very composedly, but it was awful then. I never saw such fiendish, vicious faces as were turned toward me at that moment. It was like a pack of dogs after a rabbit. The thirst for blood was in every eye. I believe I owe my life to-day to the mercy of God and my own frantic efforts to escape. I verily believe that had I stood there another second I should have been killed. I believe that mob meant to kill me.

"But it is not in the nature of woman to stand still and receive injury. Either she will faint or run. I was too badly frightened to faint. I thought it meant death to faint and I ran. A great brawny man caught my skirt as I turned to flee and tore it from my body. At the same instant another man—about eighteen years old, I should judge—struck me on the head. The blow was heavy and it felled me. Then the crowd closed in around me and some of the boldest pushed through the ring of women who were closest to me and started for me is if to kill me. Again terror lent me strength and somehow I got up and broke through that crowd again and ran for dear life, the howling, jeering, cursing crowd following me and throwing stones at me.

"I ran east on Calhoun street to Eleventh street. Then I ran south on Eleventh street to Geyer avenue. Then I ran east on Geyer avenue towards Tenth street. As I ran several men struck me. A rock or two hit me in the back, but if they hurt I did not notice the hurt. Always there was that cry of 'Scab! Damned scab! Kill the scab!' in my ears. I ran as one runs from death and the terror greater than death.

"A great brawny woman stood in an open doorway on Geyer avenue with her arms resting akimbo on her hips. Her face expressed the pleasure she felt in the scene. I had to pass her as I ran and she reached out one of her big, bare arms as I passed and struck me a heavy blow behind the ear with her fist. The blow stunned me and knocked my hat from my head, but I did not fall. In a second I was running again. Then a man made a grab for my underskirt. A piece of the lace in which it was trimmed came off in his hands and he fell behind me. I must have run very fast.

"The men seemed to be running as hard as they could, but I managed to keep ahead of them. A thousand ideas flashed through my head, but they were all about what the mob would do to me if they ever caught up with me. I knew they would try to pull off my remaining skirt. If they did I thought I would let them kill me. I can remember thinking as I ran, 'Better death than such shame!' Then another man grabbed at my shirt waist. It was flimsy stuff and the wonder is that it did not come off in his hands. But fortunately it held.

"By this time I had reached Tenth and Geyer. On the northeast corner I saw a grocery store and saloon. It was the place owned by Herman Schumacker. I ran in through the side door, on Tenth street, without a moment's thought. The mob was a little way behind me. The grocer saw the mob and told me I must not stay in his store.

DRIVEN FROM HER REFUGE.

"I pleaded with him as I never pleaded with any man before in all my life. I almost put my arms around his neck in my fright and frenzy, begging him not to force me out into the street into the hands of the vicious mob. But he was obdurate. 'You can't stay in here, lady,' he said. 'You can go out either way you want to, but you must get out.' I looked both ways, and I saw that some of the mob had surrounded the back door, as well as the front door. That moment was the most dreadful of all. I had found refuge for a moment, but only for a moment. I must throw myself into the hands of those frightful men and women again. It was no use to beg, but I did beg. With tears and prayers I pleaded with the grocer not to make me go out into the mob to be destroyed by them. 'They will kill me! See! They want my life!' I cried to him. But he said: 'You must get out of here now. Come, don't stay any longer.'

"Then, in my desperation, I turned to the little group of men who had wedged themselves in the front door. 'Won't any of you men stand by my side,' I cried, 'and prevent them from killing me?' Then there was one man spoke up—a little, young-looking man, who did not seem to be more than twenty-one years of age. 'I will stand by your side,' he said. 'Come out with me.'

"Then we two stepped into the street. My protector started to speak to the mob, but before he had uttered three words the mob was upon me. A man struck me in the face. I ran again. Stones, curses and jeers followed me. The mob ran also. I ran east toward Ninth and Geyer. I heard my young protector behind me cry out to the crowd, 'Don't hurt her, men. Remember she is a woman.' Then I heard him no more. I didn't see him again for some minutes, but I think he followed me as fast as he could in the crowd and, true to his promise, did all that one man without arms could do to save me from shame and injury.

"On the corner of Ninth and Geyer there is a grocery store. Next to it is a butcher shop. In there I ran. The butcher saw me with my hat off and my skirt gone, my hair hanging loose and terror in my eyes. 'What is the matter?' he cried. 'The mob!' I answered, gasping for breath, for my last strength was about gone. 'The mob are after me! Don't you see? They say I am a scab!' Then I saw on the butcher's face that he was not as the other men. He did not waste any time on words. He did not wait for any further explanation. Already the mob was surrounding his shop. 'Run through that back door and upstairs!' he cried, 'then you will be safe!' I obeyed without a word. I found the stairs on the outside of the building and ran up them. But the door was locked and I could not get in. Then I sank down on the landing, my strength all gone. 'Death has overtaken me at last,' I thought. The mob rushed into the back yard from the street. They had found out that I was attempting to escape upstairs.

"Several men threw stones at me. Three girls ran up the steps and tried with might and main to pull my remaining skirt off my body. I resisted them with all the strength I could muster. They were determined and vicious young women. They called me vile names as they pulled at my skirt. I identified them later in court and they were each given two years in the Reform School for their part in the affair. But there were men who did as much and more, and I hope the officers will catch them.

"I was struggling with the girls when two men ran up from below and struck me with their fists. One of the men struck me on the ear. I am positive of that, and I could identify the man who gave me that blow. I cannot say where the other man hit me, and I doubt whether I should be able to point him out if I saw him in a crowd again.

"Then my rescuer came in the shape of a woman, an elderly, kind-faced woman with a great deal of determination in her expression. She ran upon the landing and stood by my side. 'Men, stop this,' she cried. 'If you be men, stop hurting this woman. You shall not touch her again. I will not allow a woman to be hurt or shamed by such hoodlums as ye are!'

"Her voice was loud and trembled with her indignation. Much to my astonishment the crowd withdrew. They had evidently had all the pleasure out of me they wished for. Then my young protector appeared and expressed his deep regret for the occurrence and his own ability to protect me. The lady who defended me from the mob took me into a room upstairs, where I remained until the police came. Then I went to the Third district station, where I remained until my brother-in-law, Mr. Kramer, came for me. He took me to the home of Miss Alma Sorg, a friend of mine, who lives at No. 804 Barry street. There I spent the night, returning to my home here next morning."

"DOPED" HIS COFFEE.

Queer Experience with a Too-Solicitous Old Landlady.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"A week ago," said a New Orleans physician the other evening, "I felt convinced that I had stumbled across one of the biggest sensations of the day. Since then the case has developed in an entirely unanticipated direction, but all the same it makes a pretty good story. I'll tell it to you in a few words: One of my patients is a bachelor business man who has been lodging for a number of years in a quiet old mansion not a great distance from Lee circle. His landlady is a delightful, motherly old creature who has learned to take as much interest in him as if he was her own son, and altogether he is very comfortably fixed. About three weeks ago he came to me looking decidedly ill and complained of a singular stomach disturbance. He said that a distressing feeling of nausea set in every morning, accompanied by a severe headache. It would wear off gradually during the day, and he would go to bed feeling first class, but next morning the same thing would be repeated. I knew him to be a man of temperate habits, and was a little surprised. Still I attached no great importance to the matter and dismissed him with some simple remedy. In five or six days he came back looking much worse, and told the same story, declaring he couldn't eat and was rapidly losing strength. Then I took up the matter seriously, made close inquiry into his diet and so on, and, to be frank, I immediately suspected poisoning. He told me the first thing he did on awakening was to drink a cup of coffee, prepared by his old landlady herself, and I offended him greatly by asking him to quietly pour the contents of the cup into a bottle next morning and bring it to me. 'Why, you don't think—' he began, bristling up. 'Keep cool,' said I; 'I think there may be something wrong with the coffee pot; that's all. Bring me the bottle and say nothing to anybody.'

"Next day he came around with the coffee," continued the doctor, "and admitted that for once he had missed his regular attack of nausea. I made a chemical analysis of the stuff and found a considerable quantity of a familiar drug, harmless enough as occasional medicine, but certain to produce the gravest gastric disturbances if persisted in. While I had half-expected something of the kind, I was deeply shocked and don't mind admitting I was also considerably excited. The drug could not possibly have got into the coffee by accident, and as no one else about the house had suffered, it looked very much like a deliberate poisoning plot against my patient. He himself was so horrified and upset that he was simply incapable of giving sane advice, and I was forced to take the matter into my own hands. The upshot of it was that I put on my hat and went around to have a guarded talk with the landlady. I knew her only slightly, and she looked greatly surprised when I asked to see her alone. 'Mrs. ———,' I said, without any preface, 'who makes Mr. ———'s morning coffee?' When I asked that question I thought the old lady would faint. Her face went as white as paper and her hands began to tremble so violently she could hardly control them. 'I make it myself doctor,' she managed to reply. 'What do you put in it besides coffee?' I asked. She looked at me appealingly and burst into tears. Then the whole absurd, pitiful story came out. The dear old lady is a Prohibition fanatic, and in some way—the Lord only knows how—she conceived the idea that her lodger was gradually going to the dogs through strong drink. As a matter of fact, he is a man who drinks very, very moderately and was never drunk in his life—it doesn't happen to be his weak spot. But she felt certain, she said, that the habit 'would grow,' and when one of her old lady friends told her in strict confidence of a preparation which would 'destroy the craving' and could be administered in secret in coffee she decided it was her duty to give it a trial. The rest you know. She told me this between sobs, and I relieved her greatly by bursting into a roar of laughter. It was really too funny. At the same time it had its serious side, and when I explained the risk she had been running she was as badly frightened as she ever will be in life. My patient was furious at the outset, but he realized on reflection that the act had been prompted by the kindliest solicitude, and he was generous enough to treat it as a joke. One thing is certain, however—he will get undoped coffee in future."

Famous Bad Boys.

June Success.

Andrew J. Freese, who taught John D. Rockefeller, Marcus A. Hanna and other youths who have since become famous, has this to say of his "boys:"

"John Rockefeller was one of the best boys I had. He was always polite, but when the other boys threw hickory clubs at him, or attempted any undue familiarities with him, he would stop smiling and sail into them. Young Hanna—Marcus A. Hanna—who was also a pupil, but not nearly so good a boy, learned this, to his cost, more than once, and so did young Jones, the present Nevada senator. I have had several very distinguished pupils, you see, and one of my girls is now Mrs. John D. Rockefeller. I had Edward Wolcott, the Colorado senator, later on, but he was a bad boy—playing truant and pitching pennies all the time. Yes, John was about as intelligent and well-behaved a chap as I ever taught."

Pouder's photographs are artistic in style and reasonable in price. Studio 239 Massachusetts avenue.

MILLIONAIRES OF LONDON

MOSTLY AMERICAN AND AFRICAN, AND ARE NOT VERY WELCOME.

Printed and Talked About in a Way That Must Be Decidedly Painful to Refugees from Publicity.

London Mail.

"We are not a rich aristocracy," wrote Lady Warwick seven years ago. "We are, many of us deadly poor, little better than splendid paupers."

Are these splendid paupers, long owners of rural England, and worthy sustainers of the traditions of a noble race, giving way to American manufacturers, to South African speculators, to German merchant princes? Our old aristocracy absorbed the Rothschilds and Bentincks of previous generations and made them part of itself. The new millionaires threaten to absorb it. From Skibo Castle, near Dornoch Firth, down to Norres, by Cowes, the cosmopolitans of capital are seizing some of the fairest spots of our land.

These millionaire invaders are so enormously rich that they are indifferent to the fancy prices asked for great estates. At least one of them, Mr. Astor, has an income of a million a year, secured in ground rent and railway bonds. When he wanted Cliveden he could afford to bid high enough to tempt even the multi-millionaire Duke of Westminster. The £200,000 he is said to have paid for that estate represented only about a fifth of his yearly profits.

Mr. Carnegie's income equals that of Mr. Astor. Quite half a dozen of the invaders count their yearly gains at from £200,000 to £500,000. The men who make £200 a day are quite a host.

It must be a very extraordinary English estate which cannot now be rented for from £2,000 to £3,000 a year. The upkeep of such a place will cost from £6,000 to £10,000 a year more. Even the poorest millionaire, the man who is not making more than £50,000 a year, can afford this.

Meanwhile in at least one case the man with a family history of 800 years behind him has to bury himself in a £60 a year semi-detached villa in some quiet town near London. The rent of his old mansion goes to satisfy mortgages, leaving him perhaps £500 a year for himself. This is no fancy picture.

WHERE THEY COME FROM.

Most of our millionaire invaders come from America and South Africa. Among the best of them is Mr. Andrew Carnegie. Scotch by birth, American by adoption, he started life on four shillings a week and is now worth £40,000,000. He found America a good land for earning money, but he loves to spend it in the land of his birth. The traditions of his people drew him back to Scotland. At first he rented Cluny, but, watching his chance, he secured the great estate of Skibo Castle at a bargain. He loves to act the part of the laird. Simple, quiet, modest, kindly, all his neighbors like him. A year ago he startled the world by declaring that he means to distribute all his money before his death. "The man who dies rich dies disgraced," says he.

Mr. William Waldorf Astor is a scion of an ancient house that achieved wealth in the United States. Inheriting an estate worth over £20,000,000, he found the lot of the rich American too hard to be borne. He hated the publicity given to his smallest acts, so he came to England for peace. After renting Lansdown House, he secured a town residence in Carlton House Terrace, and bought the beautiful estate of Cliveden from the Duke of Westminister. He transferred all his business interests here, building an office on the Thames Embankment, which is nothing but a gigantic strong-room. His office is probably the most charming and best guarded building in the world, and deeds valued at $100,000,000 are said to rest there.

Mr. Astor's one personal aim is to avoid publicity; his one great business is to invest in real estate. Day by day he goes down to his office, almost with the regularity of a clerk. He has a passion for building, and many of the new office buildings between the Strand and the Thames are more or less under his control. His love of solitude has caused him to forbid boating parties the old privilege of landing in Cliveden Woods. He is a cultured man of letters, and his son was one of the most popular boys at Eton and Captain of the Boats.

The Bradley Martins have made themselves a place in English society, and have annexed a house in Chesterfield Gardens and a Highland estate at Glen Urquhart. Nearly thirty years Mr. Bradley Martin, a young lawyer of good family, met his future wife under romantic circumstances at a Vanderbilt wedding. They were married within two months, and some time afterward the wife's father died and left a fortune of $10,000,000. With the part of this money that came to them the Bradley Martins crossed the Atlantic and set down to conquer English society. They took one of the costliest deer shootings in Inverness-shire. One daughter married an earl. The Bradley Martins scored their real triumph when they devised the most costly and extravagant fancy dress ball of modern times.

"JADED PLUTOCRATS."

Some of our American millionaire invaders come here for rest. Of this type is Mr. James R. Keene, for long champion bear on the New York Stock Exchange. With the practically unlimited capital of the tobacco and oil trusts behind him he manipulated the markets almost as he pleased. In six great deals in six years he won $13,000,000. Now, with a sorely tried nervous system, he comes here for peace and quiet, which his own hustling country cannot give him.

Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, owner of the New York World, belongs to the same class. From the bottom of the ladder he has got to the topmost rung. His newspaper palace, twenty-two stories high, is one of the sights of New York city. To-day, amid his greatest triumphs, he comes away to London for some months each year. He seeks the quietest town house he can find, and settles there. He suffers perpetually from insomnia. But he still looks a very young man, and his business power is greater than ever. He forgets nothing, and extracts from every man all he can tell. His one recreation is music. Tall, thin, full of quick movement, his figure is familiar at many concerts. He will never talk of money matters, but a few years ago his annual income was estimated at £200,000.

Mr. Marshall Field, the merchant prince of Chicago, loves Warwickshire, where he is well known in hunting circles. He has retired from business now, but he was long the Whiteley and the Lipton of the Windy City. The designs alone of his great store cost $100,000. Ten thousand shopmen called him master and 10,000 small retailers cursed his enormous business as being their ruin. For he was the most enterprising, the most relentless, the most successful of monopolists. Some of the millions made in Chicago now find their way here.

Apart from South Africa, our own colonies send us few millionaries, but those who do come make their way. It would be hard to call Lord Mountstephen an invader, for he was born in Scotland. Yet Canada is his own land, and his name will ever be connected with the making of the Canadian Pacific Railway. In town he lives not far from Mr. Astor; in the country he has a home near Lord Salisbury.

Lord Strathcona is another Scotchman who found wealth in Canada. He went out to the wild West as an agent of the Hudson Bay Company, and soon fought his way to the top. Although high commissioner for Canada, he has as many interests here as over the water. His splendid services during the present war are fresh in every mind.

SOME FROM AUSTRALIA.

Not many millionaire Australians now arrive here. Best known of them is Mr. W. K. D'Arcy, who owes his wealth to one happy stroke. Thirty-six years ago he was a solicitor in Rockhampton, in Queensland. Two of his friends, brothers named Morgan, hit on a great streak of gold-bearing land. D'Arcy helped them to develop it, putting some money into the business, and receiving in return a quarter share. The Morgans sold out for a few thousands; D'Arcy held on. The mine, Mount Morgan, as it is called, turned out to be one of the richest in the world. In one year alone over £1,000,000 was distributed among the owners. Mr. D'Arcy can well afford to take fine estates over from our "splendid paupers." He has lived in England and played a great part in society for some time now.

A few weeks since another great Australian set out for London. The railway station at Adelaide was almost blocked by the crowd that assembled to see him off, and the chief justice of the colony led the cheers of farewell. Numbers went down to the boat to catch a last glimpse of the great man, and as a sort of tip the millionaire gave £10,000 for educational purposes before his departure. Mr. George Brookman has not sought publicity since he has been in London. Yet he is one of the richest men at the Antipodes, and he and his brother are little kings in the mining world of South and Western Australia.

The stranger millionaires from South Africa are a host in themselves. Have they not almost wholly absorbed Park Lane? There is, for instance, Mr. J. B. Robinson, who lives in Dudley House. Born in Natal fifty-five years ago, he started life as a wool buyer, and then took to farming. He prospered greatly, and numbered his cattle by the thousand. Then came the diamond rush, and Mr. Robinson was one of the first in the field. He was one of the luckiest, and in six weeks made £10,000. Soon he had a considerable fortune. Then came the discovery of the Witwatersrand gold fields. He was first there, and bought for a few hundred pounds land that turned out to be worth many hundreds of thousands. Men thought him mad as he invested there, but their laugh changed in a very few days. In 1893 he came to London, and has since made this his headquarters. Long the ally of President Kruger, he at last turned against him, worn out by his obstinacy and folly. His ambition is said to be to leave each of his children a million. He has a large family.

A KING OF DIAMONDS.

Only a few hundred yards from Mr. Robinson lives Mr. Alfred Beit, who is as rich as the Rothschilds. In politics he has allied himself with Mr. Rhodes, and has been one of the greatest workers for our empire in South Africa. Yet by birth he is a German. The son of a great Hamburg merchant, he went to South Africa as a lad to study the developments there. He studied to such good effect that he made millions, acquired a predominant interest in the diamond trade and secured a lion's share in the gold fields. He is so quiet, gentle, retiring in appearance, that when folks first meet him they cannot credit the fact that he is the cleverest financier of the day.

To mention Mr. Beit calls up his senior partner, Mr. Julius Wernher. Mr. Wernher looks more the typical South African. He does not openly participate in politics like Mr. Beit, but from his palatial offices in Bishopsgate street he does more than many give him credit for. Neither of these multi-millionaires has shown the desire to make a mark in society. Society has come to them, but they have not gone to it. Mr. Wernher now occupies Luton Hoo, Mme. De Falbe's charming place.

But to tell of them all would be to fill columns. There are triumphant cosmopolitan speculators like Mr. Von Andre and Mr. Mosenthal, princely German merchants like Sir Ernest Cassel, happy lovers of adventure like Mr. Frank Thompson.

There are political "bosses" and patrons of sport such as Mr. Richard Croker, of New York city; sober American bankers like Mr. A. J. Drexel, of yatching and motoring fame; social leaders such as Mrs. Ronalds and Mrs. Mackay. Have we not fortunate financiers like the brothers Neumann or Mr. Sydney Goldmann, who married Lord Peel's daughter; Mr. Mendel, the great promoter, and lucky Mr. Piet Marais, owner of so many Transvaal ground rents? The list is unending.

CAMPS FOR BOYS.

Elaborate Plan for Solving an Annual Parental Problem.

Louis Rouillon, in Review of Reviews.

How to provide boys from nine to nineteen with the conditions that make for an ideal summer outing is a problem deserving of as careful study as any other problem of modern education. Parents and teachers are alike interested in its wise solution; both have much at stake; for, as goes the summer, it may almost be said, so goes the year.

The summer-camp idea thus conceives the problem and its solution. The aim is to afford the boy a thoroughly wholesome outdoor life during the summer months under conditions that will contribute, in the largest measure, to his spiritual and physical growth. The requirements are that he should have the constant comradeship of other boys, the sympathetic companionship of strong men, the freest opportunity to wander over field and mountain—to swim, fish, row; to exercise every true impulse of his nature freely and without restraint. Aside from exceptional circumstances, as the necessity for making up school work in which he may be deficient and for which no other time is available, he should be kept away from text-books. This does not include reference to books on geology, botany or kindred sciences, that should at this time be most meaningful to him because of his natural and free contact with these sciences.

The condition of the problems are, we believe, most nearly met by the summer camps for boys that are now established in different parts of the country. These camps fall into three quiet clearly marked groups; the natural science camp, the camps conducted in connection with the boys' branches of the Y. M. C. A., and the camps for the sons of the well-to-do classes. * * * The general plan of the camp's material equipment includes a large building, with a great open fireplace built of native rocks, furnished with tables and chairs, a piano, and a carefully selected library of up-to-date books for boys. A photographic darkroom is partitioned off, also a storeroom for boat furnishings, fishing tackle, etc. This building is the focus of the camp's interest. It serves as a dining hall, and in the evening presents a picture of happy good fellowship in its group of young men and boys gathered about the fire of blazing logs, telling stories, singing songs to the accompaniment of banjo, guitar and piano, and sharing in the prevailing spirit of comradeship. Clustered about this building are the tents, each accommodating seven or eight boys and one of the camp counselors. The latter is the special adviser of the group in his charge, and the responsibility for their well-being rests primarily on him. The equipment further includes a number of boats, a dock and a swimming raft. Minor buildings are a kitchen and an icehouse. The government of the camps is invested in a camp council, composed of the director and his assistants. The question of discipline hardly enters into the problem, because of the naturalness of camp life, possessing, as it does, none of the restrictions of the more artificial school life.

The "Christ of Oberammergau."

London Mail.

Radiant is the word to describe Anton Lang, off the stage as well as on. He is a young man of singularly holy life, or he would not have been chosen as Christus. It struck me in observing many types on this vast stage at Oberammergau that the mothers of these people must have thought of the Passionsspiel before the birth of their children—their thoughts, their prayers, helping to create the types needed. And more especially is this true of Anton Lang, the new Christus. Josef Mayer may have given the part more stern dignity, more passion; yet he could not have mingled his strength with lovable sweetness, as this man does. And Josef Mayer, leading the chorus, kingly in bearing, was today more the perfect type of Moses than Christus. He exactly resembled the Moses of Michael Angelo; and when strong sunlight fell upon him from above, glittering on his crown, his white beard, his robe of white, he was like a statue of snow and silver. And speaking of the sunlight—I had never realized before how marvelous an effect it could give until I saw this huge open stage, where the winds of heaven blew the players' garments, and birds sang overhead, and the sky made a sapphire arch, and the sun poured its glory on faces, hair and brilliant-colored robes. Artificial light is like a lie to truth in comparison.

Detective Talent.

Chicago Tribune.

"Good morning, Gringo."

"Good morning, Kiljordan. By the way, you went bicycling yesterday, just after the streets had been sprinkled, I see."

"That's true, but how do you know it?"

"Simplest thing in the world. When that fellow passed us just now and you saw the streak of mud on his back you involuntarily reached your hand around and brushed it up and down the back of your coat. The machine you rode was a tandem, too, I observe, with a tall lady on the front seat, and you had rather a long ride."

"That's all true. How did you find it out?"

"Easily. You are still rubbernecking at the road ahead of you as you walk."

Young & McMurray, Tailors, 6 N. Penn. st.

A BEAUTIFUL CHARITY

NIGHT REFUGE IN A GREAT CITY FOR WOMEN WHO ARE STRANDED.

An Institution Where No Questions Are Asked—Help Extended to Discouraged People and Its Results.

New York Evening Post.

There are nearly a dozen places in New York city exclusive of the public institutions where needy women can get shelter and assistance free of charge. There are the "Homes for Respectable Young Girls," the "Female Assistance Societies," "Shelters for the Friendless" and so on. There are also Magdalen asylums and houses of refuge. Of all these well-planned charities there is only one in which the clause "No questions asked" figures as a main factor in the admission of inmates. At this one, a plain, unpretentious looking brown stone house at 144 West Fifteenth street, 12,103 women, admitted without inquiry even as to their name, were sheltered and fed during this last year. The place is known as "The Night Refuge for Friendless Women." Its beneficiaries get word of it through the police, the postmen and such citizens as have had their attention called to it. The woman who founded it, who has induced others to help her support it, is notably unworldly, liking to keep her good offices in the background and to work quietly and silently among those whose benevolence she has aroused. She is not a rich woman. In the twenty-one years since starting her peculiar charge she has never asked or had from the city one penny towards the support of the home, but has secured all funds by personal exertion. Checks for rent, barrels of provisions, boxes of groceries and bales of clothing stuffs are constant contributions from merchants whose hearts were touched that there should be women actually in want of food and a shelter in the very midst of the city's plenty.

The whereabouts of this lodging place where no questions are asked is posted plainly on the wall beside the sergeant's desk in every police station. When women, hungry and with no place to go, apply at the police station for shelter they see the card: "Night refuge for women. Open all night for the reception of those who need succor. No cards or letters necessary to secure shelter and food." On winter nights more than a dozen women, one by one, often apply at the police station as a last recourse. In the summer there are not so many. The city is not so crowded then and conditions are easier.

FOR THE HOMELESS.

Of the numerous police stations those on the west side regard this refuge for women applicants as an incalculable good. Many a homeless woman is given car-fare to West Fifteenth street from distant parts of town, and once within the influence of the matron at the refuge, the applicant is not allowed to go until her state is bettered by substantial meals, warm clothing, and the feeling that she has friends to depend on. She is free to use the place as a haven while she goes out in search of employment, even if it takes weeks for her to find work. If she chooses to unburden her woes and it turns out that she has friends at a distance who could help her, she is assisted to make the necessary money for her passage to them. If it proves that ill health was the cause of her troubles, she is placed in the right hospital for her complaint, and the refuge matron acts as sponsor for her. If the woman has fled from a brutal or drunken husband, or from any manner of family injustice, she is given advice and all possible aid. Only one description of outcast is debarred the shelter, and that is the woman who is noisily drunk and who would be a menace to the peacefully inclined. The sergeants at the stations do not send this kind to the refuge.

"There are two facts ever present in my mind when I see these women," said the mistress of the home. "One that it is very easy for a woman who has not much money nor the capacity for earning money to get through with what she has and come to the verge of desperation; the other, that a sensitively constituted woman would almost rather starve than run the gauntlet of questions as to what brought her to this pass. Poverty is a deadly sting to delicately organized people. Once they give their name and declare their identity as paupers, they feel that a brand is upon them. Hundreds of women have stayed in our home whose names I do not know, whose reticence I respect. They stayed there and picked up the courage and physical strength to start on again. I asked them nothing. Sometimes, months after, when they were working and removed from want, they have sent me some remembrance, may be a little sum of money for the home, or only a letter of gratitude, giving me assurance that the help had not fallen on stony ground.

THEIR SECRETS RESPECTED.

"I am a pretty good judge of character, as every one who comes much in contact with people gets to be. I can usually tell at once the grade of life my lodgers come from. Shabby clothes, soiled hands, unkempt hair, distracted looks cannot disguise the gently born woman, and there are such here frequently. Enough of them tell us their story for us to gauge the rest, and when I see a woman of refined instinct taking the help offered to her thankfully, but bearing her trouble in silence, reserving the name and identity that she fears her condition would sully, I understand, and would no more try to probe into her past than I would touch a wound not yet healed. We have had women here who became ill purely from the reaction after their long siege of worry before deciding to appeal for help. And some have come here after serious illnesses in hospitals, discharged too soon. They broke down after only a short term of work, and had nothing to support themselves on, having pawned one possession after another, until abject destitution made them think of suicide. Then I get them, and seeing them brighten, take heart, and start life fresh again is ample reward for any exertion."

This night refuge is in reality only one branch of a more comprehensive charity. It was inevitable that out of the hundreds of women housed so informally there should be some peculiarly interesting. Wild girls, running away from uncongenial homes, impatient of restriction, or because of disputes with parents or guardians, would come, when stranded, to the refuge, and afterwards be moved to tell their story. These girls need proper quarters until a reconciliation can be brought about. Women overworked and ill come to the home, and women from all trades and vocations and those with no vocation, but who had come to New York seeking work and failed in the quest. All these were included in the "homeless, friendless" class that appealed for hospitality. Little by little the lodging plant was enlarged, and now it embraces the two houses on Fourteenth street directly back of the refuge. These houses, however, are not kept open all night. The inmates may have come in, in the dark, by the Fifteenth-street entrance, but they find means for a livelihood, and opportunities for bettering themselves on the Fourteenth-street side of the property, which has recently been purchased outright and dedicated permanently to its present purpose.

EMPLOYMENT FUND.

Whole outfits of clothing are made ready and given to the young women to enable them to make a creditable appearance while seeking employment. Packages of clothing are distributed, opportunities for home work afforded, and many little matters attended to. The women staying temporarily at the night refuge help prepare meals and comforts for the newcomers. In the management of all matters, whatever the social grade of those concerned, there is a marked lack of the red tape that obtains at most institutions.

Women not homeless but who have hard struggles to keep their homes intact are helped with fuel, rent, etc. Much of the work done must, from its very nature, be silent. Its privacy inspires confidence. The latch-string is never taken in. Seventy-five or eighty are admitted in one winter night. Last year the home found 3,000 situations for its women, 4,000 found employment for themselves, and more than a thousand were sent to friends or to their former homes. The others came and went; no questions were asked of them.

One bitterly cold day in the winter of 1876-77 Mrs. Susan M. Osborne, hurrying to her home through a by-street on the West Side, saw two girls huddling for shelter in a doorway. Something in their forlorn aspect stopped her, and she turned back and spoke to them. They were two sisters from a Connecticut town. They had come to New York to find employment and had failed. They were penniless and had no place to go. The people at the lodging house where they had had a small room might have let they stay had they known, but they were ashamed to ask. They gave up the room and came away, leaving their trunks. Within the hour the two women were under Mrs. Osborne's roof. Within a week they had, through her, found work, and out of that chance encounter sprang the purpose to make the befriending of hapless women a life work.

The home started three cots in two small rooms over a stable. The three beds were constantly occupied. For the three women taken in nightly many others had to be turned from the door. The furniture was scanty, there were cups without handles, knives and forks the worse for wear, but during the first year and a half many a stranded spirit found succor in those plain rooms. Step by step the work grew. In four years' time it was possible to rent a large house at $1,700 a year. To-day the charity owns its homestead, all through the quietly exerted influence of one woman. The working matron of the refuge who takes such a motherly interest in its affairs was a young girl when she cooked the first meals for those first unfortunates. Many of the women whom the house shelters now were then not born, but there is much more need of it now than there was twenty years ago, and that knowledge prompts the founder to invoke more and more interest for her sympathetic charity.

Too Many Suits

That's the fix we find ourselves in, and have adopted **Heroic Measures** to dispose of the stock by July 1. Here's how we propose to do it:

$6.75 for all Tailor Suits that were $14.00.
$12.50 for choice of Suits that sold early at $25.00.
$25.00 takes any Tailor Suit in the house. Bear in mind, you can get any of our fine novelties at this price, and some were $55.00 and $60.00.

HALF PRICE—Now for Silk Waists. Only about a hundred left, and they go at these figures:

$3.98 for finest Taffeta Silk Waists; were $6.75.
$5.00 best quality Taffeta Waists; were $9.75.
$7.50 takes pick of Waist, up to $15.00.

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PROBLEMS IN TIES.

Women's Neckwear Puzzling to the Trader.

New York Evening Sun.

"We are not making as many ties for women this year as we have in other seasons," said the forewoman in one of the big necktie factories, the other day. "Even when the mannish tie was most popular, it didn't pay to cater to the woman's trade. For one thing, a woman will seldom spend as much on a tie as will a man. Fifty cents she considers a big price, whereas 50 cents is a small price for a good man's tie. When stocks were worn, for instance, we tried making a specialty of them. The cost of making them was just twice the cost of making an ordinary tie, aside from the amount of material they required. But a woman wouldn't stop to think of all that, and it didn't pay to make them up.

"Neckties seem like simple enough things, but the truth of the matter is that greater nicety is required in their making than in making a dress. Every tie and every piece of a tie are carefully cut by pattern, that is, in first-class houses. Take the silk Tecks or four-in-hands, the made-up kind. They must be cut so that the pattern of the silk is just balanced in the various pieces, and it is a nice little bit of work to put the ties together.

"One of the features of the trade is the steady, unvarying demand for made-up ties. You may think that they are out of date and that no man will wear a tie that he doesn't knot himself, but if so you make a mistake. There is a certain conservative class that clings to the old style. We only make the Tecks and the puff ties to order, and they bring a very good price. There is a great demand, too, for the little made bows that fasten by a band at the back of the neck.

"Good bow makers are rare. We never take any inexperienced workers here, and yet even so some of the women who work at tie making never get so they can make a good bow. Those who have been working here for three years I consider new hands. Some of the women have been at work here for nineteen or twenty years.

"There are any number of little points that you may not have noticed about a tie that still count. The bat wing tie, which is the old string tie with broader ends, must end in points to be good style just now. The made-up bows have those same pointed ends if they are new. It is a more difficult thing to finish with the pointed ends than with the square ends, and so the tie makers get a certain amount more per dozen for the work, and that makes the retail price of the pointed end tie more, too. Another thing you have to pay for in buying a tie is the maker's name. It costs the retail dealer just so much more to have the name put inside the band of the tie. Then some folks prefer to have two hooks, one on either side of the band of the made bow to keep it from slipping up, instead of the one hook that usually fits under the collar button. That adds to the price.

"Sometimes it is the style in which a tie is made that makes it expensive and sometimes it is the material, and sometimes both. An Ascot tie, you know, can be either a flat or a puff. Well, here is a flat made of nothing under the sun but plain white pique, that, nevertheless, will cost at retail about $1.25. That is because it costs to have the work done. A first-class worker might make five dozen of the bow ties in a day, but a flat takes longer than a bow. There's all the difference in the world in the way the women work. One may make five or even six dozen difficult ties in a day, while another who seems to work just as hard will only turn out two dozen, and while one earns perhaps $18 a week, the other will hardly make $6 or $8 in the same length of time.

"The English squares, or the handkerchief ties, that were so much worn last summer are about as new as anything again this year. They are simple enough in the making, but it is the amount of silk they require that makes them expensive. You can hardly get a good one for less than one dollar, while some of the best ones are worth $3 and $4 each. They are made up in striped silk for this summer.

"The more expensive ties are all made from imported silks. Some of the silk costs at wholesale $4 or $5 a yard, and when five yards will barely make a dozen ties that brings the mere cost of the material well up. The imperial is expensive on that account when made of good silk.

"The 'Tantivy croot' is a tie that the tie-makers welcome. It was worn last year, to be sure, but this year it is a little different. It is a simple long piece of white cotton cheviot, and even a moderate worker thinks nothing of making five dozen a day. This sort of tie takes the place of a collar and tie, too, and it is worn by women, or men either, when they play golf. It is made of striped material, just as most of the summer ties are.

"A new sort of material for ties comes also in stripes. It is a silk and linen mixture, and it is very expensive. Even the little bat-wing ties are worth from 50 cents to 75 cents each. The great beauty about it is that it will wash like a piece of cotton, and the colors will not fade. It comes in the delicate shades, like blue and white or pink and white.

"The standard colors for neckties are black and white. There are more of the plain black and the plain white ties sold than of any other shades, and the back and white mixtures come next in order. Some houses make a specialty of manufacturing these three sorts of ties.

"Stripes are really making their last appearance for a time in neckwear. The colors are still rather bright, but all that will change in the fall. Rich, dark colored silks of set designs are what you may expect to see then, for that is what the manufacturers are already making up for the fall trade.

"There is one point that few folks know and that is how to buy a string tie to fit the collar. The ties are numbered just as collars are. For a very short bow to fit a 12½-inch collar you will need a 28½-inch tie. A thirty-one inch tie will be right for a fourteen-inch collar. For the man who owns up to a sixteen-inch collar, buy a thirty-three tie."

Dependable Women.

Boston Transcript.

We all admire heroism, and we are quite as likely to find the genuine article in the so-called weaker sex as in the stronger, though we are sometimes unreasonably surprised when we discover it coming out strong in physical emergencies. Yet, no service has been rendered about here of late that comes more genuinely under that designation than the rescue by Matron MacDowell and her assistants of the thirteen scarlet fever patients from the burning ward of the Newton Hospital yesterday. When the last one was removed, these devoted guardians of the sick were so overcome that they in turn had to be assisted by the firemen, but they did not surrender until their full duty had been done. When women perform brave deeds the reaction is generally greater than when these deeds are done by men; but this shows that the effort is correspondingly more intense. There have been several recent instances of women driving off burglars and highwaymen at the revolver's muzzle, and when they had won their victory they invariably fainted. This is their privilege and we admire their achievement all the more because of this evidence of its cost. The hospital episode ought to arouse public gratitude and strengthen public confidence in the guardians of those who are comparatively helpless. The higher education, which means the training of the body as well as the mind, helps to make heroines as well as heroes. It broadens the horizon, elevates the standards of life, enlightens the conscience and strengthens the purpose. At no previous time have our American women been so dependable as they are to-day.

Path of Sorrow.

The path of sorrow,
And that path alone,
Leads to the land
Where sorrow is unknown;
No traveler ever
Reached that blest abode
Who found not thorns
And briers in his road.