

The House on the Hudson.

BY FRANCES FOWELL.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Philip was brought up a gentleman. There, Philip did right, Athens, 'nest-ee pas?' It made no answer. Again we were not in sympathy. "The man had accused Philip of cheating at play. His mother demanded, 'Ah, Athens, you hear me?' Philip was right, 'nest-ee pas?' "Fray rest, dear Madam," I begged. Why say to her, if Philip must avenge himself, where were his fists? Why not have broken a cane across the insulter's shoulders? "Try to sleep now. You have wearied yourself too long." "I have confessed, my heart is less heavy—yet to break one's word!" She was quiet for a time. Then, beginning to talk again, her mind, little by little, lost its clearness. She forgot where she was, who was beside her. Now she gave orders to Julie, or scolded Mathilde; again, chatted gaily with Randal, or spoke soberly to Philip. Toward morning she fell into a light slumber. I, too, slept. I was roused by her voice calling me loudly.

Continued on fourth page.

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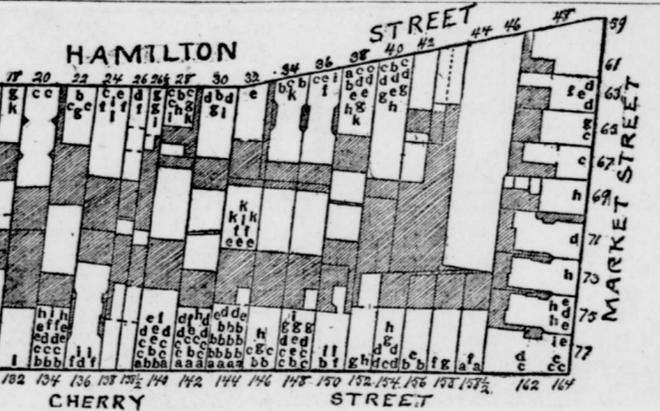
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AN AIRSHAFT IN THE "LUNG BLOCK." This narrow opening is relied on to supply fresh air to rooms five stories below.



GROUND PLAN OF "THE LUNG BLOCK." The shaded sections are courts and airshafts. Each letter represents one case of consumption reported to the Health Department since 1894. A, one case in 1894; b, one case in 1895; c, one case in 1896, and so on to k, one case in 1902. As it is not possible to tell whether a given case occurred in the front or the rear tenement, all have been assembled in the front building, except in No. 144 Cherry-st., where there was not room.

SOME PLAGUE SPOTS IN NEW-YORK.

IN ONE BLOCK 265 CASES OF TUBERCULOSIS WERE REPORTED IN NINE YEARS.

That there are some horrible plague spots in this city has been revealed in an investigation recently carried on by Ernest Poole for the committee on the prevention of tuberculosis, of the Charity Organization Society, and reported in a pamphlet entitled "The Lung Block." The "Lung Block" is close to the East River in the Seventh Ward, one of the most congested of the city, a ward that is steadily, swiftly packing closer. Its boundaries are Cherry, Catharine, Market and Hamilton sts. "Between 1890 and 1900," says Mr. Poole, referring to the Seventh Ward, "the density of its already crowded population increased no less than 65 per cent. Now it holds 478 humans to an acre. The 'Lung Block' alone holds nearly four thousand, and in mention dogs, cats, parrots and one weakened old woman. Of the humans, some four hundred are babies.

"It is a block packed close with ugly, grimy tenements; these tenements are honeycombed with rooms; these rooms are homes for people. To squeeze in more homes, light and air are slowly shut out. Halls, courts, airshafts, are all left cramped and deep and sunless. "It is a block of a thousand homes. Through halls, in rooms, on stairways, in courts, in shafts and out on fire escapes are sprinkled the four hundred babies. At the age of two they are found alone in the street, already imbibing its deep, muddy wisdom. So this muddy street overflows into the home. It is hard for the home to keep wholesome and pure. Things and people—good and bad—have only partitions between them.

"In a block so congested the plague spreads swiftly. In the last nine years alone, this block has reported 265 cases. From doctors, druggists, and all others who know, I gathered that this is but half the true number. "Of the 265 cases reported on the block, 104 came from six old tenement houses alone. "There is one called 'The Ink Pot.' It has front and rear tenements five floors high, with a foul, narrow court between. Here live 140 people. Twenty-three are babies. Here I found one man sick with the plague in the front house, two more in the rear—and one of these had a young wife and four children. Here the plague lives in darkness and filth—filth in halls, over walls and floors, in sinks and closets. Here in nine years alone twenty-six cases have been reported. How many besides these were kept secret? And behind these nine years—how many cases more?

"Rooms here have held death ready and waiting for years. Up on the third floor, looking down into the court, is a room with two little closets behind it. In one of these a blind Scotchman slept and took the plague in 1894. His wife and his fifteen-year-old son both drank, and the home grew squalid as the tenement itself. He died in the hospital. Only a few months later the plague fastened again. Slowly his little daughter grew used to the fever, the coughing, the long, sleepless nights. The foul court was the long, sleepless nights. At last she, too, died. The boy only outlived. At last she, too, died. The boy only outlived. At last she, too, died. The boy only outlived.

"He was not alone. In New-York to-day and to-night are over fifty thousand like him working. And late in the night, when he left the feverish labor, at the hour when other homes are sleeping, he had come in through the foul court and had sunk into restless sleep in the dark closet 6 feet by 7. There are 361,000 such closets in the city. And this was his home. "Luft-giebt mir Luft." He spoke only Yiddish. The new country had given the plague before the language. For the sweatshop and the closet had made him weak; his weakened body could make no fight; the plague came in and fed swiftly. Still on through the winter he had worked over the machine in the sweatshop, infecting the garments he sewed—feverish, tired, fearful—to buy food and coal, to keep his 'home' alive. And now, on this last day of life, ten times he had whispered to his brother, begging him to care for the wife and the three little children.

"The struggle now is ended. The home is scattered. The smothered whisper is forever hushed. "Breath—breath—give me breath!" "In the 'Lung Block' are four hundred 'dark rooms.' MOTOR FACE IN WOMAN. From The Tetler. Many women are discovering that 'living on a motor car' is most destructive of beauty. Moderate motoring, by improving health and the capacity for sleep, enhances a woman's charm, but the hardened tourist type of 100 miles a day and coarsens her skin and gets her feet round and her eyes, her face loses its soft, womanly contour and gains hardness and determination.

Careers for the Coming Men.

Practical and Authoritative Discussions of the Professions and Callings Open to Young Americans.

XXI.

Publishing.

BY F. N. DOUBLEDAY.

It is the custom, apparently, to consider one's own particular business in life as the most difficult and unsatisfactory of all the callings men follow. But in writing of one's vocation, just why one should always lay prominence upon its difficulties instead of its opportunities and pleasures I fall to see. Notwithstanding its drawbacks, I still believe that the publishing of books and magazines offers a good chance for young men of imagination, ambition and cleverness, and it is even fair to presume that the difficulties and troubles of publishing are in many respects more interesting than an equal number of trials in some other business.

So far as our experiences go, the young graduates who start out to decide upon a career seem to be fascinated with the idea that in that it

will sell vastly more than in the old days, and is therefore more profitable, even considering the increased first expense of getting the public to know that it exists. The obvious need, one would say, then, is to get those books of actual and acknowledged merit which will last, but it is not only difficult to get many such books, but the expense of making them and telling the public of them often takes a year, or several years, perhaps, to recoup the first investment. Meantime, the expense goes on at the rate fixed by the novel, which sells by the fifty thousands, we will say. All this can be remedied by getting for more serious work the sales accorded for novels of temporary popularity. No doubt it can be done, but who will do it?

Another thing the coming publisher will do is to invent books which the public really wants, or thinks it wants, and he will manage to create the book to fit a need which only this imagination can foresee or guess at.

It has often been said that authors are as difficult to deal with as artists or musicians, but experience leads me to believe that the writers of books are no harder to do business with than the people who set the type and print the books or the booksellers who sell them. An author's book is his baby—"the child of his brain." I believe the correct phrase is, "Can it be considered strange that he looks with dread upon the critic who wishes to chop out sections and passages of his pages, or remake what he has worked out with care and labor? One might as well expect a mother to have her baby improved by reducing the number of its fingers or reshaping its ears. The surprising thing is that so often is the publisher's opinion sought for and his advice accepted so readily. It takes tact to deal with writers, but no more than it does to deal with any other person of spirit—a lawyer or doctor, let us say, or a trained nurse.

I fancy that it is the notion of having relations with distinguished authors which makes publishing appear attractive to the youngster choosing a career, but let him not forget that the pleasure and satisfaction of the relationship rest upon a quid pro quo—that the publisher must do his part with skill and ability to keep the connection profitable to both. Many times his best is not good enough; but, then, his conscience need trouble him, and he can let it go as that.

The subscription work has the great advantage of dealing with the buyer direct. The number of customers, and therefore the opportunities, are greatly increased. It would take a page of this paper even to mention the schemes which one must invent and are still to be invented to work this out to its full field of usefulness. Happily, as a branch of the business which has always been more or less looked down upon, it is making its way up rapidly.

In the old days a book which cost 50 cents, and a worthless one at that, was forced upon an unwilling buyer for ten times that sum by the sheer force of the ferocious and untamed energy of a book agent. This old type of agent was a terror to the customer and to the publisher, and he robbed both the buyer and the seller with a high hand. His modern prototype seems to sell by the aid of the hard luck story, and he leaves his customer with some remnant of self-respect, so that he may again sell the same man. Uncle Sam, also, has intervened, and now probably half of the subscription books distributed now are sold by mail, and the very best books are brought into homes on the so-called installment plan. How great this business is in the aggregate it is impossible to say, but it is known that about half a million sets of the Encyclopædia Britannica have been sold in this country—a book made primarily for the purposes of a people living three thousand miles away. This gives some indication of the possibilities. They have only been touched. Surely the books and the personnel will improve and buyers will multiply manifold.

Then we come to magazine publishing. A great publishing house needs at least one magazine—a half-dozen would be better if they might all have separate fields and the force could be gathered to run them all at a high level of efficiency. Mr. Harnsworth publishes forty or more in England, and all with success. The strong features of the magazine published in association with the books is too obvious to talk about, but even as a separate business it has many advantages over book publishing. For one thing, it has a more continuous life; once begun, with a fair share of success it is built up year after year on a solid foundation. The publisher has here also the pleasure of dealing directly with his customers, whom, if he is clever, he will interest as his friends both among his subscribers and his advertisers. His chances, too, are many sided and touch many departments; the suggestion of ideas in editorial contents, in illustrating, in plans for selling and in drawing into his net the elusive advertiser who won't be coaxed until all the others have been secured.

The sale of educational text and college books is a thing quite apart, and here the young graduate who finds his opportunity, his college training and experience doing him an immediate and assured service. As a book once introduced, the chance for a long and steady sale, the risks are less constant and the effort less spasmodic.

One would say that all these branches should be in a healthy state of vigor in this perfect

QUAINT FRENCH VILLAGE.

It seems hardly credible that not more than thirty minutes from all the noise and bustle of Paris there lies a village that is so quiet, so peaceful and so old fashioned that one would imagine one's self at least one hundred miles away from the gay capital. Here at this village, La Frette by name, and about fifteen minutes' walk from Conflans, the preparations for midday and evening repasts have to be made very early in the morning, for no such thing as a good shop is anywhere near, and the walk to Cormelles is one which one considers twice before taking, for it is up steep and rough roads. So daily, butcher, baker and green grocer pass this quaint little place, and the villagers gather round the various tradesmen and make their purchases for the day. The day, and another is to receive the same amount on her approaching marriage. And yet this man, who must be worth 4,000,000 or 5,000,000 francs at least, lives in a patched up old house, and digs in the fields from early morning till late at night.—The London Telegraph.

BRANDING SWANS.

Rather a funny ceremony that is gone through with every year has just been accomplished, and that is the marking of the young swans, or cygnets, on the upper Thames. It is a ceremony of course a feature of the river after Richmond is passed. Some of them are owned by the crown, and it is in order to distinguish them that the cygnets are marked. The swan markers are a picturesque company. They wear white bannets, and can be told apart by their different colored jerseys. Those of the King's men are scarlet, those of the Dyers' Company navy blue, and those of the Vintners' Company blue and white. The markers embark in half a dozen skiffs, at the stern of which flies either the King's flag—a white field, with a crown and the royal cipher, "E. R."—or one of the banners of the two companies. They are surprisingly strong, too, and every one in a while one of the markers has an arm or leg broken by a vicious blow from a cygnet's wing. The birds are caught by means of a hook on the end of a long pole, and they are branded on the neck—either with the royal program or that of one of the companies. Usually the man who does the branding deprives the swan of a feather, and the branding is marked by him of its feathers, which he sticks in his cap as a trophy. The number of cygnets is smaller than usual this year, on account of the bad weather and floods which have prevailed along the river. By the way, the Thames swans have a reputation for viciousness, and their folks who have seen what they can do with their wings and beaks make it a point to give one of its feathers.—London correspondence of Philadelphia Ledger.

"Buy China and Glass Right"

JIGGINS & SEITER.

Commencing MONDAY, September 14th, and continuing the balance of the month, we will make as a special inducement for early purchasing

A REDUCTION OF 25% ON DINNER WARE,

as follows:

- HAVILAND'S FINEST LIMOGES CHINA, rocco border decoration in pink and blue flowers, with sage green leaves, fancy gold work, fancy flower rosette centre. Complete dinner set, regular price 61.40, spec. for Sept. 45.55, 13.85. Breakfast set, 55 pieces, regular price 24.00, spec. for Sept. 18.00. Tea set, 56 pieces, regular price 20.25, spec. for Sept. 15.19. Chop set, 13 pieces, regular price 8.97, spec. for Sept. 6.70. Salad set, 13 pieces, regular price 6.00, spec. for Sept. 4.50.

FINEST LIMOGES CHINA, rocco flower border, sage green and pink, also light blue forget-me-nots with shaded buff background. Fancy rocco flower centre, gold edge.



Complete dinner set, regular price 62.75, spec. for Sept. 47.00. Tea set, 56 pieces, regular price 20.25, spec. for Sept. 15.19. Chop set, 13 pieces, regular price 8.97, spec. for Sept. 6.70. Salad set, 13 pieces, regular price 6.00, spec. for Sept. 4.50.

FINEST LIMOGES CHINA, rocco sage green border with dark green edge; clusters of roses and blue forget-me-nots, sage green leaves, handles clouded burnished gold. Complete dinner set, regular price 55.00, spec. for Sept. 41.25. Tea set, 56 pieces, regular price 20.25, spec. for Sept. 15.19. Chop set, 13 pieces, regular price 8.97, spec. for Sept. 6.70. Salad set, 13 pieces, regular price 6.00, spec. for Sept. 4.50.

FINEST LIMOGES CHINA, border decoration of large roses in pink and yellow and sage green leaves. Handles of covered dishes clouded gold; border of sage green on edge. Complete dinner set, regular price 65.50, spec. for Sept. 49.13. Tea set, 56 pieces, regular price 20.25, spec. for Sept. 15.19. Chop set, 13 pieces, regular price 8.97, spec. for Sept. 6.70. Salad set, 13 pieces, regular price 6.00, spec. for Sept. 4.50.

ENGLISH SEMI-PORCELAIN, border of green lilies illuminated with gold; gold edge. Complete dinner set, regular price 22.00, spec. for Sept. 16.50. Breakfast set, 55 pieces, regular price 19.25, spec. for Sept. 14.44. Tea set, 56 pieces, regular price 8.00, spec. for Sept. 6.00. Chop set, 13 pieces, regular price 2.00, spec. for Sept. 1.50. Salad set, 13 pieces, regular price 2.40, spec. for Sept. 1.80.

ENGLISH PORCELAIN, chrysanthemum decoration in pink, blue and green; gold edge. Complete dinner set, regular price 19.85, spec. for Sept. 14.89. Tea set, 56 pieces, regular price 6.96, spec. for Sept. 5.22. Chop set, 13 pieces, regular price 4.75, spec. for Sept. 3.57. Salad set, 13 pieces, regular price 2.70, spec. for Sept. 2.03.

From all of the above mentioned sets separate pieces can also be obtained at a corresponding reduction. Several hundred other dinner sets are ready for your inspection. Our Annual Rummage Sale is also on; special bargains in odd pieces of china.

WEST 21ST & WEST 22D STS., NEAR SIXTH AVE.

publishing house we are talking of. In profits probably the magazine would yield best, then the subscription department, then the text books, and finally the miscellaneous book publishing, which is so apt to be "Prince or Pauper," with the accent on the latter. If one looks over the field, one sees opportunities in abundance. The men, young or old, who can really do things are few and far between, but the men who can explain with great force and detail and with ability why they haven't done things are abundant. One comes upon a great many men who have ideas, and good ones, and can tell you how to work them out, but the men who have the ideas and can do work them out are many days' journey apart. It is only by developing the men one at a time, letting the inexperienced newcomer try again the old schemes which we have tried in vain, and now and then he will make a success of some point which has been quite fruitless heretofore.

In the next decade the sale of books will certainly be vastly increased, and these are the men who will do it. One hears it said that nowadays it costs more than it did to launch a book. If by launching we mean selling a large quantity at the start, this is unquestionably true, but the cost of typesetting, paper, printing and binding have not increased. The real meaning is that more is expected in launching a book than was expected a few years ago, and this does cost money. The capital involved is perhaps greater, but capital for people who can make success is probably more easily secured than it ever was. Which, all being summed up, means that this writer has wasted a good deal of valuable space to tell again what is so well known: that the opportunities are great for men who deserve them and for those who cannot see and avail themselves of them the path is long and hard.

SANDALWOOD OIL.

Oil of sandalwood, which is one of the most valuable substances known to the perfumer, affording an exceedingly delicate and delicious scent, has at last been made by synthesis. It was purely an accident. Dr. David T. Day, of the United States Geological Survey, was making some small chemical experiments the other day on the mantelshelf of his office in Washington. He had some crude petroleum from a Texas well, and was putting it through various processes, more or less, in an attempt to get out of it what he called sandalwood oil. He had obtained, quite by chance, an artificial oil of sandalwood—impure, by chance, but easily susceptible of purification by refining. The discovery is believed to be of great value commercially, but Dr. Day has too much scientific business on hand to bother with exploiting a synthetic perfume, and makes the world welcome to his lucky find. It is thought as the oil can be got from petroleum in endless quantities at a very cheap rate, it is likely to drive the ordinary sandalwood oil, which is obtained by distillation from the wood, out of the market. The destructive white ant of India and China, which devours nearly everything save metals, will not touch sandalwood, and that is one reason why so much of it is made up into caskets, boxes and similar articles that come from Asia. For people are familiar with the agreeable perfume of boxes made of this material.—Saturday Evening Post.