Cupid Busy Among the Hello Girls

Twenty Per Cent. of Them Get Married Every Year---The Work Makes Them Bright and Attractive to Men

Cupid is said to be very busy among the hello girls. This interesting fact might not have leaked out but for a Brooklyn telephone man, who, by way of apology for occasional bad service, remarked that at the central stations they were constantly losing the best girls because they got married.

The remark naturally suggested the question. Is the percentage of telephone girls who marry larger than that in other lines of work, and do telephone girls have better opportunities of getting married than others?

In Manhattan, where the hello girls are thickest, of course there is no such thing as bad telephone service—at least, that is how the managers put it—nor will any manager admit that the service can be handicapped in the least by a frequent change of operators, for the reason that all the new girls taken on at the various centrals are trained in the company's telephone school, and therefore are competent at the start.

What some of them do admit, however, is that there are few old maids in their employ, and an instructor in the school supplied the information that she never had met a pupil who expressed any aversion to matrimony. More to the point, though, are these figures, furnished by the manager of one of the busiest centrals:

"There are about 2,000 girls employed in Manhattan at the various centrals," said he, "and of these we lose every year close to 600.

"Some leave to go to private exchange boards, a few because of ill health, and others are quitters because they don't like the work or get tired of it.

"It wouldn't be fair, I guess, to blame Cupid for such a big exodus, but by a process of elimination it is quite safe to say that of the 600 who leave at least 400 get married right off, which means 20 per cent. of the total number employed."

By comparison with the statistics given by the manager of a big Sixth avenue department store employing nearly one thousand women, these figures are impressive. Said the store manager:

"About 6 per cent., I think, possibly not so many, of the young girls here get married every year. At any rate I am sure the proportion is not above that."

At another big concern of the same kind where 600 women work, the superintendent hazarded 5 per cent. as representing the number of girls who left in one year to get married; and in one of the white goods factories this proportion was cut down to 4 per cent. In each case the manager admitted that he was not speaking from actual knowledge. Girls don't always confide their matrimonial intentions to a manager on leaving.

When a central manager was asked to give a reason for Cupid's success with telephone girls, he laughed and exclaimed with decision:

"I'm sure I haven't the least idea. I am sure of one thing though, it is not because of any chance they have of meeting men or talking with men while on duty, although some people may believe just the contrary.

"The day for carrying on an interesting flirtation with this and that man on the wire has gone by. That sort of thing is an ancient joke now.

"When the system was new perhaps it was different, for there probably was some chance then of a girl having a nice little chat by way of the 'phone and making acquaintances and arranging dates in the course of her day's work. But that is an old story.

"As we manage the system now I should say that the telephone girls at central had far less chance to make male acquaintances or to converse with men in business hours than have girls employed almost anywhere else—or say at least in a shop or a public office. In fact they have no chance at all. Any one who tells a different story is rehearsing a fairy tale.

"For one thing the hello girl is no longer a novelty, consequently few business men are looking for flirtations in that direction now or make the least effort to talk anything but business to an operator. Perhaps, though, their reticence may be due to the fact that they get little encouragement if they do try.

"Some of the public evidently doesn't know that there is now a cast iron rule at centrals prohibiting operators from holding private conversation on the wire under any circumstances with subscribers and that there are absolutely no exceptions to the rule. The first time a girl is caught breaking it she is reprimanded and cautioned only. We give her the benefit of the doubt that she may have been caught unawares or that she was thoughtless.

"The second time it happens, though, no excuse is made for her. Off she goes.

"For instance, the other day I overheard a girl say perhaps half a dozen words which had no connection with the formula to which she is restricted, and give a little laugh, and she got her walking papers that night because it was the second time the thing had happened.

"Hard to detect them? Not at all. Every nine girls are in charge of a supervisor—a woman who is an expert operator—and who sits or stands just back of them ready to help to adjust difficulties, get troublesome connections, for instance, and so on, and it is also part of her duty to keep an ear open for any private conversation which may be attempted and is a variation from 'What is your number?' 'Busy, shall I call you?' and the other stereotyped phrases the public is familiar with.

"No, I really can't see any reason why more telephone girls should marry every year than girls in other lines of business, unless it is that telephone girls are more attractive than some others."

"I can quite readily understand why so many of our girls get married," was the answer of a manager of the telephone school when the subject was brought to her attention.

"The average telephone girl has lots of vital force and as her work is altogether mental she is more alert, or appears to be more alert and brighter than the girl whose work is mainly mechanical.

"To gain admittance to this school applicants must have good eyesight, perfect hearing, be ready of speech—that is, have a good voice and good pronunciation, have a grammar school certificate and visibly show that they are in good health. As a result only 10 per cent of the girls who apply to be taken in are successful.

"In other words, out of every one hundred girls who want to learn the telephone business here I select only nine or ten. This shows that to begin with candidates are physically in prime condition, have a good common school education and are neat and attractive in their appearance and manner.

"After a week or so I am able to judge of their mental ability and if it turns out that a girl is dull, slow witted and shows no particular aptitude for learning I don't let her go on. She is discharged and the next on the waiting list takes her place.

"Between 17 and 20 is the age limit in this school, and most of those who marry step off before they have been working more than two or three years.

"To a bright girl the telephone business is easy enough, but a dull one finds the work hard, and she never gives good satisfaction anyway.

"She gets used to listening carefully, thinking quickly, answering briefly and to the point. Then the work is sure to give her very acute hearing. I'll be bound that if the most diffident man on earth paid a telephone girl a compliment he wouldn't run up against a depressing 'What did you say?' or 'I beg your pardon.'

"She would be sure to hear it the very first time, and, better yet, she can talk to a man so that he can hear every word said, and yet no one else in her neighborhood be able to catch a syllable.

"Oh, yes, practice on the telephone teaches her that.

"Naturally these accomplishments are a great aid to courtships and help to explain at least why telephone girls not only marry but marry comfortably. I have never yet known one to come back after marriage and ask for a job.

"Evidently, the men they mate with are able to take care of them. But to imagine that the telephone girl can conduct a flirtation over the wire or make acquaintances by means of her telephone in business hours is nonsense. If such were the case we would be overrun with applications for the job.

"The pupils here know that as well as I do—know the rules thoroughly before taking the place, understand the penalty for breaking the rules.

"All this, of course, applies only to centrals. We have 6,000 subscribers who have private branch exchange switchboards, each in charge of one operator, who has more or less chance in business hours of meeting the public and indulging in private remarks over the wire. Perhaps one-half of the operators employed at the private switchboards are women—although I have no official figures at hand—and many of them are sent from centrals to fill that position.

"In fact, I know that many of the girls who leave central every year do so because they find an opening of that sort and are quick to grasp it. So far as I know in such cases it is a foregone conclusion that the girl will not remain single long."

"How often do you change your operator?" the owner of a private branch switchboard, who always employs a woman, was asked.

"Well, I have never been able to keep one longer than ten or twelve months," he answered thoughtfully. "Year before last I had two, and I'm blest if they didn't both get married.

"I began to think this place was a regular matrimonial agency. I have had better luck of late, come to think of it.

"The operator I now have has been with me fourteen months and is saying nothing about leaving. She is very good looking, too, in a brunette statuesque style.

"Her two predecessors who got married were blondes. For some reason or other I find that the blond girls who come here marry sooner than the brunettes."

"I used to employ a woman at the switchboard, but of late I have given it up," said another employer. "In some respects I prefer a woman operator, but I was unlucky enough last year to engage, one after the other, two remarkably bright young women who proved to be so attractive that invariably there would be several men hanging around in their vicinity at all hours of the day.

"I can't say that the girls encouraged or tried to flirt with them, either. In fact, I am almost sure they did nothing of the sort. Nevertheless the result was just the same as if they had, and in self-defence I ousted those young women in quick succession and finally put a man in the place.

"So far as I know, neither girl is yet married, but I fancy neither is destined for a life of single blessedness."

"I am very strict about the conduct of my operator," said another employer. "I allow no conversation of a personal nature with visitors nor over the wire in business hours, and I only engage girls whose steadiness is vouched for by a responsible person. At the same time I find my operators constantly breaking the first rule and often through no fault of their own.

"Undoubtedly, the average telephone girl is bright and more or less attractive, although I hadn't given the matter a thought until a little over a year ago, when I had the switchboard put in. At first I had a man operator and didn't like him.

"Then I changed in favor of a young woman who was entirely satisfactory, or would have been had she not wanted to keep the wire hot with sallies to one and another friend which had nothing to do with business. I told her my rule over and over again and she always expressed contrition and made a plausible excuse.

"Finally, one day, I sent for her and announced that at the end of the week I should no longer require her services. I fully expected that she would burst into tears, or at least put on an injured air, make more promises and beg for another trial, but to my surprise she did nothing of the sort. Instead of that she gave me a very demure look, and then with a blush remarked blithely:

"'All right. I expected to leave you soon anyway, for I am engaged to be married.'"

Objection to the Job.

From Harper's Weekly.

A shipbuilder tells of an Irishman who sought employment as a diver in the service of one of the shipbuilding companies.

The first job to which the Irishman was assigned was to be performed in comparatively shallow water. He was provided with a pick and told to use it on a ledge below.

Mike was put into a diver's suit, and, with his pick, was sent down to tackle the ledge. For about fifteen minutes nothing was heard from him. Then came a strong, determined, deliberate pull on the signal rope, indicating that Mike had a very decided wish to come to the top. The assistants hastily pulled him to the raft and removed his helmet.

"Take off the rest of it," said Mike.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked they.

"Take off the rest of it," doggedly reiterated Mike; "I'll wur-rk no longer on a job where I can't shpit on me hands."

A Schoolma'am Who Showed More Nerve Than Kuroki

MACON, Mo., Jan. 7.—"I noticed in a recent mail story about the war in the Orient that the writer says that Gen. Kuroki planned the battle at Taitse River and then calmly proceeded to fish for minnows while the shells were flying and men were bayoneting one another," remarked ex-State Senator William H. Sears. "While one cannot help applauding the superb nerve of the little fighters across the sea, I want to say that I knew a tall woman teacher of Missouri who beat the gallant Japanese General to it as regards nerve by two or three degrees.

"Miss Lizzie McKittrick was the heroine. I remember well the day, because it marked my fourteenth birthday, and it was the end of the summer term of school, Aug. 8, 1861.

"The little log house was about seven miles south of Callao and not far from the Chariton River. A few days earlier the Confederate forces under Gen. Porter and the Federals commanded by Gen. Wolfolk met in battle at Kirksville, and afterward the Confederates retreated southward along the Chariton River.

"We were drowsily thumbing our books when we heard the sullen roar of a cannon in the distance. We looked up at the windows and then at the teacher.

"She frowned and motioned for us to resume our studies. There was another detonation from the cannon and another and then a crash of musketry. A window light was knocked out by the concussion and fell noisily on the floor. The pupils jumped up in wild confusion.

"Miss McKittrick arose from her chair, but not in confusion. She was just mad.

"'The school will come away from the door and resume its seats,' she said.

"The school did.

"She stood in the centre aisle with a heavy ruler in her hand. The pupils were more afraid to risk an encounter with that ruler than the possible chance of a stray cannon ball crashing through the building. A teacher who could run a school while people were being bayoneted or blown to pieces right next door, as you might say, was too serious a thing for our youthful spirits to defy, even if she did wear spectacles.

"During the entire afternoon the firing between the two commands continued, sometimes breaking into volleys that sounded dreadfully near. We were all little rebels, because our parents were, and we secretly prayed for the success of Porter and his men. The fighting was just across the hills, and looking through the windows we could see the smoke rising from the valley.

"It was a hard task to keep our thoughts on our books with such a thrilling event so near us. In our imagination every time the cannons spoke we saw whole platoons of men torn to pieces and their dismembered limbs sailing skyward. Once in a while a cheer would come floating across the hills, and we hoped it was our side and that we could holler with them.

"But that teacher of ours, grim, alert and determined, seemed to be unusually successful in finding something for us to do to keep our minds from the battle.

"The long afternoon session ended at last, and as we bade our teacher a hurried farewell she admonished us not to go too near where the fighting was. She needn't have done that, but I suppose she thought it would make her conscience easier if any of us were inclined to get in the way of the bullets—which we were not.

"As for herself, I believe if her way home had led across the battlefield she would have commanded the soldiers to cease firing till she got by. She had the nerve."

Miss Wilson, Civil Engineer

Although Miss Elmina Wilson of this city is not the only woman who has been graduated from a school of civil engineering, she is one of the very few who are following that profession with success. It is now twelve years since she received her first engineering degree from the Iowa State College at Ames.

When asked what determined her choice of a profession, Miss Wilson said that she studied surveying first of all as part of her

MISS WILSON.

equipment for teaching. Then a love for mathematics and a certain curiosity as to what the outcome would be led her to go on with the full engineering course.

Even the railway field work was not shirked, and Miss Wilson walked the ties for miles, carrying transit and chain. She is very particular to state that she went under the fences that crossed the path of the surveying parties of which she was a member.

"The men went over, but, of course, I went under," she says, with a twinkle in her eyes, a twinkle which suggests that she really has taken a flying view of the top-rail herself now and then, in spite of her demure insistence.

When she was graduated in 1892 Miss Wilson was made instructor in physics in her alma mater. She spent one winter at Cornell, studying hydraulic laboratory work in order to teach it at Ames. Two winters were spent later at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Boston, and the degree of C. E. was attained. Then the title of assistant professor of physics was conferred on Miss Wilson.

Summer vacations were spent in Chicago, where Miss Wilson was in the employ of Patton & Miller, architects, and the Jennett Bridge and Iron Company. As special work she was engaged in the cheerful occupation of laying out cemeteries.

Last year Miss Wilson asked for leave of absence from her college and went abroad to study architecture at first hand. With her sister, Miss Alda Wilson, also a graduate of the Iowa State College engineering school, and now employed as an architect in this city, she toured Italy, Greece, Switzerland, Germany, France, England and Scotland. They did much of their journeying on bicycles.

Upon her return to this country Miss Wilson resigned from the faculty at Ames and entered the employ of the James E. Brooks Company, consulting engineers. She was immediately sent out to the Essex Structural Steel Works at Bloomfield, N. J., where she attended to shop details for several weeks. Later she was assigned to work in the New York offices.

When asked what she is doing just now, Miss Wilson thought diligently a moment and then said:

"I can't think of any name for it that would convey an intelligent idea to an outsider. We call it getting out the steel for a power house for a New Orleans railway company. I make drawings for the steel part of the structure and then make my estimates as to the number of thousand pounds it will take for each part."

Miss Wilson and her sister keep bachelor hall and prove that women in business can be excellent housekeepers. Their parlors are full of pretty water color and pencil sketches of sights and scenes abroad, their own work or that of the artists they met in their travels.

Butte Takes Up the Browning Cult and Finds It Just What It Needed

The statement that the greatest copper mining camp on earth, Butte, Mon., possesses a larger proportion of lovers of the poems of Robert Browning than any other city of its size west of the Appalachian Mountains may surprise some people. There is, however, plenty of evidence to support it.

Discussions of "The Ring and the Book," "Pippa Passes," "Paracelsus," "Sordello" and other poems by Browning may be heard at almost any social gathering of the cultivated part of the population. A lecture on a Browning subject is looked forward to all winter, and tickets of admission are at a premium. Moreover, it supplies the topic of conversation for a week or more after it occurs. Those who do not own the Camberwell edition in twelve volumes, all well thumbed, are likely to own the Cambridge edition in one.

The Browning cult in Butte had its origin in the arrival in that city three years ago of the Rev. Lewis J. Duncan to assume the ministry of the First Unitarian Church, then just established. Mr. Duncan is a man of unusual ability. When it is told that he always preaches an hour, and sometimes an hour and a half, on Sunday mornings without his audience diminishing during the time, nothing more regarding his power to interest need be said.

In the fall of his second year in Butte Mr. Duncan organized a class for the study of George Eliot, Emerson and Browning. It was largely attended and gained considerable reputation before the year was over.

The first attempts of members of the class to understand Browning were a source of amusement. A middle-aged physician whose mind is certainly not below the average in power of comprehension came to each meeting absolutely convinced that there was no sense in the poem assigned for the evening's lesson.

"You can't tell me there's anything in it," he would declare savagely. "I know better. I've read the old thing through twice. It's just words, that's all!"

But by the end of the evening it would have taken its place in his mind among the masterpieces of thought and expression. And yet Mr. Duncan seldom explains difficult passages. He inveigles the students themselve into an argument, and in the discussion the poet's meaning is illuminated.

Only shorter poems were attempted that year. The following season two classes were necessary to accommodate the people, young and old, who were anxious to become initiated in the Browning cult. "The Ring and the Book" was the study for the year, and many who could not afford to take the class work studied it by themselves or in little clubs.

At a public lecture which Mr. Duncan gave on the poem the S. R. O. sign was early hung out. Theatrical performances at the Broadway and Grand theatres were not more eagerly attended or more enthusiastically applauded. Certainly they were far from making the decided hit with the dwellers in the mining camp that the Browning lecture made.

If there is one place on the face of the earth where a belief in the working of all things for good is needed more than in any other it is this same Butte. Nature has deserted the place entirely, leaving it a most unlovely spot of "sand and barrenness," as was proclaimed by Mary Maclane a few years ago.

This city of 50,000 persons, situated on the side of a mountain which smelter smoke has entirely denuded of trees, and whose gulches have been made unsightly by placer mining, has only the blue sky overhead and one distant group of showcapped mountain peaks to remind its dwellers that there is a joy in eyesight. Trees and grass do not flourish in a soil of pure granite and an atmosphere as likely to be composed of arsenic and sulphur as of oxygen and other life giving constituents.

In the spring some philanthropic citizen of Missoula, the garden city of Montana, sends a box of wild flowers to the botany cass of the Butte high school and the young people thus favored are fairly overcome by the luxuriance of it. At Columbia Gardens, a summer resort in the mountains, the budding of a small group of aspen trees is watched with pathetic interest.

Is it any wonder that Browning, the poet of optimism, with his songs of April in England and Italian outdoor life, should appeal to these exiles in Butte? Moreover, the high wages of workmen, the vast number of saloons and gaming place, always found where good times prevail, the recklessness with which the easily earned money is squandered and the general laxity of moral standards make moral and ethical questions of serious import.

Browning, who makes his readers think, weigh and consider, was naturally a welcome introduction. His optimism is appreciated. Through a study of his works society is attaining a higher plane of interest and the unusual spectacle is presented of a mining camp where Browning is the favorite poet.

Booksellers in Butte are becoming very earned on the subject of Browning editions, and the public library officials are working overtime to give every one a chance to try his capacity for comprehension.

DANCE TO LIFT A BOYCOTT.

IT ENDED IN THE DARK WITH THE GIVER OUT OF THE WINDOW.

He Was Dropped To the Sidewalk and Is Now a Cripple for Life—He Dared the Boys of a Rival Indiana Town by Giving a Dance for the Girls Without Them

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 7.—An investigation by the authorities of Cass county into the circumstances attending an assault upon Frank Jones, a young man of the town of Twelve Mile, who was thrown from a window in a public hall and completely paralyzed, has brought to light a curious boycott between the towns of Twelve Mile and New Waverly.

The two towns have been rivals for years. Two years ago the relations between them became strained when Miss Belle Montgomery, of Waverly defying her parents, eloped with Arthur Parkhurst of Twelve Mile. It was said then that the young woman, who was the acknowledged belle of the town, was engaged to not less than three of the New Waverly boys when she disappeared with her Twelve Mile suitor.

From that time no young woman who has countenanced the attentions of a Twelve Mile beau has received any from the New Waverly boys. The young men of Twelve Mile have been eliminated from New Waverly' society, and the boys and girls of Twelve Mile have retaliated in kind.

So pronounced did the feeling become that it extended to the business men of both towns and no dealings took place between them. Farmers learned that they must choose between the two rivals in selling produce, and it came to pass that a line was theoretically drawn between New Waverly and Twelve Mile, all trade on one side going to the first and all on the other side of the line going to the second.

If a young man in the country was known to have visited a girl in one of the towns he was ostracised by the girls of the other town. The two places became as isolated as though they had been in different States. Frequent banterings, when rivals met on neutral ground, increased the feeling and led to encounters that were not always bloodless.

In this condition of affairs young Jones of Twelve Mile determined to offer an attraction which the girls of New Waverly could not resist. He went to that town, rented a hall and announced a dance with refreshments. Every girl in New Waverly was invited, but not an invitation was given to a young man. Escorts for such as accepted the invitations were to be furnished from among the Twelve Mile boys.

On the evening set for the dance Jones and a dozen of his friends went to New Waverly. In the meantime the New Waverly boys had been busy, and when some of the Twelve Mile escorts called for the young women they found they had changed their minds and did not care to dance. Some, however, were willing to risk displeasure, and a large company was assembled.

Jones had provided a guard for the door, but soon after the dance opened several New Waverly young men forced their way in. These were followed by others till all the space except that set apart for the dancers was taken. The newcomers, though uninvited, appeared interested and the Twelve Mile visitors offered no objection to their presence.

Suddenly every light in the hall was extinguished, leaving the dancers in total darkness. At the same moment, as though he had been singled out while there was still light in the room, Jones was surrounded, lifted from his feet, carried to the window and thrown out on the pavement below. The hall is on the second floor.

He fell full length on the sidewalk and sustained an injury to his spine, which was followed by total paralysis of the lower limbs.

In the hall the young men from Twelve Mile, expecting an attack upon themselves every moment, stood on the defensive and were inactive while Jones was battling at such a disadvantage with his half dozen assailants. The breaking of the window and the fall of Jones's body were followed by silence. Then the tramp of men descending the stairs was heard. Some one struck a match and not a New Waverly young man was in the room.

As soon as a lamp was lighted the young women rushed to the door and in a moment the hall was cleared.

Jones was taken to his home in Twelve Mile. It was thought at first that he would die, but he rallied. He is now a hopeless cripple. Who attacked him is unknown. There was no light and he could not recognize the men with whom he fought, but there is no doubt that the attacking party was composed of New Waverly men, though their identify may never be known.

Jones's friends say that it was foolhardy to attempt to give a dance under such conditions and the only surprise over the outcome is that but one person was made to feel the vengeance of the young men thus defied in their own town.

HOME MADE CANDLE SHADES.

Decorative Affairs Created Out of Japanese Picture Books.

Candle shades resembling in character those sold in Japanese shops are now made at home by women with an eye for design and color and fair deftness of hand.

The decorative pictures which are an essential part of these shades are found in the cheap little Japanese books on crêpe paper issued for some years past to meet the demands of persons interested in Japan and its literature. Some of these books are in French, and a few are in Japanese, but those seen in this country are usually in English. Whatever the language, the books are illustrated usually in characteristic Japanese fashion, with landscapes innocent of perspective and figures like nothing ever seen on this side of the world.

The maker of such candle shades cuts out little pasteboard frames trapezoidal in form, with the parallel sides slightly curved. Such a frame is laid over one of the colored illustrations in a Japanese book, and just the right figure or bit of landscape is included within the trapezoid.

The frame is then blackened with India ink in order that the picture may be the more accentuated, and the picture itself is strongly pasted on the back of the frame. When five frames have thus been prepared they are pasted together with strips of thin muslin.

When the whole is dry the shade is ready to be placed on the little brass carrier that clasps the candle. When the candle is lighted the shade has a really jewellike effect, and if the pictures have been well chosen the decoration has great charm and variety.

Those who make such things must have a quick eye for composition. It often happens that a full page illustration has a single bit that is suitable for the purposes of the shade maker, and it takes the seeing eye to discover this bit.

Many of the illustrations are useless for the frame maker's purposes because they are lacking either in strong and harmonious coloring, effective figures or suitable landscape compositions. Sometimes bits of two or more pictures must be put together to give a really good result.

Agreeable effects are obtained by making one shade exclusively of figure pictures, another of landscapes, still another of flowers, beasts, birds or fishes. The intelligent frame maker will reject those pictures that are not characteristically Japanese.

Whoever undertakes such work at home is likely to realize that the prices charged for illuminated candle shades in the shops are really not especially high. The work requires taste, patience and skill.

As to the illustrations, they cost very little, for a book containing perhaps two dozen may be had for 50 cents or less.

C. C. SHAYNE, Manufacturing Fur Merchant

January Discount Sale of

FURS Up-to-date Styles

AT THE FOLLOWING DISCOUNTS:

Fox, Moleskin, Squirrel, Bear	20	Per	Cent.	Discount
Chinchilla, Marten, Alaska Sable (skunk)	15	"	"	"
Ermine, Lynx and Persian Lamb	10	"	"	"
Hudson Bay Sable	10	"	"	"
Imperial Crown Russian Sables	15	"	"	"
Mink and Otter	5	"	"	"
Men's Fur-lined Coats and Sleigh Robes	10	"	"	"
Automobile Coats for Men and Women	15	"	"	"
Siberian Squirrel-lined Circulars, Jackets, Coats, Newmarkets and Paletots	25	"	"	"

41st and 42d Streets, Between Broadway and 6th Avenue

SCHOOLHOUSE IN THE MOUNTAINS

Hardships Miss Granger Has Suffered Have Brought Her a Fine Building.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Jan. 7.—Isolated for two years in the mountain wilderness of Knott county, Ky., where the stillness is not often broken save by the crack of some feudist's rifle, Miss E. F. Granger of New York has sown seed of education where the foot of no woman from the East has ever before trod. She has proved a benefactress to the little barefooted boys and girls of the mountains in a rude school house which two years ago she established in this almost uncivilized country. Now she is at last to have her dream realized by presiding over one of the strangest schools ever established.

A Presbyterian by faith and practice, Miss Granger left home to do missionary work in eastern Kentucky under the supervision of the Presbyterian Home Missionary Board of New York. She has not received one cent of salary as compensation for the hardships she has endured, but has finally succeeded in interesting the missionary board so that they have decided to build a mission school at Ivis, Ky., twenty miles from Hindman, the county seat of Knott county.

It will be known as the "Teacher's Home." In many respects it will be patterned after the mission schools carried on by the Presbyterian mission board in the West, and at which the little Indian boys and girls of New Mexico and Arizona are educated. The Indian mission school of Tucson, Ariz., is a type. Besides the regular common school branches taught in every school, there will be for the first time a school of domestic science for the girls and a manual school where the mountain boys will be taught how to till the soil and will receive their first lessons in mechanical engineering.

Had it not been for the enthusiasm that her pupils and their parents displayed in their untiring efforts to get an education Miss Granger long ago would have given up the object for which she was struggling, and the mission school would not have been built. She had become interested in the school at Hindman maintained by the W. C. T. U., and her attention was directed to Knott county as a field for more such work.

It was not as pleasant as she expected. There have been days this winter when she and her assistant, Miss Collins, were compelled to teach their pupils in a room without a fire, and straddle a mule when the school closed in the afternoon to ride for miles over a mud road to the mountain cabin at which they boarded. But their heroic efforts have at last been rewarded.

Work on the new school will begin on Jan. 15, and before the beginning of another school year the children of Knott county will have an opportunity to attend school in the finest school building in eastern Kentucky.

INDIAN GIRL TO STUDY LAW.

Laura Cornelius's Plans to Save Her Race From Destruction.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Jan. 7.—Miss Laura Cornelius, an Oneida Indian girl, is now in this city preparing to study law. It is said that she will be the first woman of her race to enter a law school as a student.

For some years she was a successful teacher in the Sherman Indian School, near Riverside, Cal., and resigned to begin the study of law. She has much influence among her people. When the Indians were removed from the Warner ranch in San Diego county last year and there was talk of their offering resistance this educated young Indian woman went among them and, it is said, accomplished more to effect their peaceable removal to their new reservation than all other agencies combined.

Miss Cornelius's purpose in studying law is to be of help to her people. As soon as she is qualified she will give legal counsel and advice free of charge to her kindred.

In looks and bearing she shows her ancestry. To her native graces she adds the charm of culture and refinement. Her face is attractive and pretty and is without the high cheekbones of the average Indian. Her skin is a clear coppery olive. She has raven black and abundant hair, large lustrous black eyes, a thin nose with sensitive nostrils that quiver when under strong excitement. Her head is carried proudly erect, and she has a graceful, gliding walk.

"The Indian as he is now will soon be a thing of the past," she said in speaking of her plans, "and with his going the world loses much. It is necessary for him to join in the race and scramble for the mighty dollar and keep up the daily grind of work.

"It sounds very fine to speak of the equal rights of all citizens of this great republic. But the American people, with all their boasted superiority and generosity, should hang their heads in shame at their treatment of the red man.

"I am proud of my Indian birth and blood. But my people must conform to the new order of things, and in this transition period they need good and intelligent advice and guidance. And it is to this work that I intend to devote my life."

Dogs and Dishonest Men.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"Can a dog tell a thief from an honest man?" asked a man who takes an interest in man's humble friend. "Of course this question, in the very nature of man's limited knowledge of the dog's mental processes, can be answered only deductively.

"I recall one dog in particular that impressed me with a very firm belief that he just knew intuitively an honest from a dishonest man. Under ordinary circumstances he was not at all slow in making friends with a stranger. In fact, he was inclined to be friendly. During the time that this particular dog was under my observation in three cases out of nine he absolutely refused to be at all friendly with men he came in contact with daily. He was on friendly and even playful terms with six of the men, would answer when they called, would follow them, hunt with them and do other things to indicate that he was friendly and had confidence. Toward three of the men his conduct, when not indifferent, was sullen and resentful. He would have nothing to do with them.

"Is it not a significant fact that two of these men turned out to be ex-convicts and that one of them was afterward sent to the penitentiary for cattle stealing, while the other six out of the nine grew into good, law abiding citizens? This case is not conclusive, of course. I only mention it because of the fact that it is the strangest case that ever came under my observation."

France's New Minister of War.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Maurice Berteaux, the Socialist millionaire stock broker Deputy, who has just succeeded Gen. André as Minister of War, is something of a novelty in that capacity.

There have been Socialist Ministers before, notably Millerand, Minister of Commerce in the Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet, and Pelletan, Minister of Marine in the present Cabinet. But there has never before been a stock broker Minister in France, and few civilians have been Ministers of War.

THE MODERN WOMAN.

What becomes of all the unsold Christmas greens in the market. Doubtless in many instances they are thrown away and charged up to profit and loss, but not always. There is one modest merchant on the West Side, near the great steamship piers, who found himself after Christmas with more than half of his stock unsold. Well knowing that in that particular locality there would be small chance of disposing of it, he made an offering of scores of holly wreaths and yards of ground pine to the canal boat dwellers down in Coenties slip; and if these humble domiciles on the water did not present a festive appearance on Christmas Day, they did afterward. And a good many hearts were happy in consequence.

One man is telling a joke on himself apropos of a box of Christmas cigars. The oft repeated tale of the cigars which a woman selects is the theme, but in this case the cigars were good.

Receiving a festively trimmed box of cigars from a woman friend, the man, without trying them, gave them away, box, gold bands, ribbons and all. The following day the friend he gave them to, who happened to be something of a bore, called at his office and enthusiastically returned thanks for the cigars. Following up his acknowledgment of the favor he asked the donor to dine.

When the dinner was over, he handed out a cigar. It was a particularly fine one and the man who was a guest said so. "Yes," returned the other, "its one of those you gave me yesterday."

Women who are eternally searching for a man under the bed will rejoice to hear that there is an electrical contrivance about to be put on the market, which by simply pressing a button will illuminate the entire floor space beneath the bed so that any intruder may be detected. Patent applied for.

About every shopkeeper in town has had his troubles in the last fortnight in exchanging Christmas gifts. One floorwalker in a department store thinks he has discovered the limit.

"What do you think," said he to a sympathetic customer. "A woman has just brought back five canes to my department—five, think of that!"

"How did she get so many? Why, I suppose her husband and all her brothers got canes and she is reaping the benefit. She had them all credited.

"And as if that wasn't enough, here's another woman trying to return underwear that was bought at this store three years ago. I know it—can tell by the mark. But that won't go. I draw the line on three years.

"It's bad enough to have to compromise on the case of one of our charge customers, who bought a $1,500 evening wrap before Christmas, wore it to the opera and I don't know where else holiday week, and then returned it on the ground that it was not satisfactory. I wish there never was such a thing as Christmas."

"Don't take any Carnegie money," threatens to be handed down to posterity in the book of American slang. A husband who left his wife at the Forty-second street subway station the other day was heard to deliver that parting bit of advice to her as she started out on a shopping trip. A brother who was about to leave home for a Western trip made the same remark to his sister, whom he was leaving behind at the station.

Somehow the fad among women of carrying vanity cases about with them seems a bit incongruous, at least in connection with the picture of the athletic American girl as we have come to know her. But the fad has many followers. Shopkeepers call the vanity cases one of the best selling novelties of the season.

The cases are 6 inches in length by 3 in width and contain a mirror, a comb, a powder and puff box and two pockets, one for court plaster, the other for change. Made of alligator, seal or lizard skin and gold mounted, some of them are really handsome and all are expensive.

Bags have had to be made considerably larger in size to admit of carrying the vanity cases.

One of the picturesque sidewalk merchants is the rabbit woman who dispenses her wares in front of a store in the shopping district. During the holidays she sold live rabbits for pets to the number of several hundred, while of toy rabbits she disposed of scores.

She herself raises the rabbits. The cost of raising them is very little, and as they sell for from 50 cents to $1 each, a goodly profit is made.

Marketing in Paris.

From Good Housekeeping.

Almost every woman in France does her own marketing, and ladies take their maid or cook along to carry home their purchases.

I am speaking of the average household; rich or very chic people leave the marketing to the cook, who deals in stores which have regular deliveries; while in very wealthy households, that all important personage, the chef, would not hear of any one interfering with his prerogative of selecting and ordering everything, and this able creator of sauces, of things savory, steaming or jellied, may even have his own cousin to take him to the Halles, the huge market that each day provides the provisions for all of Paris and its suburbs.

Servants love to go to market, for it is a custom with almost every storekeeper to give them one cent on every franc spent so you will find it next to an impossibility to make your cook deal where she does not receive her *sou du franc*, and in engaging a servant many will ask you: "Does madam do her own marketing?"

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