

MURDER TRIAL MATINEES

The Women Attracted to the Criminal Court Building in Sensational Cases

The corridors of the Criminal Court Building on Centre street look on the day of a murder trial unlike the foyer of a theatre.

Notwithstanding the early hour at which court is opened, there is no appearance of hurried dressing among the women there and if one tried to guess from their clothes the destination of the wearers when they started from home this would be the last place named.

So far reformers have not turned their attention to the matter and in consequence women in court are allowed to wear their hats, even if by so doing they cut off the view of shorter, stouter women just behind them.

This fact has been taken advantage of and the Sunday best which are not shown at the theatres for fear of missing their fragility are in evidence.

Ostrich plumes, sigarettes and flower bouquets on hats make the place look like bargain day on the third floor of a department store, and the woman milliner who has just dropped in at the trial on her way uptown takes rapid notes of new fashions in headgear.

The vanity bag, which holds a tiny opera glass in its folds, is there, forgottenes are popular and eyeglasses and spectacles are newly polished.

There is an air of decision about every woman's toilet from the tip of the tan shoe to the earthquake tilted hat which argues that the owner intends to get her money's worth.

Conductors on the cars that pass the Criminal Court Building do not wait for women to ask to be let off there, but noting parties of two, three or four women on this rare pleasure bent, shout the fact of its nearness, and then with that fine discrimination which marks the conductor at this time of year leaves the imprint of his manly, if grimy, hand on the shoulder, sleeve or back of the gowns.

One of the women protests. "I notice," she says to the conductor, "that you never help a lady off the car in winter when she has a dark coat on and it doesn't matter, then she could fall into the mud and you don't mind, but let her get a new summer gown on and you can't keep your hands off."

There is a look of approval on the harkening femininity. The conductor points a dark thumb toward the gray stone facade and says: "I guess if you're going there, miss, you can stand a little dirt."

Harkening femininity is silent—but continues on her way just the same. Little bits of conversation are caught. "My dear, where have you kept yourself? I haven't seen you since the Patterson trial."

"I've been sick—at death's door, and this is the first time I've been out. My husband wanted to take me to the country, but I thought I'd get more rest just sitting quietly somewhere."

Two middle aged women with profiles that suggest a certain artist's sketches meet and nod together. "You missed it," says one, "not being here yesterday. I didn't lose a word. Ain't it something fierce?"

Two young women, scarcely out of their teens, approach the doorkeeper. One has an odd copy of a volume of the Revised Statutes and the other has a giggle which is fresh and insistent.

"We're studying law," they explain to the official, "and our teacher told us we ought not to miss this trial; that it was as good as a whole course in criminal procedure."

The Other Hall—how little we realize their temptations and their sufferings!

"There's just one seat left, ma'am," breaks in a cold, unmoved tone, "and if you hustle in you can get it."

"Put those women out!" he roared and out they went and there wasn't a man about here that wasn't glad.

"There's an old picture I've seen hanging about," continues the blue coated and blue spirited officer, "that shows some women pointing their thumbs down so that the gladiator will have to die. I give you my word, I believe if the Court put the question to the women that attend these trials they'd put their thumbs down so quick they'd burst their gloves. Not that they're so cruel naturally, but it would be more exciting, that's all."

"The Terranova trial is the worst we've ever had, and the women have sat and listened to details that make the strongest man squirm. I'm a fair judge of faces, and I tell you the truth, that watching the faces of the women in the court room I've never yet seen what I took to be an expression of genuine sympathy or pity for the unfortunate person on trial."

"The most of them sit with their eyes wide open, but with a look that is not to lose a word, and when a witness gets up and says something that isn't particularly interesting they look mad, as if they'd paid for an entertainment and the star had failed to come."

"She's interested in the girl? Well, what good will it do either one of them for her to sit in that stuffy court room?"

"No, I wouldn't let my own wife go. What shall you do? Look her up and—hello, don't cut us off, are you there? Yes, you ought to be looked up yourself for thinking of allowing her to go."

"Now, what do you think of that?" says the lawyer as he replaces the receiver.

"The handkerchief, having accomplished its mission, is returned, and smiles replace the tears."

"Thank you," she says effusively, "we must help each other in this world. We can't help when we, too, may be smitten by the hand of Fate."

"Settlement workers! Hand of Fate! Rats!" says the doorkeeper turning to the next applicants. "Too bad, ladies, but every seat is full and you can't get in."

"We don't mind standing," says one. "You're not allowed to stand in the court room."

"Not if we keep perfectly quiet and don't say a word?"

A shake of the head is the only response. "Have some candy?" a box of eighty-cent a pound is thrust forward.

"Never eat it, ladies, it'll spoil my figger; and you can't go in. Stand back, please!"

"Ain't he horrid?" and the gray gowned one looks at the reseda tinted one for sympathy. "Never mind, we'll come tomorrow early, and we can't be kept out now."

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"We're studying law," they explain to the official, "and our teacher told us we ought not to miss this trial; that it was as good as a whole course in criminal procedure."

The giggling one accompanies this speech without a tonic break. The doorkeeper looks at them with an expression of disgust which seems to have become chronic since the beginning of the Terranova trial.

As they pass and his attention is diverted to the next comer, the giggling one pokes her elbow into the pony jacket of her companion.

"Wasn't that second hand bookshop a great scheme of mine?" she cries. "Only cost us 15 cents. He's an easy one."

Following these comes a woman, huge and voluble. Meeting the doorkeeper she stops, draws a handkerchief from her reticule and dabs her eyes with it, a summer day dab that doesn't molest the rice powder.

"I'm a settlement worker," she says, "and I'm so sorry for the poor girl. The lives of

plenty fooled by the dishes which they ate. One of these was the late Thomas B. Reed of Maine and New York, a man who appreciated the good things of life and was disappointed if he didn't get them.

He accepted an invitation to dine with the ex-Senator and Mrs. Henderson, and was warned in advance that he would get nothing to eat except nuts, vegetables and fruits. Mr. Reed was rather alarmed over the prospect and expected to be woefully disappointed; but he found that the warnings were false alarms.

There were fish and meat dishes (or what he thought were fish and meat dishes), and he enjoyed the whole dinner. When it was over he learned to his surprise that not a single animal substance had been used in any of the dishes.

There is a story told, too, of a lady who was invited to dine at Henderson Castle, during the Lenten season. She was a strict observer of Church rules. Even on days that were not fast days she would not eat fish and meat at the same meal.

When the fish was served at Henderson Castle she let it pass. She decided to wait for the meat. She was hungry, and the fish looked good, but its appetizing appearance and savory odor were not sufficient to overcome her principles. When the meat was served the lady ate it with avidity.

Afterward she found out that the fish was a vegetable concoction and the meat a preparation of nuts and things.

After eschewing the use of carnivorous foods, Mrs. Henderson turned her attention to liquids, and she became convinced that alcoholic preparations were poisonous to the human system. Other things, too, she decided were injurious. She lists much of her investigations in "The Aristocracy of Health." In the preface to that book she says:

"My study of physical culture began with the problem of tobacco, the so-called poison of mankind; and this led to a study of alcohol, opium, tea, coffee and our favorite poisons generally. I was anxious to know how they differ in upsetting physiological law and order."

"The study of these agents for artificial happiness led to a realizing sense of their connection with the almost universal lack of sound health and happiness on the part of mankind. A comparison of human degeneracy in various countries, along with causes, became also topics of absorbing interest."

"Problems of diet and other questions connected with physical culture naturally followed, as well as the means of relief from what is chiefly instrumental in robbing mankind of its birthright—health, happiness and success in life."

The idea that the Hendersons are members of the temperance order known as the Rechabites is erroneous. It is true that there is a John B. Henderson Tent of this order and that its members participated in the recent bottle smashing function which has brought Mr. and Mrs. Henderson

into so much notoriety. The butler and one of the other servants at Henderson Castle belong to the Rechabites, and it was partly due to the butler that the wine spilling on the Castle lawn came about.

When Mrs. Henderson reached the conclusion that everything that contained alcohol was poison the Castle cellar was well stocked with expensive imported wines. What to do with these was a problem.

Conscientious scruples served to forbid their sale or giving away, and so strong were the views of Mrs. Henderson on the subject that she believed that invalids were not benefited by the use of such stimulants. This was the reason the wine was not given to a hospital.

So it lay in the cellar for several years and might have been there to this day if the temperance butler of the Castle had not secured from Mr. and Mrs. Henderson a promise that his tent of the Rechabites might have the use of their sydecum grounds for a lawn party.

The day was finally set and when the happy butler was thanking his mistress she said: "We might as well clean out the cellar when your friends come."

The Rechabites heard the news with joy. At the word they went into the cellars and, carrying out the bottles by the armful, proceeded to smash them on a big rock on the lawn. Mrs. Henderson was horrified when she found that the affair had been described in the newspapers.

She has shunned newspaper notoriety and had no idea that the story of the wine spilling was of any public interest. It is said by her friends that whatever she has done has been done quietly and unostentatiously, and they assert that her charities, of which the public seldom hears, are many and liberal.

There is an interesting member of the Henderson household that deserves mention. He is a vegetarian dog. Mrs. Henderson found Rover at the local dog pound, and plied him on account of his miserable condition. So she paid his fine and took him to Henderson Castle.

Rover was ill at the time—a poor, half starved creature. Mrs. Henderson gave him her personal attention and brought him back to health and strength. In this medical treatment, and subsequently, Rover received no meats and he is to-day a strong, active, happy animal, and in his appearance a living example of the benefits of a vegetable diet.

Paid for Wood Banned 41 Years Ago. From the Kansas City Journal. The United States Court of Claims has allowed John W. Brooks, son of Isaac Brooks, deceased, \$20 in payment of a claim of \$20 for 800 cords of wood taken from the premises of Isaac Brooks, near Warrenburg, Johnson county, Missouri, by John Brooks in 1864 and 1865.

The amount is for John W. Brooks' half interest in the wood. The fuel was taken for the use of the army by soldiers of Company M, Seventh Cavalry, M. S. M., and soldiers under the post quartermaster, Capt. Shaw, United States Army.

A public and private with lunch baskets and a general suburban air are turned away. After protesting vainly they look blankly at each other. They have a holiday on their hands and the unexpected refusal to admit them has left them stranded.

"We could go to the Aquarium," suggests one, "or, not meeting with the approval she would like, 'we haven't seen the sea works for a long time.'"

"Well, it seems kind of lame after you'd expected there a number of times, but I'd love to see you," and shifting the lunch basket they make way for a visitor in coralline flanked by another in Alice blue, who is rolling up a lot of newspaper clippings and pushing them into the aperture of her glove, and both of whom are shyly shown away by the doorkeeper.

A famous criminal lawyer explains the feminine crowd in the court room thus: "The men for trial according to the law as it stands must be conducted in public, and to exclude women would undoubtedly cause a great loss and cry. The Judge is, however, allowed to exercise his discretion in the matter, and if I should ever arrive at the distinction of the Judge's chair I will not permit women who come through the curiosity to invade the court room."

"Why are they permitted to do that?" I am going to tell you what I think. "I think there is a good deal of vanity even in Judges, and I honestly believe that a Judge likes, when he makes his charge, to have a roomful of interested female hearers. They are more sensitive than men, they show their feelings more quickly and openly, and besides that they lend to the artistic effect of the closing peroration. If it wasn't for that there is no doubt that many a Judge, who looks leniently on women's presence now, would exclude them altogether."

"Just at that moment the telephone bell at the elbow of the lawyer rings violently. The lawyer put the receiver at his ear. "You want a pass for your wife to the Terranova trial? My dear man, do you know what she will hear there?"

"No, I wouldn't let my own wife go. What shall you do? Look her up and—hello, don't cut us off, are you there? Yes, you ought to be looked up yourself for thinking of allowing her to go."

"Now, what do you think of that?" says the lawyer as he replaces the receiver.

"All day long that bell is ringing asking for influence to get some woman into that room. I turn them all down, just as I turned that man."

"His wife is a gentle, sweet mannered little woman and I give you my word of honor that if I should ever presume, when I am a guest at her house, to tell a story that was even in doubtful taste I would be made to feel that only intoxication or death would be accepted as an excuse."

"Don't ask me why a woman like that actually begs for the privilege of going into that ill smelling court room and listening to testimony that can't be printed. It is beyond me. That is a question for a psychologist to answer."

"Do I believe that the women who attend such trials are actuated by sentiments of sympathy and personal interest?"

"Never! Never! Never!"

"A pause and then—

"Never!"

"How do I know this? I know it first of all by their faces, and I know it from the letters I receive when a woman is on trial from those of her own sex, and I know it because I have never known one of these women to come forward after a trial is over and a girl cleared to see what they can do to help her."

"That is proof sufficient of what I say. The majority of women would go to the other side of the street to avoid contact with the very girl whose case they have followed with such interest and for whom they pretended to feel such sympathy."

"I remember once in the Annie Young trial I was amazed at the difference of feeling between the woman on the stand, the prisoner and the women in the court room."

"She had killed her husband, who was a horrible, vicious animal. When that woman on the stand she went through the tortures of hell in giving her testimony, while the woman in the audience looked on as if they were at some theatrical performance."

"If it were one certain class of women who came to the murder trials you could easily find the reason. For example, if only the purely domestic sort were sent there, you could say they were suffering from pent up excitement, just as you would find a reason for the presence of the sporting class, the business and professional woman, the sentimental girl in her teens, the gray-haired cynic gloating over the picture of human wickedness, the fashionable woman longing for a new sensation, but when you find all kinds and conditions, you have just to sit and wonder. I have actually seen mothers with their daughters come there."

"I have never known a woman to be utterly vicious; even the hag on the street will respond to the right note if you know how to sound it, and by the same rule I suppose there is no woman so utterly good but that there are times when she answers to the call of the wild. For the so-called good woman, good only through fear or lack of temptation, there is undoubtedly a fascination in seeing the women who have dared. In the courtroom of a murder trial all the currents of human feeling meet and you cannot separate them."

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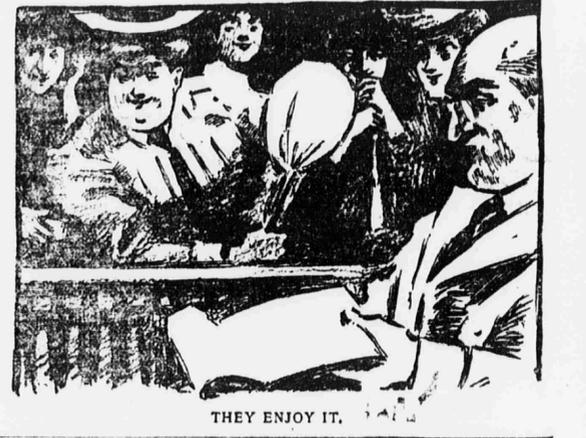
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SIEGE OF THE COURT ROOM WHERE THE MURDER TRIAL IS GOING ON.



FASHION NOTES AT A WOMAN'S TRIAL FOR HER LIFE.



THEY ENJOY IT.

MEATLESS, WINELESS FEASTS.

EVEN TOM REED FOOLED BY THE HENDERSONS' FOOD THEORIES.

Views That Led to the Emptying of Their Wine Cellar in Washington—A Rechabite Butler and a Vegetarian Dog Two of the Features of Their Home.

WASHINGTON, June 9.—Until the newspapers told how all the wine in her well stocked cellar had been dumped out upon the lawn in front of her handsome home here the country had heard little of Mrs. John B. Henderson. Yet Mrs. Henderson had previously written some interesting books and had been socially prominent.

There is nothing of the self advertiser about Mrs. Henderson. She was greatly annoyed over the newspaper stories of the wine spilling, and it was mainly because of her reticence upon the subject that some accounts of the affair were sadly exaggerated. It is true that the wine bottles were broken and their contents thrown away, but the deduction that Mrs. Henderson had this done on account of strong prohibition tendencies was erroneous.

Mrs. Henderson is not a moral prohibitionist; she is opposed to the use of alcoholic stimulants for physical reasons. She is not even a member of any temperance organization. Her objections to wines and other preparations containing alcohol are based on scientific grounds.

Mrs. Henderson was Mary N. Foote before her marriage. She was born in New York in 1844. Her appearance belies her 62 years. No one would take her for more than 50.

When she was 24 she married Mr. Henderson, then a United States Senator from Missouri. Mr. Henderson is eighteen years older than his wife, but in spite of the fact that he is within a few months of four score he looks hale and hearty.

In Washington and St. Louis Mrs. Henderson was always prominent socially, but she devoted more attention to things intellectual than she did to the mere pleasures of life. In 1876 she organized the St. Louis School of Design, and has found time to write two books, the titles of which give some idea of the direction in which her studies tended. The first was "Practical Cooking and Dinner Giving" and the other, a recent product, "The Aristocracy of Health."

Governor of the State on the Republican ticket in 1872 and was president of the Republican national convention held in Chicago in 1884.

Mr. Henderson's prominence as a public man was no whit greater than that of his young wife in the social world of St. Louis. She was foremost in charitable and intellectual enterprises. When the Hendersons returned to Washington to live, it was to become as prominent here as they had been in the West.

Mr. Henderson's law practice had prospered and they were accounted well-to-do. It was not long before their means began to increase. Washington was then a centre of real estate speculation, and Mr. Henderson, taking advantage of his opportunities, bought land that in the course of time increased greatly in value.

The Hendersons built a house, a medieval looking structure of reddish stone, with a great wall of the same material around it. The site they selected was at what was then the northern end of Sixteenth street, in a comparatively unimproved portion of the town. They had no fashionable neighbors for that part of the city was far from the popular residential district.

"Henderson Castle" was what they called their place, and a castle it looks with its turrets and towers and its high protecting wall. Nowadays, Henderson Castle is not at the head of Sixteenth street. That highway, which runs northward in a straight line from the White House, has been extended beyond the residence of the former Senator and his wife.

While her husband was busy practicing law and dealing in real estate Mrs. Henderson was studying—studying practical things. The Hendersons had become noted as dinner givers, and Mrs. Henderson devoted herself to the study of foods.

As a result of her inquiries she and Mr. Henderson became convinced that the eating of animal flesh was injurious to human health. They reached this conclusion only after a thorough scientific investigation.

Mrs. Henderson did not intend to give up her dinner parties, and she realized that it would be an imposition on her guests to feed them only on grasses and vegetables and fruits that appeared to be exactly what they were. So she set about devising recipes that would enable her to prepare vegetarian dishes in a way that would attract the eye and delight the palate.

Being a woman of determination, infinite patience and much knowledge on the subject of cookery, she succeeded.

Some have admitted that they were completely fooled by the dishes which they ate. One of these was the late Thomas B. Reed of Maine and New York, a man who appreciated the good things of life and was disappointed if he didn't get them.

He accepted an invitation to dine with the ex-Senator and Mrs. Henderson, and was warned in advance that he would get nothing to eat except nuts, vegetables and fruits. Mr. Reed was rather alarmed over the prospect and expected to be woefully disappointed; but he found that the warnings were false alarms.

There were fish and meat dishes (or what he thought were fish and meat dishes), and he enjoyed the whole dinner. When it was over he learned to his surprise that not a single animal substance had been used in any of the dishes.

There is a story told, too, of a lady who was invited to dine at Henderson Castle, during the Lenten season. She was a strict observer of Church rules. Even on days that were not fast days she would not eat fish and meat at the same meal.

When the fish was served at Henderson Castle she let it pass. She decided to wait for the meat. She was hungry, and the fish looked good, but its appetizing appearance and savory odor were not sufficient to overcome her principles. When the meat was served the lady ate it with avidity.

Afterward she found out that the fish was a vegetable concoction and the meat a preparation of nuts and things.

After eschewing the use of carnivorous foods, Mrs. Henderson turned her attention to liquids, and she became convinced that alcoholic preparations were poisonous to the human system. Other things, too, she decided were injurious. She lists much of her investigations in "The Aristocracy of Health." In the preface to that book she says:

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BACHELOR GIRLS FARMING IT.

AN EXPERIMENT ON ONE OF THE BERSHIRE HILLTOPS.

They Are Trying If They Can Live From the Proceeds of Two Acres—Most of the Work They Will Do Themselves—The Eyes of Men Farmers to Be Opened.

Two bachelor girls of New York and their mother have started an experiment this summer to see if they can actually live from the proceeds of two acres of land. The land is situated on one of the Berkshire hilltops, near the village of Terryville, not far from Waterbury, Conn. Last summer was the first they spent there, and they sold \$50 worth of garden truck, besides supplying their own table.

This spring they started early. They have ploughed and planted the whole two acres, half of it to potatoes. They expect to raise 500 bushels of potatoes, to sell them for \$1 a bushel, and to clear \$250 or \$300 from that acre. They are now selling hotbed radishes and lettuce, and have sold 1,000 tomato plants raised under cheesecloth from seeds planted in April.

The other acre will include a big vegetable garden, a strawberry bed and a scrap of pasture for the horse. Eventually they will have a greenhouse. They keep hens enough to supply their own table. They hired a man to do the ploughing and hoe the potatoes. The rest they expect to do themselves.

"I believe," said one of them, "that a great source of modest prosperity is being wasted by the absence of market gardening in the neighborhood of the smaller places. Terryville has about 1,500 inhabitants. There is one factory there."

"Before that came it was a farming village. The farms are all there yet, but the farmers are all working in the factory. There are no vegetable gardens in that village, and no market gardens around it."

"They raise nothing on their farms but hay. They will take a vacation in the summer and go and do their haying, or they will hire a man to do it for them; but as they do nothing for the land the hay crop gets poorer every year."

RENTING FURNISHED FLATS.

BUSINESS IN WHICH \$1,000,000 IS INVESTED HERE.

It's a Growth Practically of the Last Ten Years and Due Largely to the Lure the Big City Has for People Elsewhere—The Business Very Profitable.

Furnishing apartments complete for housekeeping and then subletting them was practically unknown in New York as a business ten years ago. It is estimated that to-day there is invested in this way considerably more than a million dollars.

A decade ago it was difficult to find a suitable furnished apartment except in summer. The seeker after furnished apartments for housekeeping nowadays can make a selection to suit his purse. They range in price from two rooms at \$250 a week to seven or eight at \$150 a month or more.

The business is profitable. The first step is to pick out as many desirable unfurnished apartments as the operator has capital to handle.

Some prefer all in one building, while others contend that a better assortment can be offered and more money made by having them scattered in various parts of town. Still others will let the tenant pick out his own location and furnish the apartment for him.

In few cases is the furniture, table linen or crockery new. Practically all of it is picked up at auction or at private sales of household goods, and at prices not more than one-third the original cost.

In this way a seven room flat can be acceptably furnished and equipped at an expense not exceeding \$75. The flat costs, unfurnished, say \$35; it rents furnished for \$55. Assuming the lessor invests \$250 in the