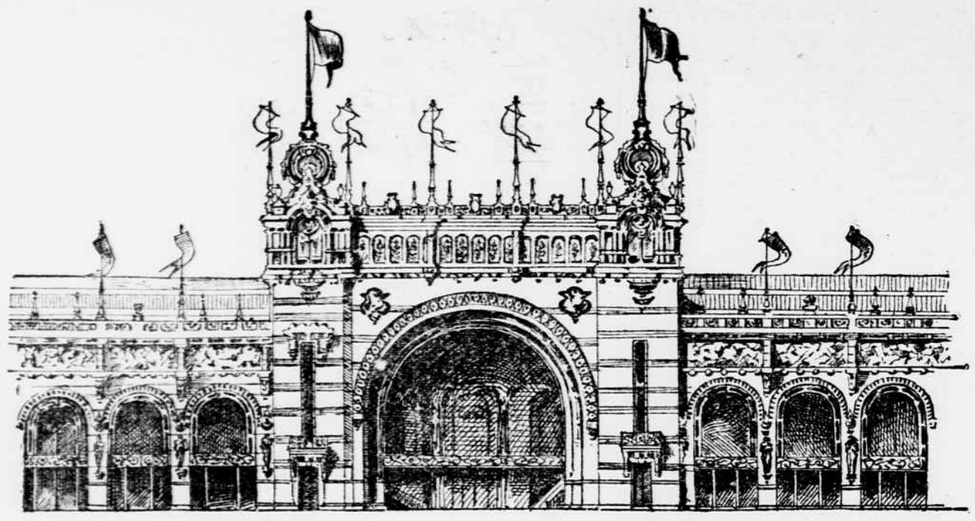

TRANSPORTATION BUILDING AT PARIS EXPOSITION.

EXPECT BIG THINGS

What the French Hope to Accomplish With the Exposition.

FINANCIAL AND ARTISTIC TRIUMPH

Concessionaires Certain to Reap Enormous Profits.

MILLIONS OF VISITORS

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

PARIS, November 2, 1899.

At the corner of Avenue Rapp and the quay D'Orsay, almost in the shade of Eiffel's tall tower, stands a plain, modest-looking one-story building, stretching far along both thoroughfares. It would hardly attract the attention of passers-by were it not that its white exterior plaster is agreeably relieved around the upper portion of the windows on the first floor with gayly colored artistic arabesques. This is the administration building of the Paris exposition of 1900. It is of recent construction; its existence is to be ephemeral. Built on the plot of land formerly occupied by the Alma stables, where Napoleon III and Empress Eugenie kept the finest horses of their day, the building is destined to be pulled down (as are most of the palaces and pavilions now in course of construction) when the affairs of the exposition are definitely concluded.

The offices of the commissioner general, the director general, the finance department, the department of architecture, with their numerous subdivisions, are in these spacious premises. The room on the first floor with a balcony above the shrubbery, is the office of the commissioner general, where all questions pertaining to the exposition are discussed and solved. Hither come the architects to submit their plans, the contractors, with their estimates; here congregate the foreign commissioners, and hither likewise wend their way the originators of strange ideas—future "concessionaires," with queer schemes adroitly worked out on paper, generally showing immense profits for the exposition (and a small fortune for themselves)—all dependent on a "yes" or a "no" from the lips of the almighty M. Picard.

Fortunes for Concessionaires.

From their experience at previous fairs concessionaires know very well what enormous chances of success lie in the fact that to the grounds of the Paris exposition about sixty million visitors will be attracted within the comparatively short space of two hundred and fifty days. An attraction must indeed be of a poor class if its manager is not able to induce a few thousand persons out of the enormous attendance, which will average three hundred thousand daily, to visit his show. And these millions, it should be remembered, are brought to the doors of the "concessions" without advertisement on the part of the amusement caterers. Of these attractions, however, I will write in detail at a future date. Suffice it for the present to state that a great number of the so-called "Midway features," which their authors imagined would be admitted to the exposition "by favor" or thanks to the protection of a state official, and over which so much ink has already been spilt in two continents, have never been seriously entertained by the managers of the Paris fair, for, to date, there has been none. Concessions have been granted to the most meritorious and to those who could prove satisfactorily that they had the necessary financial "backing" to carry out their plans successfully.

In addition to M. Alfred Picard and M. Delaunay-Belleville, of whom I wrote a week ago, the other high officers in the administration building are M. Stephane Derville, M. Henri Chardon and M. Bouvard. M. Derville is the assistant director general, in charge of the French sections. It is he who appointed the juries on admittance, for, as was not the case in previous expositions, no French exhibits will be displayed in 1900 unless they have received the formal approval of a special jury. For this reason the 1900 exposition bids fair to be far more attractive and interesting than any of its predecessors. It is only to be hoped that foreign commissioners will show themselves as severe and careful in their selection of exhibits as the juries of the French section have done.

Great Rush for Position.

The secretary general of the exposition is M. Chardon. He is M. Picard's most able and prized lieutenant. Not only does he fill the post of chief of publicity and promotion, receiving daily a little army of journalists of various nationalities, but on his shoulders falls the arduous task of replying to all applications for positions on the exposition staff. This is no easy affair, for whenever there is the faintest glimpse of a vacancy in the horizon, the number of letters soliciting the "job," however modest it might be, generally reaches four figures. I remember M. Chardon's showing me a huge pile of applications, some four thousand, he said, when it was merely rumored that the management of the exposition had decided about three years ago to increase its clerical staff by a score of individuals. The medical department of the exposition, the police service, the fire department, the photographic and catalogue arrangements, are also under his special supervision. M. Chardon, who is but thirty-eight years of age, is a doctor of law and an auditor of the council of state.

J. A. Bouvard, the designer of the central dome of the Paris exposition of 1889, arrived at the pinnacle of fame a decade ago with that artistic conception, which was admired alike by connoisseurs and visitors of all nationalities. When the 1900 exposition was decided upon the entire architectural arrangement was placed under his care. Since 1892 M. Bouvard has been inspector general of architecture of the city of Paris. During the past quarter of a century he has taken an active part in all international expositions and fetes held in Paris, his latest success being achieved in 1896, when he designed the whole of the city decorations on the occasion of the visit of the czar and czaritza to Paris. Although his name next year will not be identified with any palace or pavilion, he is responsible for the general grouping of all the buildings and the planning of the grounds.

Miraculous Street of Foreigners.

At no exposition have visitors seen, as they will see in Paris, in 1900, on the banks of the Seine, a representative national building of almost every civilized nation. The Paris "street of foreign nations," as that section of the quay d'Orsay occupied by the foreign buildings has been appropriately enough called, will indeed be a sight worth contemplating. Never before have so many nations been brought so close to one another.

It required some great peaceful undertaking like the Paris exposition to accomplish this miracle—the miracle of a German national building, designed under the auspices of Emperor William, rising gently at the close of the nineteenth century, on the left bank of the Seine, and serving, one might almost say, as a partition between the imposing national building of the United States, which is in course of rapid erection, close to the Invalides bridge, and the pavilion of Spain, a reproduction of a masterpieces of Spanish renaissance art.

Art Triumph, Material Gain.

There are two solid reasons that prompted Paris to make a bid for universal homage in 1900: The ambition to achieve an artistic triumph and the desire for material gain resulting from the immense influx of visitors. The artistic sense is native to the Frenchman. Whether it be a lamp post or a triumphal arch, a post card or a public place, the treatment is always the same, everything is subordinated to artistic effect, the commonplace is tabooed and beauty is the leading motive. The French have decided that the Paris exposition of 1900 shall be the artistic triumph of the century and a tribute to the glory of French genius. Indeed, if France were only to provide as its exposition the two new art palaces, which are now almost completed and will be in readiness before the end of the present year—exposition buildings ready four months before the opening day seems so unusual that the pen almost recoils at recording such a circumstance—visitors would still have cause to be grateful for the show prepared for them. These two palaces—the larger of which cost $3,200,000 and the smaller $1,000,000, are as imposing in their dimensions as they are remarkable for their harmonious ensemble in one span, richly decorative, and forms an exceedingly handsome structure.

"Good Business" Looked For.

On examining the material aspect of the exposition, as seen through French spectacles, it is not advancing too much to say that thousands of Parisians have placed all their hopes on next summer's big show, thanks to which they confidently expect to do some "very good business." Figures ranging from $20,000 to $100,000 are now quoted for restaurant concessions at the exposition. It is fortunate, indeed, for visitors that price lists are to be made out before the opening day, and approved by the management of the exposition, otherwise one might witness restauranteurs and barkeepers taking an unfair advantage of the thirst that inevitably accompanies an exposition promenade. At the 1889 fair there were granted eighty-six concessions for restaurants, cafes, beer resorts and buffets; and the total amount received by the authorities in rentals for these exceeded $250,000. On the other hand, one of the concessionaires, after paying all expenses, netted the handsome profit of $300,000; four or five others netted an average of $50,000, and the least fortunate of these purveyors of liquid goods was $6,000 to the good when the exposition closed. In 1900 it is anticipated that the receipts will greatly exceed the above figures on account of the larger number of visitors and the fact that the fair will remain open until midnight.

Not alone will the capital benefit from the exposition, but every part of France will be laid under tribute to meet the demands of Paris and its hosts of visitors. The buildings of the exposition have given employment to 20,000 workmen. The providing of building materials—stone, cement, plaster, wood, iron and porcelain—has caused a wave of prosperity to flow all over the country, the effects of which are seen in an unprecedented activity—and an unusual number of strikes! Then again the mere nourishing of visitors during their sojourn in Paris means good business, first for the farmer and the stock raiser, and next for the butcher, the baker and restaurateurs. The railways (which means the state, i. e., the taxpayers) will share in the increased goods and passenger traffic; and whereas 32,000,000 visitors had to be accommodated at the last exposition, the companies estimate that they will carry 60,000,000 next year.

The theaters and music halls count upon increasing their receipts by 50 per cent; the tramway and omnibus companies, the cabmen and the corporation that runs the river steamers, all see a rosy prospect dating from April 15 next; and if the engineers of the new underground railway will only have their lines in readiness on time they, too, will share in the golden harvest. And those who care for none of these things are confident that the success of the exposition will restore to France her prestige and glory among the leading nations of the earth.

Frederic Mayer

INVALIDES SECTION, PARIS EXPOSITION.

J. Bouvard,
Director General of Architecture, Paris Exposition.

and their perfection of detail. It is hardly credible that they have been erected in so short a space of time—three years—a speed unique in the annals of architecture.

These palaces, which during the exposition are to house not only the modern international art exhibition, but a centennial exhibition of French art and objects of art, are not built of any cheap material, but of enduring stone. They are not decorated with plaster or quickly-made "staff," but have been embellished by sculptors at work on the solid blocks of stone from sunrise until sunset, carving statuary from the designs of France's greatest modern artists: Barrias, Falguiere, Ferrari, Injalbert and Saint-Marceau. Two immense colored friezes, discreet in their tones—one in ceramic pottery expressly made at the government manufactory at Sevres, from designs by M. J. Blanc; the other, in mosaics, from designs by M. Fournier—will curiously enliven the principal facade of the Grand Palace, creating at the same time a new and handsome departure in the exterior coloring of buildings.

The Alexander III bridge is another of the permanent enterprises as distinct from those of a temporary character; it will form one of the "clous" of the exposition, and will remain to grace the Seine when the show is over. The memorial stone was laid by Tsar Nicholas II, with much pomp and ceremony, on the occasion of his visit referred to above, and in order to accentuate the patriotic significance of this "Bridge of the Alliance" (the Franco-Russian alliance) the arms of the city of Paris appear on one side, while those of St. Petersburg adorn the other. The bridge is on the solid blocks of stone from sunrise until sunset, carving statuary from the designs of France's greatest modern artists: Barrias, Falguiere, Ferrari, Injalbert and Saint-Marceau. Two immense colored friezes, discreet in their tones—one in ceramic pottery expressly made at the government manufactory at Sevres, from designs by M. J. Blanc; the other, in mosaics, from designs by M. Fournier—will curiously enliven the principal facade of the Grand Palace, creating at the same time a new and handsome departure in the exterior coloring of buildings.

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ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, PARIS EXPOSITION.

IN AUCTION ROOMS

Types of Men Who Make Themselves Objectionable.

THEY INTERFERE WITH SALES

It's Not Easy to Understand What Their Object Is.

HOW TO GET RID OF THEM

Written for The Evening Star.

"That modern Bowery patois adage, 'There's a knocker in every push,' may not be devised for drawing room usage, but if it isn't applicable to the auctioneering business, then I never sold a cent's worth under the hammer," said Mr. Samuel A. Boyle, who, after thirty years of wielding the auctioneer's gavel, is unusually competent to speak of the woes of the men whose business it is to knock things down to the highest bidder. "I don't suppose a crowd ever assembled around an auctioneer's rostrum that didn't include at least one knocker, and often enough there are several of them, of varying types, to be contended with. A majority of these knockers of the salesrooms seem to me to operate out of a quite inexplicable spirit of malice. They knock for the pure love of knocking, for none of them gains anything through his efforts to handicap the auctioneer. In the old days, when the clanging bell in the front doorway announced the progress of the auction sale, we used to call these nuisances of the salesrooms 'backcappers.' Then they began to be known as 'Owney Geagans.' Just precisely who Owney Geagan was is more than I know, but he must have been a colossal nuisance to the auctioneers whose rooms he patronized to have had his name adopted as a synonym, and finally as a substitute, for the backcapper, the auctioneer's bete noir. The Owney Geagan has now given place to the knocker, and we've got the knockers of the salesrooms plotted and charted and classified under various heads. There are four major types of the salesroom knocker.

A Common Type.

"Knocker No. 1 is the most familiar type. All of the auctioneers know him. He generally enters the salesroom after the auctioneer has got his sale well under way, with a goodly number of buyers present. He makes no attempt to get near the auctioneer but takes up a stand back in the rear, on the outskirts of the crowd. Every time the auctioneer puts up an article for offers this knocker intimates with a gesture or a nod that he'd like to have a look at it. The auctioneer passes the article to him. He passes article after article in this wise to the knocker in the rear, until he begins to perceive that he never gets a bid from the man on any of the things that he is seemingly so eager to examine. The auctioneer likewise perceives that the rear-of-the-room knocker enters into conversation with a number of bidders in his immediate neighborhood, and that thenceforth the people he talks with cease to bid. Of course, the knocker is at too great a distance from the auctioneer's stand for the latter to hear the character of the remarks he is making; and although the man of the gavel may be absolutely certain that the chap belongs to the knocker species, he has no direct proof of this, and it would therefore be the height of folly for him to accuse the fellow of backcapping. To silence this type of knocker, the experienced auctioneer knows that there is but one course to pursue, and that is to win him over.

"He addresses the knocker, and catches him with his eye. He puts up a watch, for example, explains its mechanism and good points minutely, and then nods the knocker up to the counter. The auctioneer leans over the counter, and with his pencil for a pointer, indicates all of the points of the watch's construction with great elaboration and smoothness. Then the auctioneer holds the watch up to public view again, being careful to hold the knocker with his eye, and to interlard his generalizations with frequent appeals to the Owney Geagan's vanity, such as 'This gentleman here is a judge of a watch—an infinitely better judge than I am,' etc. This method, carefully followed out, converts the most difficult-looking rear-of-the-room knocker into a 'booster' for the auctioneer, and he'll even endeavor to influence everybody he knows in the room to bid on the articles put up by the auctioneer. It's a mournful thing to reflect upon how many men are swayed hither and yon by their two-penny ha'-penny vanity.

He Knows It All.

"Knocker No. 2 is the man who knows it all. His slow, deprecatory grin is as aggravating as would be a boil on the end of the autioneer's nose, and he is a heavy tax on the gavel-wielder's patience. Yet he has to be handled diplomatically, like all the rest of them. Knocker No. 2 almost invariably takes up a position in the center of the room, in a direct line with the auctioneer's vision. He is the first man to indicate a desire to examine every article the auctioneer puts up. He hands everything back with a crafty smile that seems to say as plainly as words, 'You can't palm any of that kind of stuff off on me.' If the auctioneer indicates by his manner that he has observed this chap's contemptuous style of handling goods the knocker is liable to sing out, familiarly, 'Oh, I'm next, old man—been in the business myself.' He is a weariness to the flesh, but he, too, can be gotten rid of. He operates apparently out of a pure love of meanness. For example, the auctioneer offers something that probably catches an immediate offer of $10 to start it going.

"This is the cue for the No. 2 type of knocker. He is liable to yell out in a strident tone, 'Who bid the $10?' thus endeavoring to make it appear that the auctioneer has a fixed and arbitrary value himself, without really waiting for an initial bid. When this happens the auctioneer sees that he has a dangerous knocker to contend with, and that the sooner he gets rid of the chap the better it'll be for the success of his sale. The inexperienced auctioneer will, as soon as the knocker puts the first question as to the source of a bid, immediately point out the bidder, but he could make no graver mistake, for by so doing he plainly indicates to the knocker that he fears him, and the knocker of the type I'm speaking of is so quick to take advantage of a situation that he's liable to thereafter question every bid made. The auctioneer of long experience takes a different course. The very first time the knocker throws out this impertinent inquiry as to the source of a bid, the auctioneer who knows the type suspends operations long enough to look the chap square in the eye and say, in effect, 'My son, I don't know the name of the gentleman who gave me the ten-dollar bid; if I did I might possibly introduce you to him, but from your appearance and manners I am in grave doubt as to whether the gentleman would care to form your acquaintance.'

"That kind of a jolt starts knocker No. 2 on the run. He looks cheap and a bit sorry he spoke in nine cases out of ten. Then the purchaser of the article steps forward and pays for the same. This causes all of the people in the room who have listened to the little passage at arms between the auctioneer and the knocker to look at the latter, whereupon, with that indefinible cheap Peruvian-plastre look sticking all over him, he slinks away.

Alcoholic Exhilaration.

"Sales Room Knocker No. 3 is the man with the jag, and he is the Saturday night type most frequently met up with by auctioneers. He isn't, of course, entirely accountable for his actions, but he hurts a good many auction sales, nevertheless, and he has to be handled. The knocker with the jag generally lurches into a sales room when it is jammed with buyers. No other position in the room suits him but that immediately in front of the auctioneer's rostrum, and from that point of vantage he generally sets out to be rummily funny. In his maudlin endeavors to afford a free show to the people in the room he becomes boisterous, if not offensive, and at any event he always succeeds in diverting the attention of the crowd from the sale in progress. It is fruitless for the auctioneer to make any attempt to reason with this type of knocker, who may be just about as willing to fight and create all kinds of a bolshery as to do anything else. Frequently this type of jagged knocker bids on articles, and then, when they are knocked down to him, declines to pay for them. It is right here that the experienced auctioneer collars him. He puts up something that he knows will call for spirited bidding, being particular to get a bid from the jagged knocker and to knock the article down to him. Then the article is passed down to the cashier. The knocker with the jag declines to pay for it, loudly setting up the claim that he didn't bid on it. Hereupon all of the bidders who were eager to get the same article cut in with an exhibition of indignation over the action of the jagged knocker. The auctioneer puts the question to them, in the manner of a chairman putting a question to a parliamentary body, as to whether the jagged man has bid on the article, and they reply with a unanimous 'Aye.' This saps the nerve of the knocker, when he sees that the whole crowd is against him, and the auctioneer walks into him and tells him that no more of his bids will be entertained.

"Then Knocker No. 3, finding himself shunned by all hands, lays a course for the door. Even without employing this method the jagged knocker is considerably easier to get rid of than some of the others, for after fifteen or twenty minutes the imperative need of another 'booster' of the old stuff clutches him and he goes forth to seek it. But it is hard to have patience with him for that length of time.

The Pompous Knocker.

"Last, but not, by a whole lot, least, of the major types of knockers of the sales rooms is No. 4, who is the big bane of the auctioners' lives. As a rule No. 4 is a large, portly man, with self-importance stamped in every lineament of his countenance. Singularly enough, nearly all of this type of sales-room knocker that it has been my misfortune to meet in the course of three decades' experience as an auctioneer have worn Burnside whiskers.

His Methods of Work.

"This lordly knocker, as a general thing, with his air of importance and his portly frame, crowds his way through the room, shoving all hands aside with a haughty manner, and takes a position directly opposite the auctioneer. As the auctioneer puts up an article he is the first to eagerly stretch forth his hand to examine it. After a few seconds of the merest cursory inspection of the article, instead of passing it along to others for examination or handing it back to the auctioneer, he claps it down on the showcase or the auctioneer's stand with a quick, impatient, this-won't-do-at-all movement, pulls his whiskers and looks up in the air, like a man profoundly bored. This little move on the knocker's part, as the auctioneer well knows, injures the sale of the article offered by fully 50 per cent, for all the people standing near the knocker, judging the latter by his showy appearance, and naturally presuming that they are in the presence of a judge of things, inwardly declare that they'll let the others do the bidding. Article after article, as the auctioneer offers them, will be treated in the same fashion by this type of lordly knocker. He never, of course, utters a single word reflecting upon the quality of the things he inspects and so summarily rejects—in fact, he rarely or never says a word to any one. He simply looks over everything put up and slams it down as if it wasn't worth his slightest consideration. It is a game that puts the auctioneer in a wretchedly uncomfortable position. If the auctioneer is wise in his generation he'll refrain from asking this knocker for any explanation of his weird conduct, for the haughty proposition with the Burnsides is as liable as not to reply, in effect, in a loud, sonorous tone, 'This article isn't what I thought it was, sir'—a reply that would make matters a whole lot worse, for such a remark would tend to clear all doubts, if any remained in the minds of the standers-by, that the portly man was an expert and a critic of high degree.

How to Dispose of Him.

"I have known inexperienced auctioneers to lose all presence of mind when up against a knocker of this particular breed, and, knowing nothing better to do, adjourn their sales out of hand. Well, this isn't the right plan. The experienced auctioneer, remembering that 'whom the gods would destroy they first make mad,' doesn't lose his temper in the presence of the pompous knocker. He doesn't attempt to get into an argument with the man. He doesn't address him in any way. He simply looks at his feet. Seems queer, doesn't it? But it works every time. The experienced auctioneer simply looks at the pompous knocker's feet. I myself have tried that scheme at least fifty times in my career, and it has never yet failed me. The effectiveness of the plan, of course, depends a good deal upon the auctioneer. As soon as the auctioneer finds that he has in his congregation a knocker of this type it is up to him to immediately assume his most pleasant expression. Then he wants to display elaborate courtesy in handing every article he puts up to the pompous knocker first. Suddenly, standing opposite his man from an elevated position, the auctioneer throws his gaze down straight and direct at the feet of the man with the Burnsides and keeps it there for a period of about five seconds. As he slowly raises his gaze to the pompous knocker's countenance, with an expression of wonderment and curiosity, not unmixed with surprise, he notices the man with the Burnsides twitch a bit where he stands. The auctioneer moves away for a moment or so, and then returns for another word or so with the knocker. Then he again rivets his gaze on the latter's feet, holding it there somewhat longer this time. The pompous knocker begins to get worried, and looks down at his feet to see if there is anything the matter with his shoes or his trousers. Offering the next article, the auctioneer passes it first to the Burnsided knocker, at the same time bending over the counter and fixing a long, yearning look at the man's pedal extremities. The knocker will not put the article he has received this time down with a bang. He'll be too much worried about his feet. After the operation has been repeated a number of times the pompous knocker will move away and mingle with the crowd, all of his haughtiness gone, in nine cases out of ten. But the experienced auctioneer doesn't let it go at that. He continues to gaze at the pompous man's feet, and soon succeeds in attracting the attention of other people in the room to the underpinning of the knocker. They all begin to look in the same direction, and then Knocker No. 4, mopping his forehead violently and wondering what ails him, sneaks out. And that is the one and only way to deal with the man whose countenance is decorated with the Burnsides.

"Which brings me up to the statement that there are tricks in all trades but ours."

Why He Applauded.

From the Yonkers Statesman.

Bacon—"You know that part in the play where the man seizes the woman, forces her into a closet and turns the key on her?"

Egbert—"Yes, I remember it."

"Well, last night a fellow in the audience applauded it so that they had to put him out."

"I don't think there is anything to applaud about that part of the play."

"Oh, but it turned out that the fellow applauding was the husband of the actress, and it was the first time he had ever seen anybody shut her up."

Outward Signs.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"They call me a grass widow, I suppose," said the still young and handsome woman, bitterly, "because I don't wear weeds!"

"No," replied the envious neighbor, looking around the cheerful apartment. "It's because you seem to be in clover."

Very Adaptable.

From Punch.

"Now, nurse, I'm the noble knight. Do you think you could be the beautiful little maiden in distress?"

"Lor! Of course, Master Dick."

The Most Ancient Machine Tool.

From Cassier's Magazine.

There can be very little doubt that the potter's wheel, or potter's lathe, as it is also termed, represents today the most ancient form of machine tool known. Among the many sculptured records of the trades and occupations which so vividly represent the customs and habits of the ancient Egyptians, the potter and his wheel have been found frequently depicted, and it is curious to note that through the almost countless generations since that time this crude type of lathe has undergone no material modification. The primitive form was evidently a small, round table, set on a pivot, and free to revolve, being turned by hand at intervals; and to this device there were added in the course of time such simple conveniences as a table to support it and a foot or a hand-power turning arrangement, displaced, in recent years, in possibly a few isolated cases, by actual engine power driving. In general use, however, the potter's wheel of the present time bears all the characteristics of the one which, 4,000 years or more ago, served to turn out pottery, attesting unsurpassable taste and skill. It is curious, too, that in none of those ancient records are there shown examples of the forerunner of the common turning lathe as we know it today, even though the art of turning may be traced back to a very remote period. Among Egyptian antiquities that have been found at Thebes and other cities there have been many specimens which exhibited indubitable signs that the material, while in revolution, was subjected to the action of a tool held at rest—legs of stools and chairs, for example, and lamps and musical instruments—and in later centuries, among the Greeks and Romans, the lathe was undoubtedly in common use. Cicero and Pliny both refer to the art of turning, and Herodotus thus uses the lathe as a familiar simile: "But I smile when I see many persons describing the circumference of the earth, who have no sound reason to guide them; they describe the ocean flowing around the earth, which is made circular as if by a lathe." Unfortunately, however, it appears that none of these nor other early writers have left any account of the lathes and tools employed by their contemporaries.

The Ruling Passion.

From Pearson's Weekly.

"This morning—"

The gent in the arrowed suit looked very much pleased as he soliloquized.

"The guard told me that I was beginning to be a model prisoner."

His singularly acute face brightened. "I trust," he went on, "that I shall soon be a chainless model."

Once more he began to file away at the manacles that adorned his well-shaped ankle.

The Vital Point.

From Life.

Jaggles—"What do you think of this discussion as to doctors intentionally killing off incurable patients?"

Waggles—"I don't think it is nearly so important as their unintentionally killing off curable ones."

A Non-Suit.

From the Philadelphia North American.

"My entire future depends upon the favor you show my suit," he pleaded.

"Yes, Mr. Sharp," replied the beautiful young heiress, coldly. "I have heard that you refer to me as your long suit."

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

The following is a list of advertised letters remaining in the Washington (D. C.) Post-office Saturday, November 11, 1899.

To obtain any of these letters the applicant should call for "Advertised Letters."

If not called for within two (2) weeks they will be sent to the Dead Letter Office.

LADIES' LIST.

Addison, Maria Mrs
Allen, Florence Mrs
Allen, Henry Mrs
Alexander, Josephine Miss
Anderson, Olive V Miss
Anderson, Antoinette Mrs
Anderson, Bessie Miss
Anderson, Lillie Miss
Ashley, Mattie Mrs
Allfrancilin, Victoria Miss
Ashton, Marian R Miss
Ayer, H H Mrs
Bairelly, R Mrs
Ballore, Mattie Miss
Ballimore, Kate
Bank, Mary Jane
Banks, M Miss
Banks, Nettie Mrs
Barber, Ella Miss
Bard, J Mrs
Barnett, Luvenia Mrs
Botner, Francios Miss
Bagley, Ida Mrs
Beall, Maria Mrs
Bell, Hattie Miss
Bell, Lilly Miss
Belle, Louisa Mrs
Bell, Mary Miss
Bennett, L E Mrs
Benson, M E Mrs
Berlin, Mattie Miss
Blackhurst, Nanie Miss
Blane, J L Mrs
Boadley, Ida Miss
Ross, Naomi Miss
Bouler, Letitia Mrs
Bowers, Rosie Miss
Bowle, A Mrs
Boykin, Matilda Miss
Breckinridge, Nannie Miss
Briggs, Bessie Miss
Brist, Mae Miss
Brown, A W Mrs
Brown, Bessy Miss
Brown, B A Mrs
Brown, Francis O Mrs
Brown, Juliet M Mrs (2)
Brown, Julia Mrs
Brown, Mansfield Mrs
Brown, Wm Mrs
Bundy, Lida Mrs
Bunting, Catherine Mrs
Burges, Venie Miss
Burke, Hester Mrs
Bush, Nannie Miss
Butler, Mary E Miss
Butman, J H Mrs
Byron, G G Mrs
Caldwell, Katherine Miss
Call, Wm Mrs
Campbell, Rachel Miss
Campbell, Eva Mrs
Carr, Theresa Miss
Carter, Addella Miss
Carter, Mamie Miss
Carter, Sallie Mrs
Chamberlin, J L Mrs
Chappell, M E Miss
Chatteo, Mary Mrs
Chew, Amelia Miss
Clabon, Ella Miss
Chandler, Lucy Miss
Christophe, Eugenie
Clapp, Louise Miss
Clark, C Augusta Mrs
Clark, C B Mrs
Cliver, Rosa Mrs
Clark, Henrietta Mrs
Cole, D Madame
Cole, Marshia Mrs
Coleiazler, Annie Mrs
Collins, Lucinda Mrs
Collins, Mattye Wilson Miss
Collins, Mattie Miss
Colman, Margaret Mrs
Colman, Sallie Miss
Connell, Emma Miss
Copp, Destie Miss
Corbin, Kate W Miss
Covington, Julia Mrs
Corey, Rosy Miss
Crossman, R Mrs
Coghill, J H Mrs
Crazy, Margaret Miss
Craw, Mabel Miss
Crockett, Mary E Mrs
Crockett, Fenton Miss
Crofton, G J Miss
Crofton, Maude Miss
Cross, Ethel Miss
Crouder, John Mrs (2)
Crawford, Mamie Miss
Crawford, Mary Miss
Curtis, Chas Mrs
Cusick, George Mrs
Davis, Ada W Mrs
Davis, E T Mrs
Davis, O Mrs
Davis, Marie Miss
Davis, Maria Miss
Davis, Nora Miss
Dario, Sarah
Davidge, Julia Mrs
Dea, Mamie Miss
Dean, Mills Mrs
Dermatty, C G Mrs
Degomes, Adlen Mrs
Dickson, Annie Miss
Diggs, Hattie Miss
Diggs, Susie Miss
Dingerfield, Mary Mrs
Dodge, Emorena Miss
Donley, Sarah J Mrs
Dorseay, Nellica Miss
Douglass, Unorah Miss
Dourr, Enslmiss
Duckett, Mary F Miss
Dunlop, Mary L Miss
Dugans, Hester Miss
Ennis, Victoria Miss
Ellyfrylas, N Mrs
Early, Laula Miss
Eliart, Jenny Miss
Everhard, Jennie Miss
Fairbanks, A P Mrs
Fairbanks, S F Mrs (2)
Forrest, Hattie Mrs
Fountain, Fanny Mrs
Field, Ruth Miss
Fletcher, Lizzie Mrs
Fletcher, Mary Miss
Flittner, Pauline Miss
Folson, Nellie M
Forsler, Susan Mrs
Frawley, Mamie
French, Mabel Miss
Frieda, Guterman Madame
Ganly, Winnie Miss
Garrett, Maggie Miss
Gaskins, Susie Mrs
Gately, May Miss
Gatschet, Louise Mrs
Gault, K Mrs
Guty, Emma Mrs
Gibson, Bertie Miss
Giles, Annie Miss
Glotfeltz, Annie Mrs
Goldsborough, S M Mrs
Goldschmid, R Mrs
Gordon, Eliza F Mrs
Goulding, G W Mrs
Graham, Mollie Mrs
Gramett, Hattie Miss
Grant, Julia Miss
Gray, Emma Miss
Griffin, Geo M Mrs
Green, Ellen Miss
Green, Lucy Mrs
Green, Minnie Mrs
Greenleaf, Josephine Miss
Greenwood, C F Mrs
Grice, Susie B Miss
Groes, Carrie Miss
Gross, Olivia Miss
Hadley, L Mrs
Hall, J F Mrs
Hallburg, Margaret
Hamilton, J M Mrs
Hamilton, Mary E Miss
Harge, Sue Mrs
Harper, C A Mrs
Harris, Jennie Mrs
Hars, Jany Miss
Harris, Mamie Miss
Harrison, Mary J Mrs
Hart, Estella Miss
Hawkins, Mary Mrs
Hayes, Lilie Miss (2)
Helen, Virginia Mrs
Henderson, Lucy Miss
Henderson, Mamie Miss
Herchue, Ida Mrs
Herron, Florence Miss
Hess, L L Mrs
Hill, Mamie H Miss
Himes, Leich Miss
Hitchcock, Louise Mrs
Hoff, Gertie Miss
Holiday, Maria Mrs
Holmes, R Mrs
Holmes, Kitty Mrs
Hudson, C J Mrs
Hughes, L W Miss
Hughes, Mary E Miss
Hart, Mary C
Hunter, Lucy C Miss
Hurford, L F Miss
Israel, Della Mrs
Jackson, Ada B Mrs
Jackson, Elizabeth Miss
Jackson, Emma Miss
Jackson, Mollie Miss
Jackson, Sallie Mrs
Jennings, Belle Miss
Johnson, Belle Miss
Johnson, Carrie E Miss
Johnson, Hattie
Johnson, Lucy Miss
Johnson, Marie Miss
Johnson, Mattie Miss
Johnson, Rosa Miss
Johnson, T H Mrs
Johnson, Wyetta O Miss
Johnston, Lizzie Miss
Johnston, T V Mrs
Jones, E P Mrs
Jones, Gertrude Miss
Jones, Mattie Miss
Joist, H Mrs
Joyce, Lenora Miss
Joyce, F C Miss
Kimball, Jennie L Mrs
King, Harriet Miss
Know, Helen R Mrs
Lake, John L Mrs
Lane, Alice Miss
Lapine, Isabel
Lathmore, Martha Miss
Landstein, Marie Miss
Lautherback, Florence Mrs
Lee, Annie Miss
Lee, Jennie Miss
Lee, Mary Miss
Le Fevre, H R Mrs
Leonard, S F Mrs
Lewis, Elizabeth Mrs
Lewis, Mamie Miss
Lewis, R Byrd Mrs
Loing, Garlett Miss
Long, Julia Miss
Longfellow, Caroline Miss
Lookey, E M Mrs
Loomis, Daisy Miss
Lucas, Caroline Miss
Lucas, Mary Miss
Ludly, Harriett Miss
McCauley, Wm Mrs
McFarland, S G Mrs
McNamara, Katie Miss
McNelly, Ada Mrs
McWilliams, Ellen Miss
Madden, F M Miss
Marmaduke, Gracie B Miss
Marr, Kate Thyson Mrs
Marshall, E Pearl Miss
Marshall, Hattie Mrs
Martin, M J Mrs
Maryman, Katie C
Masson, Mary L Mrs
Matthey, Annie Mrs (2)
Maydwell, Grace Miss
Meriwether, M Miss
Miller, Rosie Mrs
Mitchell, Helena H
Moore, Alice Miss
Moore, F A Mrs
Morris, Carrie
Morris, Nannie Mrs
Morrise, Mollie
Morrison, W W Mrs
Mortimore, J Miss
Murphy, Adrane Mrs
Murray, H Mrs
Murry, Mollie Miss
Mure, Simon Mrs
Mutti, Felomena Mrs
Needham, James Mrs
Neumann, K L Mrs
Olson, Frida Miss
Pane, Mary
Parker, E L Mrs
Parker, Mary Miss
Parker, Moteleser Mrs
Paschal, Nannie Mrs
Patterson, Annie Patten Mrs
Payne, M Mrs
Payne, Pauline Miss
Pearrie, Mary S Miss
Peerman, Hassie Miss
Penn, Katie Mrs
Pittman, Louisa Mrs
Potter, Melissa G Mrs
Pollard, Hattie Miss
Porter, Mary Miss
Potts, Susie Mrs
Prather, Lucy J Miss
Pritchard, Ella Mrs
Raar, John Mrs
Randall, Lucy E Mrs
Randoff, Lizzie Miss
Rasher, Eliza A Miss
Reardan, Lucy Miss
Redditk, Kattie L Mrs
Reed, Lura Miss
Reeves, Annie Miss
Reeves, Ida Miss
Reitz, Alice C Miss
Reynolds, Kathleen Miss
Richore, Carrie Miss
Richards, Lilly Mrs
Ridout, Caroline Mrs
Riley, Mary Mrs
Roberson, Cornelia Miss
Robertson, A G Mrs
Robson, Effie Miss
Rodeffer, Mamie Miss
Rodeffer, Nannie Miss
Rogers, Hanner Mrs
Rogers, J C Mrs
Rogers, Lucy Miss
Robison, E Mrs
Rollins, Annie Miss
Rose, Sadie Mrs
Rucker, H E Mrs
Rudd, Mabel
Sadler, Martina Miss
Sampson, William Mrs
Sanders, Anna H
Sanders, M Miss
Saunders, Nannie
Schenck, Bessie Mrs
Scott, A E Mrs
Scott, Annia Mrs
Scott, Ida Mrs
Scott, Dolley
Seldon, Maggie S Miss
Sellman, E G Mrs
Seng, Oscar Miss
Sewell, Pinkey Miss
Sherman, May
Shumaker, Katie G Mrs
Shipley, Sallie Miss
Shulz, T Mrs
Sickles, Annie Miss
Simpkins, M Miss
Skeyier, Emily Miss
Smith, Ella T Miss
Smith, G P Mrs
Smith, Hattie Mrs
Smith, J K Mrs
Smith, Laura Mrs (2)
Smith, Mary Mrs (2)
Smith, Mary E Miss
Smith, Nellie Miss
Smith, Sarah H Miss
Smith, Selena Miss
Snowden, Carrie Miss
Sonder, A M Mrs
Southworth, Mary L Miss
Spaulding, Emma Miss
Spring, Anna R Miss
Steward, Mamie Miss
Stewart, Sallie Mrs
Stewart, Emily Mrs
Stewart, M B Mrs
Stokes, Pelnesilla Miss
Sullivan, Julia Miss
Sutton, Louisa M Miss
Tandelle, Delphine
Taylor, A Cavendish Miss
Taylor, Ella Miss
Thacker, Sarah A Miss
Thaw, B Mrs
Thomas, Nora Miss
Thompson, Edmonia Miss
Thompson, Henrietta Miss
Thompson, Louisa M Miss
Thompson, Silv