OUR YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT

EDITED BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

WE ALL.

A STORY OF YOUTHFUL LIFE AND ADVENTURE IN ARKANSAS

BY OCTAVE THANET.

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"THE BISHOP'S VAGABOND," "EXPIATION," NOW RUNNING IN SCRIBNER'S, ETC.

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CHAPTER X.—COBBS IS THE CAUSE OF A QUARREL.

"It's just awful to be children!" It was Ally who spoke, seated on the wide steps of the old mansion and recklessly digging his heel into a soft spot in the boards.

"Think of it," he cried, vehemently, "there they've all gone to the lynching, every nigger on the place, and we've got to stay to home. I never saw a man ridden on a rail. I couldn't go to the circus, either, 'cause I was sick. And now I've got to miss this!"

"I suppose Cobbs has gone," said Ally's only listener, Cecil. Sally was in the house making a great mess with molasses candy, to console the boys.

"Cobbs and Markham and half a dozen white men. So in case Mitchell can't persuade Dawsey to light out, they will stop the fun. Cobbs said it wouldn't do for me to go; like to know why not. Now papa's away I'm the master of the plantation, and I had ought to go and keep the peace. Cobbs is almost as fussy as Sally. What do you think? He won't let us go the hog hunt to-morrow."

He touched Cecil now, who was eager for the hunt.

"I call that mean of Cobbs," cried Cecil.

"Oh, no, it ain't," answered Ally, loyal to Cobbs in spite of his pique, "it's only he's afraid something will happen when papa's away! But papa promised me to go next time. I tell you, Cis——"

He stopped then he dropped his voice, "What do you say to going anyhow?"

"How can you?"

"Oh easy 'nough. You see they're going on the road far's the big bayou and strike into the woods. There'll be eight ou horses, and a wagon and mules, and we can follow the wagon tracks, they all will make a plain trail.

You see Cobbs won't mind after we once get there and he don't let us, and papa won't mind at all, when he gets home, 'cause it will all be over, then anyhow; and he told me I could next time, you know. I don't reckon anybody will mind 'cept Sally, and if she don't know we're gone, she won't mind either."

Cecil wanted to go to the hunt. He was accustomed to gratify his wishes without thinking very much of other people; indeed I am afraid Cecil, for all

"Toby Shore," said Mitchell, "but I can't get over that big jump."

his politeness, was in a fair way to become a selfish little fellow. He found Ally's reasoning very plausible.

Ally had more conscience to stifle in the matter; but to go to this very hunt had been his ardent desire for a year past, and the temptation was too strong for him.

"Sally's only a girl, anyhow," he went on, combatting an inward protest. "She's always so 'fraid something will go wrong when mamma's away. I think she'd like to sit up nights to see the house doesn't take fire! We won't let on anything to her; she can't expect to go everywhere I do. She wouldn't be any use in a hog hunt; 'sides she'd say it was wrong to go. We'll both go off tomorrow right after breakfast, and we'll leave word with Vance we won't be back to dinner, and she'll think we've gone to see Larry, so she won't worry."

Cis acquiesced readily enough and Ally developed his plans.

"It's a shame Larry's hiding or else he could go, too. He never does have any fun. I say, though, maybe he'll see the lynching. Like's not Aunt Valley will take him." Ally drew a deep sigh. "Like's not by this time they've got to the house and are hollering for him to come out. Laws, how I wish I could see it! I never did see a lynching. Cobbs has seen three and he saw a man hanged once."

"That could hardly be a pleasant sight," said Cecil, drily.

"Oh, he was a bad man," said Ally easily. "It was all right. But I don't guess Cobbs liked it much either, 'cause he said he'd had a heap more fun at his sister's wedding. Hullo! here's Sis with codles of candy!"

Naturally the subject was changed.

In the morning Cecil feared lest Ally should not hold by his purpose, but a series of winks and grins, during breakfast, when innocent Sally was condoling with the boys because they must miss the hog hunt, reassured him.

"She don't suspect nothing," said Ally. "I sorter hate now to tell her after all, but, as Cobbs says, what the mind don't know the heart can't greive. Come on, lets see them off."

The little procession was just trotting down into the bottom. The boys were barely in time to see the last of them.

"That's Mr. Cobbs on the lame mule, ain't it? Say, that mule can out jump ary hoss on the place," said a drawling voice at Cis' elbow; and the man called Mitchell sat down beside the two boys.

Both of them turned on him eyes full of interest. "Oh, Mr. Mitchell," cried Ally, eagerly, yet trying to be cautious, "did you hear anything or a lot of folks going to lynch old man Dawsey, last night."

Mitchell whistled. "Well, now, even the kids have got onto it. Yes there ben considerable of a crowd round thar, las' night. I rid up thar myself hearin' thar was likely to be a row. But somehow the old man didn't been at home; and Mr. Cobbs he quieted them down all right. Some folks sayd the old man got warning, some way. Anyway, he'd lit a shuck and thar wasn't nary critter 'about."

"Then they didn't do nothin?" said Ally, his mind divided between relief and a certain disappointment. "Of course I didn't want them to do anything," he added, quickly.

"Wa'al no, nothin' was did. Looked like thar wasn't nothing to do. Some way he'd cl'ared out all his stock. Did hear he sole some of it almighty cheap to Mist' Cobbs and that mule he had, they was sayin', had run off. Sam was for burnin' down the house, but Mist' Cobbs, dissuaded 'em. He kin talk, cayn't he? I don't guess ary nother man cud of quieted them darkeys down like he done. An' yet they say he's plum agin niggers tew, doan' like t' have 'em roun'."

"That's a lie," said Ally calmly.

"Why, I understood he ben havin' trouble with some of the niggers, Simmons an' Hotchkiss and some others."

"That was only 'cause they were so trifling and let their pigs into his garden."

"Oh, that war it, war it?" said Mitchell with the air of one convinced, "toby shore. Wa-al, he's a mighty nice man, Mist' Cobbs is, and a right good rider. Kinder tunny he likes that mule much better 'n a hoss, and it lame, tew."

"It can tire out any horse on the plantation, for all its hip short," said Ally, "and it's terrible fast, too."

"Shucks! He's fast, you say. Reckon you all don't let him stay in the bottom. Keep him up in the stable. Cobbs would hate terrible to have anything happen to him, I judge."

"Well, I should say so," Ally agreed warmly; "Cobbs was out all night hunting him once, when he broke loose from the barn and run off."

"You go, tew?" said Mitchell, with flattering interest.

"He didn't know anything about it till the next day. He just naturally jumped over the fence and lit out—"

"Not that big picket fence? Well, I couldn't believe that 'less somebody saw it."

"Cobbs saw it himself; he was there."

"Anybody else?"

Ally resented the implication of the question. He answered hotly: "Cobbs' word is good's a dozen. He was there."

"Oh, I ain't meanin' to impugn Mr. Cobbs' word," Mitchell hastened to say. "I was just asking, that's all. Does the mule do such tricks much!" He was now addressing Cecil.

"I don't know," Cecil answered. "I never heard of any of them before. He must have done high jumping before I came."

"It was the night before you came," said Ally. Then he laughed. "All sorts of things happened that night, kukluxes and everything."

"To-by shore," said Mitchell, "but I cayut get over that big jump. That fence must be rising of six feet. He's a mighty nimble mule."

"He ain't so nimble as Mr. Henderson, Aunt Valley's mule," said Ally. "He's Mr. Henderson's brother."

"Kinder queer name for a mule, Mr. Henderson?"

"They call him that 'cause he's so sharp—smart's a man, papa said, and he named him Mr. Henderson; his name was Rube Henderson, to start with. Why, he is the schemeiest fellow. Every place he ever goes to and stops he knows and you take him by that place again, he'll stop."

"Bad beast to ride if you'r doing a meanness," said Mitchell.

Ally laughed, but Cecil was struck by a new idea which made him very grave and silent, and rather relieved when Mitchell was called away to shoe somebody's horse.

Then his new idea was given to Ally. "Ally, that fellow was just pumping us!"

Ally whistled.

"Why would he want to pump us."

"I don't know. But I am sure he was."

Such an answer from illogical Sally would have met a prompt demand for some reason; but Cecil, who lived North and had crossed the ocean, and knew how to do examples in interest in the arithmetic, was quite a different person.

"Come to think of it, he was kinder insisting with those questions of his," said Ally musingly.

"Could he suspect Cobbs, by chance?"

Ally's stolid blue eyes kindled; his light eyebrows met; he exploded at once: "Suspect Cobbs! well, he must be a fool!"

"Oh, I don't say he does, but he might. Detectives," added Cis, out of the wisdom derived from Gaboriau's novels, "detectives always suspect the least likely persons."

"What do they do that for?"

"Because nobody else does, don't you know. Then they have all the glory."

"But if they didn't do it?"

"That doesn't matter; they suspect everyone else, too."

"Well, I don't think much of detectives if they are that kind of fellows," said Ally. "Cobbs, indeed! Why, if he had any sense he'd know Cobbs wouldn't have done it. I wish Sally hadn't given him that handkerchief."

Cecil privately wondered if the detective might not have made a shrewd guess. "Suspect the least likely man" he quoted to himself. To be sure there was no visible motive except spite against the negroes with whom he had quarreled, for Cobbs acting so.

Ally continued the subject: "I should think a detective, a fellow in the business of finding out folks, would know Cobbs wasn't the right kind of man to do such a meanness. When Cobbs is mad at anybody he up and tells them and has it out with them, point blank. Him romancing 'round darkey's houses at night and firing guns at them—that detective is a plumb idiot!"

Cecil laughed; he felt no inclination to defend Mitchell.

"I'll tell Cobbs the next time I see him, that's what I will," vowed Ally.

"Better not," said Cecil.

"Why not?"

Cecil said evasively that it might prejudice Cobbs against Mitchell. Perhaps he wouldn't help him so heartily. A lame argument that Ally interrupted hotly:

"That's all you know about Cobbs, then! You're not much better than

"Vance was bobbing up and down while he led the horse that Cecil commonly rode."

Mitchell. Do you reckon Cobbs would stop helping papa out of spite against Mitchell? If Mitchell was his worst enemy, and papa had left Mitchell in his charge, Cobbs would help him. That's the kind of fellow Cobbs is."

Cecil recoiled from this fire; he hated quarrels and disputes; they were vulgar he thought from his height of personal dignity. To get into such a wax over a servant like Cobbs, too. "The hot headed cubb!" he said contemptuously—not out loud, but to Cecil Raimund—"fancy me wanting to fight somebody who had insulted Martin or the coachman, or one of the grooms!" He shrugged his shoulders. "You seem very sure of Cobbs!" said he, coldly.

Instantly he wished that he had not spoken. Ally's round, freckled face grew red to the eyes; his features quivered, but it was not the anger in them that struck Cis like a blow; it was the look of dumb, bewildered mortification and pain.

"W—what do you think about Cobbs, then?" Ally began, then all at once turned his back on Cecil "You went hunting with him, too"—came in a kind

of sob from the averted figure. Ally was choking and clenching his fists. "And he'd killed a otter and was drying his skin for you. He said you were a pretty nice boy——"

Cecil laughed. He meant no harm by the laugh; only Cobbs' compliment sounded so limited, and in Ally's doleful voice so funny; and the very fact that the words before had touched him made the laugh come more easily. Yet it was in his heart to clap Ally on the shoulder and say: "Never mind, Ally, I didn't mean anything. I think Cobbs is a mighty nice man, as you call it." Indeed, his hand was lifted and "Never" shaped itself on his lips—but it was not said.

Quick as thought Ally wheeled and struck Cecil a stinging blow in the face.

Cecil lifted his fists.

Ally's arms dropped at his sides. He made no effort to strike another blow. His face flushed a darker, more painful red.

"I had no right to do that," he said, in a suffocated kind of voice, "not when you were visiting me. You can strike me if you like; I won't hit back."

"I don't want to strike you," said Cecil, scornfully. "I don't want to ever have anything more to do with you." He turned on his heel, and was walking away.

"What are you going to do?" said Ally.

"I am going to get a horse and ride to the station," said Cecil.

"No, don't. What good is that going to do?" Ally called half sullenly still, "I begged your pardon, what more can any gentleman do?" cried the Southern lad. "It will make my father feel awful bad—and yours too. You hadn't ought to go, Cis!"

The last shot went home. Through all Cecil's tumult of shock, disgust, indignant fury, a vision of his father's look pierced; again he heard the dear, familiar voice saying: "Cis, you are a gentleman." It would hurt dad. Dad wouldn't scold him but he would be awfully cut up, which was worse.

Cecil turned.

Seizing this sign of wavering Ally continued eagerly: "Of course you're mad. That's all right. And if you want to fight me, I'll go off down in the bottom with you and fight it out: and then if we're banged up much," said Ally in his practical fashion, elaborating the idea which I suspect had a secret charm to him, "we can go off on the hunt and everybody'll lay it to that, and we won't need to say a word; most likely we'll get banged up some more, anyhow, running into branches and thorn trees——"

"I don't want to fight you," Cecil interrupted with his loftiest dignity; "I take boys of my own size when I fight. Do you suppose I can't thrash you?"

Ally looked at him critically. "You needn't stop for that," said he, "I ain't so tall but I'm mighty stout and I got a better wind than you. I call it 'bout even. But if you won't fight, I'll let you hit me hard's you can, spang in my face. Only just once 'cause I only hit you once. Say, will you stay, then?"

"That's nonsense," said Cecil, "if I touched you at all I'd give you a good thrashing; but your father saved my father's life and I'm not going to pound you while I'm visiting you."

Ally's stolid face worked. "Well, I did say I was sorry."

"That's quite enough," said Cecil shortly, "don't let's say anything more about it. Isn't it about time for our horses to come?"

"There's Vance bringing them, now." said Ally in a very subdued tone.

Vance's grin, indeed, was bobbing up and down on Ally's own grey while he led the horse that Cecil commonly rode.

When the lads were about to mount Ally said: you'd better ride 'Rasmus," (the grey) "he's a heap the best jumper."

Cecil declined very briefly.

"Aren't you going to leave some word with your sister," said he as they settled themselves in the saddle and gathered up the reins.

"Inconsiderare cub," he thought. He liked to call Andy a cub in his thoughts. It made him feel the more superior. Cub was an expression which nobody could apply to polite, perfectly dressed Cecil.

"I plumb forgot," muttered Ally; "say, Vance, tell Miss Sally we won't be back to dinner."

Then the boys galloped away, while Vance soliloquized: "Laws, ain't it fine t' be takin' you time an' you pleasure dat a way an' not habin' go back an' chu'n. I does hate dat chu'n wuss'n de debbil!"

But I am sure no one who saw the two riders' faces would have guessed that they were going on an excursion of pleasure.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE STORY OF THE CENSUS.

By Robert P. Porter, Superintendent of the Census.

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If it were possible for the superintendent of the census to ascend in a balloon on the morning of June 2 at a point somewhere in the neighborhood of Cincinnati, where the center of population was located in 1880, to a height that would enable him, with extended vision, to survey this vast domain of ours, he could watch with interest the army of 40,000 enumerators, equipped with portfolios of schedules, march forth on the important errand to count the population of the United States. Over hills and mountains, through valleys and along the tortuous course of rivers, on horseback through swamps, on foot along the dusty country roads, following the thousands of miles of coast, treading the pavements of crowded cities, elbowing their way into every nook and corner of this broad land where man finds a dwelling place, census takers go in search of the raw material which, when tabulated, becomes the foundation of our representation in congress and the food for the statistician's decennial statistical feast.

It is a fascinating task, and curious, indeed, must be the experiences of some of these agents of the census office. If the work is done faithfully and the aggregate experience of the 40,000 enumerators could be written in a mighty volume, it would give an insight into every home. The lights and shades of human life would be brought into sharp contrast. The luxurious magnificence of the Fifth avenue homes of millionaires; the poverty of the tenement houses, where human beings are born, live, eat, sleep and die in one room; the simplicity of the old homestead, where so many sterling men and women have received their early instruction and spent their boyhood and girlhood; the privations of pioneer life; the discomforts of the negro cabins of the South; the barrenness of the miners' cottages in the mineral regions, and the huts of those who gain their livelihood by fishing. And then the people that those enumerators will meet! All sorts and conditions of men and women will answer the thirty questions on the population schedule, and if the census taker is only an observing man, how many queer and interesting experiences he might relate.

"Surely, you have a big job," I hear my youthful reader remark. Yes, it is a big job to take the census of a country with 65,000,000 of population, especially if it be taken on the scale required by the congress of the United States. It takes lots of organization and a good deal of money. It must be done rapidly, and everything has to be in readiness, so that at the tap of the drum on the morning set for counting the people every one is ready to do his share of the work.

It should be remembered that the census office is not a permanent bureau of the government, but an impromptu branch of the interior department, organized under the direction of an officer called the superintendent of census for the express purpose of doing this work. The superintendent of the eleventh census began his work on the morning of April 17, 1889, having been appointed by the president of the United States, in accordance with the provisions of an act of congress, approved March 1, 1889, for taking the eleventh and subsequent censuses. On that day the census office consisted of a superintendent, a clerk, one messenger boy, two desks, a ream of white paper and a box or two of official envelopes and sundry other stationary. To-day the census office employs 800 clerks, 500 special agents and 175 supervisors. Next June the census force will consist of 40,000 enumerators, 1000 clerks and probably 1000 special agents. Then it will gradually decline until the last report has been printed, when the superintendent and the small force then around him will fold their tents and silently pass away, and become merely an infinitesimal part of the great population which they have enumerated.

"This is interesting and attractive, but how is it all done?" "How do you go about it?" "Where do you begin?" Those are some of the questions I hear my young friends asking. Have patience, and you shall have the story from begining to end.

Take down a map of the United States and divide the several states into districts containing say about half a million population each, according to the census of 1880. Of course, you will not be able to do this in states where the population is less than 500,000. So you will have to give all such states one supervisor, as the large expanse of territory in the majority of such cases more than makes up, so far as the work is concerned for the lack of population. The census law allows 175 supervisors, who are appointed by the president and confirmed by the senate in the same way as the superintendent is appointed. The country having been thus "districted," as it is called, and the supervisors for the several districts appointed, the main office in Washington has a direct representative, as it were, in every section of the country. As it devolves upon the superintendent of the census to divide the whole country into supervisors' districts, so, in turn, must the supervisor subdivide the district into what are called enumerators' districts, and submit that subdivision to the main office in Washington, where it is approved by the geographer of the census and returned to the supervisor, who will then make the selections of enumerators.

The enumerator's district varies in size, according to the character of the population. Thus, in the thickly populated quarters of a large city an enumerator can take a much greater number of names than he can in a sparsely populated district of one of the Western or Southern states. While this work of dividing the country into supervisor districts and then subdividing them into enumerator districts is going on the large force in Washington, under the direction of the superintendent, is preparing the schedules, blanks and circulars, to be used by the enumerators. The principal schedule, of course, is the population schedule, of which no less than 26,000,000 will be required. The paper alone for this single requisition would fill about a hundred freight cars. The mere printing of this schedule, with all the facilities of the government printing office, will probably take sixty days. There are thirty questions on the population schedule, framed with a view of finding out the full Christian name of every person in the United States; their surname; whether a soldier, sailor or marine during the civil war, or widow of such person; the relationship of the person to the head of the family; whether they are black or white, mulatto, quadroon, octaroon, Chinese, Japanese, or Indian; their sex; their age; whether single, married, widowed, or divorced; place of birth of the person; also the place of birth of father and mother in the case of foreign born; number of years in the United States: whether naturalization papers have been taken out; profession, trade or occupation; if engaged in the gainful occupations, months unemployed during the census year; if attending school, the number of months of such attendance; whether able to read and to write; and, if a person of foreign birth, whether able to speak English. Also for the purpose of ascertaining the number who are disabled from their ordinary employment by reason of acute disease or by reason of chronic lung disease or consumption, or from injuries, such as fractures, etc.; the name of disease and length of time affected; also, whether defective in mind, sight, hearing or speech; or whether crippled, maimed or deformed; whether a paisoner, convict, homeless child or paupers.

In addition to the population schedule, the enumerator carries with him on his rounds what is termed a "special schedule." These special schedules are prepared for the purpose of finding additional information, which the law requires in case the persons are veterans of the war; whether defective in mind, sight, hearing or speech, or are prisoners, homeless children or paupers.

Having noted the main facts, it then becomes, if there are any such persons in the family as referred to above, the duty of the enumerator to fill out the special schedules, for which he is paid an additional compensation.

The last five questions on the population schedule relate to another important inquiry, which a recent law passed by congress demands the superintendent to make, and which is intended to ascertain how many persons in the United States own homes and their farms, and how many rent their homes or are tenant farmers. Also, to find out if these farms are free from mortgage incumbrances, or, if mortgaged, the amount of the mortgage. The enumerator will not be called upon to ask the head of the family, or whoever may give him the information when he calls, the amount of the mortgage debt, but he will simply take down the address of the person and the information required by law will be subsequently ascertained by correspondence, circular and by the aid of special agents, who will be required to visit the houses of such persons who fail to give this information to the census office.

It will thus be seen that the population schedule will require a great deal of care in filling out, and that the enumerator must not only be quick and accurate in his penmanship, but a man of intelligence and courtesy to ask all these questions in a manner that will not be offensive to the people and will elicit prompt and correct replies. After each day's work, the enumerator is required to fill out two postal cards, stating the exact number of persons enumerated during the day, and forward these cards, one to the supervisor of his district and the other to the superintendent of census at Washington. In this way an absolute check is kept on the work, and the census office is able to tell exactly how far the work is progressing.

The law requires that the population shall be all counted in fifteen days in cities and in thirty days in country districts. Having enumerated his district and assorted his special schedules, corrected as far as possible the main schedule, the enumerator must forward them to the supervisor, who, after examining and approving them, packs them in a large box and sends them to Washington. On receipt in Washington what is known as the "rough count" is made. That is a count which makes no classification, but simply ascertains the number of persons enumerated on each schedule. Hence, as soon as all the schedules are received it will be possible to give a rough count of the population.

Few who have never been inside of a census office have any idea of the labor necessary even to make a rough count, to say nothing of the classification of the population into all the different groups required by the census law. By the various methods heretofore employed the returns have either been gone over and over, tallying out first one set of facts and then another set of facts, by making little tally marks in squares or sheets of paper ahd then counting and then aggregating these tally marks; or else the returns have been transcribed to cards by writing, and then these cards first sorted by hand according to one scheme, and then counted and then sorted according to another scheme and then counted, and so on until finally all the desired data are obtained.

The eleventh census will be counted by the aid of electricity. At first this seems rather a startling statement, but if any of my readers would only come to the census office and see the electrical counting and sorting machines now at work on some of the special data, the thing would be made clear to them at once.

Now you will see that the enumerators have furnished the census office with quite a complete description of every person living in the United States, but these records are not in a convenient form for counting or tabulating. We, therefore, first prepare a card for each person, on which we record the different facts regarding that person with a machine something like a typewriter, only that instead of printing letters or figures these machines punch round holes. If the given person was a male a hole was opened in one place, while if a female a hole is punched in another place, the position of the different holes thus completely describing the person. In this way the census office will have a card for every person in the United States. A card with a given number printed on it will represent you, and the little holes placed in this card will tell how old you are, where you were born, where your father was born, where your mother was born, whether you could read,, whether you could write, and so on. These cords will be about the size of postal cards, and if stacked in one pile would make a column over ten miles high, and will weigh fully 180 tons.

The census office will have to know how many boys there are ten years old, how many eleven years, how many under twelve years, and so on, and the same for the girls. Again it must know how many could read, how many could write, how many were born in New York, how many in Pennsylvania, and many other things. To obtain this infomration from these punched record cards, we use the electrical tabulating machines. You see it would be impossible to make a machine which could read writing or printing, but our little typewriters punch holes instead, and such holes can easily be read by a machine. This is done as follows: The cards are laid one by one in a machine something like a printing press, only, instead of type, little needles or points are brought against the cards so that where there is a hole in the card the little pointer goes through and touches a drop of quicksilver, below which closes an electric circuit, or telegraphs to a little counter or register. These counters look very much like clocks, but instead of the works of a clock we have an electro-magnet so arranged that when an electric circuit is closed through it, it moves the hand ahead one point. As the cards are rapidly passed through the machine, they first telegraph to one counter and then another, according, for example, as they represent boys or girls; some other counters will at the same time count how many could read and how many could not, and so on; so that you will see that this machine really does a number of things at the same time. When all the cards for a given district have thus been passed through the machine the results on the dials are written down and sent to the printer as part of the census reports.

At the same time, as the little registers record the different facts as above described, the cards are divided into classes, for example, according to age, with the electrical sorting boxes. As each card telegraphs to the different counters, so also does it telegraph to electro-magnets of the sorting boxes, so that first one lid and then another is thrown open, according to the age of the person represented by the given card. The cards are simply thrown into whatever box is opened by the machine, so that when all have been run through the machine they are found assorted according to age. The cards for each age period are then counted according to some other data, and this process is kept up until all the required information is obtained.

In the actual counting and sorting, after the punching has been done, one of these electrical machines will count in five hours as many cards as could be counted by the old methods in fifty-five hours, or equal to the work of one person for eight days, counting seven hours as a day's work. Surely this is a great saving of time and of expense, while at the same time enabling the census office to tabulate many interesting facts which may be found on the schedules, but which the great cost of tabulating by hand has prevented heretofore.

The next in importance to the count of the people come the vital statistics and the statistics of the special classes, for after we know the number of our population, its characteristics, distribution, and parentage, the question of its health and physical condition naturally comes up for consideration. All facts relating to marriages, births and deaths are obtained by the enumerator, by calling upon something like 80,000 physicians to aid in the work and by copying the reports of the registers of births, deaths and marriages in states where these facts are gathered by local officials.

Closely connected with the vital statistics of the country is the subject of the statistics of those classes of people who are more or less disabled by physical and mental infirmity, and therefore require constant special care on the part of the state or special means for education. These classes include the insane, the idiotic, the blind, and the deaf. The work of the census office, however, does not end here. It includes all sort of special inquiries, such as statistics of education, church statistics, statistics showing the amount of pauperism and crime. These facts are all gathered largely by the aid of correspondence and by the employment of special agents who are conversant with topics of this kind and who, by reason of their experience, know exactly how to prepare lists and bring in the information to the census office.

How many of the readers of the Youth's Department would be able to answer the question, if put to them offhand. "How manyminor civil divisions of the United States, such as cities, towns, townships, counties, school districts, etc., have the power to raise taxes and incur debt?" Do not answer all at once. "A good many thousand," I hear some one say. There are no less than 150,000 such minor divisions of the country. Surely it is important to know the total amount of money raised by taxation for local purposes and the total amount of debt which has been incurred by all these taxing and debt-creating powers. In order to do this the census office must deal separately and individually with the local officers and functionaries of those myriad local divisions. Over 150 clerks are, at this moment, engaged on the bureau of this census work alone, and within a few months it is hoped that a statement of what may be called the local finance of the country—that is, a presentation of the budgets of all these places—may be given to the country.

You who are farmers will, perhaps, wonder how the census office is able to give you once in ten years the total number of acres devoted to raising of wheat, of corn, of oats, of what not; the number of cattle, horses and sheep that browse in the fields and meadows; the number of hogs that sleep, grunt and squeal in the backyards, and all the other facts relating to agriculture. This information is collected by the enumerator on a special schedule, and afterwards tabulated by experts in the census office, who know all about farms and farming. And, also by the aid of special agents the important facts in relation to the manufacturing industries are gathered and brought to the great emporium of facts and figures at Washington. In all important cities the schedule of manufactures is withdrawn from the regular enumerator and is placed in the hands of special agents or rather special enumerators, whose duty it is to call at every factory, workshop, and mill with the view of finding out the full particulars relating to the number employed, wages paid, the amount and value of product produced, the capital invested, and such other information as is required. So, in important industries, experts have to be appointed in nearly every important industry, who are conversant with what may be called the technology of the subject. Some of the more important inquiries are those relating to the chemical industry; clay and pottery products; coke and glass; cotton goods; iron and steel; mixed textiles; newspaper and periodical press; ship building; wool and worsted; silk goods and electrical apparatus and supplies.

The special inquiries of the census office do not end here. The value of our mineral industries has grown during the century from a few million dollars annually to an aggregate of nearly $600,000,000.

A special agent of the census, with his note-book in hand, may be found sitting on a fence with a farmer ciphering out his crop reports; in the counting-house of the manufacturer, figuring on the annual production of iron and steel or the number of yards of cloth; and in the mining camp ascertaining the tons of ore or coal brought up from the bosom of the earth; along our river courses, at fishing points on the lakes and the coast, interviewing the fishermen in relation to their catch of fish.

In this short article it would be impossible to give even a cursory idea of the innumerable methods employed by the census office experts or "sharps," as they are now called, in gathering the varied facts for their numerous reports. The main thing, after such inquiries are taken out of the hands of the enumerator, is to prepare correct lists of all the establishments in cases of manufacturing; of all mines in that of mining; of all the fishing villages and fishing ports, in such inquiries relating to fish and fisheries. By doing this and by employing trained experts and handling these returns more satisfactory results can be obtained than by committing the matter wholly to the enumerator.

The work of the census office does not even end here, though I am afraid that the mere catalogue is getting wearisome. Elaborate statistics are being prepared in relation to internal transportation by rail and by water, and likewise important data relating to the telegraph, telephone, express and insurance business of the country.

Even the poor Indian must be investigated. What boy is not interested in the Indian? Though I fear, as a rule, boys are not so much interested in the social condition of the Indian as they are in stories of his adventures and conflicts with the white man. The census office will not go into these facts, though no doubt the large body of special agents, whose duty it will be to visit all the reservations and sections of country where the Indians still roam, would be able to tell some interesting and startling stories when they return. But for stories of adventure no census inquiry should be more prolific than that with reference to the population, wealth and resources of Alaska. Even this wild territory has been divided into seven census districts and seven special agents have been appointed to collect all the data possible relating to this desolate and distant region, which