

A FEW RICH MEN.

Some New Yorkers Who Have Made a Million or So.

"Can you tell me about some of the rich men with whom you have been acquainted?" "Well, my personal acquaintance has extended to a few millionaires. There was Mr. William E. Dodge. He was very wealthy, and he made use of a great deal of his money in promoting religious and reformatory measures. In many respects he was a remarkably good man. I knew Mr. A. Stewart. I saw him a few months before his death and had a talk with him at his house. He informed me that one of the means by which he had commanded success was the system of giving people who purchased goods from him the full worth of their money. Mr. Theodore B. Stout was one of the ablest bankers and brokers I ever knew. I suppose I must include Mr. Demas Barnes in my list of very rich men; but Demas lost a portion of his money in the newspaper business. I suppose Mr. W. E. Conner is worth a million dollars. Hon. John Morrissey, the Harpers, Moses Taylor, Hollis L. Powers, Jim Fisk, M. O. Roberts, J. P. Hall and Jim Bennett can also be appended to the list. I presume there are a score of millionaires who do not let the world know that they have so much money. Many rich men are misers and take a delight in giving the impression that they are comparatively poor.

Andrew Stout, president of the New York Shoe and Leather bank, started business as a school teacher. He went into trade, and after several reverses made a fortune. Russell Sage began his business life as a clerk in a mercantile house in Troy. He showed marked capacity and superior judgment, and at 20 went into business on his own account. Now he is one of the chief men of Wall street. He lives in elegant style, and has his home on Fifth avenue. He keeps elegant carriages and fine horses. Rev. Matthew Hale Smith said of him: "Mr. Sage uses his great wealth with wisdom, and gratefully as a Christian should do. From boyhood up his career has been a remarkable one. His industry is a habit. He walked steadily up through all the grades of storeboy, clerk, salesman, retailer and wholesale dealer. He relied on no chances, but trusted level-headedness, fidelity, and strong common sense."

Referring to the late Commodore Vanderbilt the same writer said: "He dressed like a college professor or a well-endowed clergyman. His necktie was snowy, like his hair. He lived in a down-town mansion, roomy and full of comfort, after the order of the old Knickerbockers. His office was a plain, unpretentious room, and his style of life very simple." Although the above was written of the commodore, the same remarks could not apply to some of the surviving members of his family.

Paran Stevens, when a boy, was employed in a stable. After making a success of the Revere house in Boston, he took possession of the Fifth Avenue hotel in New York. At that time the Fifth Avenue hotel was in an unfinished condition and was regarded as a failure. Stevens took a lease of the property and opened the hotel to the public. His New York venture was a great success, as is well known.

James B. Keene, it is said, came from England to America when a boy, because his father had met with business reverses in the former country. A considerable broker gave young James a start. His first great operation was in "Belcher and Crown Point," in which he cleared about \$250,000. When his health gave way he left California and came to New York. His present business office is a small suite of rooms on the fourth floor of a building in Broad street.

A Base Ball Crank.

"There is a man in the government hospital for the insane," said an ex-governor of Maryland, "who is perfectly sane on every subject except base ball. He knows more about base ball than any other man in America. The authorities have humored him so that he has been able to cover the wall of his large room with intricate schedules of the games played since base ball began its career. He has the record of every important club and the individual record of every important player. He takes an astrological view of the game. He explains every defeat and every success on astrological principles. It is because a man was born in this month or under this star or that. He has figured it all out. His sense has gone with it. He is the typical base ball crank."

A Champion of Bald Heads.

"During a performance of 'A Bunch of Keys,' at the Capital theatre, the other night, and just as one of the performers cracked a nut on the bald head of the hotel clerk, an old fellow in the audience rose and exclaimed: 'This thing's gone far enough, and I don't think that the law should allow a feller to crack hickory nuts on a man's bald head. I am a bald-headed man, myself, and I think that feller casts reflections on every man in the house.' It was with difficulty that he was quieted, but finally he sat down. After awhile one of the hotel men struck a match on the clerk's head, and the sympathizing citizen raved until the police removed him."

Laugh or Cry?

In middle life we laugh quite merrily over our early photographs; wonder if we should laugh or cry if in youth we could see the pictures of what we shall be when we arrive at middle life!

She Sat There.

A San Francisco woman seated herself in the opera house aisle and threatened to "holler fire" if the policeman removed her. She sat the opera out unmolested.

Stuyvesant's Pear Tree.

Stuyvesant's pear tree, at the corner of Third avenue and Thirteenth street, New York, is the oldest living thing in the city. It was planted by Governor Stuyvesant in 1647.

Gladstone at Church.

But to Mr. Gladstone; I was pained to see him. He shuffled into the chapel and into his pew, but with a quick, nervous, ill-regulated step, that indicated strength of will trying to overcome weakness of limb. He looked two inches shorter than he did four years ago. His face is full of crow's feet. Lines and wrinkles run in every direction upon it, and if he were 100 years old his face could not be more worn and worn. This withered, pinched face, with its great, penetrating, restless eyes, was almost weird. I sat immediately facing the prime minister and within ten feet of him, and I must say—I am bound to say—that his presence pained me all the while I was in the chapel. He is a man with a great trouble on his mind, or else no face ever in this world told the story of trouble. When he closed his eyes in prayer—and I peeped several times to see—there was almost an agony on his countenance. He was so uneasy and restless when standing up, so fidgety with the books and his fan, that it was deeply painful to see him.

Many evil reports were in circulation years ago about the social life of this brilliant man, but one hears so many such things in all European countries that I fancy no one pays any considerable attention to these scandals. For one, I believe he is socially as pure as sunlight or snowflake is pure. But this needless bloodshed in Egypt seems to haunt his soul as a specter, and he is like all men of indomitable will—he just falls short of great will on great occasions when a man needs will to immolate his own will. Mr. Gladstone has not the will to slay his will. He has gone most wofully wrong, and he cannot consent to acknowledge it and retrace his steps. It is well known to Mr. Gladstone's friends that he keenly felt being hissed at the opening ceremonial of the health exhibition, and it is said he realizes that his political career is ending rather in shame than in glory. He holds his following through sheer strength of his magnificent past record. Mr. Gladstone is said to be a devout man, and I should say that his manner during the service was one of reverence and piety, but his mind was, for the most part of the time, preoccupied. He was dressed, as he always is when I have seen him, neatly but not in the best taste. His enormous straight and rigid collar always disfigures him.

The Exiles of Siberia.

The hut the exiles lived in was, it appears, a miserable affair, built after the manner of a Yakutsk saurata, of rough timber, plastered with mud, containing the usual outer and inner apartments, a kind of weather-porch and a kitchen which contained their fireplace and cooking apparatus. In the inner apartment, where they lived, they kept their books, bedding and clothes. Russian illustrated papers were pasted on the walls, but the ceiling was so low that the room presented a dark and dismal appearance, and candles were burning there at midday. The government allows each exile a monthly stipend of 25 rubles, paper, about \$12.50 in American coin, a month. Out of this they must feed, clothe and house themselves, besides procuring firewood and service. This is almost absolute destitution, for in Siberia the pud, or forty pounds Russian, thirty-six pounds American, costs 5 rubles. Sugar is worth 1 ruble a pound. Though venison, beef, horse-flesh and fuel are comparatively cheap, all the other necessities of life are extravagantly dear. Some of the exiles had rich relatives who sent them money, but not more than 300 rubles could be sent at any one time, and the mail service is so irregular that sometimes there is only a delivery in six months and only at odd intervals during the winter when some government official has occasion to go over the road. No exile may send or receive any sealed package. Everything of that nature must be opened and read or examined by the Cossack commandant or the chief of police.

Dr. Foote: DON'T take long waans when the stomach is entirely empty.

Worthless Young Men.

But aside from that part of the college question there is the utter worthlessness of thousands of young men with a college education. No young fellow who goes through college will demote himself by learning a trade, or settling down to any rough kind of business. All want to be "gentlemen" and wear good clothes and have little to do. Except in special cases it is mere waste of a boy's time, and possibly the ruin of his future, to send him to college. There are many who went through college, but who cannot now make a decent living. I could count some of them myself. Some time ago a woman who had sent one of her boys to college said to me that she would rather see the others working in the streets than spoil them the same way. A college graduate who, after almost starving, got employment in a New York grocery, felt dreadfully mortified to find himself working for a man who could not write his name; but he held on to the place. In the opinion of thousands of New Yorkers, this city college of ours, for which everybody is taxed, is a positive evil. It makes young aristocrats out of the sons of men who have to work hard for a living, and in many cases it makes them ashamed of their humble parents. When the average boy has passed through a good grammar school he has done well enough, so far as education at the expense of the public is concerned. Hardly 5 per cent. of the eminently successful men of New York, outside of the professions, ever set foot in a college as students, and the average business man will not employ young fellows from college while he can find

Electric Light Photographs. The best photographs of persons yet taken by means of the electric light can be easily picked out by reason of a certain indistinctness. This is particularly noticeable about the eyes, which seem blinded, and their expression destroyed by the strong glare. The process, it is generally conceded, is as yet only a matter of curiosity and not of practical utility.

THE DRIFT TOWARD CITIES.

The Tendency Whose Figures Furnish Food for Reflection.

No development of modern civilization is more striking or significant than the steady drift of population from the country to the cities. It is not a characteristic of any one nation or race. With so few exceptions that they only establish the rule, it holds true of the civilized world.

A recent report by Consul Ryder, of Copenhagen, calls attention to this feature of the last Danish census. The kingdom contains 1,980,257 inhabitants, which is an increase of 185,526 over the previous census ten years before. By far the largest proportional gain was made in the capital, the population of Copenhagen having grown at the annual rate of 2.62 per cent. during the last decade. The provincial towns throughout the country show uniformly large gains, while the growth of the rural districts was slower than ever before, being only 6.1 per cent. for the ten years, as against 9.7 per cent. in the first decade of the century. The result of this movement from country to town is seen in the much smaller relative difference between the population of the rural districts and that of the cities than that which formerly existed. In 1810 the population of the rural districts was nearly four times that of all the cities. Now the ratio is only that of 2 to 1.

The relative growth of the urban population in the United States has been still more rapid. In 1800 less than 4 per cent. of the inhabitants lived in the six cities, and the proportion increased during the next forty years only 8.5 per cent. in the forty-four cities that existed in 1840. But in the succeeding forty years this percentage was nearly trebled, rising 12.5 per cent. in 1850, 16.1 in 1860, 20.9 in 1870, and 22.5 in 1880, when the number of cities had grown to 286. The census of 1890 will almost certainly show that a full quarter of the inhabitants of the United States live in its cities, against only a thirtieth of the whole population in 1790.

The change is even more striking when the metropolis alone is considered. In 1800 New York city had 40,489 inhabitants out of the 589,051 in the state and the 5,308,483 in the country. In 1880 it had 1,206,299 inhabitants out of 5,082,871 in the state and 50,155,783 in the country. In other words, at the beginning of the century New York city contained only about one-tenth the whole population of New York state, and one eighty-seventh part of the population of the whole country. In 1880 it contained almost one-fourth of all the people in the state, and nearly one-fortieth of all the people in the country.

There is abundant food for reflection in such figures and comparisons as these. They show how very different a country is the United States of to-day, with about one-fourth of the people living in cities, from the United States of President Washington's day, when the half-dozen towns dignified with the name of cities had altogether but 131,472 inhabitants, to a rural population almost thirty times as great. They indicate the gravity of the new problems in government with which such a massing of population within city limits confronts modern civilization.

Prehistoric Sewing.

The art of sewing has been known from a very remote period, as is shown by the fact that bone needles have been found among the oldest remains of the Swiss lake-dwellings and in the caves of France and Great Britain which were frequented by man during the reindeer age. Some of these early needles were perforated in the middle—which was the thickest part—and others were pierced at the larger end. A French cavern has yielded needles much superior to those of the ancient Gauls and to the ivory needles of the modern Esquimaux, especial skill having been applied to the boring of the eyes, which must have been done with a fine flint drill. The Swiss lake-dwellers used linen thread or bark fiber for sewing, and made garments from woven fabrics of linen and bark as well as from the skins of animals. The cave people employed a thread made from split tendons and perhaps strings of gut, and the fineness of some of their needles has suggested the probability that they performed some more delicate work than the sewing of skins.

The Difference.

"Uncle," said a young man, "I read a great deal about light and heavy literature. Now, what is the difference, for I confess that I am unable to determine?"

"Well, young man, a writer whose works every one reads is a producer of light literature. There was Dickens, for instance. This is light literature." "Yes, uncle, but his works created great reform of governmental abuses."

"No matter; his literature is light, for, as I tell you, it is universally read and appreciated." "What, then, is heavy literature?" "Something which very few people read. There is Herbert Spencer, for instance. No one cares especially for his writings and they have created no reform. Therefore they constitute a feature of heavy literature, and the world receives no benefit, only getting the view of one man. Light literature is human nature and is of interest to all intelligence. That's the difference."

The Happiest Life.

I think the happiest life is to have a little less time than one wants, and a little more money than one needs, provided the money be of one's own earning.

The more medicine a man takes the more he will have to take, whether it be anodyne, tonic or alterative. For though we women strive ourselves to cheat into believing autumn blooms are sweet, Too well we know the loveliest of them Have but the senseless beauty of a gong; And, sooth, we'd give them all without regret To pluck one fragrant, spring-born violet. —Margaret Eytling.

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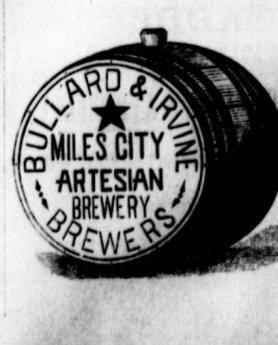
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