BAD BOYS HAVE FUN

URCHINS FROM BOWERY MAKE THINGS LIVELY FOR BINGHAMTON FARMERS

TAKING THEIR FIRST OUTING

Ride Rough Shod Over Rights of Their Host, Yet He's Going to Have Another Party Later On.

FOR the past week twenty small boys, taken at random from the slums of the city of New York, have been enjoying country life on a farm at the summit of one of the mountains just north of Binghamton, says the New York Sun. Enjoying is a mild term to employ in this case; wallowing in country life is nearer the truth, for if ever a lot of youngsters from the metropolis have had a good time in the country it is this same bath of twenty, who have been making life miserable for the live stock of the big farm for the past seven days. The birds of the air, the hens, the pigs, the cows, the bugs of the earth, and even the innocent little sunfish who disport themselves in the lake will join in one song of thankfulness when seven more days have passed and the little fellows from the big city are ordered to pack up their meagre belongings and prepare to return whence they came.

It has been a hard week for the creatures of the woods and the farm, for never before were their precincts invaded by such a ruthless lot. But if the dumb beasts have suffered, in even greater proportion have the boys from the great East Side of New York profited by their outing. Little faces that were pale and drawn when they first came here are tanned with the brown of the open air now, and eyes are bright which were hollow and listless but a week ago. The amount of good that will be done for these twenty children, whose real pleasures at home are few, is incalculable.

Just what the bad little city boy does when he gets out in the country for the first time is something that may interest those who sympathize with the boy as he is found on the streets of New York. The twenty who came here a week ago were picked up on the streets by a man who was sent to New York for that purpose by a wealthy resident of this city, who prefers to do this kind of charity direct rather than through the numerous fresh air funds. The particularly ragged and abandoned were selected for the trip, and the agent who collected them could scarcely have found a score of children anywhere in New York more in need of pure air and healthy surroundings than those he brought back with him.

Coming up on the Erie road they made life miserable for the train hands, although their antics were a source of amusement to the other passengers. Most of the youngsters had never before been further from the holes that they call home than Coney Island, and the luxurious farm country through which they passed sent their spirits soaring, for they were told that it was in just such country that they were to spend their brief vacation.

Quite a crowd gathered at the railway station here when the youngsters arrived and among them was a youth who has recently taken up his residence in this city, and who is known as Mattie. Up to a couple of weeks ago he sold newspapers on Park row, but being beaten by drunken parents three or four times a week and sleeping in the niches of the postoffice almost every night grew tiresome, and he took to the road. He wound up in Peekskill, where he won the hearts of a company of militia from this city then in camp there, and he was brought here when the company returned. Mattie was tremendously excited over the arrival of the boys from New York, and his manner of greeting them created considerable amusement.

While the new arrivals were standing on the platform, "lookin' the rubes over," as one of them put it, Mattie darted out from behind a freight car, and leaping on the neck of a red-haired youth in the party punched him twice behind the ear and then yelled:

"Hillo, Red, durn yer, are you in this bunch?"

"Hey fellers, it's Mat," yelled Red, the moment he clapped his eyes on his assailant, and in less than a minute the whole crowd was around Mattie, hearing his story. Mattie had to tell them all about the town. He offered to show them certain interesting parts of it, and a few were for starting off with him at once, to see things, but the man in charge of the party corralled them in time, and Mattie was chased to the other end of the station. For the next hour the boys wandered around enjoying themselves. One of them went up to a baggage man and demanded:

"Say, do youse live here?"

"Sure," said the man.

"Well, say," said the boy, "is there any of them Gerrys here?"

"Them what?" demanded the man.

"Gerrys," responded the boy, and then seeing that the man didn't understand, he added: "Fellers what nab kids, that ain't sixteen."

"Oh, no, we don't have those fellows up here," said the baggage man.

"Well, then, it's a all-right town, an' I'll stay," said the boy, with a sigh of relief, and he went back to his friends, to spread the glad tidings, that "there ain't no Gerrys in the village."

In the meantime other boys were amusing themselves in less innocent ways. With the egotism of the city boy, they began to gay various persons around the station. A policeman, resplendent in the summer uniform of the Binghamton force, showed up and was greeted with a fusilade.

"Cheese it the cop," yelled the first boy who got his eye on the guardian of the peace.

"Oh, we won't do a t'ing to him," say another, and he sibled the remains of a sandwich he had been nibbling at the policeman. Then he started to run, the policeman after him. The rest of the boys got in the officer's way, and the offender escaped. The cop got such an unmerciful roasting from the boys that he started away very much discomfited. The last words that came to his ears were from a diminutive youngster of eleven years, who shouted:

"Oh, if we only had you down ter Corlears Hook."

A benevolent old farmer, with chin whiskers, wandered down to the station, and tried to do the "paternal interest" act, with a couple of the toughest of the bunch. He wanted to know all about the life in the tenements, and he got a tale so harrowing that the tears came into his eyes, and he fished up two quarters for the boys who told the story. As he left one of the boys stroked his whiskers, and yelling "Spinach!" gave them a yank that made the old man cry out for pain. The rest yelled: "Good-bye, grandpop," and the old man left the station very much shocked at such behavior.

It was a relief to every one about the place when the stages came that were to take the boys up to the farm. This farm is everything that a farm should be. There are horses and cows, and pigs and chickens in abundance. On three sides are green fields and orchards, while to the east the side of the mountain is a dense forest. In one level spot, shooting out from this side of the mountain, is a lake. The boys reached the farm about 6 o'clock, and in less than ten minutes half of them were lost. They had been told that supper would be ready for them at 6:30, but at that time not more than five or six could be found. Way down in the woods shouts of laughter could be heard, and when some of the farm hands started out to round up the bunch they found most of them swimming around the lake, their clothing heaped up on the bank. It was with difficulty that they were induced to come ashore and dress, but they were finally got together, and marched back to the farm.

That first meal was a thing that the farm hands talk about yet. It consisted of great heaps of white bread, brown bread, bowls of milk, fresh butter and a stack of home made apple pies. The boys went through the layout like a tornado through a Texas town, and when they came to the pie one little fellow chirped up and wanted to know if there wasn't any cheese to go with it. They always got cheese with pie at Dolan's, he said, and so a plate of cheese was brought out and each youngster took some with his pie.

A serious hitch came at 8:30 o'clock, when it was announced that all hands must go to bed. The boys set up a perfect howl. Bed at 8:30!—Well, they guessed not. One little fellow remarked that he never went asleep before midnight and sometimes didn't go asleep at all until after the morning rush at the Bridge entrance was over. Right here the boys got their first taste of discipline, for they were hustled off to their cots without further delay or discussion, and most of them, worn out by their long day of travel, were asleep before they knew it. Since then it has been an easy matter to get the youngsters to bed at this time, for, getting up at 6 and keeping on the run all day long, they have been quite ready to sleep at 8:30.

The first morning the boys woke on the farm they kidnaped a pig, secured a can of lard, and taking the porker down in the woods, greased him well from head to tail. Then they turned him loose and started to catch him. The shouts of the boys and the anguished squealings of the pig brought half a dozen farm hands to the scene at once. The pig was rescued and the riot act was read to the boys. The cruelty of the act was pointed out to them, but how much effect it had is shown by the response of one boy, who remarked:

"Ah, dey always has a greased pig chase up at Jones' Woods."

There has been no more greasing of pigs since this incident, but other ways of bothering them have been found. In order to make them grunt the boys prod them with sticks and throw stones at them. The hens come in for a good share of attention, too. One favorite amusement is tying strings to kernels of corn and then throwing the corn in the coops. As soon as a hen has swallowed a kernel one of the boys will seize the end of the string and haul the corn out of its crop in triumph.

Climbing high into the trees is a diversion at which city boys are not usually proficient, and the boys here are not good at it at all. That is, they were not when they came. But they have learned a heap since. At first the country boys who came shyly around to look their brothers from the city over were greeted with shouts of derision and usually were driven away with stones and oaths, such as the ears of the country boys are not used to. But by-and-by the city boys discovered that they were not half as smart as they thought they were, and when it came to shinning up trees after birds' nests they were mighty glad to get the assistance of the country boys. All are pretty good friends now, but the city boys are, and will be as long as they are here, an enigma to the country lads.

At swimming the country boys are not in it with the little toughs from the streets of New York. Many a contest in the lake has already been held, and on every occasion the city boys have won. The East river front is a great training ground for young swimmers, and some of the lads on the farm have made their country friends gape by their feats of high diving. There have been some great old ball games between the boys, too, and at this the New York boys also excel. They can play ball all around the country boys, and, furthermore, they make the country boys gape by their stories of the great players at home whom they call the "joints."

In the meantime the boys are making a wreck of the farm land in their pursuit of pleasure. They have mighty little regard for the rights of the host. They ride roughshod over everything, and both indoors and outdoors take anything they want if it happens to be lying around loose. The care of them for one day is enough to drive an ordinary man insane, for rules of behavior go in one ear and out of the other. However, this was to be expected, and, on the whole, things run pretty smoothly, all things considered. But it will be a brown-faced, bright-eyed lot of youngsters that Binghamton will send back to Park row next week, and maybe later in the season, when there has been time for general repairs up at the mountain farm, another batch of boys will be sent for.

SUMMER IN DIXIE

RESIDENTS OF THE SOUTH DO NOT FIND HOT WEATHER INTOLERABLE

TRY TO TAKE LIFE EASY

Afternoon Siestas, Languorous Hours of Indolence and an Entire Absence of Conventionality Make It Enjoyable.

Getting comfortably through the summer season is a fine art at the South. The phenomenal suns have generated a succession of philosophers in all walks of life, says the New York Sun, and adepts in heat-beating take a lively interest in their pet theories of doing and not doing under sweltering conditions. Even the cottonfield plough hand has certain tried beliefs to go by.

"Soon in the mornin' before I gets regular hetted through I 'sperience the weather," he will tell you, "but as the sun gits higher and I begin to perspire I's all right. It's when you ain't prespire that the heat outdo you. The sun uncommonly good for people lessen they don't res' off none 'tall in the 12 o'clock time. I resses off good two hours, regular 'workin' days, and the hottest sun ain't never touch me yet. 'Tain good for people to keep to de shade. They must git out in the sun and boil and steam off; then they keep healthy."

There are conflicting theories put forth by people who do not have to contend with the sun as the fieldhand does. Opinions as to the wearing of many or few clothes, the drinking of much or little water, the consuming of frequent or few iced drinks, the advisability of exercise or no exercise. There are women who keep a fan swinging all the time and men also who believe faithfully in the palmetto leaf as a comfort giver, and who go to bed nightly with a turkey tail propped behind the pillow in case of need. On the other hand, many denounce the fan as a banisher of tranquillity and pride themselves of standing discomfort without a flutter.

The "siesta off," however, is an assumption generally agreed on and universally adopted. The household takes by instinct to the siesta, real or feigned, after the midday meal—the master and mistress, the wee toddler and the stranger that is within the gate.

"I'll get you a light, cool wrapper and a book," the hostess says to her guest at the witching hour, and whether she will or whether she won't the guest is left to her own diversions.

Sometimes it happens that the shadows have lengthened well on toward evening before, one by one, the household becomes visible. Any version of summer time south of Mason and Dixon's line would be incomplete without reference to these languorous hours of indolence—hours spent behind green blinds, occasionally watching the breeze scudding about outside, and thinking how tantalizing they are to look so cool and blew so warm, and listening to the call of the partridge sounding clear and full over the fields. There may be hammocks in the piazza and under the garden trees, but—and this is a secret—even that degree of convention demanded by an upper piazza hammock is more than human nature can stand. The great need is to get in out of the blinding white light without and get rid of all superfluities of apparel and convention.

On such afternoons things might be cooked with convenience on the western piazza; the pitch is oozing out of the pine, everything is steeped, saturated and rarefied in heat and the spirit that is in young and old, as the prayer book has it, droops and fades. There is nothing for it but to give up and lose hold of time for a space, courting either the land of genuine dreams or the imagings of other minds set forth in printed story.

Everything invites to drowsin ss. The bees and the big flies and yellow jackets drone a lullaby. Even the leaves and vine tendrils seem dozing. The cook takes cat naps in her domain, the washerwoman in hers. Quiet reigns on the premises and if any intruder ventures near, the house dog knows better than to raise his voice at this sacred hour, and merely looks disapproval.

"A vagrant, demoralizing habit," says some one; "a proceeuure upsetting to every rule of proper outdoor housekeeping. It makes twice as much work for people to be going to bed twice in the twenty-four hours."

That may be, but there are living arguments to prove that this napping by daylight, this stealing whole solid working hours out of the calendar, is wise and economical. The wife of a cotton planter, who looks so young and fresh that she smiles when she shows a stranger the likeness of her great granddaughter, assigns this midday rest as the reason for her youthful appearance.

And I am sure it is that that has kept Mr. B in health," she adds. "From the early spring until October we rest in the afternoon. I discovered early in my housekeeping that with little pains the servants and children could be made to understand that the after-dinner nap was not to be broken in upon."

"And if you have guests who do not care to lie down at that hour, what do you do?" is asked.

"I recommend the practice, and, if they prefer to sit up, I hunt up something for them to amuse themselves with during my absence. Of course, if they are very great strangers who I fear might regard my leaving them as a discourtesy, I refrain, but we seldom entertain anybody with whom we must be on terms of such strict etiquette. That is, unless some public function makes it imperative that we receive strangers."

"And you stay here at the place all summer?"

"Always. The summer is just the most inconvenient time for a planter to get away from home. Besides, we could not be as comfortable anywhere else. Mr. B likes his 10 o'clock made in a particular way when he comes in from his morning ride over the crops, and wants his early breakfast and certain dishes and regular comforts that he would miss elsewhere. We find that if it is company we want, it is much better to have people visit us than to rush about hunting them up. We have always cultivated the staying-at-home habit."

Perhaps no better exponent of summertime in the South could be found than this serenely contented grandmother, sitting on the shady porch above her rose garden, garbed in the white gowns she always wears. She fans herself placidly with her Morocco-bound fan, the while she gives household directions or talks to some lifelong friend.

"I read in the papers about the hot waves and the sunstrokes of higher latitudes," she says, "and I really believe, after all, that our long-drawn out summer is as comfortable as any. The secret is in being used to a thing and being fixed for it. When May comes each year everything in the house is changed round with a view to coolness and openness.

"There is so much summer down South. In the language of a black sage of the land—a strong, young sage not yet touched with cynicism—It's hard to keep it down. Seems like everything wants to outdo itself with puttin' out and flowerin' and lookin' pretty, 'stead of keepin' steady and bearin' crop.

"It is his cotton and corn that sage has in mind when he says this, his cotton that threatens to make all stalk and leaf, and his corn apt to tower aloft at the expense of the size of the grain. But one recalls the simile of 'everything outdoing itself' when passing through forest and swamp, where nature is at floodtide, the main furnishings all complete, and everything that has wings, fins or feet, everything that grows, is decked off in the best apparel, speaking out in such fashion as it may, and flourishing to the top of its bent."

Summer time in the South means boating parties and open air fetes and moonlit nights besides, when the earth seems baptized anew and nature's pulses stir with something so near akin to adoration that the mocking bird awakens in her nest and is moved to sing about it. The mocking bird knows all about it, and trills it out almost as eloquently as the tender mystery of the moon. She sings over in the "quarter" and the black-skinned lassies and "mammies" come out of their beds to listen, and the rough plowmen as well.

There is something in the Southern summer night that fosters wakefulness. The negroes seldom sleep, or even lie down the entire night through. To use their own phrase—"They love to git up and stir 'bout," and this habit accounts for their knowledge of wind and weather prophesying, and talk about jack-o'-lanterns, queer somethings that they see, the meanings that they give to the owls' hooting and the bull-bats' behavior at certain times and under certain circumstances.

One may have lived in Texas and visited in Georgia, have had a glimpse of Mississippi and Alabama and be fully aware of the variations in clime and circumstances embraced in the term South, yet in writing of summer in that region the particular slice of country or strip of shore where most of one's summers have been spent will get the most attention. It was evidently meant that people should take in things only in part. One may know where the river rises and where it empties and may have seen it variously as it goes on its course, but the one little span of it that the eye can grasp at once is limited, the rest is only in the mind's larger vision. So summer in the South is associated with a stretch of sea-girted shore with surf warm and luxurious tossing on the beach and palms and oleander bushes set well back among white mounds of heaped-up sand, and houses blindfolded with awnings and long-slatted piazzas—a place where the breeze blows perpetually, and the sun shines remorselessly, and everybody eats and drinks and sleeps as people must have eaten and drunk and slept in primeval times before cars came into the world and taught that there was such a thing as digestion and such a bug-bear as insomnia.

"I had no idea that there was a spot as cool as this anywhere in the South," said a little New Haven woman whose husband, a civil engineer, was engaged in government work about this particular harbor. "I dreaded so having to be here in the hot months and all my friends predicted that I would suffer, but I have not been uncomfortably hot a single minute.

"And I have learned for the first time to enjoy sea bathing," she added. "I have tried the surf on the Massachusetts coast and been so cold that my teeth chattered. Some days there we could not go in at all. Here the water is so warm that one revels in it. It is cool enough to be refreshing. But," she went on, "I never knew before that the sun could glare so fiercely. I wear this enormous shade hat all the time, indoors and out, and have grown so used to it that I am actually afraid I shall forget sometimes and go to dinner with it on."

This was the verdict regarding heat at a Southern resort in midsummer, an island in Charleston harbor whose name locally is construed into a synonym for breeziness and health.

There is another phase of the picture in mind, however, of closed-in morning rooms in Southern city houses, or bedrooms where mosquito bars large enough to cover the greater part of the apartment wend down and outspread from the central feature, bars lace bordered, lofty, capable of taking in one crib or even two, beside the big bed, if there be toddlers in the family. Not that the little ones might not have their own veilings, but because the getting in or getting out of the tucked-in arbors for the administering of soothing syrups or nourishment, would inevitably let in the baffled torments, lurking without. The Southern mosquito is as insistent and insidious as ever his Jersey cousin was. There are types of him, thin and gray, black and pudgy, poisonous and non-poisonous, musical and less musical, all in league with the gnats and sandflies to make life interesting. The seacoast Southerner is familiar with all the types and even professes to be able to recognize the premeditative song of each. He can tell you also whether it is best to kill a gray mosquito when he first lights on your hand or wrist or wait until he has haunched himself and partly withdrawn the sting. All these things are known to the student of comfort-keeping ethics in the hot summer time at the South.

KINETOSCOPIC VIEWS OF A MAN WASHING A CAT.

Wisconsin Central Bulletin of Excursion Rates.

Milwaukee and return $9.70, on sale July 21st, 22nd, 23rd. Return limit extended until Aug. 16th on payment of 50 cents.

Chicago and return $13.50, July 23rd, 24th and 25th. Return limit extended August 31st on payment of 50 cents.

Louisville, Ky., and return $21.50, Aug. 24th, 25th and 26th. Final return limit Sept. 16th.

Port Huron, Mich., and return one and one-third fare on certificate plan, July 13th to 20th. Return limit July 25th.

Detroit, Mich., and return one and one-third fare, certificate plan, July 20th to 26th. Return limit July 31st.

Soo Line Tid Bits.

Buffalo, N. Y. and return, $20.

Sault Ste. Marie and Mackinac Island and return, $13.50; Tuesdays and Fridays.

Ste. Anne de Beaupre, Que., and return, $30; leave Minneapolis and St. Paul July 21st.

Banff Hot Springs and return, $50; sleeping car and meals en route included.

Personally conducted excursions to Pan-American weekly.

A choice of routes, itineraries, and full particulars at ticket office, 379 Robert street.

NEW YORK ALTRURIA

MODEL CITY NOW BUILDING ON THE BANKS OF THE SUSQUEHANNA

WORKERS TO BE COMFORTABLE

Houses of the Foremen and of Those Who Serve Under to Be Exactly Alike.

ONE of the most thorough going attempts to make the working man contented with his lot is being made at Endicott, near Binghampton, N. Y., says the Brooklyn Eagle, where the J. E. Tilt Shoe company is expending $2,000,000 in what is regarded either as a sociological experiment or a shrewd business plan—the classification depending entirely on the business viewpoint of the critic. The J. E. Tilt company means to make its workers more comfortable in their homes than those at Pullman ever were, and it wants them to be more contented than the employes of the National Cash Register company, at Dayton, Ohio, used to be.

Endicott at present is a good deal unfinished, but it is being made to fit its imposing name as fast as men and money can move materials. A year ago Endicott City was non-existent. Its site was a pleasant site of meadow and hill on the banks of the Susquehanna river. Today that tract looks as though orders had been given for the instant construction of a mammoth exposition, for from one end of the other it is a prey to the excavator, the road maker, the sewer builder, the carpenter, the millwright, the bridge constructor and the iron worker. Hundreds of men and horses are at work, for the word has gone out that Endicott City must be in existence by the end of September, and to build a city—or even a town or a village—in four months means hard, quick work, night and day, until the last minute of the last day of the contract time has expired.

When Endicott is finished—and it is going to be completed on time—it is to be the site of the largest tannery in the world, as well as the home of the finest and biggest shoe factory in the United States. Those two institutions are designed to form the nucleus around which the town will cluster, for the inhabitants of Endicott, like the town itself, are in the future. The population is to consist, as far as possible, solely of employes of the J. E. Tilt Shoe company, of the Tilt tannery, of the Lester Shoe company and of such other factories as the parent firm may subsequently create in the town.

Contentment is to be the keynote of the new city, as far as human endeavor, unselfishly directed, can bring about that condition. It is the wish of the founder, J. E. Tilt, to make every one of the workers so comfortable and happy that discontent will exist only as a word in the dictionary—an expression which, in the future of Endicott City, will have to be laboriously explained to its children, and which, when so defined, will have to be taken entirely on trust.

In order to create a community in which discontent and envy will be unknown, J. E. Tilt, as the president of the Tilt company, bought 160 acres of land on the banks of the Susquehanna. On this land there is to be built a town in which the house of the factory superintendent will be no better than the residence of one of the shoemakers. The house of the official is to be perfect, and the home of the operative is to be just like it. Around the two main buildings of the town—the factory and the tannery—there have been built more than one hundred cottages, each of the most modern and beautiful design, equipped with every modern improvement in the way of porcelain tubs, shower baths, conservatories, clothes drying closets and plate glass refrigerators. Each of the cottages will be lighted with the electric light, and electrical ranges and heating apparatus have been installed. In every respect the cottages will resemble the most costly bungalows and summer cottages of the rich. Except that the cottages will not have carriage entrances and accommodations for automobiles, any one of them might be the residence of a person accustomed to the clipping of coupons instead of the shaping of leather uppers for shoes.

Most of these cottages are to be rented at nominal terms to the employes of the company. A few of the plainer ones will be reserved by the company and will be sold at cost to employes. The government of the town will be as unique as its construction. There will be no blue laws, no anti-labor ordinances and no distinction of classes. It will be a town in which every dweller will be guaranteed peace, plenty and absolute freedom so long as he abides within the laws of the community. And he will make those laws himself. The man who planned Endicott, J. E. Tilt, was himself a workman.

"I was on the bench, not so long ago," says Mr. Tilt, "and I know what the hired hand is to contend with. In my new factory I propose to wipe out his difficulties. Peace of mind, self respect and liberty are the three essentials to a good workman. Give him these three rights and he need thank nobody for the good wages that he will earn.

"The company does not expect its employes to be in debt to it for anything. That is one of the things the men who have helped me in this enterprise want to avoid. We're going to give the workmen easy finances, which, should bring peace of mind; we're going to eliminate all the old rotten conditions of class superiority and affectation and our workmen and women can learn—if they do not already know—that they are the equals of any men or women living.

"Finally, we propose to have absolute liberty in the community. The citizens will make their own laws. We do not intend to make Sunday a day of smug hypocrisy; there will be no laws forbidding the use of liquor and tobacco. We will not forbid the workingmen in our factory to join labor unions.

"When we have succeeded in establishing our factory town he shall, I hope, find that there has arisen about us a community of men and women who enjoy peace, prosperity, and, above all, liberty. We expect that they will naturally become better workers than if they were hampered, patronized or maltreated. The man who has something on his mind—the man with a personal grievance—cannot do his work properly. The result of the conditions we hope to create will be beneficial in a business way to the great industry which we are founding at Endicott. Our motives may be called selfish. Perhaps they are. I've made up my mind, however, that the American workman doesn't need any philanthropy, nor any patronage. All he wants is fair treatment and a free hand. The rest he will attend to for himself."

Most of the money so far invested at Endicott has been used for the completion of city improvements, parks, baseball grounds and the laying out of streets. The latter will all be of extreme width and are being planted with shade trees. The general work at Endicott is being pushed forward as rapidly as possible and a special effort is being made to finish the big shoe factory and the tannery buildings ahead of the time fixed by the contracts. The shoe factory will be 600 feet long and 100 feet deep and will be six stories high. It is expected that enough advance orders will be on hand to justify running the shoe factory up to its limit almost as soon as it is opened. This means employment for more than 2,000 hands.

In the rear of the shoe factory and adjoining the Erie Railroad is the tannery building. This building is 850 feet long and 60 feet wide. It will be the largest tannery in the United States. In this tannery will be made all the leather used by both the Tilt factory and by the Lester company. It is likely, by the way, that for purposes of business the two concerns will manufacture shoes under the title of the Endicott Shoe company. The Lesser company at present employs 2,000 hands in its factory and this number will be greatly added to in the new building.

The main street of the new factory town is to be called Washington avenue, which name it will receive at the formal dedication of the new town of Endicott on Sept. 1. Washington avenue is to be almost as broad as Pennsylvania avenue, in Washington. It will be finished with cement sidewalks and shade trees.

A large force of men has been employed for months in laying sewers and providing drainage facilities for the new town. A big pumping station has been erected on the banks of the Susquehanna to furnish water to the town. It is likely, however, that the whole work of the new pumping station will be monopolized by the factories, for while the men were digging the foundations of the tannery they struck an abundant supply of excellent spring water, which, for drinking purposes, is greatly superior to that of the Susquehanna river. If this discovery had been made before the pumping station was built it is likely that the plans for the latter would have been abandoned and that the company would have saved a good many thousand dollars. The supply of spring water seems to be ample for every purpose to which it could be put.

When the new factory town is in running order it will have a pay roll of nearly $2,000,000 a year, and Binghamton is rejoicing in the thought that the bulk of this sum will be left in that town. In consequence of this belief there is a boom in Binghamton real estate of a kind that would astonish even those Chicagoans, who remember the days before the World's Fair. New buildings are going up in every direction, there is talk of another newspaper, and the population of the town is increasing like mosquitoes in summer. Binghamton is eight miles from Endicott, but Union is only half a mile away and that small town means to have a share of the $2,000,000 each year, if energy can do it. Union has a population of 800 and a supply of salable real estate that it means to make the most of. It is significant that every store so far built in Endicott has been rented before it was completed, and there is a strong demand for more stores. Union is joined to the new town by a good double track trolley line. The little town is old, but it is full of enterprise, and it means to give Binghamton a sharp tussle for the current trade of the factory hands.

There are two things about which the promoters have so far preserved silence. They do not care to tell what particular method they will use in the tanning of the leather for shoes, and they are also unwilling to announce the decision of the company concerning the kind of power to be employed. Those who claim to be able to forecast the plans of the company say, however, that at first steam is likely to be the power employed. These prophets are in direct contradiction to the soothsayers who know just what tanning process the company means to adopt. They say that a newly discovered electrical method of tanning is to be installed at Endicott, and that this new departure in the art of tanning is really the main reason for the town's existence. If the electrical method of tanning is used in the new tanyard it is likely that electrical power will be used throughout the town.

The location of a tan yard side by side with the workshop which consumes its products has long been the dream of those who make and use leather, but under the old methods there have always been grave difficulties in the way. Most of the big tanneries are situated where the best and cheapest supply of tan bark can be obtained. Most of the best hemlock and oak bark used by tanners comes from the South, and most manufacturers find it cheaper to place their tan yards near the bark supply rather than to pay freight on the bark they require at a more Northern point.

Another cogent reason against the placing of a tan yard close to a factory employing a number of men and women is the odor hitherto considered inseparable from the tanning of hides. The raw hides have to be soaked in pits containing a liquid intended to loosen the hair. As this is really a mild form of decay the odor is frequently horrible. The electrical process is said to do away with this entirely. A heavy current of electricity is passed through the wet hides while they are immersed in a chemical solution, and it is said that the effect is to free the hair and toughen the hides, thereby obtaining in a few hours a result which, under the old process, frequently occupied three weeks or more. There is said to be no smell whatever from the process, and it is much more cleanly, as well as cheaper. The quality of the leather is also said to be better, as it has not been weakened by the process formerly used to loosen the hair.

Many philanthropists have tried the experiment of creating model towns, in which the worker should be rendered content. Few, if any of them, have succeeded, and the country is littered with their wrecks. The town of Pullman was probably the first of these model towns to be built in the United States. It was founded by George M. Pullman, the sleeping car monopolist, who bought a vast tract of waste land well to the south of Chicago, and upon it built large workshops and laid out a town. The houses in Pullman were small, but comfortable and well built. The streets were macadamized and cement and granite sidewalks were laid. The town had its own gas works and water works. There was a park and a recreation pier, upon which a good band played on summer evenings. The whole place was owned by the company, which rented the houses to its workmen.

Outwardly the town was delightful, and the lot of its people—the workers in the Pullman shops—was supposed to be ideal. Later the truth came out. There were drawbacks.

No one could open a store in Pullman without the consent of the company. In consequence the company monopolized the trade of the town. People were not obliged to live in the company's houses unless they wanted to, so it was said, but it was soon noticed that discharge seemed to await the man who preferred to live elsewhere. No one could buy himself a glass of beer within the limits of the town, neither could he keep any in his house for the consumption of himself or his family. When he received his monthly pay he found that there had been deducted from it the amount of his house rent, gas bill and water rate. If the employe said he preferred to get all his money and to pay his rent and gas bill himself he soon found himself out of work, for he was not wanted at Pullman. It was no use protesting against a high gas bill, for the company paid itself and discouraged grumblers. Household repairs were attended to by the company when it pleased, and if the man with a leaky, unwholesome house didn't like it he had to find employment elsewhere.

These things, added to the Pullman prohibition of labor unions, brought on the big Pullman strike, which virtually placed Chicago under martial law. The strikers lost their fight, but they won a freer town of Pullman. The town is no longer looked upon as a model town, but it is possible for a worker to live there without subjecting himself to a host of irritating restrictions of his liberty. It is also now possible for a man working in the Pullman shops to preserve both his job and his self-respect.

A far better and more comfortable town than Pullman sprang up at Dayton, Ohio, around the works of the National Cash Register company. Its employes seemed to have everything that the heart of man could wish for. The workers in the factories seemed to the outside world more like a big family than a chance gathered collection of wage workers. Think of everything nice that a workman might like for himself and his family, and you will probably fall far short of the actual conditions at Dayton. And yet the men struck.

They struck because there was just one little fly in the amber of their contentment. They had fine houses, wages were good, their children were splendidly educated, there were baths, gymnasia, club houses, and other pleasant things. Only one thing was restricted. The management objected to labor unions. It didn't see why its men couldn't be contented as they were without wanting to affiliate with these "disturbing elements." The men joined labor unions, nevertheless, and created local lodges. Then ensued agitation for one or two little things. The company didn't like it. One or two men were discharged, it was said, because they were creating dicontent among the others. Then came the strike. The men are still out.

With a few unimportant exceptions this has been the fate of every attempt to gather working people into towns and make them contented and happy. The trouble has mostly been over that little word "make," and it is because of its entire elimination from Mr. Tilt's plans for Endicott that his idea and its execution interest so many people. He holds the astonishing theory—astonishing when held by a philanthropic employer—that you can't make men good, content, or happy. He says they have got to become good, become happy and become content, and they must accomplish it in their own way. They cannot be forced to be anything but discontented and rebellious. Give your men the opportunities to be good, content and happy, says Mr. Tilt, and they will naturally become so. Mr. Tilt is not unfriendly toward labor unions. Neither is he remarkably partial to them. He says that there would be no such things as labor unions if men were treated properly. He regards a labor union as a sort of a machine constructed by workmen with which to obtain their rights. Give them their rights, he says, and they will not construct labor unions. They will not want them or be able to use them.

The main difference between Mr. Tilt's plan and that of other men is in its inception. Mr. Tilt has not forgotten that he was once a workingman. The others forgot. Mr. Tilt has not forgotten that he disliked being "managed;" he remembers that he liked to do pretty much as he pleased as long as he interfered with neither the rights nor the comfort of anybody else. Mr. Tilt's predecessors in the creation of ideal factory towns wanted to have a hand in everything. They wanted to "boss the whole town." Mr. Tilt absolutely refuses to have anything to do with that part of the business. The town will be in the hands of those who live in it. By their votes they can make Endicott whatever they wish. No paramount control will be invested in the company. The men will be their own masters, and can do exactly as they please. There will be no dictation and no obligation beyond those of living up to the laws and rules which the men themselves will have made.

This remarkable town will be opened on Sept. 1. Mr. Tilt says he thinks it will succeed, because it is entirely different from any of its predecessors.

Soo Line's rate to Buffalo and return is only $20.

THIS WILL INTEREST EVERY LADY IN ST. PAUL

Who desires to be attractive and good-looking. She who does not lacks an interest in herself that she should be ashamed of. Unless one's complexion is faultless, unless it is free from disfiguring pimples, blackheads, moth patches and all other similar facial blemishes so common to women, she cannot be attractive, no matter how beautiful her features may be. Without a clear, spotless complexion, she cannot be and is not considered good looking by any one. The famous complexion specialists

The Misses Bell

Of 78 and 80 Fifth Avenue, New York City,

Have just arranged with MANNHEIMER BROTHERS to show the Misses Bell's celebrated Complexion Tonic to the ladies of St. Paul, and the saleslady in Mannheimer's store will explain to every lady the marvelous efficacy of the Complexion Tonic and its remarkable tonic effect on a skin covered with freckles, pimples, blackheads, moth patches, redness, roughness or oiliness of the skin, and wrinkles not caused by facial expression. The Misses Bell's COMPLEXION TONIC removes all these blemishes permanently and bestows a complexion that is beautiful to look upon. The Complexion Tonic is not a cosmetic to hide and cover up the blemishes, but a colorless liquid that has a tonic effect upon the pores of the skin, driving out the impurities that clog up the pores and restoring the skin to the same delicate, velvety texture it was in infancy. The price of the Complexion Tonic is $1.00 a bottle.

Superfluous Hair on the Face, Neck or Arms

Can be removed permanently by the Misses Bell's new discovery, KILL-ALL-HAIR, which removes this annoying and disfiguring blemish forever, and kills the root of the hair so that it will never return. In order that every lady in St. Paul may have an opportunity to test the merits of the wonderful KILL-ALL-HAIR, and see for herself its wonderful effect, the saleslady in MANNHEIMER BROS.' store at the toilet goods department will give to every lady, FREE, a trial treatment of KILL-ALL-HAIR, which you can use yourself, and notice its effect. For those ladies who live outside of St. Paul, and who are desirous of trying the wonderful "KILL-ALL-HAIR" Treatment, the Misses Bell will send a trial treatment free if you will send two two-cent stamps to the Misses Bell, 78 and 80 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Ask the saleslady in Mannheimer's to explain the merits of the Misses Bell's Preparations to you, and have her show you the Misses Bell's CAPILLA RENOVA, for restoring gray hair to its natural color; the Misses Bell's HAIR TONIC for removing dandruff and curing itching, scaly and diseased scalps; the Misses Bell's SKIN FOOD, a daintily scented ointment for use before retiring, and the Misses Bell's LAMB'S WOOL SOAP, for the bath and toilet.

Don't forget to visit the toilet goods department and ask to see the Misses Bell's Celebrated Toilet Preparations.

Mannheimers

Sixth and Robert Sts., St. Paul, Minn.