

SUMMER SCHOOLS.

How the Chautauqua System Has Spread.

THE AKRON OATMEAL KING.

How a Man Made a Fortune—The Poor Boy Who Got an Education.

Correspondence of THE MORNING CALL.

CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y., Aug. 14.—This is a bad year for the summer resort of all kinds. The World's Fair and the hard times combine to keep the people away, and none of the hotels are doing more than half business. Some of the biggest hotels along this lake are closed, and the assembly grounds have not had their usual crowds. Up to this time the big Chautauqua has had a steady increase every year, and had the conditions been the same as usual there would have been one-third more here this summer than ever before. As it is they will not more than hold their own, and many of the smaller Chautauquas over the United States will be run at a loss. This assembly, however, is on a sound basis, and it can depend on a good crowd whatever the conditions. It has a big revenue, and it is doing a great work. I chatted last night about it with Dr. T. L. Flood, the editor of the Chautauqua. Said he:

"There is no college in the United States that is not a part of a foundation than this institution. It has a revenue of \$100,000 a year, and there are in the United States to-day about 60,000 people who are studying our courses. All over 200,000 people have been connected with the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific circles, and we have given diplomas to 30,000. No college of the United States has had so many graduates as that, and the number of people who have been connected with us now have our own text books written for us, and we supply the work for a big publishing house in keeping us in books. It costs only \$7 a year to engage in a course, and graduate at the end of four years for an outlay of \$25. Two could combine and graduate for \$18 a piece, or three could get in this way a college education for \$10 each."

"How many Chautauquas are there in the United States?" I asked. "There are sixty different assemblies or summer universities like this. These are scattered all over the United States, from Washington, D. C., to California. The reading circles are found in every town, and the students are of all ages. I met at Baltimore not long ago a man of 70 years of age who had taken the course, and who told me that he was pleased with his studies that he had taken up the study of the Greek classics, and he sent me a translation of his letter in Greek to show me how he was progressing."

"The conversation here turned to the magazine development of today, and I asked Dr. Flood what he thought of the magazines which have just been started. He replied: "McClure's Magazine is a newspaper magazine, and it may make a place for itself at the price of 15 cents. The reduction of the price of the Cosmopolitan to \$1.50 a year will, it seems to me, cut down its income without materially increasing its circulation. The class of people who read a magazine like the Cosmopolitan is not large enough to make such a price pay, nor is it that class which will let a small difference of price stand in the way of their preference. The subscription to a magazine is a habit, and the habit is a habit that the magazines have to-day is the Sunday newspaper. It is full of good magazine matter, and the larger papers have the best of the world's contributors for their Sunday issues."

"How is the Chautauqua doing?" "Very well, indeed," was the reply. "We have something over 50,000 circulation, and we have had a great success in understanding the fact that Scribner's Magazine and the Cosmopolitan have sprung into existence in the meantime." "The Hon. Lewis Miller of Akron, the head of the business of the Chautauqua, is stopping at Chautauqua. He was one of the originators of this great institution, and he is now its president. I met him here last night and asked him as to the financial condition of the Chautauqua. He said that the Chautauqua has had a great success in all pressed for money. You cannot borrow money on Government bonds and the fact is paralyzing business. Most of our business men are working on credit. They give sixty or ninety day notes, and upon paying these they borrow again to pay the business. They are in a position to demand upon them that they refuse to make new loans, and the result is every one is suffering. The smaller localities are also hurt by the drain of the World's Fair. Akron is a city of 20,000 people, but it is estimated that \$700,000 has been taken from it and the country near by to Chicago. This, of course, affects us materially."

"Will Congress help us?" "That is a question," replied Mr. Miller. "I don't believe we will get much relief until the tariff question is settled. No one can do business without knowing just on what grounds he is standing. My silver question and the tariff must be fixed before we can have financial rest."

Mr. Miller is the father-in-law of Edison, the inventor, and Mrs. Edison is here with her father. I spent the afternoon with her father, and asked Mr. Miller what he thought of it. He replied: "He is an understanding himself. I think he is a man who is a great success in business. He is a man who acts quickly. As soon as Mr. Cleveland was elected he shut up his iron works, and began to invent cheaper methods of mining and reduction. He has spent \$200,000 in making his iron works, and he has made iron so cheaply that all the free trade in the world cannot compete with him. He has vast iron mines in New Jersey upon which he has already spent a fortune."

"How are you getting on about Mr. Schumacker, the oatmeal millionaire of Akron. He replied: "Yes, Mr. Schumacker is living and he is doing a bigger business than ever. He is a German and he has built up a fortune by supplying our breakfast-tables with ground oats. He came to Akron poor and started into business with a barrel of whisky. He was spending his money in the Women's Temperance Crusade, and he was surrounded by a crowd of women about breaking up the saloons and throwing the liquor into the streets. When they came to Schumacker he said: 'You may get \$5 for my barrel of whisky and I will give you a barrel of oatmeal.' They did this and the whisky was rolled out into the street and emptied. Schumacker then opened a little grocery store. The people who were with him were with the reformed whisky-seller and he got trade. Then he began to grind oats and went on until he made a fortune. He is now a strong temperance advocate."

"How did you get on about the Chautauqua work, Mr. Miller?" "It came through my Sunday-school work," was the reply. "I have been interested in Sunday-schools for forty years, and I have been a member of many of them. I have talked over the matter together, and out of that grew what is now the great Chautauqua system. It was our idea to make the institution self-supporting, and we have accomplished it. It is not a money-making scheme in the sense that the people connected with it make anything out of it, but we aim to make it pay its own expenses, and though it has cost, all I suppose in the neighborhood of a million dollars, it is self-supporting."

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"One of the 600-school superintendents of the United States is Professor Search, who presides over the schools of Pueblo, Colo. He is at Chautauqua lecturing on some new methods of education which he has invented. He is an old college graduate, and it was while talking of our school days last night that he said: 'I started to go to college with just \$15 in my pocket, and when I reached the school on my first day I was told by the principal that I was not a college student, as you know, in 1878. Have I ever told you how I came to start?'"

"Well," continued the professor, "the story is a curious one. I was a roofer boy of 14. I wanted an education, but I had no idea that a college course was within my reach. I had never thought of anything but my college, and I was studying in the office of the Superintendent of Public Schools of Marion, Ohio, my home, when a big blonde man came in. He asked me what I was studying. I told him I was studying for a roofer. He said I did, but I was afraid I was too poor to get it. He then looked down upon me and put his hand on my shoulder and said, 'No boy is too poor to get an education. I will help you to do it. I will give you the money, and you will get it. Now I want you to think over the matter in your mind and mind that when you go to college, you will be able to get along in some way.'"

"Well," continued Professor Search, "these words made a deep impression on me. I accepted the advice and fixed the time at which I would start. I had nothing but my college, and I was studying in the office of the Superintendent of Public Schools of Marion, Ohio, my home, when a big blonde man came in. He asked me what I was studying. I told him I was studying for a roofer. He said I did, but I was afraid I was too poor to get it. He then looked down upon me and put his hand on my shoulder and said, 'No boy is too poor to get an education. I will help you to do it. I will give you the money, and you will get it. Now I want you to think over the matter in your mind and mind that when you go to college, you will be able to get along in some way.'"

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A CHAPTERHOUSE.

Latest Architectural Addition to Berkeley.

HOME OF THE BETA THETA PI.

A Building Unique in Design, Well Suited to the Purpose for Which It Is Required.

Correspondence of THE MORNING CALL.

An attractive accession to the architecture of the college town will be the new chapter-house of the Beta Theta Pi fraternity of the State University, for which plans have been prepared by Coxhead & Coxhead, architects of this city, and of which the accompanying sketch will show the general appearance. The building is unique in design, modeled somewhat after the old English style, and will undoubtedly be one of the most complete chapter-houses in the city. The structure will be 90x44 feet outside dimensions, with a piazza extension of 30 feet. It is to be two and three stories in height, the main hall reaching to the roof.

The first floor will contain a reception-room 14x24 feet, opening to the main hall, to which access may also be had from the piazza and through an entrance by way of the arch. The main hall will be a handsome room for entertaining on public occasions and is to be 22x24 feet, with walls extending through the second-story roof timbers showing. At the rear of the main hall is the dining-room, 13x28 feet. The end panels of the main hall are movable, and the dining-room may be thrown into the main hall, making an apartment 22x62 feet in size. At the front end of the hall is a large open fireplace in the English style of the hospitable chimney corner. The recess for the fireplace is 14 feet wide and 10 feet across. From the right of the chimney corner a stairway leads to a gallery over the fireplace at the height of the second floor, where there is a second similar fireplace. From the gallery a door opens into the library, which is situated above the reception-room.

The third and fourth floors are devoted to sleeping apartments and housekeepers' quarters. There are also several sleeping-rooms for fraternity men who will live in the house while students. The interior finish of the first floor will be redwood, paneled throughout to the height of the doors. The main hall is to be specially designed by the architect.

UBIQUITOUS MICROBES.

The Little Wretches Are Found Everywhere by the Millions. Dr. Manfred has been announcing some disquieting facts concerning the omnipresence of fatal microbes. In the busy thoroughfares of a crowded city he has found 1,000,000,000 microbes to a gram of dust, and in the dirtiest streets 5,000,000,000 per gram. A large number of disease-producing microbes were found among these, the number of such micro-organisms being directly proportional to the amount of dirt. Of 400 microbes in which he inoculated guinea pigs with Neutrolin dust he detected the tubercle bacilli (the dust of consumption) in three, the bacillus of typhoid fever in two, the bacillus of malignant oedema in four, and other fatal bacilli. A medical paper suggests that the streets of American cities should be tested for microbes, and is confident that in many of them a harvest as rich in variety and deadliness as was garnered in Naples could easily be secured.

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"Will you wed me?" asked the youth—but she refused with a scornful smile. "I can't support you in these hard times. Wait till after the extra session." Atlanta Constitution.

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CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

"And she rejected you?" "Yes." "Are you going to commit suicide?" "No, much." "Ah! You still have hope then—going to try again?" "Nixie." "But you told me you couldn't live without her." "It was true at that time, but I've had an inheritance of my own since then."—Detroit Tribune.

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Wife—You are not the man you were when I married you. Husband—You are to be congratulated. I was a fool then.—Truth.

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As the regular passenger train was going west from Griffin, and was about forty minutes late and the engine was trying to make up lost time, and consequently running about fifty miles an hour, he was horrified to see just about 200 yards ahead of him, just as he turned a curve before he got to Whitewater Creek, a man on the track waving his coat across the track and over his head and seeming to be very much excited. The engineer, thinking of course that the bridge had been burned or fallen in, applied his air brakes, reversed his engine and shouted to his fireman to jump. They both landed safely, and the train came to a halt so suddenly that it nearly unseated all the passengers.

"For God's sake, what's the matter?" asked the almost breathless conductor of the fellow who had stopped the train. "Sam—For that was his name—answered: 'I jes' wanted to know of you wanted ter buy some possums?'" The engineer, fainting, the fireman flew back to the engine, and the conductor looked all about him for a rock or a fence-rail to kill Sam with and finally in his hip-pocket for his pistol, fully intent on killing him on the spot, but he did not have his pistol and could not find anything to hit him with. He saw he was in it, and after a moment's reflection he told Sam he would take his possums. The conductor inquired if Sam had any more possums and leave Sam standing without paying for them. So the conductor asked Sam where they were. The engineer had recovered himself, the fireman and about two-thirds of the passengers got out of the engine by now and eagerly looked for Sam where they were. The engineer had recovered himself, the fireman and about two-thirds of the passengers got out of the engine by now and eagerly looked for Sam where they were. The engineer had recovered himself, the fireman and about two-thirds of the passengers got out of the engine by now and eagerly looked for Sam where they were.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

It Consists in Suggesting Rather Than Leading It. The chief business of the host and hostess is to give the occasion, to suggest, and to bring sympathetic minds into play so that each may have a chance to shine. All who have written on conversation are agreed on this. "To talk without effort, after all, the great charm of talking." The social party is not the place for academical lectures, and he is an enthusiast who either a prig or a pretender who adventures upon them. Men like Macaulay and Carlyle were privileged, but they were brilliant monologues rather than polite conversation. Their example is not to be followed.

The talk of De Quincey, according to all accounts, was more amenable to Bacon's method of conversation, and desired to excite expression on the part of the company. His inborn gentleness and courtesy, no less than his humility in his desire to learn from others, sufficed to keep him up to a fine level of sympathetic consideration which he was observed. Montaigne, in his essay on conversation, has some very good hints. This is one in which I prefer the merry man to be the wise one, and in common conversation the most able speaker, even though he does not always mean what he says; and so of other things. This points out one great rule. Easiness is apt to overtake the man who is anxious to make a sure to do so. The man with a hobby, the man with a grievance, the man with a cause, these are one and all, save in very exceptional cases, bad subjects for the conversation. It is better to have a private affair, his sufferings and his faults.

THE WRONG PLACE.

A Couple Who Were Married When They Had No Need to Do So. A good story is being told of one of our preachers. Last Sunday afternoon a couple called at the parsonage, and in broken English inquired, so the reverend gentleman understood, if the "preacher man" lived there. And on being invited in they commenced preparing their toilet. Of course it was supposed they were to be married, and every assistance was given by the preacher and good wife in getting ready for the ceremony. The bride and groom were carefully adjusted by the lady, and the gentleman carefully combed his hair. Then their hands were joined and the solemn words were spoken which binds humans together in wedlock. The ceremony over, it was supposed the newly married couple would be in haste to depart. But it was not so with them, and by their actions the preacher and his wife expected something else before leaving. They the reverend gentleman remarked, "Well, now you are married, and my answer came, 'Oh yes, we married last February, and now I want user bicure dak'." A feather would have been in the preacher's eye had he known the revelation. It was the "preacher man" they were looking for and not the "preacher man" they were looking for, and that the knot is tied good and tight.

OUR RAPID TRANSITORY EXISTENCE.

Is brief enough without our shortening it by seeking medical aid, when we are somewhat unwell, from sources where it is only obtainable with great risk. Even if the old doctrine were true that violent diseases require violent remedies, it does not follow that drastic purgatives, narcotics, powerful "sedatives" of the nervous system are advisable in cases where slight disorders manifest themselves. Last Sunday afternoon a couple called at the parsonage, and in broken English inquired, so the reverend gentleman understood, if the "preacher man" lived there. And on being invited in they commenced preparing their toilet. Of course it was supposed they were to be married, and every assistance was given by the preacher and good wife in getting ready for the ceremony. The bride and groom were carefully adjusted by the lady, and the gentleman carefully combed his hair. Then their hands were joined and the solemn words were spoken which binds humans together in wedlock. The ceremony over, it was supposed the newly married couple would be in haste to depart. But it was not so with them, and by their actions the preacher and his wife expected something else before leaving. They the reverend gentleman remarked, "Well, now you are married, and my answer came, 'Oh yes, we married last February, and now I want user bicure dak'." A feather would have been in the preacher's eye had he known the revelation. It was the "preacher man" they were looking for and not the "preacher man" they were looking for, and that the knot is tied good and tight.

A BLESSING WELL ASKED.

A son of a dignified Hartford man, although not old in years, has a good bit of age in his brains. The family observe the custom of silent blessing at the table, and at dinner recently the father and mother were silent. "Why don't you say a word, pa?" "You can say it aloud if you choose, my son," replied the father, and bowing his head solemnly the little fellow originated this unique grace. "God have mercy on these victuals."

THE CZECHOSLAVS.

In the Caucasus Mountains there are many wild, uncivilized tribes of people who are said to be the head of the head of a civilized mother stand still with fear, if her child were to be treated as the people of Caucasus treat their children every day. The first plaything given a Caucasian baby is a dagger. This is presented to him as soon as he can walk. For an hour or two each day his mother spends her time teaching him how to use the weapon, so that he will some day become an expert. He taught to stab and to throw a knife, a splash, and is made to hurl his dagger at a mark again and again until he cannot miss his aim. And all this is done during the time that other boys are spinning tops and playing with their tops. When a Caucasian boy grows up he knows just one thing—how to use a dagger.

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THE CZECHOSLAVS.

In the Caucasus Mountains there are many wild, uncivilized tribes of people who are said to be the head of the head of a civilized mother stand still with fear, if her child were to be treated as the people of Caucasus treat their children every day. The first plaything given a Caucasian baby is a dagger. This is presented to him as soon as he can walk. For an hour or two each day his mother spends her time teaching him how to use the weapon, so that he will some day become an expert. He taught to stab and to throw a knife, a splash, and is made to hurl his dagger at a mark again and again until he cannot miss his aim. And all this is done during the time that other boys are spinning tops and playing with their tops. When a Caucasian boy grows up he knows just one thing—how to use a dagger.

A BLESSING WELL ASKED.

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FINE PORCELAIN.

That Which Is Really Made in Japan.

MANY CHEAP IMITATIONS.

Genuine Satsuma Rarely Sent to Foreign Markets—Europeans Badly Fooled.

Correspondence of THE MORNING CALL.

We who buy Japanese porcelain in Paris shops do not enjoy being told that at least half sold as Japanese is a poor imitation; we who have spent immense sums to have a service of real Satsuma do not feel very happy when information that real Satsuma is not to be had in the European markets. True, the imitation of Satsuma is made at Kyoto, and specimens of this may be seen in Paris; this imitation is made of white earth called by Japanese shirotsuchi, the same earth that is used for the real Satsuma. However, although Satsuma were belongs to the Japanese, it was a Korean named Boku-Teigo who, in 1650, discovered this white earth, and now in all parts of Japan it can be procured. The reason that Satsuma were cannot be found in the market is this: The Prince of Satsuma owns the manufactories at Naeshiro-Gawa