

WOMAN AND HOME.

AN EARNEST PROTEST AGAINST BRUTALITY TO CHILDREN.

"Haired on the Bottle"—Baby's Salt Water Bath—Cooking School—Rose Scent Jar—Onions—Purity and Modesty—Early to Bed—Notes, Items, Etc.

My earliest recollections are connected with the rod, figuratively speaking—the rod which represents the switch, the horse-whip, the raw-hide, and the flat of the human hand; all the implements of punishment used in those days for bringing up children.

It was a community deeply moral in its tone and exacting in its demands. Levity, frivolity, license of any kind, were not tolerated. Solomon's teaching that "he that spareth the rod hateth his son, but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes," was literally interpreted and applied by parents and teachers.

It was as much a portion of the religious training of children as the learning of the catechism or the partaking of the communion. My first impressions were influenced by cuffs, spans, slaps, switchings, rawhidings, beatings without number. The frightful tortures inflicted by the hardwood "rod" of the pedagogue on my open palm are as fresh in my mind as they were at the moment of application.

I recall this phase of our life in an earnest protest against this brutality to children which yet prevails in older communities. It does inflict mischief; it made of me both a liar and a coward. Sensitive to pain, I would vehemently deny some trivial offense to avert an expected punishment, and thus was guilty of both cowardice and falsehood.

Another peculiarity of that community in regard to the treatment of children was the extreme repressiveness exercised toward them. They were forced rigidly into the background. "Children may be seen but not heard," was a permanent citation, with the result that each child became possessive with a conviction of entire unworthiness, whose effect later in life was disastrous.

Milk from the Bottle.

How would you like to ride in a perambulator with a fancy rug put over you the very hottest day, never to have a drink of water given to you, and to be expected when you were thirsty or hungry to take sour milk through a long black tube like a gas pipe? You wouldn't like it at all, and neither would I.

Down south among the "mammies" anybody who is referred to as having been "a bottle baby" is borne with, and all his weaknesses of brain or heart forgiven for that reason. He is regarded as the victim of a sort of original sin or misfortune that was not his fault. Indeed, I remember very well once hearing a very wise old mammy, whose knowledge of babies was conceded to be greater than any other in Fairfax county, excuse a young man, who had forged his father's name and married a variety actress, in this way: "You see, honey, yer nussn't judge too harshly ob de unfortunate soul; he never had de advantages of de rest of de family, and lakkin' do mammy what can be respected from him! He were marked from de day of his birth as a creature liable to sin and uncertainty. He were refrained from de natural fountain of youth, an' were given over to de beastliest of drinkables, de bottle."

Baby's Salt Water Bath. A baby that is each morning quickly sponged with cold salt water and then rubbed dry with a Turkish towel may be exposed a dozen times and not take cold, where a child, accustomed to the usual daily warm bath, will continually suffer from an aggravating cold in the head, colic, etc.

If the children have already taken cold—and cough—complaining of a tightness in the chest, try this: Into a half pint of icy cold water dissolve two tablespoonfuls of salt; bathe the chest with this, applying with cloth, sponge or hand, completing by slapping vigorously and rubbing with a rough towel. The glow that will appear will not be merely external, but will extend throughout the body, giving a feeling of buoyancy and great ease in breathing.

Every mother knows how cough remedies almost invariably "upset" the baby's stomach. Then the wise parent will try everything else before she uses numerous medicines to ease her child's cough and breathing.

In how many families there is a child more delicate than the rest—one that does not develop as well as he should, is nearly always sick, and is altogether the cause of more care and anxiety than all the others combined!

Cold, salt water baths is what the child should have. If he can be taken to the ocean, so much the better.

A mother of six children said to me last autumn: "I cannot imagine what makes the children dwindle and weaken so immediately when I return from the ocean. There, at the seaside, I never have a thought of them, and they are perfectly well; but, as soon as I return home again, I have to send for the doctor, and all winter it is a remarkable week, indeed, when he isn't called to see one of them. Pneumonia, bronchitis, croup, the sniffles—everything! O, dear! I do get so worn out!"

I sympathetically asked her why she didn't continue the ocean bath at home.—Frances W. Johnson in Good Housekeeping.

Medical Virtues of Onions. A mother writes: "Once a week invariably, and it was generally when we had cold meat minced, I gave the children a dinner which was hailed with delight and looked forward

to; this was a dish of boiled onions. The little things knew not that they were taking the best of medicines for expelling what most children suffer from—worms. Mine were kept free by this remedy alone. Not only boiled onions for dinner, but chives also were encouraged to eat with their bread and butter, and for this purpose they had tufts of chives in their little gardens. It was a medicinal man who taught me to eat boiled onions as a specific for a cold in the chest. He did not know at the time, till I told him, that they were good for anything else."

The above having fallen under the eye of an experienced physician of that county, he writes as follows:

"The above ought to be published in letters of gold and hung up beside the table, so that the children could read it and remind their parents that no family ought to be without onions in the fall and they will plant up at least three weeks earlier in the spring than by spring planting. Give children of all ages a few of them raw as soon as they are fit to be eaten. Do not miss treating them to raw onions three or four times a week. When they get too large or too strong to be eaten raw then boil or roast them. During unhealthy seasons, when diphtheria or like contagious diseases prevail, onions ought to be eaten in the spring of the year at least once a week. Onions are invigorating and prophylactic beyond description. Further, I challenge the medical fraternity, or any other, to point out a place where children have died from diphtheria or scarlatina, angina, etc., where onions were freely used."

—Working Woman in Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Female Physicians in New York.

There are 150 female physicians in New York today, and the number in Brooklyn and the surrounding cities about doubles that. Among those in New York city there are quite a number who have incomes of \$10,000; two or three make yearly sums ranging from \$15,000 to \$20,000, and one has averaged for the last four years a steady income of \$25,000. Dr. Emily Blackwell is the president of the Woman's Medical college and has besides a large practice. She has adopted children and makes a charming home for them. Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi has a large clientele and consults with the first male physicians of the city; indeed, more than one physician has a regular female confidante, to whom he recommends some of his patients to go for special courses of treatment. Several of these female practitioners are house physicians to hospitals, and the Lucretia Mott hospital in Brooklyn is entirely officered by them.

Some women physicians work in partnership with each other, among whom are Drs. Eliza M. Mosher and Lucy M. Hill, of Brooklyn, and the two sister doctors, Sarah and Julia McNutt. Dr. Sarah has charge of the babies ward of the Post Graduate hospital, and Dr. Julia has founded a training school for nurses. Both are physicians in high standing and have a large practice, especially among children. Drs. Annie Daniels and Kate Parker are both women of influence and of the widest reaching charity. Dr. Elizabeth Cusler is a celebrated anatomist and successful ovariotomist, and yet is a small, feminine, quiet voiced little woman. Drs. Lezier, Post and Fauce are all well known for good work. Without exception these women are quiet, well bred, gentle mannered and soft voiced. One lonely young woman whose physician was of the same sex said a short while ago: "When I am homesick and miss my mother I go and talk ten minutes to my dear doctor and come home quite happy again."—New York World.

Purity and Modesty.

There is nothing, my young friend, that you should guard so scrupulously as your own womanly delicacy. Brush the bloom off from a peach, rudely touch the waxed petals of a lily and half of their beauty is gone. It is impossible for you or any other woman to allow yourself to be cussed by your young men acquaintances without losing somewhat of that purity and modesty that you should wear always as a queen her robes of royalty. You will be sure then to preserve not only their respect, but what is of far more importance, that of self.

Nor need this preservation of personal dignity savor one whit of prudery. You can be just as bright, as merry and friendly while saying by your manner should it be necessary, "hands off," as you can possibly be by permitting these sentimental demonstrations. They are not necessary to the good comradeship which is all that should exist or appear to exist between you and any masculine friend until you are sure that you possess the true and tender love of the one man who has made himself your heart's king, a love which holds you sacred, as every true man holds the woman he would make his wife and the mother of his children. And believe me, even if you are not yet certain that this prince loves you as you desire to be loved by him, he will not be any easier won should you yield to caresses prompted by a passing mood, but rather repelled from you, for it is human nature not to value what is easily or cheaply obtained.—Emily Bouton in Toledo Blade.

Delights of a Rose Scent Jar.

Gather the rose petals in the morning, let them stand in a cool place, tossed up lightly for one hour to dry off, then put them in layers with salt sprinkled over each layer into a large covered dish—a glass berry dish is a convenient receptacle. You can add to this for several mornings till you have enough stock—from one pint to a quart, according to the size of the jar—strive every morning and let the whole stand for ten days. Then transfer it to a glass fruit jar, in the bottom of which you have placed two ounces of alspice, coarsely ground, and as much stick cinnamon, broken coarsely. This may stand now for six weeks, closely covered, when it is ready for the permanent jar, which may be as pretty as your ingenuity can devise or your means purchase.

Have ready one ounce each of cloves, allspice, cinnamon and mace, all ground (not fine), one ounce of girls root bruised and shredded, two ounces of lavender flowers and a small quantity of any other sweet scented dried flowers or herbs; mix together and put into the jar in alternate layers with the rose stock; and a few drops of oil of rose geranium or violet, and pour over the whole one-quarter pint of good cologne.

This will last for years, though from time to time you may add a little lavender or orange flower water, or any nice perfume, and some seasons a few fresh rose petals. You will derive a satisfaction from the labor only to be estimated by the happy owners of similar jars.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Physique of American Women.

Mr. Higginson, in his "Common Sense about Women," is very angry with the "physiological croakers" who represent the American woman of today as having lost the plump form and robust constitution of her grandmother. He quotes a French tourist in America, the Abbe Robin, who wrote in 1782, that "at 30 years of age the women have no longer the freshness of youth," and another, L. F. de Beaujour, who wrote that "at the age of 25 their form changes, and at 30 the whole of their charms has disappeared." Mr. Higginson is convinced that the physique of American men and women today is better than was that of their grandfathers who lived in this country; and he at-

tributes this improvement to "the great increase of athletic games; the greatly increased proportion of seaside and mountain life in summer, the thicker shoes and boots of women and little girls, permitting them to go out more freely in all weathers," and the increased habit of dining late, which secures the professional and mercantile classes more time to digest their principal meal.—Henry T. Finck in The Epoch.

A Woman's Conversation.

What a woman should aim at in conversation is not only to entertain by giving her own thoughts, but at the same time to draw out those of others, especially the bashful and particularly the bashful men. Nothing pleases a man so much, nothing gives him such an idea of his superiority, as to allow him an opportunity of imparting information, though he may not have penetration enough to discern that it is the tact of the woman that entices him into talking about what perhaps he knows less than she. I remember hearing it remarked of Mrs. Cleveland that she was a charming conversationalist, because she always chose topics which she knew would interest others, and in this lies the whole secret of the art of conversing.

A celebrated French woman, who had neither wealth, beauty nor position to elevate her in social circles, rose to the highest rank among the court during the latter days of royalty, simply by her art of pleasing in her conversation. Brilliance in conversation is not the essential characteristic. Some of the most charming talkers are anything but witty or learned; but the truth is we love to hear those speak who really feel what they say, whose words are chosen without being studied and natural and easy without being childish or slangy. We love to listen to those whose purity of soul shines in their conversation, and we feel that words are but the personification of the beauty within.—Philadelphia Times.

Learning to Cook.

The New York Cooking school has had a remarkable success. It was started a few years ago by several charitable ladies, who went into the undertaking with the idea of elevating the standard of domestic labor and of giving young girls who are compelled to earn their own living the practical means of learning how to do it. It has taught thousands of pupils and has established branches in many cities in the eastern states. Its managers are thoroughly interested in their work and nobly help it along. Mrs. Theodore Bronson, its president, among others, has given much aid, not only financially but personally in its management.

At the annual meeting, some time ago, it was reported that 10,000 lessons in cooking had been given by the school. Teachers graduated from the school had been sent to many missions, girls' schools and clubs in New York and elsewhere. A large number of girls from public schools of New York form vacation classes—that is, during the summer vacation they give up much of their time to the study of the art of cooking.—Good Housekeeping.

Early to Bed.

Growing children should have all the sleep nature demands. To make sure of this, the bedtime should be no later than 7 o'clock for children under 10. This habit of early bedtime will take care of itself, if it is persevered in by parents at first. Some men and women would be not only stronger, but cleverer, if they had had all the sleep they needed when children.

The difference between children whose parents enforce obedience in this respect and those little old people who sit up late at night is very marked. The clear eyes, rosy cheeks and round strong limbs of the former should rebuke parents who allow children to sit up because they wish to. Nothing can be more pernicious than to allow children up late at watering places. They taste then of the highly spiced society life, none too healthy for the strongest, and in the hot house air and stimulating influences, their natures are forced to results that may break down their own health, and the hearts of their parents also.—Demorest's Monthly.

A Working Girl's Letter.

"There is a good deal of gossip going on between the girls about the people they live with. All their affairs are pretty well known. You see girls don't have much to interest them, and so they sort of take an interest in the concerns of the family they live with. That is, scissible girls do. Some don't care a brass button about the people so long as they get their money all right. German and Swede girls are like that. Irish girls are more warm hearted, and if people are kind to them they like them and will do a great deal for them. I don't mean to say that it is right to talk about the family outside, but sometimes a girl don't think, and it comes out before she knows it. She don't mean any harm. It is very hard for people to keep things from girls. They are around all the time and see and hear everything almost. They generally like the gentlemen of the house best because he don't interfere with them."—Deia Gilton in The Epoch.

How to be Healthy.

Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke says that if American women wish to be healthy they must learn to live in fresh air. She advises them to open their windows, wear flannel night-gowns, and take a jug of hot water to bed if they are cold, but never to sleep with closed windows, air all their clothes and their room daily, eat simple, wholesome food, wear bonnet waists, and button their skirts on them, and take the heels off their boots.—New York Sun.

Ivy and Dogwood Poisoning.

For ivy and dogwood poisoning, boil wood ashes enough to make a strong lye; wash the poisoned parts with this, and let it remain a few minutes; then wash off in soft, lukewarm water, and, when dry, anoint with grease. Two or three applications of this will generally effect a cure.—Boston Budget.

Two Venetian ladies named Silvestri have formed at Vienna a school for young girls to learn the art of mosaics, and have given them the Palazzo Sceriman in which to work. They execute orders of all kinds, sending the work in sections to any part of the world.

Butter may be rendered less troublesome in summer by being covered with a huge flower pot large enough to include the plate and rest in a tray in which there is some cold water. Leaving butter in water spoils it.

The 300 young women of Wellesley college do the housework of the college on the cooperative plan. It takes each one of them forty-five minutes a day to do her share.

Knitted underclothing should never be ironed, but stretched to the proper shape and pinned on a bed or other firm, clean surface until entirely dry.

A teaspoonful of carbolic acid in a quart of pure soft water is a good wash for mosquito bites.

Glaze the bottom crust of fruit pies with the white of egg and they will not be soggy.

A poultice of cranberries is said to be an excellent thing for erysipelas.

THE CABLE BUSINESS.

HOW CHICAGO SENDS MESSAGES TO EVERYBODY AND EVERYWHERE.

Wiring the Antipodes—The Four Corners of the Earth Brought Close Together—Sending Cipher Dispatches—Of Interest to the Public.

"The general public has no idea of the extent of the cable business in Chicago," said Business Manager Felton, of the Western Union Telegraph company, in response to questions put to him by a reporter. "Nor have many people an adequate conception of the vigorous manner in which cables and land lines have been spread over the universe," he added. "There are now, I believe, eight cables between North America and Europe. They average 3,000 miles long, and in all the world I understand there are something like 100,000 miles of submarine telegraph lines. South America is connected with Europe by a cable from Lisbon, Portugal, to Pernambuco, Brazil, a distance of 9,333 nautical miles. This is the longest cable. Two cables connect Florida with the island of Cuba, and one extends from Cuba to Aspinwall on the Isthmus, and another to Rio Janeiro. From Trinidad, the most southerly island of the West Indies, a cable follows the coast line of Brazil clear down to Montevideo in Uruguay, touching at many ports. There are sixteen cables crossing the North sea and the straits of Dover. Two cables connect England and Portugal, and one cable connects England and Spain. Nearly a score of cables lie beneath the Mediterranean. One extends the entire length of the Red sea, from Suez to Aden, thence under the Arabian sea to Bombay, across India, under the Bay of Bengal to Penang and Singapore on the Malay peninsula, thence north under the Gulf of Elam and China sea to Hong Kong and China. This is known as the Indo route in the east, and extends to Yokohama and Yeddo, Japan.

"A cable under the Sea of Japan connects Nagasaki with Vladivostok, one of the most remote points in Siberian Russia. From Singapore a cable touches Java and Sumatra and reaches Australia. Even the island of Tasmania, lying south of Australia, is connected with the rest of the world by cable, and so is New Zealand. The great African cable, completed some years ago, extends from Aden, Arabia, to Natal, one of the extreme southern ports of Africa. So, you see, the four corners of the earth have been brought pretty close together by the great cables which, like some of them, nearly four miles beneath the surface of the ocean. The only thing now necessary to complete the electrical circuit of the world is to lay a cable under the Pacific ocean, and I understand that a project is on foot, under the able leadership of Cyrus W. Field, to connect Japan and San Francisco via the Sandwich Islands."

MESSAGES SENT EVERYWHERE.

"Are all of these cables which you have mentioned used by Chicago people?"

"Yes, indeed. There is not a cable in the world that is not frequently burdened with messages from this city. It is probable that there is not one telegraph office in the world to which we have not transmitted messages, either for residents of Chicago or for persons living in our territory. I sometimes wonder where all the cable messages come from. If an office were to be opened on the coast of Kamtschatka, or in lower Patagonia, or up some place near the north pole, it is probable that in less than twenty-four hours some Chicago man would want to send a message there. The cable business of the office is something enormous, and just now it is increasing at the rate of 700 or 800 messages weekly. This is due to the fact that the rates have been so much reduced on messages to England, France, and Germany, it being with these countries, of course, that the bulk of our business is transacted. Cable messages are carried very cheap nowadays—only 15 cents a word to Germany, and only 12 to France and England. See how cheap that is.

"If you are a business man, often using the cables to communicate with other business people, you use a cipher. Besides, your name and address, and the name and address of your correspondent also, are registered at the cable office, so that in the messages one word suffices for the address, and one for the signature. One cipher word may carry your whole message—for instance, the word 'orange' may mean, 'advise you to sell January wheat and buy pork.' For the word in the address you pay 12 cents—addresses and signatures all count in cable work—for the signature 12 cents, and for the cipher word or the message itself 12 cents more. That makes only 36 cents for a message from Chicago to London or Paris. Why, a message to Ashland, Ohio, or Anoka, Minn., or Barst, or Wis., or New Orleans would cost you more money. A very large portion of our cable business is done in cipher."

OF INTEREST TO THE PUBLIC.

"Are there any other cable regulations of interest to the public?"

"Yes. Any word containing more than ten letters counts as two words. No punctuation marks are sent, unless requested and paid for. It is counted one letter. Cipher words must be in one or all of the following languages: English, French, German, Italian, Dutch, Portuguese, Spanish or Latin. Of course, we cannot handle messages in Chinese or Japanese. The Chinese residents of Chicago send many messages to China, but they are all in English. We send all of our cables in English characters, or, rather, in their telegraphic symbols. The translations are made, if at all, in the foreign offices. Cipher messages are often a conglomerate of three or four languages.

"In one day you might see many messages to England, France and Germany about corn, wheat, provisions, metal, toys, silks, wines, millinery, chemicals, machinery, everything; to Cuba about tobacco and cigars; to the Cape of Good Hope about ivory, barks and diamonds; to Arabia about dates and palm oil, to Java about sugar; to Switzerland about watches; to Siam about furs and hides—of all parts of the world, concerning almost every article known to commerce. Commercial use of cables is developing rapidly because of the reduced rates, and also on account of the growth of Chicago's business interests. The Atlantic cables could not begin to handle the transatlantic business were it not for the fact that some of the wires are worked by the duplex method and others by the quadruplex. Quadruplexing a wire, you know, quadruples its capacity, two men sending each way simultaneously."—Chicago Herald.

An Unfinished Play.

James E. Murdoch says that on the night that President Lincoln issued his first call for troops he was playing in Milwaukee, when a noise in the audience caused him to stop rendering "Hamlet's" gloomy lines. A man sprang upon the stage and read Lincoln's call. The play was never finished, but Mr. Murdoch, in the garb of Hamlet, stood by the side of Matt. Carpenter and made a speech for the Union. Next day he packed up his wardrobe, and never reopened the trunk until the war was over.—Frank Leslie's.

DECADENCE OF THE DIAMOND.

Why It Grows More Marked—A Badge of Vulgarity—No Longer Unique.

The decadence of the diamond daily grows more marked. It has long been a badge of vulgarity when worn by men, and its indiscriminate use by their own sex has brought it into disrepute with women who are really fastidious. With anything else except an object which confers distinction on its possessor, the greater its popularity, the greater its triumph, but the diamond—once the most princely of gems, and the possession of which was almost the unique privilege of royalty—has lost its ascendancy through its very popularity as an article of adornment. In our day it is no longer unique, nor are its associates such as to give it distinction. It thrusts its glitter on the eye in the street, in the railroad car, in every public and unsuitable place, and usually with a background of fatness and ugliness which it only serves to bring into unpleasant prominence.

When a human being makes one thing an ambition and turns every effort to the realization of that ambition it is pretty certain of accomplishment. With many women the possession of a pair of solitary diamonds is the one thing in life desired and to be secured. The realization of the ambition may come late, but young or old, the woman who has compassed her object is so proud in that fact that she does not propose to hide the light of her diamonds under a bushel with the result that she brings discredit on herself and on what she considers her most valuable possession.

The love of the gem itself, although saving of childishness and of the barbarous tastes which still survive in civilized humanity, is one thing; the love of displaying the diamond in public, another. There are women, and men, too, who have a mania for diamonds almost like that of the miser for gold. They love the glitter and sparkle and delight to their sign and touch on the pretensions of the miser. But these are not the people who tempt the gaze of the vulgar. It is the better half of the lucky speculator, the matrimonially promoted shop girl, the gambler's "lady" and the obese wife of the retired pawnbroker, who never feel entirely clothed unless somewhere on their person scintillates the ever present diamond. The wearer may be somewhat down at the heel and out of elbow, and a thorough acquaintance with soap and water may never have been included in her experience, but the diamond atones for all. In our time the burden of vulgarity is too great for the queen of gems, and in cultured estimation she sinks beneath the weight.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Soup in a Public Restaurant.

One day some years ago I tried to tip a waiter. I failed. He declined to accept the tip with an air so courteous and so dignified that I feared I had unintentionally succeeded in wounding the feelings of a foreign nobleman in disguise. He may not have borne a little, but I was not at all surprised when he told me a few weeks later that he was about to leave the restaurant forever, as he had received some money from abroad. One day last week I again met my old friend. Of course I remembered him. No one could forget the face of a waiter who would not stoop to take a tip. He had the dress and bearing of a well bred man of the world. He had been in Europe, he said, and was now in this country on a visit. Beyond that he vouchsafed no information concerning himself, but in the course of our talk he did say something which not only interested but startled me.

"My dear sir," he said, "take the advice of a man who knows, and never eat soup in a public restaurant. There is not a hotel or restaurant in all Brooklyn where I could be induced to eat soup. If you but knew what I was compelled to carry to you in the old days when you ordered soup from me you would never wish to look upon my face again." This was said quietly and mournfully. I have enough confidence in the man who said it to believe it was said honestly. The place in which he served was a restaurant of considerable pretension, where stiff prices and good services were the rule, and I now look back to the dainty soups they served there with anything but a pleasant feeling. Hereafter soup to me shall rank with the "weeple," which the younger Mr. Weller immortalized when he said, "It is very good when you know the lady as makes it."—"Rambler" in Brooklyn Eagle.

Didn't Object at All.

But there's an old man in Mexico who very generally deprecates the decadence of the age in matters generally considered reprehensible. He is 100 years old, he says. This is probably a lie, but he is old enough to be excused for lying about his age. He speaks of the good old times of his youth, and relates with lively satisfaction his part in several exciting battles, for which it does not seem to occur to him he ought to have been hung. But the adventure he is fondest of relating is how he obtained his wife. He may, perhaps, be believed when he states that the mother of the son-in-law he loved objected to him as a son-in-law. It was natural if his methods of amusing himself were truly stated. She absolutely forbade the marriage.

"But," said the old man genially, "we removed her objections."

"How?"

"Very simply. She was taking a siesta one day and I stole up behind her and dropped a big rock on her head, and she never objected at all."

"I should say not. She was too late to object, I suppose."

"Ah, it was fun. We had the wedding and the funeral on the same day."

And the wicked old man chuckled. The story was confirmed by other people, too.—San Francisco Chronicle—"Undertones."

The Most Favored Mortal.

Of all classes of musicians the singer is the most favored, and the mortal who is gifted with a fine voice is a luckier individual than the one who possesses the higher faculties of intelligence. The composer who has labored for months, perhaps years, to complete an opera is not paid as much for his whole work as the prima donna who sings the principal role during a single representation. Rossini, for example, received only \$1,300 for the opera of the "Barber of Seville," while the prima donna receives often fabulous sums for singing it once.—Music and Drama.

Our College Presidents.

An eminent writer, showing what an excellent thing is a college education, cites the fact that there have been seventeen presidents of the United States, and eleven of the seventeen were college men, sixty-five per cent. Well, that's so. But let's weigh these presidents on the finer scales as long as we're going into statistics. Who were the presidents who never went to college at all, and Jackson, Lincoln—oh, well; the college may have the other four, but it's hardly worth while counting any further.—New York Star.

An Oil City, Pa., man claims the prize for sunflowers, having one in his garden that measures fifty-four inches in circumference.

All that was bid for a lion and four lionesses at a sale in Leamington was \$200. The show business is poor.

GEORGE M. PULLMAN.

THE STORY OF THE MODERN PALACE CAR RETOLD.

First Experiments Made on the Alton Road—Beginning of the Palace Car Building of the "Pioneer"—Railroad Men Laugh—Cutting Platforms.

George M. Pullman was born in Brocton, Chautauque county, and his birth year 1831. He lived in Brocton fourteen years and then moved to Allion, where he also resided fourteen years. At Allion he became acquainted with Senator Ben Field, a member of the state senate in 1854-6. Mr. Field was interested in legislation concerning sleeping cars, and the Woodruff Sleeping Car company, in acknowledgment of his interest in their behalf, had given him the right to run their sleepers on a couple of western roads.

While Mr. Pullman was in Chicago in 1859 he was called upon by Senator Field with a request for several loans, and out of these accommodations an arrangement grew between them to run sleeping cars on the Alton road, Pullman to run the cars, who had secured the right to run the cars, half of the prospective earnings. Matters went on in this way for a short time, and meanwhile Field, who had no business tact, lost his sleeping car service on the other two western roads which had been given him. One day he came to Mr. Pullman and told him that he had an opportunity to buy back the privileges on the other roads, and that he would like to sell his half interest in the partnership line to Mr. Pullman. A bargain was struck, and Mr. Pullman paid his partner \$2,500. This was at the opening of the war, when the night trains on the Alton road had been taken off by the superintendent, who was a sympathizer with the south, and who thought that before the war was over grass would grow in the streets of the north. The outlook for the Alton road was very dubious. It is a singular illustration of Mr. Pullman's good fortune that he had hardly concluded the purchase of his partner's half interest before business became so good that the night trains were started again and the sleeping car business began at once to make returns. These sleeping cars on the Alton road, with which Mr. Pullman's first experiments were tried, were simply two ordinary passenger coaches, which he had changed into the commonest kind of sleeping cars at slight expense. Fifty cents was charged for a berth, and the first night, four berths were sold. About this time the Pike's peak fever set in, and Mr. Pullman gratified west and spent two or three years at Pike's peak. He returned in 1864 and again took up his sleeping car project.

BEGINNING OF THE PALACE CAR.

In 1864 Mr. Pullman, who had been giving the sleeping car business close attention, and who had become deeply interested in the thought that there was a wide field for inventive genius in that direction, met a master car builder of the Alton railroad, who was an old friend, and paid him \$100 a month to take in charge the construction of a model car. He obtained the privilege of using a shed of the Alton railroad in his yard at Chicago, and told the builder what sort of a car he wanted. The great question with him was how to have an upper and lower berth that would be comfortable. They were at that time the merest makeshifts to afford a night's rest. Mr. Pullman determined that the new car should be the handsomest ever made. Heretofore a sleeping car had cost not more than \$4,000 or \$4,500. Looking the matter over and wondering how he could arrange two berths that would be roomy, comfortable and convenient, he was perplexed as to the disposition of the mattresses. At that time all the mattresses were put away in one section during the daytime. In fact, the early sleeping cars were simply used for night cars and not run in the daytime.

Mr. Pullman's idea was to have a car that could be run on long trips either as a day or a night car. With this object in view he started to build the "Pioneer." He found the mattresses could not be put on the floor because of the dust and discomfort. There was no place between the windows, and he finally said to his car builder, "Why not hinge an upper berth near the roof and put the mattresses in it when the berth is closed during the daytime?" The car builder replied at once that the car was not high enough and that the space would be too small. This was before cars were built with raised "decks" or roofs. "Then," said Mr. Pullman, "why not raise the car?" The outcome of this conversation was a direction that plans should be drawn for a car as wide and as high as would be necessary to get in two berths, including one hinged to the upper side of the car. The plan was accurately drawn for a car one foot wider and two and one-half feet higher than any car that had heretofore been built in this country.

RAILROAD MEN LAUGH.

Of course railroad men who heard of Mr. Pullman's plans smiled, and said that if Mr. Pullman was a railroad man he would know better than to pursue his impracticable propositions; that he would only meet disaster and loss all that he had. But his conviction was strong and clear, and with that pluck and audacity which have always characterized his clear sighted business policy, he went ahead and the car was built. The next question was the decoration of it. Mr. Pullman determined that it should be the handsomest car in all respects that ever had been made in the country. He came on to New York and there happened to meet the artist who had just decorated the house of Samuel J. Tilden. He at once closed with this artist, took him west and set him at work decorating the car.

When the Pioneer was finished it had cost the extraordinary sum of \$18,000, a large price even now for a sleeping car. It was a wonder to everybody. It was just as Mr. Pullman had expected. The beauty of the finish and the marvelous innovation he had made were advertised far and near by the newspapers and by railroad men, and some of the latter began to believe that the ideas of the inventor after all were practicable. The Pioneer was in process of building for a whole year. The assassination of Lincoln occurring at this time, it was suggested that the Pioneer be used in the funeral train, and it was run from Springfield to Chicago on the Alton road. As had been predicted when the car was built, it was too wide to run on the roads as then constructed. It was necessary for the Alton road to send along its line and cut off the platforms that projected, and to make numerous changes at stations so that the car, with its width of an additional foot, could pass.

Thus the railroads had to make way for the improvements that the convenience of the traveling public demanded. Everywhere the beauty of the Pioneer was talked of, and it was not strange that soon after, when Gen. Grant came home, the use of the car was asked to convey the great hero from Detroit to Galena. The Michigan Central railroad was compelled to do precisely what the Alton road did—cut its platforms, and in other ways make way for the car—and from this time on the railroads prepared themselves for the new palace car.—"J. A. S." in Albany Journal.