

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

THE SELFISHNESS OF MEN IN PUBLIC.



At operas and theaters it is as often men as women who enter late and depart early, or who converse during the most interesting portions of the productions. It is not men—neither is it women—but it is beings of the masculine persuasion who emit shrill, ear-splitting whistles by way of manifesting their approval during public entertainments.

At the fair in St. Louis two women and their escort were sitting on a bench by the Terrace of States. The gentleman left his place for a moment to procure a program, depositing his overcoat and art catalogue in the vacant space. Immediately a man and two women came up, and all three attempted to crowd into the bench. At the protest of the first woman the man passed on to a vacant seat not three feet away, remarking as he did so: "There are hogs everywhere." Evidently, but he seemed to be mistaking the exact entity of the animal in this case.

It was a big man who sat sideways in the car with his knee on the seat, occupying space for two, while women stood in the aisle beside him all the way to the fair grounds.

And it was not a feminine conductor who thought it a good joke to carry a woman three blocks beyond her destination, because, in her ignorance of metropolitan usages, she was trying to signal the motorman instead of him to stop the car.

A story was recently current to the effect that Rabbi Hirsch one day rose to give his seat in the car to a woman when an agile man slipped in ahead of her. The rabbi's countenance expressed his sentiments, and the intruder said: "You look as if you'd like to eat me," to which the venerable Jew replied, "I can't, my friend. I am a Jew."

Though the surpassing politeness of American gentlemen may have bred in women a habit of assuming precedence in superficial trifles, it is probable that when it comes to genuine altruism and consideration of others women are no whit inferior to men. How could it be otherwise, "being so fathered and so husbanded?"

HARDSHIPS OF THE RAILROAD MAN.



There are few things bigger than \$100 a month at that stage of a young man's career. With this in view it is little wonder that railroads do not have to look far when they wish to hire employees. The railroad microbe inoculates thousands of young Americans annually with a desire to go railroading. Added to the glaring attractions of excitement, travel, and good pay, there is also present the element of danger which is sure to attract the adventurous spirit.

The earliest age at which a young man can enter the service is 21. The principal dangers that beset the brakeman are from trains made up of cars of uneven height and from overhanging viaducts and bridges. It is no hard task to fall when running over the top of such a train in motion, and often trainmen are swept from their cars by overhanging obstacles.

As for promotion, the brakeman can rise to the position of freight conductor, where his pay will be 3 cents per mile. He may become a passenger conductor, where his pay will be about \$150 per month. If he cares to stay at the work long enough it is possible for him to become yardmaster, trainmaster, superintendent, or general manager even, but the many objectionable features of the work are scarcely inviting men capable of such advancement to the calling.

At his acceptance as apprentice he will be required on most roads to make the first three or four trips without pay. Then he is placed as a member of a crew during a probationary period of six months. During this period he

must busy himself studying the signals, system of air brakes, and the other things that he will be required to be proficient in when his final examination is to be held.

The examinee must be absolutely sound as to physical condition, his hearing must be good, and his eyes will be given a closer searching and testing than any other examination in the world will put him through.

The technical examination is even severer in proportion than the physical. The brakeman must be familiar with every kind of signal to be found on the road.

On the air brakes he is questioned as closely. He must know how to trace air through different pipes and valves, must know the effect of different pressures on different speeds and different tonnage. In short, he must know the air brake from end to end and just what it ought to and will do.

The pay of freight brakemen is 2 cents a mile. The monthly pay will run from \$85 to \$115 per month, according to the mileage made. Eighty-five dollars a month will perhaps be a general average for freight brakeman over the country. Passenger brakemen earn less.

TOILERS OF CITIES SHOULD GO WEST.



The lively, go ahead towns along the frontier of the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas, Wyoming, Colorado, and New Mexico, offer boundless opportunities for gritty men who are determined to throw off the shackles of slavery "bossism" imposes, and to work for themselves. While capital is a desideratum not to be despised, yet it is worthy of note that nearly every man who rose to wealth and prominence in the Western States started in without a dollar. It is the faculty of seizing opportunities as they present themselves and making capital of them that counts in the race for wealth. In the States mentioned the opportunities are plentiful, and it lies with the first comers to pick them up and profit thereby.

Enterprising young men with new ideas concerning the operation of stores, carrying large stocks of first-class goods, well displayed, and who know how to keep trade after they have won it, are bound to succeed. The chances for doing business on the side, as it were, trading for stock, poultry, selling farming implements where the manufacturers have no established agencies, buying and selling of grain, etc., are numerous.

Ordinary labor, while not so well paid in the smaller towns, enjoys the advantage of cheaper cost of living. The workman, if he is enterprising, will soon have a cow about his place. Then he will get a cream separator, add three or four more cows to his herd of one, and presently he will be selling his cream for \$35 a month, a sum amply sufficient to meet family expenses should his regular employment fail him. One thing brings on another in village life, but generally they have a golden living if competently handled by the man who knocks at fortune's door.

DIVORCE IS DEBT REPUDIATION.



Divorce is rooted in selfishness and grounded in dishonesty. A desire to have everything one wants, no matter what the cost, soon brings a refusal to bear anything with or from the one to whom a promise of fidelity in all circumstances has been given. And then comes the dishonesty. An honest man does not repudiate his business responsibilities nor refuse to pay his gambling debts.

Then why should he be considered honest in repudiating his domestic liabilities or refusing to pay the debt incurred in the great lottery?

gazing moodily into the fire. Then he got up and Moira watched him take her photograph from the mantelpiece and pore over it in the gleam of the firelight.

Prince, the collic, roused himself on the hearthrug, and poised his head attentively.

"What is it, old man?" said Dick. "Has she come back? It's the fiftieth time you have done that to-day."

Moira crept softly into the room, but Prince's glad bark had betrayed her.

"Dick! Aren't you pleased to see me?" was all she could say, and the next minute she was sobbing like a wayward child on a young and stalwart pair of shoulders.

"Pleased," said Dick, with a little laugh as he kissed her fondly; "I should think we are! But we knew you'd soon come back, didn't we, Prince?"

And the collic looked as pleased as his master.

"Then you do forgive me, Dick?" asked Moira.

"Forgive you, darling. I'm prouder of you than ever."

"Then why didn't you come and share my triumph on the opening night? Oh, Dick, if you could only have seen them?"

"Moira, dearest, 'I was there.'"

Moira gave a glad little cry.

"But I was such a selfish beast," continued Dick, "that I didn't want you to know, for fear you'd get me to stop in town, and then you wouldn't leave the theater. Can't you see, Moira," he said passionately, "that I want you for myself. I am jealous of even the public's love for you. I want you always by my side. Say you won't go back!"

"I don't think I want to now," said Moira, nestling closely to him. "Love is best, after all."

And London was left to wonder why the Folly Theater lost its favorite again so suddenly.—Indianapolis Sun.

EMPLOYS 1,500 PERSONS.

Yet Not Many Years Ago He Walked London Footsore and Hungry.

The success achieved by John Pearce, the prince of London cheap eaters, is truly marvelous. To-day he employs 1,500

persons, while at one time and that not long ago he walked the streets of the metropolis footsore and hungry.

Pearce was born in the slums of Hoxton 58 years ago. When a child, his father died, leaving the mother to carry on the struggle for a family of hungry children. One room was all she could afford in which to rear them, and their poverty was acute. At the age of 9 years John hired out to a picture maker at 62 cents a week. At the age of 18 he was working for a builder at the princely wage of 75 cents a week. One day he got drunk—the only time he ever touched liquor in his life—and lost his job. Then he worked for a pastry cook for two years.

In his long tramps to and from work Pearce observed how great was the need among casual and other laborers of good and cheap food. It suggested an opportunity for him to become his own master. He hired a costermonger's barrow at 25 cents a week, bought a humble urn and a few crocks and set out to earn his fortune as a cheap and perambulating caterer. He did not even dream then that he was laying the foundation of a colossal business. It developed slowly at first.

At the end of six months he was able to turn his shilling-a-week barrow into what he called "a gutter hotel." With the knowledge of carpentry and painting that he had learned at the builder's and of cooking that he had mastered at the pastry cook's, he made the stall so attractive that his receipts grew until they sometimes reached \$30 a day. For thirteen years he stood by his "gutter hotel," at the end of which time he had saved \$8,500. With that he bought the lease of his first coffee shop. It was a success from the start and his business kept on increasing until to-day he conducts eighty-one

restaurants, in not one of which is a drop of liquor sold. Before he branched out into business for himself he "got religion" and regularly devoted one-tenth of his income to charity. The giving away of a tithe of his income he has always since regarded as a sacred obligation.

Some idea of the extent of his business may be gained from these figures: In his eighty-one houses the annual consumption of fresh meat amounts to 2,016,000 pounds; of bacon, 225,000 pounds; of flour, 1,000 tons; of potatoes, 1,300 tons; of milk, 265,000 gallons, and 4,250,000 eggs.

Never Touched Him.

Goodbye—Poor fellow! His story was very affecting, wasn't it? Hardart—Yes, but it didn't affect my pocketbook.—Philadelphia Press.

When people say to you, when you are in trouble, "What can I do for you?" be equally considerate and say "Nothing."

THE GRAY TERROR.

A gruesome tale is told by the Pittsburg Dispatch of the bringing of the body of the late Mayor of Seattle from the interior of Alaska. M. A. Mahoney, who had charge of the body, started alone from Fairbanks to draw the coffin over the snow road by sledge. Two days out of Fairbanks he was crossing a level bit of country over which the trail made way through forests of giant pine and fir. With the first shadows of night there came a long, low wall. It was followed by another and another, each unmistakably nearer. The man, standing on a lonely Alaskan trail, hundreds of miles from the nearest habitation, and with a burden on his hands that he had sworn to bring safely to civilization, knew what it meant. It was the cry of the wolf.

Mahoney realized that if he remained on the trail he would never live to see another day. He knew that three long days and nights must pass before he could hope for human help. He had covered a vast stretch of territory that day, and he was exhausted; but he must not think of sleep.

He turned off into the woods, and under the shelter of the pines built a big fire. It was well he acted quickly, for he had scarcely fed his dogs and snatched a morsel of supper himself when the wolves arrived.

All night long that lonely camp was surrounded by a row of gleaming eyes. Mahoney sat alone, the coffin for his seat, with every nerve strained. Once nature took revenge, and his heavy eyes drooped.

While he dozed the fire died down, and Mahoney woke with a start. A gaunt gray wolf was poking his nose very near to him. The man hastened to throw on more wood, and the beasts slunk away until only the gleam of their eyes told that they were keeping watch.

With the morning sun the wolves vanished, and Mahoney once more took up the trail. Not once all day did he see a sign nor hear a sound from the pack that he knew was silently following. With the sunset, however, came the long, blood-curdling wail.

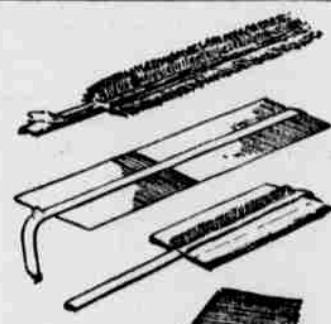
The second night was a fight against sleep. He tied a pine-knot to his right hand. As he dozed off, the flames would burn and waken him. As the day before, the wolves departed with the dawn, and gave no sign until evening. Then for a third night Mahoney went without sleep.

The wolves, their hunger increasing, grew bolder, and crept closer and closer. Every now and then one would jump forward and snap at the feet of the silent watcher. Then Mahoney, with a blazing brand, would strike at the glowing eyes and drive back his foe. When morning came, the man, half-crazed with fear and loss of sleep, once more took the trail, and at noon came to a road-house, where he was cared for. He slept steadily for eighteen hours, then resumed his journey.

SCIENTIFIC DUSTER.

A Woman's Scheme to Suppress the Deadly Germ.

The cult of the modern housewife forbids the use of the erstwhile universal feather duster and favors woolen polishing mits, or fabric dusters of some kind, silk ones most of all. One of the fabric dusters recently invented by a New York woman is built up of a densely woven fabric of a comparatively hard, long nap or threads. This is doubled upon itself, and a center tube, or pocket, formed by a double line of stitching, over



THE SANITARY DUST CLOTH.

which is stitched a tape reinforcing strip. The weft threads are comparatively soft and form the duster proper by the removal of the warp threads as far as the stitching, producing a fringe. Into the completed tube a stick of convenient size is placed, with a portion extending beyond the duster proper to form a handle. When the tube of fabric is mounted upon the handle it furnishes a convenient dusting device that will effectively operate over a large surface. When the fabric becomes soiled or loaded with dust it may be readily removed from the holder and beaten or boiled to sterilize it. The loose, soft character of the fabric is such that it readily takes up the dust and retains it.

Might Corner It.

"A New York man insists that the world has four corners."

"He shouldn't talk so loud. One of those billion-dollar syndicates may take a notion to corner all the corners."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE LIVING MUSE.

Horace calls no more to me,
Homer in the dust-heap lies;
I have found my Odyssey
In the lightness of her glee,
In the laughter of her eyes.

Ovid's page is thumbed no more,
E'en Catullus has no choice!
There is endless, precious lore,
Such as I ne'er knew before,
In the music of her voice.

Breath of hyasop steeped in wine,
Breath of violets and furze,
Wildwood roses, Grecian myrrha—
All these perfumes do combine
In that maiden breath of hers.

Nay, I look not at the skies,
Nor the sun that hillward slips,
For the day lives or it dies
In the laughter of her eyes,
In the music of her lips!

—Harold McGrath in the Bookman.

A FOOTLIGHT FAVORITE.

HOW they cheered!
Moira Croysdale forgot she had ever left the stage. Her breath came in quick little gasps for a few seconds; this, after all, was life—the old life which brought a new excitement with every movement, set the nerves tingling with the consciousness of youth and beauty and made the world bright with the joy of living.

It was something to be queen of musical comedy and return to such a triumph as this! Her powers of conquest had not waned, and, like a true woman, she felt gratified. Then her heart went out to the thousands who were cheering themselves hoarse, and the tears almost came to her eyes.

Who said the public were fickle? She loved them every one. They never forgot their old favorites.

Moira reflected as she bowed her acknowledgments that she was not old as years ago—neither had she lost her

good looks—but they would have cheered her just the same if she had been old, and—yes, ugly. She was sure of it.

After all, she had only been absent from the boards a matter of two or three years. She remembered her friends told her she would soon tire of married life and wish to return to the stage.

Well, they were partly right. She wasn't really tired of Dick—only just a little bit bored with too much humdrum happiness. It was a fit of the stage fever that had seized her, and she longed to feel the thrill of popularity again.

She wanted to compel the admiration of others as she had done in the old days; to provoke their laughter and their tears, to win smiles and applause. How could Dick understand what all this meant to a woman—an actress?

In their quiet country home he had been content to live as a simple, sport-loving gentleman since their marriage. He forgot how much the fascination of the theater entered into her life.

But now she was in the midst of it all again, and London was ready to worship at her shrine as it had done before.

"A perfect, a complete triumph," said the manager afterward. "Aren't you glad I persuaded you to return?" "Not quite complete," thought Moira, but she did not say so. She was wishing Dick had been in front—that would have made her perfectly happy.

At the Savoy, where they made up a theatrical supper party later on, she recovered her spirits, but now and then her thoughts would revert to a stately old home in Yorkshire, and she wondered what Dick was doing. Had he been for his usual stroll around the grounds that evening with Prince, his favorite collic?

The days went by very quickly, and all London was drawn to the Folly Theater by the news of Moira Croysdale's return. For a time Moira felt quite happy—except that there were

no letters from Yorkshire. It was too bad of Dick—he might at least have written.

Now that the excitement of her reappearance had died away, Moira had to admit that she was beginning to feel rather fatigued. After the bracing air of Yorkshire, London seemed stuffy. To be cooped up in a theater every night except Sunday was very trying.

Not for a moment would she have admitted that she did not love the stage as much as ever, but it began to dawn upon her that she loved Dick even more than she did the theater. Else why did she miss him so much?

She refused all invitations to supper. Several notes, the handwriting of which she recognized, she burned unopened. A certain peer who occupied the same seat nightly at the theater began to make himself noticeable.

Moira threw his bouquets into a corner of her dressing room and burst into tears. She would not have done so a few years ago. Then she looked at herself in the glass. Yes, she was beginning to look much paler.

In Yorkshire, she reflected, she had never even rouged. There was nothing artificial about Dick, and there was nothing artificial about Yorkshire.

Next day, Moira made up her mind suddenly, sent a note to the theater and took a north express from King's Cross.

The journey was a long one, and owing to a breakdown on the local line dusk had set in before Moira had reached her destination. From the station to the hall was not far, and Moira enjoyed the walk. She wanted to take Dick by surprise.

It was a stately old residence, and as Moira passed up the drive the trees which sheltered the house seemed to rustle in the night breeze as if carrying a message of welcome to her.

The front door was wide open and the cheery gleam of fire in the library was reflected in the windows. A spirit of rest seemed to reign everywhere.

Moira stepped into the library as noiselessly as she could.

Dick was seated in a big armchair