

WOES OF A STRANDED GIRL.

She Has a Hard Time Here, but Worse in England.

"I've found a place at last," said the pretty English girl in the dove-colored gown, according to the New York Press, "but you can't think what it is. Walking on the stage. Just walking on and walking off without saying a single word. Imagine it. I, who in England played 'Zaza' with great success, who was for a time with Irving, who have played leading woman again and again—walking on and off the stage without saying a word!

"I am going to take it as a huge joke," she smiled lightly. "I am going to make the best of it. It is very hard for an English girl to make headway here in New York. Very hard. Many of my friends are without work. They can't even walk on and off."

"Never mind," said the woman to whom she was talking, "you will walk on and off so gracefully that they will give you something else to do. I will wager that in less than a week they will let you open your mouth, in another week they will let you speak. What, if in a month they should let you speak a whole sentence? Wouldn't that be lovely?"

The English girl smiled as she smoothed down the fingers of her long gray gloves.

"I do play a little something on the piano," she said.

"What greater opportunity would you have, then?" exclaimed the woman, for the girl was an exquisite pianist. "In a very little while they will let you play more."

"I can't make my own selections," she sighed. "I have to play something that belongs to the play."

"You can't tell me anything about the difficulty of breaking into a big foreign city and trying to help run it all at once," mused the woman, reminiscently. "I know all about it. I came here to New York once upon a time, not so very long ago, and did so well with my work that I said to myself: 'I will go to London and do better.' So I went down to the sea in a ship and eventually landed there.

"Talk about trying to get a place on a stage in New York! Try getting something into a London newspaper or magazine for awhile. I was simply lost. There were a million newspapers and it seemed more than a million magazines, small, large and medium. The editors were polite, they accepted some of my stuff, but when they published it I couldn't find it. Each editor ran about seventeen magazines and it was the rule to publish work without the writer's name unless the name was of some consequence.

"Fortunately, I had some money left from the sale of my little Kentucky home, or I would have starved. I got so disgusted I skipped to Paris and spent my money foolishly, having a good time.

"But the stranded girls I heard of in London! Terrible. There was one across from me in an attic room in Russel square who killed herself—threw herself out the window on the spikes of an iron fence. She hadn't a son. I am not so very generous, but if I had known of it, I certainly would have divided up with her a little anyway. That's the trouble. You don't know it until after they have made away with themselves.

"And there were hundreds of them in those little old rooms up under the skylights in the American quarter. You know those rooms. One big room with a dozen paper partitions you can hear the sobs through. Awful little rooms," repeated the woman with a shudder. "Terrible condition of affairs. Young girls without money in that London whirlpool. Women without money. A thousand times while I was there I thanked my stars that I was not penniless, too.

"There should be some provision made by the mother country for women and girls who invade foreign cities. A committee should be appointed to meet them at the docks and find places for them. I mean the pretty, charming, cultivated girls who find it difficult to get something to do. There is a demand for servants in all countries. There is less demand for brains, culture and refinement.

"There is one man in London—Mr. Chamberlain—who is a committee and an eleemosynary institution rolled in one, so far as helping stranded American girls to get work or go home is concerned. He'll go straight to heaven when he dies for that if nothing else."

ONE OF THE '49ERS.

Old Fellow Tells of the Gold Seekers' Trials.

James A. Wainwright, of Oakland, Cal., one of the original forty-niners, who fought their way to California during the great gold rush, was in St. Louis for a short time last week. Mr. Wainwright, who is nearly 80 years old, came here from Philadelphia, where he had been visiting a grandson. He was met here by a nephew, Frank Blair, of Chicago, and the two dined at the Planters and later departed together for Oakland.

Mr. Wainwright is active and able to travel alone. He made the trip from Oakland to Philadelphia alone and returned as far as St. Louis,

where his nephew met him. The two will finish the journey together.

Mr. Wainwright grew reminiscent last night when he was seen in the lobby of the Planters.

"I can tell you," he said, "it is far different traveling these days than it was fifty-six years ago. That is a long time ago and I am probably one of the few original forty-niners who has not crossed the great divide. I was living in Ohio when the gold rush came on. I was working on my father's farm, and all the neighbors' boys had caught the fever and I suppose I caught it from them. I was only 21 years old, but boys in those days seem to me to have been much older and larger than their years.

"There were no railroads and the trip would have to be made by wagon. A large number of outfits were starting from St. Louis, and four of us boys came here. It was a far different city in those days, I can tell you, from what it is now.

"Outfits were starting for the West every day and I joined one of them. It was a strenuous trip and we had many an experience. The Indians were cutting up high jinks and we almost had to fight our way across. In one of the Indian fights one of my companions who had started on the trip with me, was injured and died a few days later. We buried him on the plains, poor fellow, and searching for his grave now would be like looking for a needle in a haystack.

"California was reached after months of hard work, and then the search for gold began. We were partly successful, but after a few months of prospecting and hard work I made up my mind that I could make my fortune sooner by going into business. I had made some money and with it I started a supply store near one of the big camps. A few weeks convinced me that I had adopted the better course.

"Justice in those days was rapid and such a thing as a small technicality bringing about a stay and a new trial was not to be thought of. As is always the case, a bad element was attracted by the gold fields and this element lived by robbing the more industrious workers. Robbery was punishable by death, and the guilty man was generally discovered and paid the penalty.

"I remember one incident that was somewhat amusing and yet rather gruesome. A worthless chap by the name of Billings, located near our camp. He had a pretty wife and two children, but he was a brute pure and simple. He never did a bit of work and yet he seemed to have money enough to buy whisky, and then after getting drunk he would beat his wife. A committee of the reliable citizens of the camp took his case in hand one night and decided that it would be better if Billings was out of the way. He had been suspected of several jobs and was soon brought before the committee charged with the crime. His trial was short and he was sentenced to be hanged.

"Just before the sentence was to be carried into effect one of the committee spoke about the wife and asked how she was to get along without some support. Another man said that the only thing to do was to get her another husband. Well, Billings was hanged and the camp was rid of a bad man. Two days later Mrs. Billings was married to a thrifty miner who had always had a liking for her, and everything was as good as could be.

"Those things all happened many years ago," said Mr. Wainwright, in conclusion, "but they do not seem to be so far back to me."—St. Louis Republic.

Ocean Angling.

Every day through the spring and summer and autumn, and almost every day in winter, a boat leaves one of the East River piers bound for the deep-sea fishing banks. Every passenger on board is of that true democracy, the democracy of the rod and reel. Not death itself is more of a common leveler than the fishing rod, and who crosses the gang plank of this fishing steamboat leaves class distinction behind.

The professional man fleeing business for a day, the clerk with a holiday in his hands, the mechanic thrown into idleness by a strike, the invalid who finds the city irksome and longs for a sniff of the sea, old men, young boys and all ages and stages of mankind between, may be seen in the stream of people that dribbles along the pier while the sun is yet dodging behind the Brooklyn house-tops. The man who would go deep sea fishing must be up betimes, for it is a good three hours' run to the fishing banks.—Four-Track News.

Really a Hot Sport.

Young Jay Green—I tell ye, Lester Doolittle is a sport f'r your life!

Abner Appledry—I ain't noticed it pertickerly.

Young Jay Green—Ye ain't? Why, whenever a drummer or anybody gives him a 10-cent cigar he saves the band off'm it and wears it as long as it holds together on the f'cent cigars he buys himself.—Puck.



EDITORIALS



OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

MISFIT NAMES.

WHEN the great Shakespeare was in the throes of writing his love lorn Romeo and Juliet he demanded to know "What's in a name" and went on to some fatuous remarks that a rose by another appellation would smell just as sweet.

Now that may be all right according to the deductions of the immortal bard, but a name cuts a good sized figure in the life of an individual before he gets through using it.

It is a pity, a great pity, that so few children nowadays are named appropriately. Of course it is impossible to judge when a baby is named what kind of a man or woman it will grow up into. The name which fits to a "T" when it was first given may not suit at all in after years, and the little fairy of a girl for whom "Doty" seemed invented will bear the name very incongruously in later years when she admits to 175 pounds weight and some. Then there is the small boy whose frontal development seems to call for such a name as Aristotle or Socrates and who, when he attains man's estate, has a hard time holding down a job behind a dry goods counter at \$6 per.

These misfit names are bad enough but they at least have some meaning, some force, and even if they do not fit exactly they have the advantage of being the names of men admired and venerated.

But it is this senseless fashion of perpetuating a family name through a son which seems to be on a perfect rampage just now that is the most absurd.

The Johns' and James' and Henrys' even the Earls' and Percys', those names so dear to a romantic mother, have given way to her family name or some way back connection of the father if it happens to be a nice sounding one.

We have James Brown and Morgan Smith, Clarke White and Atkins Black, while Montgomery Grey and Woodstock Green are given cognomens which laugh loud and long at their unpretentious following. Marten Henry or George at their unpretentious following. Martin Henry or George James are not so bad, but what can a mother mean when she burdens her son with Manning O'Brien or Beauchamp O'Shaughnessy.

Every boy born into the world is entitled to a decent name, one of which he will not be ashamed, either as a schoolboy or a grownup. The old-fashioned ones ought to be good enough for any boy, and it is to be fervently hoped that this fancy of tagging a boy with a foolish name will soon die out and those of their forefathers will come in their place.

THIS THE DAY OF THE SPECIALIST.

IS your boy learning to do something useful? Is he a machine, a loafer, or is he preparing to join that great army that can do things no better than its fellows? The greatest problem in England just now is what to do with the unemployed. The other day in London a desperate man out of a job killed his four boys and himself. Thousands sleep in the parks at night and beg by day. The Salvation Army is arranging to send out-of-works to Australia and to Canada, where there is a greater opportunity for unskilled labor. And at the same time London is searching and advertising for competent employes. In many lines there are not enough skilled men to fill the jobs that are waiting.

It is a terrible lesson that should have weight on both sides of the ocean. The unskilled human is a ship without

ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME.

When Mrs. Hiram Porter had a sign painted which bore the words, "Cotter Brook Farm," and advertised in three Boston papers for boarders, she knew most of the trials which were likely to beset her path, for before her marriage she had kept summer boarders in another town.

"Do you have the same folks year after year?" asked one of her former neighbors when Cotter Brook Farm had been in operation for five years, "or do they change so you keep having new lots?"

"It depends on what folks want," said Mrs. Porter, decidedly. "If they are satisfied with a good, plain table, comfortable beds, all outdoors and a mother's care, they keep right on coming; if they aren't, they don't."

"What do you mean by 'a mother's care'?" asked the old neighbor, doubtfully.

"I mean just that," said Mrs. Porter, firmly. "They've all been younger folks than I, or if they're older they're kind of childish in their judgment, of course. If one of my boarders gets a cold, I put him or her straight to bed with pepper tea inside of 'em and a hot flat outside.

"If they don't like the treatment, I put it to 'em that I'm not going to have Cotter Brook Farm get the name of being unhealthy. Most generally they laugh and give in; if they don't, it's their last season.

"So with other things. Wet feet I look out for, and getting overheat on the tennis or croquet grounds. And sitting over the stove in a shut-up room I don't hold to for more than about so long. And when I see the young folks all beat out, I send 'em to bed early.

"There's another thing. When the night mail comes, sometimes there'll be a telegram or two with it. Well, I never give those out till the next morning. I should if 'twas earlier in the evening, but Jake doesn't get round till after nine o'clock. I figure it out

a rudder and it is only a question of time when he will go on the rocks. The unskilled man loses individuality. He represents only so much muscle, and when he works his employer knows him only by number. It is impossible that he should provide for his future or for old age. All his life his is a fight for bread, and at the end of the road stands the poorhouse.

There never was a time when it was so essential to teach the rising generation to do something well, to specialize, as now. Hard times may pinch the skilled worker. But for the man who doesn't know, who has not learned, and has only his uneducated muscle for sale, they mean tragedy. You who have sons should remember that in England while thousands are crying for bread, there is a skilled labor famine.—Kansas City World.

ON FOOD REFORMS.

THE housewife who wishes to change the dietary of her household should go about it diplomatically. The fleshpots have a firm hold on the modern Egyptians. Even the promised land of health and success cannot keep them from turning about unless you are mistress of the fine art of finesse. First of all you should learn to cook vegetable purees and soups. To cook vegetables so they will appeal to palate and eye requires no mean skill. Nothing is more unappetizing than badly cooked, water-soaked vegetables. Begin by substituting a well-made puree for the meat dish at the supper or luncheon table. Try eggs instead of meat for breakfast. Reduce the use of meat to once a day. Then once in a while have eggs or fish or vegetables as the principal dish at dinner. It is a great mistake to cram any new theory down your family's throat.

Give it to them a taste at a time, and they'll grow enthusiastic. Change all at once and you'll arouse opposition which will make change impossible.

Most people eat altogether too much meat. This induces a hankering for stimulants. A well-known student of sociological phenomena ventures the opinion that the increased use of vegetables and fruits will do more to promote temperance than all the arguments of the Prohibitionists.—Harper's Bazar.

NEIGHBORS SHOULD CALL.

IHAVE made a discovery—a great many women refrain from being neighborly, which is nothing more than courteous, because of their ignorance of etiquette. They are conscious of their shortcomings, naturally sensitive and disinclined to place themselves at a disadvantage. So they keep much to themselves and only make social intercourse with those they have known long enough to lay aside formality.

In cities, friendly neighborhoods are not common. Apartment living is a foe to acquaintanceship because the dwellers in these convenient homes are a shifting population. Then we are all prone to the weakness of wanting to know something of our neighbors before we establish friendly relations with them. Really, we ought not to consider anything but the fact that they are human beings who have settled in our vicinity. We should make the first call that etiquette requires, and if we learn, later, of a reason for slipping the budding acquaintanceship, we can do it with propriety. We have performed our duty, and in justice it should be said that the nipping process is not often required.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

so earnest. Mormon women are as womanly and as lovable as other women. They look the same, act the same and feel the same as other women. And yet the women, who constitute the only spirituality to be found in all Mormonism, have not been taken into consideration in their religion, except as they can assist in building up the glory of their husbands.

Our Greatest Arsenal.

During the Civil War Rock Island was called into unexpected service. At the very outbreak of hostilities the island suggested itself as a suitable place to care for the prisoners of war, and extensive barracks were constructed, with a hospital, officers' quarters and other necessary buildings. Over 20,000 confederate prisoners were confined there.

Horace was indeed wise when he counseled to prepare for war in times of peace, but that advice was disregarded, and when, in 1898, war was declared with Spain, it found us unprepared, but the Rock Island Arsenal promptly responded to the call. The force of workmen was increased from 500 to nearly 3,000, and the necessary articles were poured out in like proportion. Even then it was 114 days before the soldiers could be made ready for action.

Had Spain been in a position to take advantage of the delay, our victory might have been less decisive.

It is not the object of the arsenal to encourage war, but to prepare for it when it becomes inevitable; in the words of Washington: "To be prepared for war is the most effectual means of preserving peace."—Four-Track News.

Disaster Made Auntie Talkative.

A little girl being required to write an essay of 250 words about a bicycle, wrote the following: "My auntie has a bicycle. One day she went out for a ride. When she got about a mile from home her dress caught in the chain and threw her off and broke the wheel. I guess this is about fifty words and my auntie used the other 200 words while she was carrying her bicycle home."—Kansas City Journal.

POLYGAMY AS IT IS.

Mormonism Finds Protection in Fact Whole Truth Cannot Be Told.

The following incident is actually a fact, though on the surface it appears almost unbelievable, says Marian Bunsall in the Housekeeper. A certain unmarried woman was ill and was thought to be about to die. Her friends, fearing for the fate of an unmarried woman in the hereafter, went hurriedly to a man of their acquaintance, a bachelor, requesting him to be sealed to her immediately. He consented, being willing to have her for his wife in the life to come. But the unexpected happened, and the young woman was restored to health. The man to whom she had been sealed continued to live as he had done, and she lived at her home as a single woman. Some time after, the young woman married a man of her faith, and lives with him and her children to-day. In the meantime the man died to whom she had been sealed for eternity but not for time. He was a man of considerable wealth, and on the strength of the sealing, the woman, the wife for time of another man, sued for the former's property in the Utah courts—and got it.

It is impossible to grasp the full import of the whole Mormon situation. Its unwholesomeness, its repulsiveness and its general degradation are its very protection. The whole story cannot be told and insinuation seems vulgar. And what makes the situation so intricate, so almost hopeless, is that individually the mass of the Mormon people are so admirable, so sincere and