

SALESGIRLS' OUTINGS.

HOW THEY ARE PROVIDED FOR IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

A Farmhouse Up the Hudson That Has Been Fitted Up for Their Special Use in the Summer Time Here Described by Margaret Manton.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, July 23.—One of the hottest days of last week I went into a big dry goods store to buy something thin. It was late in the afternoon and the girls behind the counters were dull and heavy eyed.

"It's pretty hard work these hot days isn't it?" I said to one of them.

"Yes," she replied wearily, but her eyes brightened as she added, "There's only one more week for me before I go to the country."

I thought she must be a girl from a country home who was going on a visit to the old folks, but when I asked her if this was so, she said: "Oh no, madam, I haven't any people anywhere. I'm all alone, but I'm going to a farmhouse about thirty miles up the Hudson to stay a week."

The girl had on an old blue flannel gown, sadly out of place on that hot day, and altogether she did not look like the ordinary summer boarder. I must have looked inquisitive, for the girl went on to tell me all about it.

"This farmhouse," she said, "where I am going has been fitted up on purpose for shopgirls. Last summer the plan was tried in a very small way, and the few who could go then were so delighted and the plan seemed so good that this year there are ever so many of these places provided. I can't tell you just exactly what they're like, because I haven't been yet, but I know I shall have a good time."

I asked the way to this summer rest, and having been told I decided to go and see for myself what it was like. I wrote to the lady of the farmhouse that I would arrive on a certain day, and so, when I left the steamer, there was waiting for me a light three seated wagon, drawn by a span of horses that looked as if they had a good home and good fare.

We rode over the hills and through the woods about three miles before we reached the farmhouse. The farmer who drove was not talkative, but I learned from him that they had already thirty girls, and that was all the house would hold, and that when these went another thirty would come to take their places, and that the rooms were engaged up to the 1st of October.

The house was really an old fashioned one, big and rambling, with wide piazzas and a spacious yard. Down in one corner of the high board fence a group of girls were gathering cherries. Two of them were up in the tree, and what fun they were having!

There were a number of hammocks up, and a girl in every one of them. In the wide branched old maples birds were fitting and twittering, and all about the walks and at the sides of the house were beds of marigolds, sweet peas, nasturtiums and pinks. There were berders of "old man" and bunches of "live forever."

Back of the house was a pasture where some cows were grazing, and there were girls out there, too, hunting for berries. Just beyond the pasture flowed a little brook, and a dozen girls were down there with their shoes and stockings off wading.

Inside the house was the "mother," as all the girls called her, and there was a deal of pathos in it when one thought how long it had been since many of these girls had called anybody "mother." She was old fashioned, too, and homely and wholesome. "Come right in," she said, "and look all around; it ain't very fine, but it's good and clean."

The remark might have been applied to herself quite as aptly as to her house. She was not fine, not as that word is generally interpreted when applied to people, but she was good. You could see that she was, every line of her kind old motherly face, and every thread of her smooth gray hair testified that she was; even the folds of her old fashioned calico sack had benevolence in them. Her voice was full and smooth and hearty. Later in the day I heard her singing out in the kitchen the old tune of "Coronation," and I realized how the old deacon felt when he said:

The music upward rolled,
Till I thought I heard the angels
Striking all their harps of gold.

But I want to tell you about that parlor. There was no carpet on the floor, but it was scrubbed until it shone, and here and there lay a rug braided of bright colored rags. There were old fashioned rocking chairs with patch-work cushions in them, and on the little table lay the old family Bible with its heavy brass clasps, an album and a Methodist hymnal. In one corner stood an ancient clock with a picture of the Last Supper on its big glass door. At the windows were short white curtains of "dimity," and on each broad sill stood a blue bowl filled with sweet pinks. There was no dining room; the tables were laid in the big kitchen. The cookstove had been moved out into the woodshed. The mother was there making cherry pies. Everything here was spotless, too, and all around the walls were great branches of cool green asparagus.

One of the girls appeared in the doorway, saying, "Mother, I'm hungry." "Sakes alive!" exclaimed mother, good naturedly; "I never see such girls as you be; seems to me you're always hungry. Here, take this knife and plate and wait on yourself; the bread's there in the b'iler and the butter's down siller on the swing shelf; go 'long now, and don't say hungry to me ag'in tell dinner's ready." The girl departed, laughing, down the cellar stairs, and mother turned again to her pies, saying, "Poor creatures, it jest does me good to see 'em eat."

I sat down in the doorway and began to ask questions. I found that mother was, as she put it, "a hired girl in her own house."

said the dear old lady, "when we wa better to do. I used to take a few summer boarders—them as could afford to pay a good price and didn't want to go to a hotel, they'd rather come out here and get a taste of real country. Well, some of them very folks got interested in these poor girls, and they remembered about me. So they come out and made me an offer. They said they'd pay me and Jed (that's my son, the boy that went down to get you,) so much a month to do the work, and we was to charge these girls only jest exactly what it costs to keep 'em."

"And how much is that?" I asked.

"Two dollars a week and their fare up here and back—that's a dollar and a half more—and you see they don't have to buy any clothes to come here, they all come jest as they be, and wear their oldest duds."

I found that these kindly ones had further provided a doctor, who comes every other day and gives his counsel free of charge to all who need it, and there are always a good many. Nerve exhaustion is a common ailment, and for these there is wine provided, and fresh beef and eggs.

The people who are the parents of this charity are making a lot of people happy.

MARGARET MANTON

A CHANGE OF POLICY.

The Rumored "Reforms" in the Conduct of the London Times.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, July 23.—According to cable advices a radical change in the policy of the London Times is about to be inaugurated. It is to begin with a reorganization of the staff of foreign correspondents, and this is said to include the retirement of De Blowitz, the famous correspondent in Paris. This in itself is a marked departure from the policy of the leading British journal. For a century The Times has led in the matter of foreign intelligence, sparing no expense for exclusive news and endeavoring to retain the best journalistic talent in the world. Its telegraphic dispatches from all quarters of the globe, down to a very recent date, were always relied upon as a correct reflex of the affairs upon which they treated. As the projected changes are in the line of economy it is not unreasonable to expect some diminution of the paper's old time enterprise in supplying Europe with important news.

It is an open secret that The Times was weakened by the attack on Parnell that led to the famous commission. When Mr. Macdonald, the managing editor, who was blamed for the publication of the forged letters, died, he was succeeded by Moberly Bell, who received instructions to curtail expenses in every possible way not in conflict with the traditions of the paper.

In an interview I had with him in London last summer he indicated his policy pretty clearly. Said he: "The Times has always had a habit of keeping a lot of old fossils on its pay roll. That is a costly luxury which I shall endeavor to remedy in time. Then there is the system of pensioning old employes, which is well enough in its way, but which has been carried out too liberally in the past. Of course I am a new man



DR. BLOWITZ.

in this position and must feel my way cautiously, but I am opposed to extravagance of any kind and hope soon to cut expenses down very materially. There are twenty or thirty persons connected with The Times whom I would get rid of at once were I sure the step would meet the approval of the higher powers."

Mr. Bell evidently was unable to carry out the sweeping reforms contemplated at that time. Several of his suggestions were rejected by "the higher authorities," but he is a persistent man, and the advertised changes in the personnel of the staff shows that his persistency has won. Whatever criticism may be passed upon Mr. Bell's methods, in one respect British journalism has benefited by his "reforms" on The Times. One of his projects was the establishment of a better service of American news. He was chagrined by the criticisms which Americans abroad passed upon the quality of the news cabled from this side to The Times, and he at one time contemplated the organization of a special bureau in New York, with branches extending all over the country. He went so far as to engage a man to make the preliminary arrangements for this improved service, but later he arranged with a cable news agency started in opposition to Reuter's. The patronage of The Times was a good thing for this cable agency. It at once gave it a prestige in Great Britain and enabled it to spread out to the continent in short order.

Besides, it compelled Reuter to improve his cable service, and as a result the British press is printing more and better American news than it ever did before. It is also largely owing to the activity of the new agency in the capitals of Europe that The Times is able to curtail in the important item of special foreign correspondence. This is not exactly in the line of its traditions, which were always in favor of exclusive news at any cost, but it is a great step in the direction of that economical administration which the impaired revenues of the paper demands, and which Mr. Moberly Bell is determined to carry out.

JOHN W. POSTGATE.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Another Suit on Hand—Reube Smith's Great Mistake.

SUED AGAIN.—There is a certain element in this town which is a deep and lasting disgrace to it. It is composed of men who haven't the sand to strike from the shoulder or pull a gun and let flicker. When The Kicker pitches into a man and rubs his fur the wrong way we want him to show up with a club or a gun and have it out with us, and most of 'em are men enough to do so.

Now and then, however, when we observe that such or such a man ought to be strung up by the vigilance committee to make more room for coyotes and rattlesnakes, he hunts up Hank Brown, the one eyed, one horse shyster lawyer and sues us for libel. Such a man is Pete Foster, who began a \$10,000 suit against us yesterday for defamation of character. Ye gods! but think of it! A capper, a thief, liar and convict injured in his character in this town and injures \$10,000 worth! Why didn't the old coward come in with a club and show his manhood? Why didn't he borrow a gun and pop at us through a window? Why didn't he send us word he'd pop us on sight, and then slip out of town on the pretense that his mother was dying?

It's our turn now! We give him three days to withdraw the suit. If he doesn't do it we shall go huckleberrying. He will be our huckleberry. If we happen to run across Hank Brown we shall gather him in as well. What's left of the pair after we get through had better leave town, or we shan't try to hold the boys in. We've been very patient and kind with this libel suit business. We've let twenty different people sue us and bother and annoy. We've got through now. This is the end. We are willing to be shot at, but we won't be bothered with lawsuits. If you won't shoot, we will!

A WORD OF ADVICE.—Wednesday afternoon, when Major Thomas rode into town and brought the news that an unknown white man was lying dead on the hill, our coroner was so drunk that he could not take charge of the case. This is only one of several occasions, and we think the time has now arrived for us to observe that if Dick Blodgett doesn't brace right up and head in a new direction something will happen. Out this way we never wait to impeach an incompetent official, nor is a committee appointed to ask him to resign. He is pulled up to a limb and let down again three or four times, and then given a chance to git. If he doesn't take it, the next pull leaves him up there.

In this instance the dead man turned out to be old Jim Carnahan, who ought to have turned up his toes long ago, and who went out and died to get rid of his own company. But that's no excuse for Dick. Business is business, and he has got to be sober enough to tell the dead body of a man from a mule and proceed accordingly, or a shadow will fall across his path.

NEVER DID IT.—Our esteemed contemporary came out in a double headed editorial yesterday charging us with many bad things, and advising the people of this town to shoot us full of lead.

We think he wrote the article under a misunderstanding. He knew that we knew he had been in the Ohio penitentiary for stealing two cows and a lot of pork. He supposed we were the only one possessed of the knowledge, and when he found the story all around town the other day he jumped to the conclusion that we had betrayed his confidence. We never did. Bill Overton spouted it, and the way Bill came to know was because he went to the same prison at the same time for stealing forty bushels of wheat of the same farmer.

We think we know what editorial courtesy is, and we aim to practice it. Our contemporary ought to have known that we wouldn't give him away in any such fashion. We are sorry the facts come out, but they won't hurt his circulation any. He's got seventy-six subscribers anyhow, and as they are all relatives they will stick by him.

No. 10.—As is well known to our local readers, Reube Smith, general loafer, who was a familiar figure in this town, is no more on earth. Yesterday we paid Henry Towner, the popular undertaker, thirty-six dollars in cash for Reube's burial expenses, and his headboard is already set up in our private graveyard. It is marked No. 10.

We had nothing in particular against Reube. While he had refused to subscribe for The Kicker, we didn't lay it up against him. A man who can't read has no use for a newspaper. Two or three weeks ago, when we wrote a brief local regard to his biting Jim Small's ear off, we didn't bear down on Reube very heavy. We said we thought he'd lived here long enough, and that he'd have to either skip or hang, but we made it rather light for him. Sunday afternoon Reuben found us in the United States hotel and put in our hat and pulled our nose and slapped our jaw. That's where he made the mistake of his life. He thought we were a coyote, and he probably crossed the dark river still carrying that belief. We pulled on Reuben and dropped him in his tracks. As in the nine other instances, we had him buried on our own lot, paid all expenses, and shall keep the headboard in good repair.—M. Quad in New York World.

The Opening Wedge.

Wife—Oh, oh! Here is an advertisement for a new fur-trimmed cloak.

Husband—Great heavens! what do you want a fur-trimmed cloak now for? Ain't it hot enough for you?

Wife—Yes. But it wouldn't be if you should send me up into the White Mountains.—Cloak Review.

All the Same.

"Congratulations, Mr. Smith, for the twins."

"Wrong, my boy. They're not mine. It's John Smith who is the happy father. My name's Jacob, you know."

The Young Stole.

Father—Karl, how many times have you been whacked at school today?

Karl—I never take any notice of what is going on behind my back.—Wochenblatt.

Waiting to Be Called.



Maid—(sarcastically)—Ma says that if you are sick, Bridget, she will send your breakfast up to you.

Bridget—Oh, no, miss, I'm not sick, and if yer have breakfast ready I will get up.—Truth.

POOR JONATHAN WALTZ.

From the Opera of "Poor Jonathan."

By CARL MILLÖCKER.



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