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SHIPPING GIRLS

CHEYENNE, WYO., August 4, 1893.—[Special COURIER Correspondence.]—The most unique enterprise in the development of the northwest was the shipment of a cargo of 300 New England girls from New York to the Pacific coast in 1865. The scheme was originated and successfully accomplished by A. S. Mercer, who is now an editor and proprietor of a newspaper in Cheyenne. A young man of twenty-six at the time of this adventure, he now looks back upon it as the noteworthy achievement of his life, and a few days ago he gave a detailed account of it. "I overloaded myself with girls," said Mr. Mercer, "and broke my back financially, but from every other point of view the expedition was a success. The results were notably good. Today many of those New England girls are the leaders of society in the Puget Sound country. They are wives and mothers in many of the wealthiest and best families of Seattle, Olympia, and other towns of the state. So far as I can learn, all but one of my cargo got married soon after reaching the coast. In Washington territory thirty years ago,

'There's was a lack of woman's nursing,
There was a dearth of woman's tears.'

"In fact the women were not there to nurse or cry. There were few real homes because there were few women. The population was largely made up of lumbermen from Maine and the provinces, with an influx of men from the southern and middle states. I was then president of the Washington Territorial university, then just completed and with but few students. I went through the territory visiting logging-camps and settlements, to awaken an interest in school matters. Seeing the need of teachers, I arranged for bringing out thirty schoolma'ams from Massachusetts. The acquisition was hailed with delight. In the spring of 1865 I determined to attempt the importation of women on a large scale. All these experiments resulted happily and, full of enthusiasm, I started for New York with the great plan on my mind. I arrived there in April, 1865. That night came the fearful news that shocked the whole civilized world, the assassination of President Lincoln. This event changed my plans, and I went to Boston to lay the scheme before John A. Andrew, the great war governor. He then gave me a letter of introduction to the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, asking him to interest himself in the matter. Leaving Boston, I took a letter from Governor Andrew to President Johnson, spending many weeks in Washington for the purpose of procuring government aid in transportation. I took Grant's order to the quartermaster-general. The steamer Continental was selected, and a valuation of $120,000 placed upon her. This price was considered a 'snap,' and many were eager to make the purchase, among them Ben Holliday, who at that time controlled the steamship lines to the Pacific coast. 'Let me purchase the steamer,' said Ben to me, 'and I will give your 500 women free passage to the cost.' This was finally agreed upon and the contract signed. Finally 300 of the girls were gathered in New York, ready to make the trip. The Continental was coaled and manned and in waiting, yet Holliday refused to take any party except at the rate of $100 each. This amount I guaranteed and paid. On the morning of January 4, 1866, the girls embarked, and amid the cheers of a large crowd assembled on the wharf, the steamer started on its long journey. The voyage lasted nearly six months, and was marked by no misfortunes or exciting incidents. Except the crew of thirty or forty, there were only two men passengers. The girls took to the life agreeably as a vacation time, and occupied the hours by sewing, writing, reading, singing, etc. We had Sunday services, in which I read Beecher's sermons, and the girls sang the hymns. There was a good library on the ship, which was in constant use. Dances were frequent, and various games served to vary the monotony of those long days upon the ocean. No sickness occurred except sea-sickness. At last the supreme moment arrived when we were to reach San Francisco. On the 23d of May, 1866, we steamed through the Golden Gate. Our arrival had been expected for several days. Excitement was at fever-heat. It was one of those times when San Francisco gets a move on herself. As we sailed up along the wharves a black, surging mass crowded every avenue of approach for three or four miles. Even at a distance we could hear the mighty cheers that swept across the water. We came to anchorage, but the anchor had not touched the bottom before the sea was alive with hundreds of boats pushing out to us. The air was lively with songs, shouts, and merry interchange of talk. There was quite a rivalry among the boats to get alongside for a glimpse of my precious cargo. None, however, were allowed to get aboard. One man attempted to make it by climbing up the ship's side on a rope, but I stood by the railing and knocked him off into the water. This action, noted by thousands of spectators, was greeted with cheers. After a brief struggle the fellow was rescued, but the incident was made the subject of a sketch by Jump, a well-known artist of that day. The scene, as depicted by his pencil, was displayed at the Lick house the next day, attracting immense crowds. I went ahead overland to Seattle to make ready for their accommodation when they should arrive. At Olympia I caught the first boat coming up with my passengers. I took this boat and went on with them, against the advice of some of my old friends, who said the people of Seattle had been prejudiced against me and my cargo by evil reports. They predicted not only trouble, but personal violence. As we neared Seattle an old minister advised me to hide on the boat instead of going ashore. I told him that I would take my chances. The sturdy pioneers assembled that evening looked upon them with unconcealed admiration and perfect respect. In addressing the audience I said: 'My contract has been fullfiled. I have bankrupted myself, but I have brought you virtuous, refined and practical young women. They will gladden your lives, make beautiful homes, and assist in the development of this great northwest coast. They are ready and willing to take any honorable employment as teachers, housekeepers, seamstresses, cooks, clerks. Meanwhile arrangements must be made for them. What will you do?' An old preacher started in by saying he would take six. Others followed with offers which resulted in the cargo being divided up in squads and located in different quarters of the town. Soon they were all provided with permanent places and good fortune smiled upon them. In a few weeks Cupid's arrows began to make havoc in their ranks. Men found out that it was not good for them to be alone. Many of the girls would come and ask me about certain persons who had begun to show them attentions. In six months nearly all had got married and were happily settled in life."

WHAT A MAN SAYS.

Masculine "Dont's" Demanding Feminine Attention.

Don't hate other women so. Think of the way you look at one another on the street. Don't keep all your politeness for us.

Don't keep smoothing the wrinkles out of your waist. A few wrinkles will keep you from looking hideously smooth, like a fashion plate.

Don't have your skirt badly fastened at the back so that your underskirt becomes visible. You can't see this, and no woman seems to tell you.

Don't get off the car with your back to the horses. Men get a great deal of fun out of your persistency in doing this. But you are not bound to amuse them.

Don't stand at the door of a street car and worry some men near at hand into giving you a seat when there are empty seats at the head of the car. You all do this.

Don't leave your handkerchief and pocket book in your lap when you are riding in a street car. Some man will pick them up for you as you are passing out, but they will get muddy.

Don't try to have a long waist. For 3,000 years the artists—the professors and conservators of beauty—have been saying that the short waist is the waist beautiful. At least please take the hint.

Don't wait until you get in front of a ticket office window before taking out your pocketbook. The wives of the eight men who are patiently waiting the opportunity to buy tickets are wondering why they are so late home.

QUAINT SIGHTS

CHICAGO, Aug. 3.—[Special COURIER Correspondence.]—Maybe it won't do to take for granted that every one knows exactly what the Midway Plaisance is, so I may be pardoned for stating right here that it is a street about a mile long leading from Cottage Grove avenue to the Exposition grounds, and throughout its entire length it is crowded with as much quaintness as it is possible to get in such a compass. Starting in with the real, genuine Bedouins and winding up with the Irish villagers and the authentic Blarney stone, where else under heaven can you find such a collection of ethnological curiosities—outside of the seductive and elaborate circus poster?

How else under the blue canopy is it possible for a man to take the trip to Dahomey, across the great plains, spend an hour or two in a real German beer garden and drink the brew of Fatherland, or walk through a street in Cairo, where one can hob nob with camel drivers and donkey boys and be mobbed by beggars for baksheesh on the Egyptian plan, or saunter through a Moorish or Turkish bazar—and all of these tours are personally conducted and as extended as the visitor may desire to make them. Why, the Nellie Bly circumnavigation act is not in it in point of expedition. And Nellie Bly couldn't possibly have jumped on the one hand from the second story of a Chinese theatre over a high fence into an enclosure where a scalp dance of unquestionable resemblance to the genuine article, with real red men direct from the plains as actors, was in progress, nor on the other into the basket of a captive French balloon, which was ready and willing to take passengers 1,000 feet skyward for the modest sum of $2 per head. That's one of the possibilities on the Plaisance, however, or was before the balloon was struck by a cyclone, and ramambus, if you please, that these Arabs, Aborigines, Bedouins, Brazilians and so on down the list, alphabetically arranged, are not Chicago foreigners, but they bear the stamp of a strange nativity more conspicuously than so many of the Yankee trinkets they sell. What a paradise for the kodaker is this "round the world in eighty minutes!" Of course the little formality of paying $2 to one of the exposition's creatures for the privilege of a day's photography has been gone through with and the man and his box turned loose at the Cottage Grove end. I have always had a leaning toward Celestial material, and it might naturally be expected that almost the first picture would be something saffron. In front of the Wah Mee exposition building—which contains, by the way, the exhibits of Chinese-American merchants and not of the Chinese government, as one of our prominent railroad guides states—was one of the children of the son of heaven in gorgeous apparel. The burden of his song was a plea for American quarters from visitors to his company's show. And he sang it well, for the hourly repetitions of a thoroughbred Chinese theatrical performance were well attended (altbough poorly appreciated) and the skill of Quong Toung, juggler, warmly applauded. If Mr. Kellar wants to score a big success he should reproduce that heathen's trick with an empty tin cracker box. Standing in front of a little square table on which the box was resting, our friend Ah Sin produced from the cavernous depths of the tin a hatful of silk handkerchiefs, two four-inch iron balls, covered with paper and tied together with a long rope; six paper boxes of about two pounds capacity each, four lighted lanterns of colored glass, and a wicker cage with a live bird in it. Altogether the stuff made about a wheel-barrow load, and I would have thought that Confucian was great people if he had only put it all back in the box again.

There's no use trying to see things systematically in the Plaisance, because the "wheels don't go round" at the most convenient time. It takes several trips up and down that mile of anthropological aggregation for one to "catch on;" every time something new crops up, but every time the Turks who run that line of Sedan chairs are there. If you don't want to take a drive in one of their tandem teams you don't have to, although if you get the least bit friendly or communicative and happen to be standing near the open door of the outfit, the chances are that they will hustle you in and collect a bill before you get out. Those ducks have a habit which seems too well settled to attribute to any of Chicago's convincing—and that is of asking everyone who samples their private cars for something over the regular price—"a present for dis-a-man." That about the way they make the remark. I was unfortunately caught in the act of stealing a picture of some of them, and in about two seconds there was a blockade on the Plaisance. The leader of the band, a strapping big Armenian, Topous by name, was satisfied eventually, and from him some points on the domestic life of the gentlemen around me were gained. He had three wives himself, but that was nothing; there was Hassam Maron who had six; and Hassam, a villainous looking fellow was introduced; I thought he could keep 'em for all I cared; any girl who was foolish enough to fall in love with a man like that did not deserve the esteem and admiration of a good-looking young American, nor anybody else.

The lady friends of the Turks who are on the ground there are not by any means prepossessing. If they are types of what Oriental romancers call houris, then the poets had better investigate the merits of hundreds of every-day beauties and sing a few songs about them. Houri stock, if those faded, washed-out ladies who play the drum and tambourine in front of some of those Plaisance establishments are exponents, will then be away down. If you want to see the beauties of the World's Columbian exposition, the Javanese village is the place to take in. Diminutive editions of Venus in bronze abound there, nurse little brown lumps of Java babies, wear gaudy jewelry, do fancy work, and in various ways act like the native American article. But in the matter of dress they are peculiar. The two who happened to cross the path of this particular camera were bothered apparently with but two garments apiece—a skimpy sort of a skirt and just enough of a waist to emphasize rather than conceal the outlines of a shapely brown bust beneath. They aren't backward about showing their ankles, as hosiery seems to be an unknown quantity among them, and in most instances shoes or straw sandals are an unimportant adjunct to their pocket handkerchief wardrobe. One of the ladies I caught, photographically speaking, was apparently either on her way for medicine or to catch the rain from an impending storm in the German village beer garden next door, for she carried a little tin bucket in a style that suggested a well known American custom, which she surely couldn't have learned already.

Of the three days I spent at the fair, a day and a half went to the Plaisance, a day in the art gallery and a half day was distributed among the buildings and ground and the night illuminations. The effect of nearly 80,000 electric lights and the wondrous play of color in the two fountains, one on each side of the Triumph of the Republic, is to strengthen the impression that Chicago has not only sacked the world for what was curious and beautiful, but had gotten a cinch on a bit of Paradise. Indeed, to my mind there could be nothing more entrancing on the face of the earth than the combination of splendors shown in that famous oblong. Fairyland is simply out of consideration, because one just reads about fairyland, and here, right before one's eyes, is a real, tangible glory that can be best prepared for by a course of reading that will embrace a description of the New Jerusalem. Gaily decorated gondolas filled with singers float around the lagoon, and from away at the far end faintly comes the harmony of some great composition—then one looks for golden harps in the hands of those white-clad figures down there along the peristyle, but the illusion was broken by an obtrusive discussion between a party of women and a Columbian guard. The women were kicking because they hadn't good seats to see the illumination—and that reminded me of a private grudge against the affair; it couldn't well be protographed. This picture business with some folks is a sort of ruling passion, and it need not be wondered at that some of those enthusiastic amateurs will kick, later on, because they left their cameras, like all their earthly possessions, behind them.

T. T.

CAMPING OUT

This is the time of year when people deliberately forsake comfortable homes and go camping out, so that they can enjoy natdre, and bacon, and canned corned beef, and the companionship of snakes, and flies, and mosquitoes, and be generally uncomfortable for the sake of "a change."

They usually get a change, but sometimes it isn't the kind of a change they want. "I went to the mountains and camped out under a canvas tent and the starry canopy of heaven because I wanted to enjoy the pure mountain air and drink in the fragrance of pine and balsam; because I wanted to be invigorated and strengthened by the tonic of the ozone to be found in the forest and in the great hills, where nature basks in all her glory, and where the footprints and other things of men are not disturbing factors," remarked a Lincoln young lady the other day, "but I didn't get what I expected. Instead of the odor of the pine and the pure air of the mountains I got the smell of Espey's fragrant cream, and witch-hazel, and cocoa butter, and pennyroyal, and ottar of roses and a dozen other fearful concoctions that people take with them when they go away from home.

"These things not only choked up all the chinks in the tent, but they seemed to have permeated the atmosphere for miles around, and when I got my lungs ready to inhale a good big dose of mountain ozone the chances were nine to one that I struck a strata of odor from a bottle of pennyroyal or a cloud of smell from the witch-hazel canteen I saw nature through a glass darkly, and imbibed fresh air clouded with drug store reminiscences."

And speaking of canned corned beef, is there anything more ubiquitous or indefatigable than the tin can? Go where you may, to the frozen regions of the north or the blazing jungles of the torrid zone, to the furthermost point east or west, away from the haunts of men and far from the madding crowd, you cannot escape the tin can. It is always in your path. Penetrate mountain fastnesses, climb craggy heights, pull yourself up wild canons, go where you are sure the foot of man never trod before, and at your feet you will find an empty tin can, the erstwhile receptacle of some of Mr. Armour's preparations, or somebody or other's brand of condensed milk. Turn into the forest and seek the wildest spot in its dim recesses, and when you pause in some poetic flight to catch your breath, your boot will catch a lithograph covered cyclinder of tin that was once a can of corn. There is no place on this earth that the tin can has not been. When the predestined discoverer of the north pole finally reaches that cold and clammy piece of perpendicularity it will be strange indeed if he does not find it capped with an empty sardine can or a can, of some kind. The tin can is a long way ahead of the man who paints signs on rocks. It goes where the sign painter and other angels fear to tread. It is said that misery is every where; but the tin can is lodged in many places where misery hasn't even a calling acquaintance.

But, seriously, camping out is great fun. It is more fun than shoveling coal or carrying brick or any pastime like that. The man who can't see any fun in sleeping on the ground among the rocks and the ants, or in making a water carrying machine of himself, or in working from early dawn to dewey eve, and later, to attain that great desideratum, a good time, or in exposing his face and hands to the sun until his own mother has to have a diagram to distinguish him from a boiled lobster, or in any of the many camp recreations, has no idea of what fun is, and he doesn't deserve to be enlightened.

People who camp out, and fish and hunt, always observe one thing—that some how or other it is invarisbly the biggest fish that slips off the hook just as you are about to land him, or that the game you bring into camp is always much smaller than that which you went after and nearly caught. This is a phenomenon that has never been satisfactorily explained. And when you slip on the rocks it is always the largest fish that slide off the string, and when you tell the story in camp, the others always laugh. Strange concidences.

Campers have also observed a peculiarity about tents. There is a certain drawing quality in a tent that always asserts itself. If it rains all the water in the immediate vicinity seems determined to find shelter under the tent, and if there are flies in the neighborhood, they all insist on occupying the tent with you, like the cattle and chickens in the Irishman's cottage.

But it is fun to go out and mingle with the idiosyncrasies of camp life, and the man who sticks to his couch at home and his three regular meals daily, when he might be communing with nature and living on pork and beans and canned peaches and, sich and admiring the heavens and the everlasting hills with his shoes full of damp feet, is lacking in a proper appreciation of the things which go to make up a good time.

A MUSICAL BEDSTEAD.

It Might Be a Good Thing Sometimes But Not Always, You know.

A unique bedstead has been constructed by a Bombay man who evidently had music in his soul. At its corners are four full-sized gaudily dressed Grecian damsels, those at the head holding banjos, while those on the right and left foot hold fans. Beneath the cot is a musical box, which extends the whole length of the cot, and is capable of playing twelve different charming airs. The music begins the moment the least pressure is brought to bear from the top, which is created by one sleeping or sitting, and ceases the moment the individual rises. While the music is in progress the lady banjoists at the head manipulate the strings with their fingers and move their heads, while the two Grecian damsels at the bottom fan the sleeper to sleep. There is a button at the foot of the cot which, after a little pressure, brings about a cessation of the music, if such be the desire of the occupant.

WITH THE AUTHORS

In the *Atlantic Monthly* for August the Hon. Henry L. Dawes, recently senator from Massachusetts, has an important paper on "Washington the Winter Before the War,"—a paper giving his impressions of the excited state of public feeling at that time, when the rebellion was about to burst into flame. Charles Egbert Craddock's vividly told story, "His Vanished Star," is continued, and there is a clever short story by Ellen Olney Kirk, entitled "A Strategic Movement." Mrs. Alice Morse Earle, whose pictures of pre revolutionary life are always entertaining reading, has a paper called "A Boston School Girl in 1771," which will reward attention; and the Rev. George E. Ellis, president of the Massachusetts Historical society, has an able paper on "Jonathan Belcher, a Royal Governor of Masachusetts," Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller has a bird paper entitled "Little Boy Blue," and Edith M. Thomas sketches a quaint character in her story of "The Ogre of Alewife Cove." A second paper in the Correspondence of Petrarch, and an interesting account of the first principal of Newnham college—the great English institution for the collegiate training of women—with other papers, some reviews, and the usual quota of good poetry, complete one of those well composed numbers which are increasing the popularity of this sterling magazine.

Maupassant, says the French writer's eulogist, "kept aloof from leterary coteries, and only wrote because he had to make money, and not in the least for glory." Yet, says this same distinguished author and friend, he was very sincerely devoted to his art. In fifteen years he produced twenty volumes, and it was perhaps as well that he did not have the opportunity to double this number, as he undoubtedly would have done had he retained his mind and life. "I have sometimes an anxious and melancholy feeling," said the speaker, "In presence of the bulky production of our period. An accumulation of many volumes is very heavy luggage for glory, and man's memory cares not to burden itself with such a weight."

Commencement at Western Normal.

The commencement exercises at the Western Normal college will occur next week, commencing tomorrow, Sunday, with a baccalaureate sermon by Rev. I. C. Moulton, of Red Oak, Ia. The graduation exercises of the pen art, drawing, and normal commencement cisses will be held Monday evening; normal class, Tuesday evening; pedagogic and kindergarden classes, Wednesday evening; scientific classes, Thursday evening; classic class, Friday evening. Degrees will be conferred Friday evening at which time the annual alumni banquet will be given.