

A CONSUMERS' LEAGUE

THEY WONT BUY FROM SELFISH EMPLOYERS.

Fair Wages and Good Hours—Reports on Retail Houses Are Gathered and They Are Boycotted If Found Wanting—Grand Idea.

HERE is a league of New York women called the Consumers' League of the City of New York, says the World. The object of this organization is to recommend to its members and to others interested in the welfare of

working women and girls such retail houses in this city as the league finds just in dealings with employees.

The shop that has its name down on the favored list gains much trade from the thousands of members of the Consumers' League. These members and their friends will not trade at or lend their influence to a house that is not fair. Just what it takes to make a shop "fair" is laid down by the league under four headings:

1. Wages—A fair house is one in which equal pay is given for work of equal value, irrespective of sex. In departments where women only are employed the minimum wages are \$6 per week for experienced adult workers, and in few instances are below \$8.

2. In which wages are paid by the week.

3. In which fines, if imposed, are paid into a fund for the benefit of employees.

4. In which the minimum wages of cash girls are \$2 per week, with the same conditions regarding weekly payments and fines.

Regarding "hours" the league says a fair house is one in which the hours are from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M., with three-quarters of an hour for lunch; in which a general half-holiday is given on one day in each week during at least two summer months; in which a vacation of not less than one week is given during the summer season, and in which all overtime is compensated for.

A fair house, with proper "physical conditions," is one in which work, lunch and retiring rooms are apart from each other, and conform in all respects to the present New York City sanitary laws, and in which the present law regarding the providing of seats for saleswomen is observed and the use of seats permitted.

Another requirement of a fair house, according to the league, is one in which humane and considerate behavior towards employees is the rule; in which fidelity and length of service meet with the consideration which is their due and in which no children under fourteen years of age are employed.

Houses that are up to this standard get their names on the Consumers' League list. The Governing Board in its last recommendation directed patronage to twenty-eight different houses as fair houses. Nine of these are on Broadway, between Eleventh street and Thirty-first street; three are in Sixth avenue, nine in Twenty-third street and the others are scattered throughout the retail territory.

The President of the Governing Board of the league is Mrs. Charles Russell Lowell, of No. 120 East Thirtieth street; treasurer, Miss E. Stone, No. 25 East Forty-fifth street; Recording Secretary, Miss Caldwell, No. 120 East Thirtieth street; corresponding secretary, Miss F. J. Pomeroy, No. 101 Park avenue, and there are eighteen other ladies on the board, all representative New York women.

The members of the league receive regular reports of the treatment employees receive in the big shops, and they distribute their patronage where the workingwomen and girls have what the league calls "fair play." Several of the largest houses in New York are not on "speaking terms" with the league members. Branches may be started all over the country.

Biography of Hamlin. General Charles Hamlin and son, Charles E. Hamlin, are collecting data and arranging the extensive mass of valuable matter already in General Hamlin's possession for an extended biography of the late ex-Vice President Hannibal Hamlin, which will be written by them. The history will be correct in every detail, and it will be a valuable addition to the political history of the stirring times in which the late distinguished Bangorian lived and which he helped to make.

A Mean Trick. A certain married lady of Hope sat up till 12 o'clock the other night waiting for her husband to come home. At last, weary and worn out with waiting, she went to her bedroom to retire and found the missing husband there fast asleep. Instead of going down-town, he had gone to his room. She was so mad that she wouldn't speak to him for a week.—Hope (Idaho) Examiner.

An Ancient Bridge. The triangular bridge at Crowland, in Lincolnshire, which was probably intended as an emblem of the trinity, is the most ancient Gothic structure remaining entire in the kingdom. It was erected about the year of our Lord 1050.

Hebrews in London. It is estimated that the number of Hebrews in London is about 100,000 or 120,000. There are 15,941 Hebrew children attending the London board and Hebrew voluntary schools of the lower grades.

TREADING ON UNSAFE GROUND.

That Seems to Be the German Opinion of England's Venezuelan Policy.

It is fully apparent that England has reached the point where she is completely isolated in Europe, and that her selfish policy, which is to undertake no obligation for friends while trying to induce them to protect her interests, has forced her to stand alone among the great powers. Now, by her venturesome indiscretions, she has plunged into complications in all parts of the world. Ultimatum here, ultimatum there, but no strong armed force to redeem her big words with brave deeds. Now an arrogant tone toward half-civilized peoples; now an inflated air of assumed patronage; now a clattering of the sword and a threatening with Arm-strong cannon; at the same time, not the physical strength to crush on the spot even a meeting of savages, says a Berlin paper.

English policy in Venezuela is the same as elsewhere. The Venezuelan government now has published documents which prove just about conclusively the injustice of England's claims. From the information received by us from the Venezuelan consul general in Berlin, it is perfectly clear that the British, according to the increase in value of territory before supposed to be valueless, have pushed their boundary further and further in the course of the fifty years' negotiations, that they have raised their demands higher and higher, and that they have declined persistently to settle the dispute by arbitration. Now England is in a position where she must face at least a coalition of Central American republics, and perhaps will not be able to relegate the North American union to the part of a spectator.

Sir Charles Cameron Lees, governor of British Guiana, has landed in England. * * * As far as a Venezuelan attack on British Guiana is concerned, he has no fears. The whole thing, he says, is only a lot of big talk on the part of individual Venezuelans. He regards it as unlikely that the Venezuelan question will cause any considerable excitement in the United States. On which side the big talk is to be heard is, however, very easily determined just now.

SHOE HEELS OF WOOD.

Compressed Pulp Is Now Used Extensively in the Shoemaking Trade.

One of the latest features of wood pulp industry is the manufacture, in Haverhill, Mass., of shoe heels from that material, white pine and other kinds being used for the purpose. In carrying out this art the plan, as described, consists in reducing the wood in the usual way in digesters, after which the pulp is put into a tank and mixed with the substances necessary for imparting to heel stock the necessary requirements, such as alcohol, litharge, tar, degrass and fish glue, a thorough mixing of these with pulp being followed by soaking the same for a day or two, so that the fiber may be penetrated, when another application of materials occurs. The object at this stage is to harden the pulp somewhat, so that it can be rolled into thick sheets and handled, shellac and borax accomplishing this, the pulp thus having the consistency of cement. At this point slackened lime is put in, and, as this hardens when dry, the pulp must be rolled into sheets and cut into heels before the hardening takes place. With needed rapidity the pulp is now drawn from the tank in sheets, it being just thick enough, and there being specially arranged rollers and adjustments at the bottom of the tank for effecting this. A series of pressures through press rollers reduces the sheet to the right thickness, and the sheet is next placed quickly upon the bed of a cutter; the wheels are now started, and in a moment the platen falls, forcing a hundred or more cutters upon the sheet, shaping out a heel each.

Old Church Restored. The magnificent old Church of St. Saviour's, Southwark, which has been undergoing restoration for somewhere about six years, is so nearly completed that in another three months it could be reopened for service if necessary funds were forthcoming. Except the abbey, there is nothing like it in London.

Irish Bull Credited to Bismarck. At the time of the Schleswig-Holstein difficulty, Prince Bismarck raised a laugh by saying there was only one man who fully understood that question and he was dead.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

None more impatiently suffer injuries than those who are most forward in doing them to others.

We are sent into this world to make it better and happier; and in proportion as we do so we make ourselves both.

Concentration is the secret of strength in politics, in war, in trade—in short, in all management of human affairs.

It has been beautifully said that "the veil which covers the face of futurity was woven by the hand of mercy."

Take heart, all who toil—all youths in humble situations, all in adverse circumstances, and those who labor unappreciated. If it be but to drive the plow, strive to do it well; if only to cut bolts, make good ones; or to blow the bellows, keep the iron hot. It is attention to business that lifts the feet higher upon the ladder.

The wish to succeed is an element in every undertaking, without which, achievement is impossible. The ambition to succeed is the mainspring of activity, the driving-wheel of industry, the spur to intellectual and moral progress. It gives energy to the individual, enthusiasm to the many, push to the nation. It makes the difference between a people who move as a stream and a people who stand like a pool.

FOUND AN APT PUPIL.

How the Aged Dog Taught the Pup to Stand Sentinel Over the House.

From the Detroit Journal: The following dog story is told by an old resident who has never been required to present affidavits, but will do so if desired, although a resident on Piety Hill. He has an old dog, a spaniel, that for nearly twenty years has been the most faithful of guardians. Summer or winter, fair weather or foul, as soon as the key was turned in the lock of the back door he has taken his position at the threshold, and not the slightest sound escaped his investigation during the night. In hot weather the family have never hesitated to leave the door open for ventilation. In all these years the first riser in the morning has never failed to find "old Rover" alert at his post at the threshold. Then, relieved of his charge, he immediately retired to his bunk in the woodshed for slumber. The faithful old fellow is becoming decrepit and his master recently carried home a bull terrier pup with a pedigree of great length and the bluest of blood; an unlettered pup from the kennel of its mother; full of playfulness, free from every care, thoughtless and perpetually hungry. That was three months ago, and the pup is now five months old. For a time the old brown spaniel had no use for the frisky little white-haired fellow, so entirely unlike himself, that ran under him, jumped over and upon his back, grabbed his long and silky ears and attempted to run away with them, but after a time it was a clear case of grandfather and the youngest baby. This is the situation now: When the key is turned it is the pup that takes the position at the threshold, while the old dog, confident of the faithfulness of his proxy sentinel, retires to his piece of carpet and snores the night through. Not only does the terrier remain on duty all night, but the moment someone is astray in the house she retires to her bunk for sleep, just as the old dog did for so many years. The owner has tipped down to the door at all hours, but has never found her napping. "You can not make me believe that this is instinct, unless you concede that instinct is thought and intelligence, and that dogs have the power to communicate them," he declares. "Three months ago this pup knew absolutely nothing, except how to play and eat. Its sole companion has been the old dog, and to-day the pup knows all that the old dog knows, and the old dog knows the business fully aware that his duties have been left to a competent and faithful successor. I'm going to take the pup to a friend's house for a night or two and see if the old dog doesn't immediately resume his post by the door."

How She Found a Nom de Plume. Miss French (Octave Thanet) thus explains how she got her nom de plume: "Octave was the name of a school friend. It is both French and Scotch. I thought if I could find another name to go with it that was both French and Scotch I would adopt that. I was riding on a train one time when we stopped at a way station, and on the siding near where I sat was a freight car painted red. On the side was chalked the word 'Thanet.' What it meant or how it got there I have not the slightest idea, but I decided then and there to adopt it. Lots of people still think that Octave Thanet is a man."

Making Perfumes. In the collecting of perfumes two processes are employed. In one the grease process, boxes with glass bottoms are prepared, the bottom being covered with purple grease, or suet, and the flowers, gathered fresh every day during the season, are laid on trays in the box, the grease being laid to absorb their fragrance.

Swan Foot Propeller. A steam yacht was once constructed with propellers on the principal of the swan foot. The progress of the boat was quite satisfactory, and the propellers would have been a success were it not for the fact that the experiment being made in the Thames, they were continually interfered with by the roots and floating wood.

Duplicate Wedding Presents. "Do you know that Snigley is the father of twins?" "Yes, I heard it last night at the club. Did you hear what he said about it?" "No. What?" "He said that they were the first duplicate wedding presents that Mrs. Snigley and he had received."

WIT AND HUMOR.

Teacher: "Johnnie, give me the name of the largest known diamond." "The ace."

An exchange has an article on "Why Bees Make Honey." They make it to cell.

"The editor," said a contemporary, "who said his mouth never uttered a lie probably spoke through his nose."

A philosopher says, "My friend conducted his future wife to the altar—and here his leadership came to an end."

Some wicked Yankee says that he has "invented a new telegraph." He proposes to place a line of women fifty steps apart, and commit the news to the first as a profound secret.

A married couple sat down the other night to a game of cards. She: "What are you going to play for?" He: "Anything you like." She: "Let us play for a new jacket, dear. If you lose I shall have the choosing of it, and if I lose you shall."

Excited American Freshman: "Did I pass my examination, professor?" Professor, with proud scorn: "No, sir! Off dances Freshie, radiant with smiles. Professor: 'You misunderstood me; you failed, sir!' Incoherent Freshman: "Ah, but I won a bet, you see!" Professor staggers.

EXPLORED THE WILDS

REMARKABLE TRIP OF A GIRL THROUGH AFRICA.

Has Just Returned from Her Second Journey Through Hitherto Unexplored Regions—Encountered Many Hardships and Dangers.

MISS Kingsley, the Englishwoman who has just returned from a trip through the Cameroons regions in Africa, is the sensation in England just now. Miss Kingsley's trip, which is the second one she has made, was for the purpose of studying the "fetish" customs of the natives and for collecting specimens of fish for the British museums. She went 250 miles up the Ogowe river, much further than the French can guarantee protection. She started in a canoe with eight natives. The canoe journey was a long one, and nearly a dozen times the craft was upset and its occupants were thrown into the water. The current was strong and Miss Kingsley had several narrow escapes, being saved more than once by clutching the rocks in the rapids and by holding on to them until the natives righted the canoe. Miss Kingsley had the most remarkable adventures in the Fangwe country while traveling overland from the Ogowe river to the Rembe. The Fangwes are cannibals of the most pronounced type, allies at war with each other, and one of the few tribes in Africa who eat their own dead. Miss Kingsley had with her three elephant men or hunters of the Fangwe tribe and four Djuma men. As the little band approached each Fangwe town, it was found to be in a state of defense, and the leader of the band very often fell into some trap which the inhabitants had laid outside the town for the enemy. As the expedition had no proper bandages, when one of the carriers was injured, he had to have his wounds bound up with leaves. When the journey was resumed Miss Kingsley found the traps numerous and every kind of obstacle place in the paths. Miss Kingsley did not come across one burial place in the Fangwe country, but she found that in most of the native mud huts pieces of human bodies were being kept, just as civilized people keep fresh meat and other eatables in their larders. Owing to tribal fighting, Miss Kingsley had to make a detour and came on the as yet unexplored Lake N'Govi. She crossed this lake and passed a night on one of the numerous islands in it. As far as Miss Kingsley could judge, Lake N'Govi was about ten miles wide where she crossed, and about fifteen miles in another direction. She also crossed the little-known range of mountains called the Sierra del Crystal. These varied from 6,000 feet to about 8,000 feet in height, and at the foot of each group was a mud swamp, in which the explorers sank nearly up to their necks. Miss Kingsley will return to West Africa in a few months to make further explorations.

SPOKE WITHOUT LOOKING. How a Busy Grocer Lost a Desirable Customer.

She is just one of the very prettiest women in the whole Southwest, and she has come to Washington to spend the winter. Her skin is like the heart of a white rose. Her eyes—well, her eyes are just the color of Mrs. Joseph Thompson's eyes down in Atlanta, the color of the high light in a glass of old sherry, and her hair is as red as a frosted oak leaf. She is sensitive about that glorious hair, and this is a story of something that happened to her a fortnight ago. She had planned a dinner to celebrate her going to house-keeping, and a canvas back duck was implicated in it. So she went a-marting, and found her way into a shop or stall where game is sold.

"Have you any canvas backs?" she said to the salesman. The man hesitated for just a moment. Then from the back of the shop the proprietor's voice bawled out:

"No; but there's a nice red-head."

And then an astonished clerk was left staring after an extremely indignant woman who swept out in a blaze of temper and dead-leaf hair.—Washington Post.

DO YOU KNOW—

That potash put down the drain pipes will prevent a plumber's bill.

That benzine rubbed on the edges of carpet is a sure preventive of moths.

That in cooking spinach, a grating nutmeg much improves the flavor.

That it is well to add a little vinegar to the water in which salt fish is soaked.

That to remove peach stains, soak in milk for forty-eight hours, or rub with lemon juice and salt.

That if a sprig of parsley dipped in vinegar is eaten after an onion, no unpleasant odor from the breath can be detected.

That ice cream should be frozen in a warm place, for the more rapid the melting of the ice, the quicker the ice cream freezes.

That in pickling alum helps to make the pickles crisp, while horseradish and nasturtium seeds prevent the vinegar from becoming muddy.

That tansy is a sure preventive of moths, and that if the leaves are sprinkled freely about woolens and furs they will never be moth-eaten.

That stone jars for bread and cake boxes should be scalded twice a week in summer weather, sunning, if possible, to keep mold from gathering.

ASTONISHING A SALMON.

How an Impatient Fisherman Lost His Keys.

It is a good maxim to have patience with a weeded fish; indeed, this virtue often stands the angler in good stead, says the Blackwood's Magazine. I once knew a friend of mine put to serious inconvenience for want of it. He had hooked a heavy salmon, and this fish lay down and sulked, as salmon will do once in half a dozen seasons, though not nearly so often, if properly handled, as some people suppose. My friend was a good fisher and allowed his fish to take no liberties; nevertheless this salmon lay down in a deep, black pool. Every known expedient was tried to stir him; stones were thrown in—the only result was that the fish took leisurely turns and returned to his stronghold. The angler got below him, above him, alongside of him and pulled on him to the limit of the strength of his tackle—all to no purpose. A fine afternoon was ebbing away and fish in the river were on the job. What was to be done? A bright thought occurred to the sportsman. He had a bunch of keys in his pocket—the keys of all his most sacred repositories. They were on a ring that opened like a hinge. Fitting this around the butt of his rod, without having the patience to remove the keys, he ran it down over the point, and the whole bunch went rattling down the line and lodged on the salmon's nose. It had a splendid effect, away went the fish like a dog with a tin kettle at its tail; twenty, thirty yards of line whizzed from the reel, and then—there came disaster. The point of the rod flew up; the fish was gone; back came the flies, but back did not come the keys. Thirty seconds would have sufficed to remove the keys before using the ring; fish and ring might indeed have been lost, but the keys would have been safe.

LOVERS' CANDLES.

Improvement Over the Average Fortune-Telling Device.

A quaint old superstition is to this day held in Poland to the effect that two lighted candles set afloat on the river by two lovers will, by their conduct, foretell if the course of true love will run smooth or otherwise, says the Princess. The "lovers' candles" are launched at a very pretty water fete that takes place every summer on that part of the Vistula which runs through Poland. It commences at sunset. The river is thronged with a procession of little boats, containing masked ladies and gentlemen. Each person carries two wreaths and two candles, the latter representing the person carrying them and the object of his or her affections. They are lighted, fixed firmly in the center of the wreaths and laid side by side in the water. Should they float down the river close together it is a sign that their lives should be united. Should they drift away from each other it is a sign that the lovers will be parted, and should they only drift asunder for a little way and further on come together again it is a sign that the loved ones will only be parted for a time and all come right in the end. There is much method and order about the arrangement of this procession. The boats glide along in rows, so many abreast, and after the first row have proved their wreaths they move away to the sides and the others come forward in succession. The river is well illuminated and a large concourse of people assembles to watch the proceedings. The scene is a charming one and reminds one more of fairyland than of anything else.

Swallowed a Safety Pin.

Little Marguerite Freeman, the 5-year-old daughter of Harry T. Freeman of 30 Taylor street, Newark, suffered for five weeks with what was supposed to be membranous croup, and even now it is said that she really had the disease. She got occasional relief from the doctor's treatment, but there was no permanent improvement. The last attack was so severe that yesterday Dr. Joseph Fawcett recommended a resort to tracheotomy. When the incision was made in the throat the doctors found between the trachea and the vocal cords a large safety pin, which was held in place by its spring. It was quickly removed and the aperture was closed. Last night the child was reported to be doing well, and it is believed that she will recover rapidly.

Political Rights in Australia.

An agitation in favor of increased political rights is in progress on the Western Australian gold fields. An association, termed the Gold Fields' National league, has been formed, and a platform adopted demanding facilities for political registration, parliamentary representation on the basis of population, a reduction of railway rates and of customs duties, especially on the necessities of life, improved railway communication and full consideration for the interests of the gold fields as against the seaboard and agricultural districts.

A Faithful Editor.

In a recent issue of the Hoxie, Kan., Democrat, the editor said: "Last Saturday night at 10 o'clock was another anniversary for us, as it made 1,000 days since we stepped out of the back door of our office and broke our beloved whisky bottle, pledging never to use the vile stuff again. To our certain knowledge we have kept the faith."

How He Got Notoriety.

There lives a man in Wayne, Me., who got notoriety in a simple, inexpensive, though unique, way. Three years ago he resolved to keep an account of the clothsheep he should be called upon to buy. Since then he has purchased forty dozen, and his wife neither takes in washing nor uses them for kindling.

VICTORIA BURIED WITH HONORS

New Jersey's Smallest Dog Had a Funeral Worthy of a Prince.

From the Buffalo Express: Probably the most novel funeral ever seen in New Jersey occurred in Rahway on Sunday afternoon. The corpse was that of a dog, said to be the smallest of its kind in America, if not in the world. Victoria was a pure black-and-tan terrier. Her history is interesting. About fifteen years ago the late Mrs. Garbonetti of Rahway, who was at that time a performer in Barnum's circus, was engaged in a tour of England with the show. She was exceptionally clever in handling horses, and she frequently received presents from her admirers. One day in Manchester a man sent her a compliment to the fair rider, accompanied by a basket, which contained the smallest mite of caninity she had ever beheld. The dog accompanied her on her travels all over the world, and though it never grew to robust size it was always healthy, and she became sincerely attached to her pet. In due course of time Mrs. Garbonetti left the sawdust ring and settled down in Rahway. Last summer she was thrown from a buggy and killed, and her husband, who is a farmer near Rahway, presented the dog to Miss Mary McCann, who was with Mrs. Garbonetti when she met with the accident. Victoria was about six inches long and her head was less than four inches from the ground. She weighed about eighteen ounces when in good condition. She was not capable of learning many tricks, but after years of patient training her mistress succeeded in teaching her to sit up on her haunches and sneeze. This latter accomplishment, it is said, was responsible for her death, as she sneezed so much that asthma set in, and after an illness of less than an hour she died. As a mark of regard for the departed canine Miss McCann had a New York firm manufacture a miniature coffin, which was covered with embossed white plush. The coffin was nine inches long, five wide and four high, and the body of Victoria was arranged in it as if she was taking her daily nap behind the stove. Before the body was committed to the grave an amateur photographer was called in and several pictures were taken of the animal. The dog was buried in Miss McCann's garden, and the bereaved woman says a monument will some day mark the resting place of her departed friend.

Superstitions Among Animals.

Many authors have alluded to the superstition about the porcupine, that it possesses the ability to shoot its quills to a considerable distance and thus to wound those who anger it. In proof of the notion the fact that dogs are often found with porcupine quills sticking in their mouths and throats is sometimes cited. The quills do not get there, however, by being thrown from the porcupine, but on account of the eagerness of the dog attempting to seize the animal and so fixing the quills in his own flesh. Pliny says that among the Romans of his time there was a belief that stags could, by their breath, draw serpents from their holes in the ground, and after getting them out would then trample them to death. The early hunters of this country relate many incidents concerning the enmity between deer and serpents of all kinds. It is well known that stags would often, without hesitation, attack rattlesnakes, and by jumping high in the air and descending upon the serpent with the fore hoofs drawn closely together would cut the snake to pieces. The country people of England, as well as several other countries, have an idea that the red of the robin's breast was caused by the drop of blood which fell upon it at the crucifixion. According to the story the robin, commiserating the condition of Christ, tried to pluck the crown of thorns from his brow and, in doing so, got its breast wet with the blood flowing from the wounds. The color became permanent, being transmitted from generation to generation, and thus, according to the legend, the robin is a perpetual reminder of the sufferings of Christ.—Exchange.

Where Washington Drank.

General Daniel Butterfield, whose country home is at Cold Spring, N. Y., has offered as a gift, through the Village Improvement association of that place, a handsome tablet, to bear the following inscription: "Gen. Washington, in frequent visits to the American troops encamped near by during the war of the revolution, drank at this spring and gave it its name—Cold Spring."

Push It Along.

Indiana physicians are mad because one of their number has taken to advertising, and it is said that, out of revenge, and disgust, all of them may take to advertising. Thus, in the most mysterious ways, impelled by the most contrary motives, does the great cause of human civilization make its advances.—Grand Forks (N. D.) Herald.

Can't Beat the English Sparrow.

After several years of tireless warfare, and the payment of many thousands of dollars in bounties, the farmers of Berrien county, Michigan, have given up fighting the English sparrow pest.

Long Wagon Bridge in Texas.

The longest wagon bridge in the world is situated at Galveston, Tex. It is more than three miles long, and spans the Galveston bay from north to south.

March of Progress.

Almost the only monument of the Roman dominion in Egypt, the fortress of Babylon, at Old Cairo, is being torn down to make way for modern buildings.

Print 150 Languages.

The university press at Oxford has appliances for printing 150 different languages.