

GIRLS AT THE TELEPHONE.

Behavior of Several Types To Be Found in New York.

New York Press: When I received an order from the editor to write up the telephone girls of New York I sighed, for up to that time I had not noted specially the telephone genius and I feared there was neither class nor variety. But I took up my position in a public telephone pay station and watched. And soon I saw enough to repay me for my trouble.

It was a dull morning, very much like London with a fog settling all



THE PHILADELPHIA GIRL.

around and the rain coming down in drizzles. I was therefore not surprised to see a young woman come in wrapped in a long, loose cloak of brilliant plaid. The cloak was very English in cut and the young woman wore an immense hat, all velvet and plumes, just as they do in England during the April season.

She turned the little knob which called up the central office, and then, putting her mouth down to the receiver, she called out, "Aw—" She did not say "Hello," as we do here. "I want the Hotel Fifth avenue."

"So sorry to tell you that I have a wretched cold. Can't go on tomorrow night."

A long interval during which the young woman scowled and seemed to be getting pretty mad.

"But I tell you I can't!"

"Well, you can accept my resignation, then. I leave today. I want to go into Mr. Daly's company, anyway. I hate the wretched Gaiety girls and I won't be a Gaiety girl any more."

The telephone began to buzz so loud that the girl grew frightened and throwing the handle at the wall she went out of the door without ringing



ENGLISH GAIETY GIRL.

off. Directly on her heels there came a very demure-looking young woman into the telephone station. She, too, wore a long cloak, but it was of a different sort. It was a dark, studious brown, lined with a little modest plaid. Her hat was very much out of date, but she had a sweet face and I listened to hear what she would say.

"Give me 666 Liberty."

"Is that you, art class?"

"I called you up to tell you that I have secured a model from the Syrian quarter. He is a perfect beauty. Knee breeches, embroidered jacket, fez and all that sort of thing." Here our Bostonese forgot her tradition and burst into a little girlish gush in praise of the model which she had secured in the Syrian quarter.

"He will be with us this afternoon at 2. But say, girls, we will have to pay him a dollar an hour. He is worth it, though, and he is such a beauty, and we can have him any time of day or night. He was selling little cups and saucers and almost wept with gratitude when I asked him to pose for us."

The sun was just coming through the clouds when a very dashing creature entered the telephone station. She wore a black dress and a stunning black hat which sat upon her head at a very peculiar angle. The black dress was held up well around her figure so as to show a remarkable petticoat of red satin.

"Parlez-vous Français?" she asked as she rang the bell.

The answer was apparently not satisfactory. "Non, zen I must do zee best I can. Gif me zat numbaire zat you call Cortlandt."

The telephone girl had a great deal of trouble apparently at the other end, but after a time the young woman from gay Patee found herself in communication with a milliner on Fifth avenue. Zee hat, zee hat zat I bought. Eet ees not arrivee. I wait until zee curtain go oop last night, zen I sat in zee audience wiz my big hat in my lap because I have not zee new chapeau."

Then followed a few arguments in Anglo-Franco which must have had the effect of paralyzing the milliner at the other end of the line, for the girl from gay Patee swept out with a very satisfied expression.

The Boston girl is always busy. She is the most industrious creature that walks. Therefore, when a young woman came rushing into the station with her dress held up to keep it out of the mud, and a serious face as though the business of the world rested upon her, I was not surprised to learn that she was from Boston. She was bent on making money, as all Boston girls are, and like them she was going to do it in the most elegant way.

"Hello, give me Dresden & Co."

"Hello, Dresden, did you get those



THE DENVER GIRL.

cups and saucers safely yesterday? I finished the last of them the day before and put them through the kiln as rapidly as possible."

"What! not thoroughly glazed? Well, send them back. The kiln is a new one. I just imported it from London, where it was made after one used by the people who supply china to her majesty. Send them back and I will give them another firing."

"About the check. Oh, thank you. Yes, I will probably receive it in this afternoon's mail. I am going south to stay a week and shall take the coast steamer. Will be back in time to do your June wedding orders. Goodby."

And so the Boston girl, on work and pleasure bent, ran off.

The so-called sleepy Philadelphia girl isn't as sleepy as she might be. I have discovered that a New York girl flirts half the time, but a Philadelphia girl flirts all the time. She is quiet in her ways and very elegant in her demeanor; but look out for her, ye women with marriageable sons; she will catch the sons every time. Look how the Philadelphia girls got all the Astors—William Waldorf and John Jacob. The Philadelphia girl who



THE BOSTON GIRL.

swept into the telephone station that morning wore a dress so long that it gave her the height of a duchess. Her

hat was a coquettish thing with feather trailing upon her blonde hair. Her cuffs were white, the kind that set off the hands so well, and she wore an immaculate white tie and very giddy white spats. Her conversation was too fragmentary to make out its import. It was something like this:

"Did you call me up? Oh, I must have made a mistake. I thought you did. Then it was somebody else."

"Certainly, I shall be home all the evening—so glad."

"Violets, please. I never wear anything else this time of year."

"Oh, thank you again. I am so fond of chocolates."



THE GIRL FROM GAY PAREE.

"What! and er—and a book, too? Oh, really, you must not send me anything more. Good-by."

When the Denver girl telephones she treats the phone as though she were afraid of it. She stands off as though she were a member of the House speaking to the chair. She does not do much telephoning, for in Denver "the people" live near each other; a girl can always go out to call on anyone she pleases and the telephone hangs idle on the wall. The Denver girl is just now very patriotic, and I saw one of her in New York that day wearing the Stars and Stripes. She was timid and acted as though she were afraid of the telephone.—John Merrifield.

KILLED ROMANCE.

The Woman Who Ran Away Sheds Some New Light.

"A new phase was thrown on the elopement question by an incident that happened to my wife not long ago," said a noted criminal lawyer. "You may recognize the people without my using any names. The case was a famous one. The husband was prominent, but the marriage was uncongenial, and in a moment of folly the woman ran away with a handsome man. It was a terrible case of infatuation and made a great scandal. The pair remained away for a while, but after about a year they reappeared in the city, and one day my wife came face to face with the lady—a mean woman, in a street car. They had known each other pretty well before the escapade, and this being the case it made it very hard to adjust themselves to the situation. My wife felt that as she often speaks to men she has no respect for, in common with the rest of the world, she made up her mind to treat the sinful woman as she did sinful men, and she said: 'How do you do, Julia?' using the given name, because she did not just know how to call her. Well, they drifted into conversation about everything but what was uppermost in both minds. Suddenly Julia said: 'You no doubt think I am a dreadful creature?' My wife begged her not to talk of what had passed. 'Yes, I want to,' insisted she of the escapade. 'I presume you think I am living a very romantic existence. 'Love and the world well lost,' and all that sort of thing; but no, no, far from it. It is the impossibility of being romantic that makes the fate I have brought upon myself hard to bear. To do practical things for a man who is not your husband, but ought to be, is absolutely destructive to romance; to see him en negligé has the same effect, and nothing but marriage can sanctify a snore.' My wife looked shocked. 'Oh,' said the erring one, with a hard little laugh, 'I amaze you, no doubt. My dear, I have been through the fires of Hades in the last year! Cut by my acquaintances, living in a style far below what I have been accustomed to; in constant dread that the man who talked me into my folly will leave me—oh, what a lot of pretty women there are in the world—trying to keep from seeing old friends on the street for fear they shouldn't see me—so I have been well punished for what I did, I can assure you.'

How Pekin Is Guarded.

The outer great wall of Pekin is about twenty-seven miles in circumference. It was built centuries ago of mud and bricks. Each brick is as big as a family Bible, and the interstices are filled up with mud and stones. The whole has long settled into a solid cement. Save for some damage done in one or two quarters by recent floods, this great wall is still intact. The gates number thirteen. They are insignificant, though finely arched, being only twenty feet high. At night they are closed with great doors sheathed with iron, and no one can pass in or out.

Good Souvenir.

It is a matter for congratulation that the Reina Mercedes, formerly of the Spanish navy, has reached this country in safety. She will be an interesting, ornamental and useful souvenir of certain stirring events.

Deserted.

"I am wedded to art," said Parley. "Well," said Criticus, gazing at Parley's picture, "I'd get a divorce if I were you. She has deserted you!"—Tit-Bits.

She Sings Him.

"It appears that Tompkins married a tartar." "That's a horse on Tompkins." "It's certainly a steady nag."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Kept Moving.

Aguinaldo may have wept, but he didn't stop to do it.

THE DUTIES OF A WHIP.

His Influence Is Greater Than That of Most Cabinet Ministers.

There is nothing more curious in English politics than the position of a successful whip, says the London Spectator. He is a completely unrecognized by the constitution as the cabinet is and is usually paid either as "patronage secretary to the treasury" or through some sinecure office, but he is, when efficient, one of the most important wheels in the political machine. He writes no reports; he exercises no patronage of any moment; he is responsible for no measure, and he is rarely one of the speakers rebuffed by the government. The public seldom knows anything about him, and he is, as a rule, only criticised in the newspapers when he has made a blunder; but he has more influence in shaping the internal policy of the country than any cabinet minister outside the two or three who really rule. He is the true "power behind the throne," and many a project has been baffled, many a grand programme drawn up, because a whip has shaken his head or has urged that on such and such a matter "something must be done."

His business is not merely, as the public imagines, to warn members of important divisions, and so keep the party together and enable business to get on, or even, as Sir William Hayter once defined it, to conciliate the real masters by persuasive words, small concessions, plausible arrangements, or whispered promises of political or social advancement. He performs those functions, it is true, and is lucky if in performing them he does not become something of a cynic, and doubtful of the perfectibility of human nature; but he has a higher function than that. It is his business to gather up in intimate conversations the true sense of the house of commons, and especially of his own party in it, to understand why a proposal will not "go down," to detect the half-formulated wish of a majority, to penetrate, in fact, to that inner wall which so often controls the conscious will, and which is possessed not only by most strong individuals, but by all great corporations. He confides his opinion to the cabinet, and especially to the premier, and unless the head of her majesty's government is a man of very resolute and independent judgment, or the cabinet possesses within itself a born whip, his report has a greater weight than almost any speech or even vote. The first contingency, which practically reduces the use of the whip to the smaller business of legislation, is not, however, so common as one would expect, the strong premier being often aware that he is a little out of touch with the average members, and sometimes distrusting his own social knowledge. Both Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell are said to have felt a certain deficiency in this latter respect, akin, perhaps, to Lord Melbourne's, who, man of the world as he was, could not comprehend why members cared so much about the things they asked for. The second contingency is less frequent, but it occurs. Lord Palmerston, for example, always put in the cabinet, if he could, Mr. Vernon Smith, a man whom the public, and in a lesser degree the house, considered a well-dressed fribble. He was not a fribble, by any means, but a cool-headed, observant man of the world, with a weak will, but possessed of a power which Lord Palmerston, who understood men, had early detected. He had some faculty in him, probably based on sympathy with the average political mind, which enabled him to tell almost unerringly what the house of commons was thinking and would think, and his chief trusted, and, after his manner, nobly repaid, friend's acumen. In the absence of such a man within the cabinet, a good whip who can be majority think in a crisis what the majority know, what is wanted, possible or impossible—the house at this moment wants impossible, because contradictory, things in China—is invaluable, and wields a secret authority which has often serious effects upon the course of events.

L. A. W. IS IN TROUBLE

ALL OVER THE CANADIAN CUSTOMS REGULATIONS.

Defended by the Organization, Many Wheelmen Seem Too Negligent to Do the Right Thing—Canadian Government Seemingly Imposed Upon.

By virtue of an agreement made by the League of American Wheelmen with the Dominion government, members of the L. A. W. have been enabled for several years to enter their bicycles in Canadian ports without paying duty on them, or even the customary deposit representing the amount of duty. League members surrender their membership tickets in place of the deposit. At the same time each tourist is required to sign an entry blank giving a description of the wheel, its number and its value, and agreeing therein to take the wheel out of Canada within a given time at a specified port, where the tourist further agrees to report his departure to the customs officials and take up his membership ticket. To gain this important concession the League of American Wheelmen guarantees the payment of duty to the Canadian government on all such wheels not taken out of Canada in the specified time, or not so reported to the proper officials.

To the disgrace of the L. A. W. in particular, and the entire cycling fraternity of the United States in general, there have been so many cases where, through carelessness, indolence or positive dishonesty, returning tourists failed to report their departure with their wheels as required, that the bills for duty against the L. A. W. piled up rapidly, and the Canadian government became disgusted and threatened to withdraw the privilege. The league officers in the meantime must trace up each individual case to collect the duty from the offender, or obtain an explanation that should be satisfactory to the Canadian customs department.

In most instances where excuses were offered the explanation has been that the tourist could not find the Canadian custom house official on his way out of Canada. Such tourists did not bear in mind the fact that the Canadian inspectors do not wait on trains leaving their territory, and must be sought in their offices, which are invariably in close proximity to the railroad station or steamboat wharf. Whatever the merit of that excuse may be, the league officers have made a new deal with the Canadian government, which makes it impossible for returning tourists to resort to such a claim in the future.

When the Canadian officers cannot be found at the frontier the United States office of the line is on hand on this side of the line. The Canadian government will accept the declaration of a returning rider that his bicycle has been withdrawn from Canada if countersigned by any United States customs officer on duty at the line. This declaration will secure the return of the tourist's membership ticket and relieve the L. A. W. from financial obligation, if forwarded at once to Abbot Bassett, secretary L. A. W., Boston, Mass. The declaration blanks are furnished by the L. A. W. officers.

Secretary Bassett reports that the negligent tourists have caused the league officers no end of trouble and annoyance. Some of the offenders have taken their bicycles into Canada and thence to Europe; one man has gone to the Klondyke regions, and another is somewhere in Manitoba. Several Canadians visiting this country have joined the L. A. W. and used the membership tickets to get American bicycles across the border without paying duty. They remain in Canada, and the tickets, not being taken up in the specified time, become claims against the L. A. W.

Floating Farms Disappear.

On the 10th of last month, at Nonghan, near the town of Kumpharaphi, on the Mekong, an island six sen wide and fourteen sen in length entirely disappeared. There was a number of large trees, ten feet in circumference, on the island, and it was partly under cultivation. The owner searched for it during three or four days, but was unable to find it or hear any news of

it. It seems that in the month of March there are always a number of islands floating down the Mekong. The owner of the large one that has just disappeared has seen many of them pass, and says they disappear in a few years. The owners are continually in search of their property, which rather upsets one's notions about the fixity of a landed estate.—Bangkok Times.

TRAVELING MEN.

Now Employed by Banks to Build Up Their Business.

Milwaukee Sentinel: A new style of traveling man has developed within the past month. His business is to solicit deposits for the New York banks from the merchants of the country. His advent into the commercial world was heralded by numerous circular letters sent out by the banks of the Empire City soliciting business. He is an outgrowth of a change in the rules of the New York clearing-house. When business became depressed the merchants, manufacturers and business men generally began paying their obligations in local cities with checks upon their local banks, where they had before that time used drafts upon New York or other eastern banks. The plan proved so convenient that it was continued, and grew to immense proportions. In the dull times the New York banks were glad to get these checks in deposit from the wholesalers and others of that city, and they sent them to the local banks for collection, paying the collection rates and standing the loss. "Some of the large banks in New York," said J. P. Murphy of the Milwaukee National Bank, "lost \$40,000 and \$50,000 by these transactions, so large had the business grown. As a result of this the New York clearing-house changed its rules, so that the banks were obliged to charge exchange on these personal checks, and imposing a fine of \$5,000 on the bank that failed to observe the rule. In view of this the New York banks are sending out circulars and agents to the leading merchants of the city urging them to open accounts with them. Of course the local bankers do not like this kind of business, and it is not likely that they will feel under the same obligation to accommodate those concerns who split up their accounts in this way. I don't think they have done much in Milwaukee yet. Henry Benedict, who was formerly in the clothing business here, is traveling over the northwest soliciting business of this character for New York banks, and recently made a visit to St. Paul and Minneapolis. What the clearing-house here should do, and do immediately, is to call a meeting and charge Chicago at least the currency rate of 30 cents for collections. As it is now, Chicago is a sort of collection agency for the northwest for the New York banks. We have been doing the business of Chicago in this city for nothing, and when it became necessary to send the currency to Chicago we stood the charges of 30 cents for each \$1,000—that is the rate fixed by the express companies."

Soldified Spirits for Fuel.

A new idea in candles has been evolved by a German chemical manufacturer. It is simply a mass of solidified spirits pressed into cylindrical form and distributed in round tin boxes. The solid spirits burn readily and need no wick to make them applicable for heating or cooking purposes. The flame can be extinguished like that of a chaffing dish lamp, after which the little surface spirits, which become liquefied by the heat of the flame, resume their hard and waxy consistency in a few minutes.

Couldn't Get In Anyway.

Benign individual—"My good friend, don't you know that indulging your appetite for strong drink will undermine your health and bring you to death's door?"

De Tanque—"That's all right, old boy; I won't be able to (hic) find the keyhole."—Philadelphia Record.

It Was Declined.

"We shall have to decline the Geezers' invitation to their card party," wheezed Mrs. Gazzam. "That's odd," replied Mr. Gazzam. "You enjoy playing so thoroughly." "But I shouldn't enjoy it to-morrow night, for I'm so hoarse I can't speak above a whisper."—Detroit Free Press.

ATTACKED BY HIPPOPOTAMUS.



Our sketch represents an incident that occurred on the Victoria Nyansa while Capt. M. J. Tighe, D. S. O., and Capt. W. M. Southey, of the First stanchion battalion, were out shooting at the beginning of February. The party sighted a school of hippopotami, and went in pursuit in canoes. On approaching the spot an enormous bull hippo charged Capt. Tighe's canoe immediately underneath, and succeeded in lifting it out of the water, much to the surprise and consternation of the occupants. Had the hippo succeeded in overturning the canoe, probably a good many would not have escaped with their lives, as the spot was swarming with crocodiles. The hippopotamus damaged the canoe badly, but the pursuit continued and he got away with three bullets in his head.