

coff, whose series of socialistic studies. "The Workers" published in Scribner's Magazine aroused so much discussion, made a conscientious tour into this Darkest Africa, and slept in unpleasant places and ate ill-tasting food and inhaled unsavory odors for a worthy object. His observations will be valuable to sociologists, but when all is said they are but stiff-necked, colorless reports, thorough and conscientious, but with no more life or color in them than statistics for a college thesis. Like Mr. Richard Harding Davis' account of the Cuban war, they have the supercilious attitude of the man who stood afar off and watched the battle and suffered because his linen was not clean. This may be because Mr. Wycoff is a student and a sociologist and not a poet, and because he receives his impressions solely through his cerebral apparatus. Nobody ever yet acquired any wisdom worth the having through study alone, much less is one able to impart knowledge to others by a purely intellectual process. To know anything about any class of people, one must ascertain how those people regard the great issues of life, how and what they feel. And to do that, it is necessary to feel one's self, and that is what it never occurred to Prof. Walter Wycoff to do. The sculptured figures on the old Egyptian monuments of the slaves who drew the water and fed the oxen and plowed the rice fields and quarried sandstone, six thousand years ago are quite as much alive as Mr. Wycoff's "Workers." But Richard Whiting has learned to feel with his head and think with his heart. In "Number 5, John street," we enter no lecture room, but an actual world, a world that comes very close to us and seems very real, because a man who has that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin, reveals it to us. And he speaks in no dry scientific phraseology, but in the common language of pain and pleasure and love and sorrow, which is the same in John street and in Piccadilly.

After divesting ourselves of Mr. Wycoff's statistics and memoranda, it is good to step into John street and laugh and toil and live with men again. It is a world of outcast men, it is true, men with the gypsy thirst for pleasure ready-made and the gypsy trick of incompetence and inability to stick to anything, but Mr. Whiting must have a little of that restlessness in his own blood, and he knows and loves that "Submerged Tenth" of which he writes. He says:

"There is a John street in every shining city of civilization—in New York, Chicago, Boston; in Rome, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Madrid. There is a sort of liberty in John street, and a fellowship of blood and gin-fire. If the Tzzygany from Budapest walked in here at Number 5, we should know him for a brother, though he wore a bandana in lieu of a cap. He would be as greasy as we are. He would itch with another kind of vermin, that is all. The children would pelt him for a time, because they are silly enough to think that strange boots makes a strange man. But their seniors, as soon as they had taken their stock, in one swift glance, of the holes in his uppers and the devil in his eye, would yield him his appointed place without a word. Every village in the land, if it has not its entire John street, has its Number 5. It may be only the cottage at the end of the lane, but it is there; and there the feckless find their pallet and their roof. We are a mighty corporation, and I feel sure that we should not look in vain for quarters if we tramped into a settlement of the Samoyeds. There would be surely one tent fouler and more open to the sky than the others—tent No. 5."

Mr. Whiting finds the life of the very poor almost an absolute reduction to the

slavish feeding of the primitive physical appetites. "Tis an unlovely life, this life of the poor, he says, "destitute of beauty far more than of bread and butter. A meal—what a function if served with art, if only with the art of cleanliness; without that, what an act of sensuality!"

The book is alive with vivid portraits of the people among whom Mr. Whiting's hero lived. First among them is Tilda, the flower girl, and the next Low Covey, the coxer, who is frequently out of a job, and who spends more time making musical bird calls on glass tubes submerged in water than he does at his trade. In him Mr. Whiting finds the primitive artist of the people. Old "Mammy" says of Covey:

"Cleverest bird call in London, bar none. If he was more genteel-like to look at he could make a fortune in the music halls. But there, you can't get him to put on a black coat. He splits it if its anything of a fit, and some days there ain't a note in him."

And Mr. Whiting adds:

"She spoke half in pity, half in admiration, as though the divine finger had been laid on Covey and oppressed him with its weight. It is the attitude of all simple natures and of all simple races toward genius or gift. They reverence the burden; they pity the bearer."

Tilda, the flower seller, is worth a whole book in herself, that big, vigorous piece of womanhood, with the bearing of a goddess and the grammar of the slums, who carried her sick friend in her strong arms and always interposed in street fights when she saw a good fellow getting the worst of it.

"She helps one to understand literature, sacred and profane. The earlier women of spirit were furies of this sort, I feel sure. She is Boadicea, skipping centuries of time—Boadicea, strong of her hands and generally none too clean of them, splendid in reason, a passion and decidedly foul-mouthed, no British warrior queen of nursery recitation, but a down right 'naughty gal' leading her alley to battle against the Roman 'slops.' With a trifling difference in costume, but none in spirit, she is Hera, the furious and proud. The ferocity in these types of womanhood is the secret of their enduring charm."

This same ferocious coxer girl, when she hears the "Arabian Nights" read for the first time, overcome by a new and nameless pleasure so solemn that it is almost pain, cries and says she is "going to be a better girl." Having created her in such splendid proportions, the author dignifies Tilda by a martyr's death. He can scarcely leave her in John street, he cannot lift her to his hero's world, so he leaves to her the tragic interest which is usually found somewhere in every great work of art. She dies at one of the Queen's Jubilee celebrations in an effort to save a nobleman from an anarchist's bomb. If there are many such staunch hearts in John street, I don't wonder that Mr. Whiting's hero used to slip away from his own gay world and go back there where people, having nothing else to give in friendship, give themselves, splendidly, unreservedly, magnificently. Not long ago, in the great iron mills at Homestead, Pa., a steel worker fell into a live cinder pit, crippling himself in his fall and lying helpless on the coals. A friend of his, a workman like himself, leaped in after him and stood in that fiery pit, holding his comrade's body in his arms until a ladder was lowered to them. He will never walk again. One would rather like to live in a world where such things happened, even if the people there ate onions and bathed infrequently.

A special opportunity is offered to secure a modern home by John J. Gillilan 119 south 12th street, ground floor.

## CLUBS.

[LOUISA L. RICKETS.]

Treasurer, Mrs. Phillip N. Moore, St. Louis, Mo.

Auditor—Mrs. C. P. Barnes, Louisville, Ky.

State Chairman—Mrs. Louisa L. Ricketts, Lincoln, Nebr.

Officers of the State Federation of Women's clubs;

President—Mrs. S. C. Langworthy, Seward.

Vice President—Mrs. Anna L. Apperson, Tecumseh.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. F. H. Sackott, Weeping Water.

Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. D. G. McKillip, Seward.

Treasurer—Mrs. H. F. Doane, Crete,

Librarian—Mrs. G. M. Lambertson, Lincoln.

Mrs. A. B. Fuller, Auditor, Ashland.

In a neat brochure with white covers, to which is pinned—with the old quill pen—a scroll, which as it unrolls reveals the laurel wreath and the monogram of the club defined in pale greens and gold and tied with soft pink colors, the Friends in Council of Tecumseh present their plan of studying English Literature for the coming year. From Shakspeare to Tennyson, celebrated authors and their most important works will be considered.

The constitution and by-laws of this club are models of conciseness. The secretary is Mrs. Mattie Hedrick, Tecumseh, Nebr.

Representation in the G. F. W. C. has been greatly reduced by the amendment adopted at Denver whereby federated clubs of fifty members or less can only be represented by the president or her appointee. By the old rule each club was entitled to one delegate besides the president. There are over six hundred clubs affiliated with the general federation, take away the extra delegate and if none of these clubs have over fifty members the number of delegates entitled to a seat in the biennial is reduced to six hundred. Thus this question is solving itself, without debarring any club that may wish to receive the personal benefit derived from affiliation with the national organization.

At the Denver biennial Nebraska was entitled to twenty-four votes, viz: from the nine clubs belonging, eighteen, from the state federation, five, and one from the state chairman. At the Milwaukee biennial according to the amendment Nebraska would be entitled to only nine votes unless some of those clubs should represent more than fifty members. Each club between fifty and one hundred members is entitled to be represented by the president or her appointee and one delegate and for each additional one hundred members or major fraction thereof it is entitled to one more delegate. By the same amendment there will be a slight increase in the representation from state federations. Each state federation, no matter how small, will be entitled to five delegates, one of these the president or her appointee.

Each state federation of over twenty-five clubs shall be entitled to one additional delegate for every twenty-five clubs or major fraction thereof. Thus if Nebraska has eighty federated clubs it will be entitled to seven delegates at the Milwaukee biennial as compared with five at Denver. Thus making the whole difference in representation from Nebraska brought about by these amendments, seven less than we had at Denver. Of course this difference is marked in the states where a large number of clubs belong to the general federation. In Massachusetts there are

sixty-seven less, in Colorado there are seventy-one. Thus from necessity the next biennial will have a smaller representation than the last one.

The New York Tribune has published a valuable compilation of statistics on "What Women Can Earn." These figures have been made from a series of articles published by this paper on the occupations of women and show that while there is a decrease in the percentage of those employed in the more laborious occupations still one fourth of the women employed are factory girls. Of the 4,000,000 of women in the ranks of labor 650,000 belong to the professional classes, 250,000 to the clerical classes, as against 1,200,000 in the manufactures and 2,000,000 in domestic and agricultural service. The lowest wages paid are to shop girls, the scale of remuneration increasing through the various clerical branches to the highest paid salaries in the learned professions. The compilation is valuable as showing not only the resources open to women but it gives an idea of the chances for securing a livelihood therefrom.

Crete, August 21, 1890.

Dear Mrs. Ricketts:—I know so little about the question on which you ask my opinion that I hesitate to give it. It seems to me, however, that the same principle might be applied to representation at the general federation which applies to the various state federations. There is no question in my mind but that individual clubs are much more interested in their state federation because they are personally represented, whereas if we were only represented by delegates from our city federation we should feel that it was not a personal matter at all. I have never attended the general federation meetings—though I have always wanted to—so I can say nothing about the number of delegates making them unwieldy bodies to manage. I don't know whether or not I have covered the ground, but this seemed to me the vital point.

ADELAIDE L. DOANE,  
State Treasurer.

## CITY OWNERSHIP OF STREET RAILWAYS IN GLASGOW.

From the beginning Glasgow owned its own street railway lines. It was too careful of its streets to allow any company to control them. Though the conditions under which a company leased the lines for twenty-one years were highly favorable to the city, at the expiration of the lease it was decided not to renew it. An offer was made to take over the company's rolling stock, stables etc., on an arbitrator's valuation, on condition that the company should not put on a rival line of 'buses. As this was declined, the council started carshops, and equipped the line with new material entirely. On the day of the transfer the competing omnibuses appeared, but the citizens had long experienced the advantages of loyal support of their own government. All the blandishments of the omnibus-conductors were unavailing; the omnibuses ran empty, while the street cars were crowded, and soon the chagrined rivals withdrew from the uneven contest. Scotch shrewdness has been justified of her children. For short distances a system of one cent fares has been introduced; the cars have been made more elegant and comfortable; electric traction is being installed. In one year the number of passengers was doubled; and after paying interest on the capital, and providing an adequate reserve fund, a surplus of \$200,000 is left to pay for open spaces, bath and wash-house, river ferries, art exhibitions, music and improved sanitation.—Harper's Magazine.