

LUGGAGE CARRIERS.

FEATURES OF A BUSINESS PECULIAR TO A BIG CITY.

Grips and Bundles of Travelers Going To and From Depots Afford Chances of Earning Money.

In certain downtown streets that lead to railroad ferries and to steamboat landings are to be found young men and boys looking for jobs at carrying the luggage of travelers making for these points of departure. Warren street, for instance, says the New York Sun, is traversed by many people bound for the Erie ferry, and of these travelers a good many come down-town by the Ninth avenue elevated railroad to get off at the Warren street station.

And so, especially at about the sailing time of the Sound boats, there is always to be found at the foot of the stairs of the downtown station of the elevated railroad at Warren street a bunch of young men waiting for a chance to make a little something carrying bags and bundles for travelers from there to the boat.

It is at this point and at this hour that most of the luggage carrying business in Warren street naturally concentrates, and there, naturally, most of the luggage carriers assemble, for there they can nail the people carrying heavy bundles and bags who might like to hire a carrier as they come down the stairs.

Many of these carriers make more or less of a trade of this work; that is to say, they are not driven to it by dire need, to get a few cents for immediate food, but they make a sort of business of it and hustle for the business in a businesslike way and come there every day.

Then there are transients at it, who take a look in here occasionally with the hope of picking up a dime which they may need very much right then. But as a rule no consideration of sentiment enters into the account between the traveler and the luggage carrier. If the traveler wants somebody to carry his bag he is likely to take the first carrier that offers, and that's all there is to it. It's service for money and money for service, and it couldn't very well be otherwise at this point, where the people come down the stairs from the elevated road all in a bunch to meet that bunch of carriers waiting and bidding for jobs at the bottom.

But not all of the luggage carriers that work Warren street always congregate at the bottom of those stairs, occasionally one, and this likely to be an amateur casual, wanders up Warren street to intercept possible jobs coming toward the river from Broadway, and these wanderers may have experiences.

In the crowd at the foot of the stairs, but up there in the street it's an individual man bidding for a job meeting an individual person carrying a valise.

There was a big stout man, comfortably clad, and comfortable and cheerful looking himself, making down the street from Broadway, carrying a big telescope canvas case at his side in the usual way by the handle with the straps running through it around the bag. And coming up the street at this time—not a regular at the work, this man, but looking for a job at it now—was another big man with an eye out for bags to carry, a tall and rather spare man this was, and a man of some years, and incidentally, without an overcoat, and apparently he really wanted such jobs as he could pick up, and could make use of the money.

And when he met the big man coming along with the big telescope bag he sheered over toward him and reached down toward the bag, and offered to carry it. And the big man with the bag didn't sheer off from the other, or steer clear of him, or go by without paying any attention to him whatever, but he sized him up in a minute, and in the most natural way in the world he held the big bag up high to show how light it was, and said, smilingly, to the other big man, "It's empty," and the other man said, "Oh, thank you."

Now this was a meeting as between man and man, for which both no doubt felt better, and then the big man with the bag held his way toward the river, and the other big man kept along toward Broadway, looking for somebody with a bag that was loaded.

Harnessing the Rhone

The French river Rhone is a subterranean stream near Bellegarde, vanishing into a subterranean gulf and there remaining for a considerable distance. The engineers propose to change this romantic geology by damming the river and turning the water into two parallel tunnels which will conduct the river two miles and a half to two power generating stations. Here a fall of 200 feet will yield 150,000 horsepower for 24 days in the year. The cost is placed at about \$5,000,000, and the use of the lower is estimated as equivalent to working an inexhaustible coal bed supplying 1,500,000 tons a year.

Hint for the Women.

It is as bad a plan to fire a man with too much honey talk and caresses as it is to neglect him altogether. He must do the wooing, you know. It is perfectly legitimate to coax him along a little with smiles and guarded compliments, but watch out that you don't succeed. Whenever a woman gets to begging a man to love her she loosens her grasp on his heart. If you do love him a little, make him fancy it is the greatest honor to him. Women often cheapen themselves, and when they do can not only lose interest, but respect too.

SCIENCE AND THE MEDIUMS

Facts Once Held to Be Miracles, But Conceded by Modern Thought.

Spiritualism is the successor of the mediæval occultism and of the older magic. To-day science, without accepting its manifestations, studies them; and in these troubled waters almost all the facts upon which the new metaphysics is founded have been fished up. Like magnetism, says Vance Thompson in Everybody's, it has drawn the attention of physicians to the phenomena of induced sleep and has given many of the data for the study of hypnosis and suggestion. The mediums, who believe, like the ancient pythonesse, that they are possessed by foreign spirits, have served for the study of the change of personality and telepathy. And it has shown that the prodigious, diabolic and divine, recorded in all early religions were not so fabulous as the critical fancied.

At all events science admits that there is a force—call it psychic as Crookes does, neuric with Barziz, vital with Boreaduc, or the odic force of Reichenbach—a force which can be measured and described, which leaves its mark on the photographic plate, which emanates from every living being, which acts at a distance, which saves or destroys. Plato knew it. Great wizards like Cardan made use of it. The charlatans like Castiglione blundered upon it. The scientists have the last word.

What definite facts has science acquired? The change of personality; that is classic now. The evidence for telepathy is indubitable. That may seem a bold statement; it is a commonplace for those who are in touch with the latest experiments of the metaphysical clinics. Only a few years ago—before Pasteur came—it would have been deemed sheer idiocy to talk of studying typhoid fever or cholera or erysipelas in a laboratory. Telepathy is an acquired certainty—as much as Harvey's theory of the circulation of the blood, which three academicians of physicians declared impossible.

And the explanation of the strange phenomena: Are they hints and indications from another world—the intervention of spirits of the dead, of angels or demons? This is the opinion held by almost all the sects of the occult, those who worship in the hundred and one little religions of mysticism. Science does not go quite so far. It declares:

1. There exist in nature certain unknown forces capable of acting on matter.

(This covers all the objective phenomena of metaphysics, such as the transport of bodies from one place to another, luminosity, etc.)

2. We possess other means of knowing than those of reason or the senses.

(This applies to the subjective phenomena of metaphysics, including telepathy, second sight, clairvoyance.)

GENESIS OF SALLY LUNA.

This Was a Toothsome Delicacy Popular a Century or More Ago.

How many of our readers know the excellences of a Sally Lunn? The world whirled round so fast that it is possible not one in a hundred could tell what a Sally Lunn is, says London Modern Society. The genesis of this toothsome delicacy is to be found in Edinburgh society a hundred years ago. It was before railways had made London the capital of Britain—in the days when Scotch peers and gentlemen had their town houses in Edinburgh and when Edinburgh could offer society second to none in distinction and chic.

It was when the new regiment of Fencibles, raised by Lord Breadalbane at the end of the eighteenth century, was turning the heads of Edinburgh belles that the custom of giving tea parties became the fashion. Prince Leopold, widower of Princess Charlotte of Wales, lattered in Edinburgh on his way south from a visit to Taymouth castle, and many of the principal hostesses of the city fought for the honor of entertaining him to tea. Miss Sarah Lowndes, "a lady of the first fashion," then invented the cake called afterward by her name, "Sally Lowndes," a name which slipped easily into the "Sally Lunn" known to this day to north country pastry cooks. Soon afterward Miss Sally married and a daughter of hers became the wife of Maj. Dallas-Yorke of Walmgate, Yorkshire, the mother of the present duchess of Portland. We have never inquired if the ducal tea tables at Welbeck or at Grosvenor square are furnished with the excellent and fluffy dainty so nearly linked with the ancestress of her grace.

Busy Young King.

Alfonso, the young king of Spain, leads a busy life, made up of work, and study, and sport—such a life as any young man might lead. And this is what has endeared him to his people. In no monarchy was the king's majesty more hedged about with ceremony. The young king has broken it all down. His ancestors gloomed behind the curtained windows of the palace. He has gone to the people. He is part of the national life. And his frank and boyish good fellowship has done more to make the monarchy safe than all the king's horses and all the king's men.

Notorious Name.

In the early part of the last century a firm of contractors named Jerry Bros. carried on business in Liverpool, and earned an unpleasant notoriety by putting up rapidly-built, showy but ill-constructed houses, so that their name eventually became general for such builders and such work in all parts of the world.

PUPILS DEPOSITORS.

SCHOOL CHILDREN ENCOURAGED IN SAVING HABIT.

Prizes Offered in Kansas City School Rooms for Largest Number of Depositors—Uses of Savings.

Kansas City, Mo.—Thousands of girls and boys in the public schools of Kansas City are saving money. In the last six years they have deposited in the Missouri Savings bank, where school accounts are kept, a total of \$75,000. Of this amount \$57,000 has been withdrawn leaving \$18,000 to the credit of school children. The first suggestion that school children begin systematically to save stray pennies and nickels came from the W. C. T. U. six years ago. The result was that the Missouri Savings bank offered to take these accounts, to pay two per cent interest on them and to deposit with the board of education as security for the savings of school children Kansas City school bonds to the amount of the savings, whatever that should be.

In addition to the suggestion of W. S. Webb, the cashier of this bank, \$30 in cash was offered in prizes to be paid to the three school rooms having each year the largest number of savings accounts. These prizes are awarded April 15 each year by a committee appointed by J. M. Greenwood, superintendent of schools. The money is divided into three prizes, \$25 being paid to the room having the largest number of pupils who are saving, \$15 to the highest number and \$10 to the next highest single deposit, strange as it may seem, does not belong to the child of rich parents, but to three little folks who are children of the keeper of a small second hand store. The deposit of these children is several hundred dollars, larger than any other.

"What do the children do with their money?" was asked of W. S. Webb, the cashier of the bank. "Their accounts are up and down," he replied. "I cannot begin to tell of the many different uses to which some of them have put their money after saving carefully for many months. I remember, however, the case of one little fellow who had saved \$500 and bought a newspaper route. When he told me what he wanted to do with his money, I began to wonder whether he wasn't paying too much for the route. Parents sometimes use the money which their children have accumulated. Strange, though, isn't it, that the boys and girls who are saving the most money are the sons and daughters of poor parents. The saving habit is not hard to acquire and when once formed is easy to maintain."

JOY FOR LITTLE PAPPOSES

There Will Be Allotments for 12,000 Indian Infants if Curtis Bill Passes.

Muskogee, I. T.—If the senate and house pass the Curtis Indian bill as reported by the conferees there will be "something doing" in Indian Territory. The bill provides that all children who have not been enrolled and who were living at that time, shall be admitted to the rolls and given allotments. Acting Commissioner Beall stated that as closely as it could be approximated 12,000 babies under the bill will be admitted to the rolls. The task of enrolling and allotting these babies will require an additional force of nearly 100 men on the Dawes commission. There will be ten or 12 field parties put out among the Indians for the purpose of finding and enrolling these babies. These field parties will have lots of hard work to do when it comes to rounding up full-blooded Indians and getting data on the number of babies born prior to March 4. The removal of restrictions from Indian lands will practically knock out the land sales division at the Indian agency.

SITS AMONG PEERESSES.

Audacious Act of an Unknown American Woman in House of Lords.

London.—A mysterious American, whom no one appears to be able to trace, made a determined and partly successful effort to pass herself off as a peeress and enter the peeresses' gallery in the house of lords the other night during an interesting debate. She followed the duchess of Marlborough so closely that the officials thought she must be with her. When challenged for her name she mumbled Lady Something and said she was with the duchess. The latter, who is still slightly deaf, did not hear the conversation, and so the mysterious American actually sat down among the peeresses. But not for long. The other women began to discuss her, and finally an official was sent for who questioned the stranger closely. The American calmly said: "Well, I've won that bet, anyway," and was shown out rather unceremoniously.

London "Men Parties."

Smart society in London has taken to "men parties," having adopted an idea long in vogue in this country. Luncheons and dinners are being given "for women only" and the guests seem to find vast amusement in the Adamless Eden.

THE BOY AND THE JUDGE.

Typical Instance of a Denver Judicial Celebrity's Treatment of Youth.

Seven years ago, before there was such a thing as a juvenile court, a boy of nine was arrested in Denver for burglary. He was brought into the criminal court, tried as a burglar, and sent to jail. He served a term of years, during which he learned thoroughly the trade which he had been accused of plying. When he was released, writes Frances Maule Bjorkman, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews, he began to practice in earnest. He was rearrested, recommitted, and, after a second term, turned loose again, a more accomplished burglar than before. A few months ago he was shot at by a Denver police in an attempt to escape a third arrest. He was captured and brought into the juvenile court, still a mere child that ought to have been going to school.

Judge "Ben" B. Lindsey, who presides over the tribunal, was confronted by a bold, hardened and unnaturally sharp young expert in crime who had mystified the police by telling half a dozen different stories. Judge Lindsey began by telling the boy that he didn't believe him to be half as "tough a kid" as the police had made him out, and that he would not be "sent up" if he was "square with the court" and made a clean breast of his trouble with the "cops."

This new treatment got from the boy his real story. He had been led into his first offense by a desire for a knife with which to make a kite. His father refused to get him one, and he broke into a barber shop and took a razor. According to the letter of the criminal law, the boy had committed a burglary. As there was no "juvenile" law at the time, he was dealt with as a professional housebreaker. Asked about his first trial, he said to Judge Lindsey:

"Aw, de guy wid de whiskers, wot sat up on de high bench looked over at de 'cop,' and de 'cop,' he says: 'Dis is a very bad kid; he broke into Smith's barber shop and took a razor, and headin' to yer honor. Den de guy on de high bench sends me up widout givin' me a chanct to say a word.'"

Thus, the boy was well started on a criminal career before he was ten years old. Fortunately, he fell into the hands of the Denver juvenile court, which had been established in the interval between his second and third arrest, while he was still able to "pull up." Instead of telling him that he was a bad boy and sending him to jail again, Judge Lindsey told him that he was a "bully fellow" and set him free—no probation. To-day that boy is still going uphill as fast as he was going downhill before.

NOT A REAL SAFE PLACE.

There Appeared to Be Too Many Opportunities for Getting Into Trouble.

When Mr. Trent decided to buy a home in the south in which he and his family could spend the spring months, during which they had found New England winds and weather to be trying, he took a journey of investigation, relates Youth's Companion.

Mr. Trent was accustomed to be treated as if his society were eminently desirable, and it was therefore with a friendly and engaging smile that he addressed a melancholy person who was lounging on the piazza of the hotel at his first southern stopping place. "I'm thinking of buying a place down here," said Mr. Trent, in a half-confidential tone. "Now what part of the country would you particularly recommend? The landlord tells me you've lived south for many years."

"Yes, I've lived south a long spell," admitted the melancholy man, "though I was raised north, and I'm willing to say right here and now that you couldn't find a more favorable nor a lovelier spot in this whole state, sir, than this very town. I have lived here for five years, and if I'd had anything like a fair show I should have enjoyed every minute of the time."

"You haven't had a fair show?" asked the New Englander.

"No," said the melancholy one. "This is a lovely spot, and if I'd had a fair show I'd have enjoyed it; but the next year I had fever and ague, and the next year I was bit by a shark, and the third year I had an awful fight with a snake, that shook up my nerves, and I came—"

"I doubt if I should like this locality," said the New Englander, briskly. The melancholy man looked at him with mild astonishment.

"Why, you know it's pretty dangerous living anywhere, stranger," he said, slowly, "if that's what you're thinking about."

What She Left Off.

A teacher in a certain Episcopal Sunday school had been impressing on her girls the need of making some personal sacrifice during Lent. Accordingly, on the first Sunday of that penitential season, which happened to be a warm spring day, she took occasion to ask each of the class in turn what she had given up for the sake of her religion. Everything went well and the answers were proving highly satisfactory until she came to the youngest member. "Well, Mary," inquired the teacher, "what have you left off for Lent?" "Please, ma'am," stammered the child, somewhat confused, "I've left off my leggins."—Lippincott's.

Fortune in Sight.

The Heires.—And haven't you any financial prospects, George, dear? George.—Why, yes. I'm figuring on a sure thing that ought to net me half a million at least. "What is the sure thing, George, dear?" "You."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

LAND FOR SETTLERS.

SHOSHONE RESERVATION TO BE OPENED THIS SUMMER.

More Than a Million Acres Will Be Turned Over to Homeseekers and Prospectors by Uncle Sam.

Washington.—The opening of a portion of the Shoshone reservation in Wyoming, which is scheduled for some time this summer, promises to inaugurate a stampede of prospectors as well as settlers into that region.

Uncle Sam has thrown barriers around this reservation for many years and, notwithstanding the importunities of all classes of miners, has steadily refused to allow any explorations to be made. A few prospectors have ventured across the line, but were always driven back by watchful scouts.

Some of the prospectors in their brief stay secured specimens of minerals and the impression has now gone forth that portions of the ceded area are exceedingly rich in minerals of various kinds.

Congress at the last session passed the necessary legislation to open more than a million acres of this reservation to settlement and exploration. The agricultural areas will be opened under the form adopted by the land office in opening the Sioux reservation in South Dakota, the selections being made by lottery.

With a mean average of rainfall of about 13 inches a year, the climate is too arid for the raising of crops without irrigation, but a large amount of water in the two rivers is available for this use. By the construction of irrigation canals wide areas of the basin lands could be brought under cultivation, especially if the flood waters of the mountain slopes could be stored for use during the dry season. The greater part of the region is well adapted for grazing and this undoubtedly will be its principal use. Fully two-thirds of the land bears a fair growth of nutritious grasses, and water for stock is within reach, excepting in a few districts.

In portions of the Owl Creek mountains granites and associated schists are exposed, containing gold and other ores, which may possibly occur in sufficient amount to be of economic importance, while in the southern end of the Shoshone range, which constitutes the northwestern corner of the ceded area, there may possibly be found a southern extension of the mineral veins of the Kirwin region. Coal deposits occur in the center of the ceded area, and, although probably they may not merit extensive working, they will afford a useful local supply.

The only settlers now in the ceded area are a few Indians and white men who have married squaws, and the ranches of these persons are widely scattered along the rivers and on the crests near the foot of the mountains.

DESCENDS STAIRS ON HEAD

Remarkable Performance of Paris Acrobat on Wager with American.

Paris.—The police here are accustomed to strange sights, especially at carnival time, but none of their previous experiences had prepared them for the spectacle presented on the steps of the opera house at eleven o'clock last night.

With his feet in the air and his arms serenely folded, a gentleman was descending the broad stairs on his head. Bump! bump on every step, with painful precision, down he came. Arriving finally on the pavement of the Place de l'Opera, the acrobat, to the relief of the police, once more assumed the ordinary attitude. Clapping his aching head, he made for the nearest chemist.

The acrobat, Franconi, explained to the policeman that his performance was the result of a wager with an American.

That Awful Thirteen.

The Thirteen club of New York ate an evening meal in the Platiron restaurant not long ago. Rudolph Mayers (count the letters) attended the feast as a waiter. He is 39 years old, which is three times 13. He waited on table No. 13, at which 13 diners had spread their napkins. On the way from the kitchen all the waiters were required to pass under a ladder. Mayers, laden with an order of oysters, 13 per plate, paused before passing under the fatal string of rungs. As he hesitated, a serving man behind gave him a shove. He tripped against the ladder, spilling the oysters and bringing down the ascending contrivance which struck and fractured his skull.

Rock Beer Insanity.

"Rock beer insanity" made its annual appearance in the court for the insane at the detention hospital in Chicago the other day. Each year with the advent of rock beer in the saloons there is a sudden increase in the number of alcoholic insane patients, who attribute their troubles to an overindulgence in the seductive fluid. The other day ten of the 28 patients before Judge Casey were described as rock beer cases.

Wild Swans at Clinton.

A flock of 13 wild swans, the first seen on the Mississippi river for years, alighted in an open place just above the bridge opposite Clinton, Ia., one day lately. The birds were a pretty sight, all being pure white in color, with long, arched necks. After spending some hours in the water without being disturbed, the flock took up its northward journey. The old river men say the flight of swans northward is an infallible sign of spring weather.

DESCRIPTIVE OF A SHOPPER

Specimen of the Irksome Strain Imposed Upon Long-Suffering Clerks.

She enters the millinery department, relates the Chicago Daily News. "Hais, please. I am just looking—oh, you are busy, too? Dear me! I've asked three persons to show me hats, and they are all busy."

"Floorman, I want to be waited upon at once. Thank you—but not that cross-looking girl. Yes, that one will do. You see, I want some one who is willing to show me everything whether I buy or not, and who understands my style. She must give me her undivided attention, as it is so hard to try to shop when a clerk is talking to her friends about her beaux or—something."

"To saleswoman: 'Please show me something dresy—but not too much so. Well, you know I want it for evenings—and other occasions, too. I suppose they are all marked down at this time of the year. The paper said they were cut in two—I mean the prices, not the hats, though it wouldn't hurt some of them. I remember a big hat I had once and one windy day—'

"I suppose you are busy. Yes, I'll try them on. I like to see the different effects on me, even if I don't buy."

"Now, would you advise a large or a small hat? I think I will look at both kinds. No, not a white one; it would be too trying to my complexion. Not that black one—it's too somber. Not that one—it's old enough for my mother. I should think you could tell me what I want. You don't seem to understand what is becoming to me. You must make a study of my face. Yes, I suppose you are too busy to know everyone, but you see, I buy all my things here, and you ought to know a regular customer."

"Certainly, it must be imported. American hats always have a homemade look. My husband likes to have me get the best. He says it is the cheapest in the end, for if I don't like a thing I talk so much—that is, I am apt to mention it, and he can't work unless it is quiet."

"That won't do. The crown is too high, and I would look taller than my husband. Of course, I can't expect you to know his height, but I thought I would mention that he is a trifle shorter than I. I always wear French heels, but I have to have my hats low. Let me see that violet hat. I had a beautiful one just that color the year I was married, and my husband thought it was stunning. Thirty-five dollars? I thought you said they were marked down. I never am sure when clerks are telling the truth—that is, I suppose you don't always know. I try to be nice to persons who wait upon me, for I can get so much more attention. Yes, I'll look at that one."

IN EVERYTHING BUT RANK.

Inferior Officer Considered Himself Superior to the Man Above Him.

The following anecdote, touching the military career of the late Judge Tourjee, was related by Pension Commissioner Warner.

The colonel of the regiment being absent one day, his duties devolved upon the second in command, the lieutenant colonel, a pompous young fellow. One morning that officer called at Capt. Tourjee's quarters and ordered him to make a detail of 30 men from the right of the regimental line for a special duty the following day.

Late in the afternoon the lieutenant colonel again called upon the captain and asked whether his order had been carried out making a detail of men from the left of the line.

"Bek pardon, you told me to make a detail from the right of the line," was the captain's reply.

"No, sir, I said from the left," came the snappy response.

"You said from the right," persisted the captain in more decided tones.

The lieutenant colonel was white with rage. Drawing himself up to his full height, and at the same time gesticulating with this right hand in a menacing way, he vociferated: "Who is superior here, you or I?" "I am, sir, in everything but rank," was the cool response.

Capt. Tourjee was ordered to his quarters under arrest, but when the colonel returned the following day was ordered to report for duty.

New Red Sea Port.

Shafra, on the Red sea, has proved an unsatisfactory port and is to be superseded by a brand-new rival which has been built up out of coral work and desert sand by the Egyptian authorities. The rival is Port Sudan, the latest addition to the empire of the British empire, and an enthusiast says that it is destined to be a place of magnitude and importance in the days when cotton shall have made it the New Orleans of the east. The place has hitherto been called Mersa Sheikh Barud. It is about 600 miles south of Suas and is capable of holding a dozen vessels of moderate size. The entrance is 600 feet across, and the land around is six feet above sea level.

A Problem.

"We managers nowadays," said the vaudeville man, "have more complications to contend with than you fellows used to have."

"Is that so?" said the old showman. "Say, what would you have done if you had been in my place back in the '70s, one day when I had to discharge one of the Siamese Twins?"—Cleveland Leader.