## WHY I LEFT THE SEA.

Clarke Russell, the Famous Writer, Gives Some Reminiscences of

HIS EARLY LIFE AS A SAILOR BOY.

Ocean Life is Not Half so Pleasurable as it is Painted.

RIS LAST VOYAGE BEFORE THE MAST



HERE is one very small particular indeed in which I may claim to resemble the poet Wadsworth: I am not one who much

or oft delights
To season my friends with personal talkbut having been asked to contribute "something of a slim, auto-

biographical character," it has occurred to me to convert the proposal into an opportunity, that I may be enabled to answer a question which has been very often put to me since the first of my ocean stories, "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," found a public in America. Why did I give up the sea? "How did it happen, Mr. Clark Russell, that you should have abandoned a vocation which you are never weary of writing about? There is not a page in your novels but that expresses you as an ardent admirer of the deep in every phase of its variable mind. You create some fairy fabric of ship or yacht and 'love it to vitality.' What made you give up the sea, then-you who are assuredly abreast of most nautical men in appreciation of the many as in reluctance to admit the somber characteristics of a calling that has hoisted your tight little island to the world's masthead?" This is a gist of a fair proportion of the letters I have re-ceived from a great number of correspondents in all parts of America since I made my first nautical trip. The recurrence of the question has positively grown teasing. I grasp, therefore, with avidity, the chance now offered me to extinguish for ever I hope an almost stereotyped interrogatory: Why did I give up the sea? I might answer this in a single sentence: Because I was sick

What fruit do the idealisms of the schoolboy bear when the little creature swaggers with a badge upon his cap and a belt around his waist and brass buttons upon his jacket? I have plucked and eaten of the growth, and I protest there is nothing in the romance and poetry of the ocean to render endurable to what I must term the memory of my pal-ste, the sickening flavor of the pork, the odious steam of the pease soup, the insufferable smell of warm soup and bouillon upon which I was regaled for over eight years of

my young life.

But to proceed artistically. It was in the last ship I ever served aboard of as a sailor. Her name was the Duneau Dunbar. She was a well-known Australian trade and passenger craft named after her owner, a huge, fat, self-made, purple-faced Scotchman with a turtle-soup accent, if you know what that means, and some £2,000,000 to his earnings. She was commanded by a type of skipper now very nearly extinct; a figure formed of oval shanks and up and down arms, and carret-shaped fingers curled like fish hooks. In the center of his crimson face shone a fiery pimple of a nose, on either side of which was a small, rheumatic, deep-sunk eye. His one headgear in storm or shine, blow high, blow low, was a tall silk hat, a tolerably good one for Sundays and a shocking bad one-rusty as though still reflecting the augry blush of a stormy sunset-for week days and nights. I was this little old man's third mate-no very distinctive position to fill, though it minute and vexatious duties and responsibilities. He did not love me-he once caught me mimicking him: I was imitating his walk and bearing, and looking up at the break of the poop, I met his eye. There was not much of it indeed to meet, but what little there was shope with resentment like the glowing end of a cigarette. He durst not challenge my meaning, for I was acting before a number of passengers and an explanation must have proved more embarrassing to him than to ine; but he was afterward always on the lookout to punish by humiliating me.

AN UNKIND CUT.

As an example: an order was given to reef topsails; I sprang into the rigging for the weather main-topsail earing, but before I was up to the futtock shrouds the old man was again roaring, "Come down, Mr. Russell, come down, sir! You're too young, sir! You hain't got beef enough for such work! Lay down, sir, before you're overboard!" There were many lady passengers on deck at the time and I continued my wrath and shame from my toes to the top-most curl on my head. Well, now the Duncan Dunbar, home-

ward-bound from Sydney, was approaching the longitude of the Horn. We were very far north; the old man had got some half-muddled notion of the Great Circle, sailing under his chimney-pot hat, and we were as high as 58° or 60°, running one after-noon before a gale of wind from the westward, a sea as tall as our mizzen-top following us till if you stood aft and watched the slope of the ship's long flying body when the huge toaming knoll took her fair under her roaring counter, 'twas like looking down a steep hill, with the curve of the bow flat as a spoon in the livid hollow and the well-steered bowsprit and jibbooms a horizontal line. Our canvas was a narrow band of close-reefed main topsail and a fore-

topmest staysail.
Though but 2 o'clock in the afternoon watch, the month being May, it was more a nort of visible flying dusk than daylight all about us, often hoary with such snow sonalls as you must enter those parallels to meet with the like of: so that again and again to an observer standing aft the ship seemed cut in two, all forward of the mainmast

break of the poop.

It was at this break of the poop that I was standing with the mate; the skipper was aft holding on by the vang that steaded the mizzen gaff; the hands were under cover; there were two men forward on the lookout for ice, but they only showed at intervals when the snow thinned and let the topgallant forecastle gleam out crystal white. The roaring of the wind was like thunder about

I often wonder I did not cause his death. our mastheads, but the speed of the ship, that was probably 12 knots an hour, took a portion of the weight out of it, and it was possible to converse. The mate was a Scotchman, the most agreeable person I was ever associated at sea with: a sailor of intelligence and of great experience, who was good enough to haul his wind for me in propor-tion as my bow-legged friend aft made sail

This gentleman and I were chatting very amiably together as we overhung the brass rail, when suddenly be stiffened himself up like a marlin spike and fell spiffing violently as though to the sudden rising of some evil odor. "I smell ice!" said be. I sniffed evil odor. "I smell ice!" said be. I sniffed again, but could taste nothing but snow. "There's ice in the neighborhood!" cried he, still sniffing, and was about to hail the forecastle when there arose a loud and the steward. All the way home I never did the steward. All the way home I never did the steward. All the way home I never did the steward.

per; "hard up, hard up!"
The spokes flashed in the hands of the two seamen like the driving wheel of a locomotive, and the whole ship rising to the height of a huge Pacific surge paid off romance.

The huge Pacific surge paid off romance.

with the nimbleness of something sentient in terror of its life; while at the instant right over the starboard cathead there leapt out of the whirling, whitened gloom an Alpine height of ice, a prodigious berg with its summits obscured, leaving it to seem thousands of feet high to the imagina-tion. The sea broke in hills of foam against tion. The sea broke in hills of foam against its weather side; the reverberation of the gale in chasm, ravine and gorge came to the ear with the uproar of a hundred broadsides through the pouring winds that produced the amazing sounds; it showed green, glittering, ghastly, then vanished abeam amid the rattling of the main topsail and the shock of the blows of bumps of

floating ice rushing along our bends.
"Ice right ahead, sir!" was again yelled from the forcastle; and right over our jib-boom loomed out such another island as we had narrowly missed. Fortunately the snow just then ceased, the

horizon cleared to the distance of a mile and we were presently bove to, making noble weather of it; but when I went below at eight bells. I found myself unusually reflective, all sorts of prejudices and thoughts which had been hanging loose about me hardening into a resolution which held me so moody that I forgot to swear when, at supper, a gluttonous midshipman told me that all the pork was eaten, and when I discovered, in consequence of the galley fire being washed out, there was nothing better to make a meal of than soft honey-combed ship's bread and a pannikin of cold water.

### MIDNIGHT MEDITATION.

I meditated a good deal that night in my bunk and on deck. It was a part of world to render fancy acute; horrible enough below in a hole clamorous to distraction with the giant groaning of the laboring ship, infinitely melancholy with the dusky flittings that hovered upon the st-mosphere from the smoking and nauseous smelling flame of a lamp wick fed by slush, and inexpressibly uncomfortable with the drainings of water through the scuttles into the bunks and the wash of black brine to and fro, to and fro, upon the cabin floor:but hideously miserable on deck which you went to, fresh from such warmth as you would get out of your blankets, and where you found the blackness full of thunder and frost and sleet and snow, with the waist and gangway every now and again echoing, like a volcanic explosion, to the smiting of a green sea of Niagara-like proportion, plumping humpishly out of our ineffectual lean to seaward on to the dock with the leap to senward; on to the deck with the weight of a great building coming down all at once and with a run.

Why am I here? thought I; what is this sort of life going to do for me? Had we struck the iceberg this afternoon we should have been telescoped into about an eighth part of our length, as you close the tubes of a spy glass, and gone down like a deep-sea lead with ne'er a fragment of anything to survive us as a hint of our end, so that what had become of us would, at home, have re-mained to eternity a matter of idle conject-ure. Why am I here? thought I; how much am I carning? Heaven bless me, £2 a month only! How much has this training cost my father? Above 200 guineas in pre-miums, not to speak of outfits, mess money nd the like which I durst not attempt to assess. For what fing do I toil? For whom do I sink my arm in the tar bucket; ruin my trousers by riding down stays; imperil my life by jockeying, whirl-ing yardarms? What are the distinctions I obtain by scrubbing down decks, by polishing brass work, by painting quarter boats? The persons whose pockets I am helping to fill up doing such work as a tenth-rate flunky would fly with a shrick of alarm from, or faint dead away, is a beef-faced old man, who, should I apply to him for a second mate's berth next voyage, would in all probability tell me that no vacancy in that way was likely to occur in his ships for months, and perhaps years.

### A PLEASANT DUTY. #

This I meditated to the accompaniment of of that Cape Horn gale. Well, the weather moderated next day at dawn; the ship was got before it, the reefed foresail set, a couple of reefs shaken out of the main topsail and through the swollen knolls of yeast with the headlong hurry of a creature mad in her yearnings for the sun. The decks were to be washed down. The poop was my pecu-liar care; as third mate it was my business to receive the water handed in buckets from to receive the water handed in buckets from a little pump before or abaft the mizzen mast—I forget which—and rush it along, calling upon the middles to scrub handsomely whilst I saw that every portion of the deck was thoroughly cleansed. We carried hen coops on either side the poop; under the hen coops were battens designed to prevent the dirt of the coops from sifting out conto the clean plants when the ship was oato the clean planks when the ship was on a wind or when she rolled. In washing down, these battens were always removed to enable the water to sweep freely under the coops. The captain was on deck as usual pacing to windward in a pair of galoshes and his high hat, which seemed to cling to his head with the tenacity of a sou'wester. The poop being washed away, I fell half frozen, and in a very ugly temper, to replacing the battens; but one was missing. I looked about for it; but it was nowhere to be seen. My captain was as penurious a rogue as ever saved money out of nautical cheeseparing; the loss, therefore, of an old piece of wood would necessarily affect him as a very considerable blow.
"Where's the batten, Mr. Russell?" he

"I don't know, sir." "Don't know! But you must know!" he shouted with his face like a northwest moon in the German ocean. "Where is it,

"I am afraid its overboard," said L "By G—!" he bellowed, "if it's overboard, ou go after it!" I ran my eyes from his galoshes to his fiery imple of a nose.
"Find it, sir! find it!" he screamed bring-

ing his feet with a squelching blow of the galoshe down on the deck. I walked forward, and after partaking of a cup of coffee with the boatswain in his berth, I returned to the poop refreshed, warmed, and resolved. I walked right up

to the skipper.
"Now Mr. N-," said I, not condesending to term him Captain, to which title no shipmaster has right "I've had enough of seafaring, and as I propose to abandon the life when I reached the Thames, I think I may as well coil up and stop short just

"Go below, sir!" he roared.

HE QUITS THE SEA. hidden in the boiling smother of flakes and the two fellows grinding at the wheel dim as dreams, as you looked at them from the break of the poop.

It was at this break of the poop that I was Your master has had a very great deal of money out of my father, as you know, and if there were more to be obtained I don't question that you would have used me very much more civilly. Sir, I am sick of the sea, sick of this ship and sick of you;" and

> the Thames.
>
> Half an hour after the steward came to the midshipman's berth and told me the Captain wanted me. I went aft to his cabin, where I found him sitting at the table. I see his white hair now, contrasting with his purple face, and remember his old mackintosh swinging against the bulkhead with his hat on top of it, looking exactly like him, as though, indeed, he had hanged himself. The official log book was before

him. "You refuse duty?"

"Most emphatically," said I. On that he "logged" me, and then I went "Ice right shead, sir!" "Ice right ahead," strike of the mate, wheeling round to the captain, "I see it, sir, I see it!" bawled the skip-ir, "hard up, hard up!"

The spokes flashed in the hands of the

# THE RISE OF COTTON

England's Pre-eminence as a Cotton · Manufacturing Country.

APPLICATION OF STEAM POWER

Severe Laws Passed to Retain a Monopoly of the Industry.

AMERICA'S FIRST COTTON FACTORY

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] N the last number of THE SUNDAY DISPATCH We traced the history of the cotton industry, its inventions and sudden rise into prominence in the world's history. It was there remarked that the history of this rise was the history of its English nanufacture. So far as the inventions and

improvements were concerned, we have seen they were all English in origin. But inventions are easily copied and these had no peculiar adaptability to English manufacture. England is not a cotton producing country, and so we must look for other causes and influences which have made her to this day pre-eminent as the cotton manu-

facturing country of the world. The great modern cotton inventions were started about 1770 and completed in 1801. At the beginning of this period horse power and water power were applied, and in 1780, steam. The fact that all these inventions, and the first application of steam power were made in England, gave her a natural start over all possible competitors. It was the War of the French Revolution, however. including the Napoleonic campaigns— which was England's great opportunity. Let us get rid of the common erroneous notion which associates this revolution only with the storming of the Bastile, and the Reign of Terror, or even the Dictatorship of the "Little Corporal."

RESULTS OF THE FRENCH BEVOLUTION Let us realize by way of anticipation that t produced results of equal magnitude politically, socially and industrially in all he continental nations-that it first set in motion those great modern upheavals only just closed—in the emancipation of Europe from serfdom and bondage, the unification of Italy and Germany, and the revival of Austria—results of so great magnitude that could the masters of the old regime have realized their consequences it would have staggered belief and understanding. This is strikingly illustrated when we realize that France only a few short years before the Revolution produced more cotton goods and of finer quality than England, while at the close of the French Revolution proper, in 1815, she did not make more than twothirds or three-fourths of the quantity that England had made at the beginning of the war. Germany had made still less advance, and was much less prepared to go ahead than France. While the ultimate results were to be the same, they were much less radical and slower in accomplishment-more

over Germany was very poor.

These influences not only concentrated the industry in England, but within her narrow limits there was a sub-concentration in Lancaster, and especially in the city of Manubester, and so it remains to this day. The reason of the concentration is peculiar From vary early times these places had been the seat of the woolen industry, and from natural conditions. Here were a number of small streams affording a certain amount of water power, for, although the wool was spun by hand, yet this power was much used for beating the cloth—to "knap" the threads together. Accordingly, when the this district where the textile industries were seated. Here were the spinners and weavers, and here were the men who made all the great inventions. Here the streams afforded natural facilities for bringing the imported cotton, and for shipping the manufactured goods. Liverpool, a considerable sea port, was only 30 miles away.

THE USE OF STEAM. The application of steam power, with its use of coal for fuel, only intensified these other advantages. Some years before a canal had been constructed to Manchester for the purpose of bringing coal for domestic use, and when steam was applied this proved of great advantage. Iron, too, was easily accessible—all things seemed to unite at this point in favor of the new King Cotton. The industry soon after started in Scot-land under about the same advantages in water facilities, coal and iron. Leaving aside all the influences of a bad Government, Ireland's backward condition as compared to Scotland and England is due to her lack of coal and iron. Ireland seemed to have a very promising future in early manufactures, but the lack of these great modern agents, coal and iron, and these improvements in

and manufactures is the law of natural facilities and advantages. But the English Government thought some particular measures were necessary to keep a monopoly of the trade, and accord-ingly Parliament passed some barbarous measures concerning machinery and its export. To these measures some ascribe En-gland's manufacturing greatness—but in-correctly; though the policy of preventing the exportation of machinery was followed for over a century. In 1750 Parliament for-bade the exportation of the tools of the silk and woolen manufactures. In 1774 this was revised and extended to cottons and linens. In 1781, cotton having got a great start from the numerous inventions, Parliament forbade the exportation of machines or parts of machines, or drawings or models of the tools of all these industries. In 1785 all these provisions were strengthened, and further extended to iron. The next move

the processes of manufacture, have hampered her and pushed her back. The law of trade

was to forbid the emigration of the work-men in these various trades. RESTRICTIVE LAWS EVADED.

But all these measures were entirely futile. It was impossible to prevent the send-ing of letters or the use of memory. In 1824-25 a Parliamentary committee investi-gated the action of these laws. At the time they got conflicting evidence of the advan-tages of the system; but there was plenty of evidence that the laws were evaded, and that numerous workmen went out of En-gland. They simply went to another part of England, where they were unknown, and then shipped. How could it be prevented? In several parts of France English workmen were employed, and there were Ger-mans in England before the French Revolution, ready now to carry back the processes.

As to machinery, while there was evidence that some firms would not engage in the export, there were others who did ship separate parts mixed with other goods in which they could not be detected.

But the strongest proof of the futility of such a policy is afforded in the United States. In 1787 a company was started at Beverly, Mass., and the machinery was set up under the eye of English workmen. It

was conducted for several years with more or less success, and possessed all the machinery, so far as that went.

In 1789 Slater, a workman under Arkwright himself, landed at New York and entered into a contract to manufacture in Rhode Island, where the real start in the United States was made. Here, within ten years after the inventions, were mills com-pletely equipped. It is clear that these laws did not delay us. Just at this time there was a revival in business from the preceding hard times. The country was very poor and capital scarce and obtainable only at high rates. The industry started probably as soon as it could under natural conditions—for it must be remembered this was before the day of tariffs.

THE LAWS REVISED. On the report of the Parliamentary Com-

it was simply a way to let this policy of government down easy. The laws forbid ding the emigration of work men were re pealed. Though the world has been slow to give over searching for the Fountain of Youth and the Philosopher's Stone and other such entrancing fancies, yet, as in these, it is slowly learning that paper-written laws cannot monopolize the world's wealth and trade, even though it may affect

its course in particular localities. Wise legislation is conducive; it acts in smoothing difficulties and in aid of trade—not restriction. These laws probably hurt En-gland instead of benefiting her. Manufact-erers complained that it tended to stop invention by robbing the inventor of the fruits of his genius; and the iron and steel indus-tries complained that it hurt them—that they were sacrificed (and without fruit) at

the shrine of other trades.

England's superiority came from her start.

France and Germany were not in condition to take up the inventions with success. From 1770-1789 France was bankrupt and the country drifting toward the rocks of revolution on which the old ship of state was to go to pieces. Capital could not be secured, and confidence was still scarcer. From 1777 to 1815 France was continually at war, and with the very power which possessed these inventions. Germany, until the end of 1815, was either divided into a great number of small States without any strong govern-ment, or was overrun by the hostile forces of the French.

ENGLAND'S START.

England had a start of 20 years over us in America (down to 1790), for we were poor from the effects of the war, with the power-less and bankrupt Government of the Federation, and without banks or currency any value. The Revolutionary War was fought on this side of the Atlantic, and did not interfere with England's manufactures beyond the burden of taxation. She had abundant capital, and had made remarkable progress in her coal and iron industriesese conditions afford the secret of her present success.

Previous to this time India was Europe's great source of supply in cotton goods, and these inventions had a disastrous effect on the Indian people; for religious scruples stood in the way of her appropriating to herself their benefits. The coarser grades of her cottons began to decline early, but even her finer grades were injured and depressed. The effect was soon apparent. Early in this century the nature of her trade began to change. She began to export the raw cotton and to import the manufactured goods. To-day the export of raw cotton is her greatest staple. Along the Mediterranean, too, the manufacture began to decline. Political changes had doubtless something to do with these changes in condition in both places, but the great cause was modern Their manufactures were in truth "driven to the wall."

JOHN DEAN BROWN.

KEYSTONE TRAITS. Colonel Parker Compliments Pennsylvania

School Teachers. Colonel F. W. Parker, of the Cook county normal school, who has been lecturing before institutes in Pennsylvania for some weeks, was at the Union depot a few nights ago going home.

"I have talked to many teachers in nearly all the States," he said, "but the Pennsylvania institutes are the best I ever attended. The teachers are wideawake, progressive and willing to try the latest ideas. Of course, there are some carping critics here as everywhere else.

"Pennsylvania is a State that retains its old stock. This used to be true of New England, but in later years it has had a complete turning over. The Pennsylva-nians are a strong and rugged people, and the descendants of old families can be found on the ancestral estates. If I know what class of people settled in a county I can mention their names with ease, "In the Westsociety is not heterogeneous. You see all kinds of men, and they all diffe

race of men uniformly strong, muscular and

A FREIGHT LULL. Railroads in Earnest About Maintaining

Rates for the Future. There is a big lull in the freight business The traffic on all the roads has fallen off wonderfully since the first of the year. The freight men explain it by saying that shippers are busy taking account of stock, and they hurried off their heavy shipments in December to take advantage of the low streams to the locate they have a locate the The traffic on all the roads has fallen off

rates as long as they lasted.
"I hope the railroads will keep their New
Year's resolutions to maintain rates," said a
commercial agent yesterday. "I never
knew them to sign an agreement with so much earnestness and willingness. I think the stockholders have been calling down the managers, and giving them to understand that their roads are run for profits, not for the purpose of fighting out petty quarrels. The Santa Fe road has reduced the salaries of their employes 10 per cent. The local commercial agent has been cut down from

THE ANNUAL EXPENSES.

What it Costs Allegheny County to Maintain

Prisoners. The annual meeting of the County Prison Board was held yesterday morning. Warden Berlin was re-elected. Dr. T. J. Herron was elected Jail physician. The resignation of the matron, Mrs. Maggie C. Small, was accepted. The vacancy has not been

The total expenses for the year were \$17,-934 42; the number of prisoners received, 5,840; average per day, 16.66; average per day maintained, 156.29; cost of food per day for each prisoner, 6.01 cents; average cost of food, supplies and repairs for each prisoner, 7.86 cents; average daily expense of the jail, \$28 77.

CLASS CHANGES.

Western Roads Advance and Reduce Number of Articles.

The following changes in the Western classification, which affect this territory. have been made to go into effect Januarv 10.

Electric plant outfit, hitherto not provided for, but taking first-class rates, has been reduced to fourth-class; fruit jars, less than carloads, have been advanced from third to second-class; table glassware has been reduced from first to second-class, less than carloads, and from third to fourth in caroads. Sewing machines have been reduced rom first to fourth-class, fire brick has been changed from class C to D, and crockery has been advanced from fourth to second-New Year in Sait Lake City. FANCY Goods



Elder Muchmore-Yes; that'll do. Have each article wrapped up in a separate paper, and mark them "For Mamma." truck around later .- Puck.

BEST and cheapest, Salvation Oil only 25 cent. It banishes pain every time.

PLEA FOR CHILDREN.

Shirley Dare on the Dangers of Modern Educational Systems. IGNORANCE OF LAWS OF HEALTH

Shown in the Construction and Management of School Houses.

SLEEP THE BASIS OF GOOD HEALTH.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)



development and security of each individual in them, and where injury is the part of any one being, we may be certain that wrong is in the mechanism, which must be corrected. or presently run at a loss and stop. This is not the place to say what the best parents are beginning to feel about the wholesale methods of training their children. The public schools are on their trial. For 25 years they have sent out a race of scheming, ambitious, unprincipled men, and grasping, officious, intriguing women. A reaction is at hand, and a very powerful, increasing minority begin to demand a better type of mental and bodily development. The physique of American children up to

the age of serious work in school may be satisfactory, but after that time, deterioration is plain. It shows in the bent knees and shambling walk of lads, and the awkwardness of girls. The awkward age of youth is unnecessary as is the imbeellity of old age. Each confesses ignorance of health and want of care.

No matter how slender a lad or growing

girl may be, if carried straight as a dart with head held well, the effect is good, and with head held well, the effect is good, and will carry the eye after it in a crowd of less distinguished beauty. I shall never forget the straight, lance-like figure, the high-held head of a young Irish heiress at a certain school in the Northwest. It was presided over by a lady of family and fine breeding, whose pupils were mostly pretty girls from well-to-do homes. The teachers were elegant young women of the best connections, and fine manners were in the very nections, and fine manners were in the very air of the house.

A SLENDER BEAUTY.

But Kate-of course her name was Kate-was far and away the belle of the school, which I can see now, moving, reed-like in the dancing lessons, (with a distinction it would sound commonplace to call queenly. Beauty of face and form may be a mere physical accident, or an inheritance, to be o more credited to the owner than a famiin physical development. It does one good to come back to Pennsylvania to look at a dren may rest satisfied that their physical training has been what it ought to be. Straight, erect, lissom forms cannot be found without good health, nay, without the best health. When boys and girls begin to best health. When boys and girls begin to droop and "lop round," to use the expres-sive homely phrase, it is high time to look sharply after their physical well-being. Food, dress, drainage and ventilation at home and at school should undergo most

herded together was debilitating and unfit to breathe. to breathe.
Suppose one of that indefinite body which wears the indefinite name of "the parents,"

with school board and teachers, were to say in out-spoken truth that the \$60,000 school building, with its old English hooded porches and carvings after those of Rugby and Winchester, had nothing worth the name of ventilation, and that the hundred scholars in it were little better off for breathing air than the operatives in the factory nearby! Fancy what a life that parent's boy or girl would lead in school afterent's boy or girl would lead in school after-ward, being down in the black books of teacher, superintendent and "the commit-tee." The boycotting which can be admin-istered a refractory parent over the shoul-der of a sensitive child needs a new Dickens to take it up. Indeed the state of society in most of the "highly intelligent villages" and towns of to-day—their rivalries, feuds and revenges over school and church mat-ters, local politics and social jealousies will furnish matter for a Dickens and a Daudet, and Mr. Howells has barely essayed a and Mr. Howells has barely essayed a thumb-nail sketch of it in his last novel, portant interest enough in these petty feuds to engross the shrewdest minds and hearts. Meanwhile the children breathe bad air, grow irritable and weakly, and have bent spines. Fathers and mothers need to lay it to the heart that a sound child always stands straight naturally. And half the de-formed spines in the world come right when MILITARY DRILL.

left to sound nourishment and pure air. Military drill does much for droopy boys, and girls, too, if taught by a rigid, real sol-dier, who is satisfied with turning out straight figures, well held together, and does not attempt to make a show corps of them or hold prize drills. It is unaccountable how some prize soldiers or cadets lose their erect-ness when they give up competition, while a boy who goes into the drill for the good he gets from it personally is apt to keep the trace of it all his life. En passant, give ehildren well-fitting clothes if you would have good figures. A short pair of trousers, or braces too short, make a boy stand hunch-back slightly, or bend his knees to ease the strain. Boys ought to wear knickerboekers as long as English lads do, till they are 15 at least, and always in vacation, to have good legs and good use of them. Girls need mechanical assistance to over-come their sedentary weakness of body. A good stiff shoulder brace, or an old En-lish backhowth is a good thing for daylil. A good stiff shoulder brace, or an old known to science in the laundry are glish backboard is a good thing for debilitated girls, spite of the general idea that it like any other starch, as it is made with pure white wax. It is the first and only pure white wax. It is the first and only pure white wax. alone. Mechanical aids are of the greatest value in physical training, as all horsevance of all questioning I wish to say that at the present writing I don't know of a shoulder-brace sold that is worth the name, and advise ladies in want of them to apply to some army friend who is the solution of the sol efficient one, as worn in the service. If any-body can tell me where an old-fashioned backboard can be found, I shall esteem it a

If you want women, debilitated persons or young things to have a good carriage, some small points are worth attention. One is to provide footstools as commonly as seats in school or house. Every person, young or old, ought to have a seat graduated to his length of limb, which of course we do not have, and the strain on the lower muscles of the back in consequence throws the shoulders forward for relief. Let girls have low seats or good footstools of wood that will bear weight. Let boys in privacy sit

with the heels high as their heads, or lie on the floor, for it relieves the tension of the back muscles caused by sitting at a desk. Men who lead office lives do a very healthy and sensible thing, albeit not a decorous one, when they tip a chair back on its hind legs and put their beels on a table. It changes the strain to fresh muscles and rests the whole body. Boys must be taught the decorums necessary for public places and company, and they must also understand the reasonable freedoms of privacy, and

TAKING COMPORT.

I like to see a man or boy take his com fort in shirt sleeves and tipped back chair under his own vine and porch tree, if the vine is thick enough for a screen. The fewer unnecessary rules he is hampered with, the more serenely he may observe es-WHETHER our children belong to us or to the State and society, which graciously permit us the trouble and expense Less is neither modest nor tending to a good carriage. The military dress collars in vogue for some years, if lined with buckram and wired as they should be, insensibly teach a girl how to carry her head well, but must be nicely measured not to fret the neck. An erect habit in girls tends to develop a good bust in womanhood. ious consideration. velop a good bust in womanhood.

The wisest men feel If you will have your children clear-eyed,

not all sure that human beings exist for the good of the indefinite body called society, still less for the figurative body called the State. Rather it seems in the growing light of intelligence that the State and society are but certain forms and protections meant for the better development and security of each individual. when awake. If dull and peevish, suspect indigestion or brain trouble at once. But o not allow their sleep to be broken, unless by a physician's orders. I can trace life-long nervousness to being obliged to get up earlier than nature prompted. Poor little heavy head, falling asleep against the side of the bed in dressing! It was a sad preparing for the shocks and strains of later life. But it was the theory then that children should form a habit of early rising, if their brains withered in consequence. Send a child to bed early, comfortable, easy in mind, in an airy bedroom, and he will not fail to wake just as soon as it is good for him—provided he sleeps at all. But the ways of spoiling children's sleep are legion. Juvenile par-ties and evenings at the theater ought to happen perhaps twice in a year, not oftener; better not at all till after 14. 'But this remnant of devilworship will probably remain rooted in society for some time to come, and pleasant errors.

RUINING A CHILD'S REST. An old-fashioned way of ruining a child's rest was by hearing recitations evenings, as Margaret Fuller's father did, rendering her a prey to nervous headaches the rest of her life, and unsettling every sort of family comfort. Latin, Greek and mathematics to be gone over from 8 to 10 every evening must have been so entertaining to the house-hold. I can recall similar tortures when, just as I was settling with a story book at 8 o'clock, which would have rested my brains for sleep, I was called up for cross-question-ing on rules of algebra and Latin declen-sions, till I was released tired, cross, and hating the tormentor with all my soul. Sleep after such work, or after evening study, is either a stuper or a dream-vexed delirium, not half the refreshment it ought to be. And if parents who exact lessons evenings, have cross, unlovely children, hard to manage, it serves them right. I know that the upshot of my early rising and late study was that, at the age of 9, I

walked down on an Ohio whartboat madlresolved to throw myself into the river and get rid of it all. It was a bit of hysteria in a child who ought to have been roaming the something individual and distinctive about it that never belongs to any but good qualty of mind and blood.

an instinct of self-preservation, but since
Whoever has straight, well-carried chilthen how I have had to fight a nervous. overstrung lad, eaten up with the devouring ambition raised in hot-pressed schools, to keep him from studying every waking hour, and in bed and all night was saying his lessons in his sleep. How many mothers have good cause to dread examinations, which not only eat up the freshness of their children's faces, but transform them into

frantic, exacting monsters, YOUTHFUL INSANITY. I recall one girl of 12 who had been put through the usual grind of nine studies till her growing, intolerable nervousness forced her release from school. Her face had nothing childish about it except its smallness. Her complexion, thin and wrinkled, was that of a woman of 30, and the sharpened features had a settled ill-humor that was incipient insanity. Do you think this incessant harping on the note of insanity uncalled for? Statistics show that it is not so. I wish every parent would read and lay to heart the experience of a living educator in the Massachusetts Journal of Education, who rehearses over 20 cases he has known, ing examinations with honor has ended with

reakdown, lingering disease and death. In the same number was most exquisite con-firmation of such possibilities in the list of studies taken for different courses in Har-yard. The amount of work might appal a yard. The amount of work might appal a jurist, and it really seems as if the faculty must have computed the full ability of their practiced full-grown brains as the measure for 18-year-old lads. It is consoling to know that honor men seldom amount to much in after life. Those who pay such a fearful price for prizes are moral fools, whose influence could only be dangerous to the world. world.

world.

The history of the most distinguished men leads to the conclusion that early mental culture is not necessary to produce the highest powers of mind. There is scarcely

The Best is Cheapest. Especially is this true in regard to "Rosa-

lia," a flour manufactured by Whitmyre & Co., Thirty-eighth street and Allegheny Valley Railroad. FINE watches a specialty; low prices certainty at Hauch's, No. 295 Fifth ave.

Edgar L. Wakeman Has Some Varied and Peculiar Experiences

A WARM RECEPTION, COLD SERVICE. The Use of Forcible Language and Many

Tips Necessary.

QUAINT OLD IRISH HOSTELRY



upon in unexpected and undiscoverable English places. The charming Irish inn is so rare a thing that fact, a hotel in Ireland is simply a place where one voluntarily for a necessary period resigns himself to captivity, surveillance and extortion. The actual and tremendous indignation and surprise evinced at protest against either are elements of humor in the situation, if those may exist where there seems only despair. Dante, with some particularity, states that over the gate of Inferno, he saw among other portentous announce-ments this sentence: "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." Often one has known a hundred or so Irish inns, the fancy irresistibly comes that the route of Virgil's ghost lay wholly through Ireland, and that Dante has suppressed some of the most im portant facts of the tour. For irrevocable delay at an Irish inn would prepare any mind for as direful a crime upon universal civilization as that perpetrated in the writing of "Inferno" by the maundering

man-hater of Florence. The effusiveness of your welcome at an Irish inn is alarming. The next instant you are alarmed because, with a Queen's war-rant, you could not find a shred of that welcome. From a dozen to a score of grinning, wriggling, vociferous beings grab and grasp and gurgle at you until you are inside the door and outside the law, and your belongings have been wrenched from you, and yourself left as lone as is silence between the stars. Then if you find them, or any-body, in that blessed inn, you are an ex-plorer, a discoverer, a great, brave and pa-

THE IRISH LANDLORD If your arrival may have been by falling

off a jaunting-car into the door, if you have ridden in a hearse-like wagonette to the place subject to the premature and pro-miscuous levies of the lightning-tongued hordes that accompany it, or if you have walked and been haunted and taunted by porters and urchins from station to inn, for your niggardness and efforts to destroy the customs of the country, there they all are, a notification of the separate and distinct distinc instruments for vexation you must know. There is the landlord, riotous in obsequiousness; the landlady, beaming with smiles, but measuring your capacity for imposition with unerring accuracy; the headwaiter, a superior foreign being, usually a two or three other people who have been lying two or three other people who have been lying two or three other people who have been lying two or three other people who have been lying the landlady. waiter, a superior foreign being, usually a German-French adventurer in full dress, who performs all offices with scorn, but now standing there with bland permissibility in his face for your coming trial; the porter and the second porter, who grin at you this once to ever after grind; "boots," that sodden, grimy slave who never sleeps and is ever at whe with all other apples within the place; "ntroops" in page souls within the place; "Juttons," in uniform as to clothing, but in permanent gloom as to face, save when you arrive and he lightens up with joy at the misery he alone can cause you; a half dozen odorous stable-men, who each watch their chance to leer

objurgations become too numerous and de-cisive. Opposite is the "Coffee Room," a long, low, cheerless place, with a long, low, cheerless table, spread with a cloth ever decorated with misplaced matter. If you have the good fortune to finally get any-thing to eat in the place, you will have to partake of it with a blowsy tourist possess-ing one sofa, a drunken guest snoring upon another, a crowd of drovers, of politicians

Then you talk out foud to yourself for a while, in rude, concise American words. And then you go out to the street again to assure yourself that the town you are in is there. Strengthened, you return and find the big bell cord. You jerk and jerk at that. You find other bell cords and jerk at them. Nearly all of them ring bells, bells of such awful size and sound, and, in instances such startling nearness, that you them. Nearly all of them ring bells, bells of such awful size and sound, and, in instances, such startling nearness, that you are scared at your own dire work and are rather relieved that nobody appears to avenge your calamitous proceedings. For a time you exist in the dazed, dark, silent spell that has come upon you, but finally

you cannot bear your isolation longer. You determine on investigation at the risk of your actions being misconstrued, and your-self arrested and flung into Dublin castle. Even there, you reflect, there would at least exist a motive for your being looked after by somebody. You try all the doors and windows of the bar, softly at first, but gradually to an earnest and burglarious degree. Then you try all the dark hall doors from which peered faces full of surprise at your which peered faces full of surprise at your obstreperousness. These are locked, or open only upon repelling gloom.

Determined to secure relief, you timidly seek the "coffee room" "human warious."

Everybody there is snoring, or, as you might be told in Ireland, is out. Then you attempt to descend stairs which you think ought to lead to where servants ought to be. ought to lead to where servants ought to be.

After you crash against sharp angles and
fall in unexpected turns, this attempt is
abandoned. Then in desperate hope and
courage you begin scaling the ascents to
upper mysteries. You are more successful
here, for, by following the stair railing, you
can at least for some little time proceed.
You go pretty high this way. Doubtful of where you are, you return a flight or two.
Then you move stealthily through a dark,
stuffy hall. Like a sneak-thief you try
every door you find, listening with beating. ing heart for movements of vengeance from supposititious occupants. Your strained hearing catches the sound of footsteps. Your first swift impulse is to fly like a criminal. But no, you will lie in wait. Sloppily, slouchily, sleepily, a human approaches. You suddenly pounce upon him and hold him as remorselessly as ever "Goody Blake" was clutched by "Harry Gill." The man says, "Lord bless us!" but does not seem tion, and stumbled even Irish fiction, with all its winsome ex-aggeration, is guileless of its presence. In it is to be frequently surprised in the dark by desperate people. You demand with suppressed emotion to be led to your room. Lord bless us, yes, certainly; but you do not loosen your grip upon the individual. By and by you have penetrated the somewhere, and find yourself in a room that must be your room because you recognize some features of your own luggage when falling

WAKEMAN DEMANDS A FIRE.

But there you are at last, and what a room! Shades of past ages, how thy kindly wraiths are insulted by what is here in pre-tension, patching, mold and decay! One fears to use a drawer lest the furniture will crumble in pieces and dolorous spirits be unloosed. The washstand is propped, the bowl is cracked; the towel is as shredded and useless as macreme. You can only sit in safety on the floor. And your bed is harder, damper and dirtier than an Irish stone road. You "the" the man you have caught, out of all reason, and shiveringly ask for a light and a fire. Lord bless us, yes, certainly—as to a light; but there must be a consultation about the fire. Ho departs and you stand there supported by hope and a compact, black atmosphere for a good haif hour. He never refears to use a drawer lest the furniture will but there must be a consultation about the fire. He departs and you stand there supported by hope and a compact, black atmosphere for a good haif hour. He never returns, but another man does. This one brings one tiny candle faintly hinting of light, and disclosing the extraordinary necessity for light. You suggest that you will need more. He is appalled. But you pledge your ability to pay for two, or even three, candles, if all are burned together. That may be admitted, but the innovation is too much. You fee this new man. Lord bless us, yes, certainly; he will see, Hs goes away and never returns. You take your candle and make a little trip around the echoing halls, but you find no one. Then you return to your room, find the bell-cord, and enliven the old hostelry for a long time with doleful tollings, janglings and impetuous staccatos of a remote but strong-toned bell.

By and by another man comes, as if in donotful attentiveness, and seems anxious to know if you have really rung. You endeavor to make it clear that you have, and why you have and you fee him and say, "My good fellow!" and "There's a man!" and other friendly things. This one goes and stays, like the rest. You begin on the beil again, or, thoroughly reckless and desperate, rush to your door and yell; yell as one will when the limit to human patience is reached. In a moment they are all there; all the pack of persecutors who first gave you welcome. Then you address them in unmistakable language. They are surprised, pained, humiliated, at your extraordinary conduct.

HE USES THREATS. But by a frank statement that unless a fire of coals is put in your grate you will utilize the uniointed sections of furniture for that pureventually provided with what you want—by two or three other people who have been lying in wait for this very denoument; these only submitting to accommodate you after their palms have been crossed with silver, like the bad old witches of the story books. Utterly exhausted, your stony ceuch is as down, and these folk of the inn so haunt you through night and sleep, that your predicament, your arrest, your appeal to Consuls-General, and your finally becoming the subject of so bitter an international dispute as to endanger the piece of an hundred million people, in tortuous protentousness charges back and forth with unrelenting fury through your troubled dreams.

In every other act or fact about the Irish inn, there is the same hopeless stubborn-

lightens up with joy at the misery he alone can cause you; a half dozen odorous stablemen, who each watch their chance to leer and pull their forelocks at you in effort to establish secret recognition of what you may expect if you do not placate them; the barmanid, who knows you know that it is she alone who supplies the awful voluminousness and minuteness of the inevitable bill, and who giggles and gyrates as she sees your own writhing recognition of what is to come; and a number of muscular cattle called chambermaids, who in a trice have settled the manner in which you shall be racked and wrecked within the precincts of the dank, clammy den to which you are certain to be consigned.

COLDLY REALISTIC.

But in a moment the cold realism of your situation has come. You are inside a low, dark, narrow hall and alone. At one side is the bar, an affair constructed like an American railway station news stand, which is shut out from sight whenever the barmaid wishes to yawn, the landlady desires to abuse her Boniface, or your own objurgations become too numerous and decisive. Opposite is the "Coffee Room," a long, low, cheerless place, with a cloth ever decreased with winelead metals and reform to persone is felt to be; and from an abnessed.

A warm welcome.

A warm welcome.

A warm welcome.

In every other set or fact about the Irish inn, there is the same hopeless stubbornness. Once within it you must resign your resit, soul and hody to indescribable delay, in, there is the same hopeless. Once within it you must resign your resit, soul and hody to indescribable delay, in, there is the same hopeless. Once within it you must resign your resit soul and hondy to indescribable delay, in, there is the same hopeless. Once within it you must resign your resid soul and hondy to indescribable delay, in, then the within and inconication and every conceivable afront and inevi

A WARM WELCOME.

price for prizes are moral soits, whose infinence could only be dangerous to the more distinguished men leads to the conclusion that early men tail culture is not necessary to produce the highest power of mind. There is saurcely complished great results, and has obtained the graitful of maximid, who in early life received an education in reference to the wonderful labors which he afterward period wonderful labors which he afterward period wonderful labors which he afterward period and the life rearry life. Self-education in after life made them great.

\*\*Beautiful Engraving Prec.\*\*

"Will They Consent?" is a magnificent engraving, 1923 inches. It is an exact copy of an original painting by Kwall, which was old for \$5,000.

This elegant engraving expresses a young at the highest powers are a half-open door, while the young man, her lover, is seen in an adjoining room saking it the consent of her parents for their daughter older.

This coally engraving will be given a war free, to every person purchasing a small box of Wax Starch.

This coally engraving will be given a war free, to every person purchasing a small box of Wax Starch.

\*\*Wor will "Precedit were the provention of the intellect and only starch in the world that makes ironing easy and restores old summer dresses and skirts to their natural whiteness, and in a part to linea a beautiful and lasting faint were will be a world to the world will be started in a significant of the precedit of the world will be started to linear and the world that makes ironing easy and restores old summer dresses and skirts to their natural whiteness, and in a part to linea a beautiful and lasting faint and the great part of the content of the world will be started and content and the precedition of the proposed of the world of the world will be started to linear and to linear part of linear part o