AN EVELESS EDEN

Maintained by a New York Bachelor Who Revels in Luxury

IN AN ORDINARY HALL BEDROOM.

Entrancing Effects of Portieres and Many-Colored Lights.

A PANTRY ON THE FIRE ESCAPE

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, January 19.

HOW easy it is to live luxuriously and cheaply, even in this expensive city. I've just been taught how in one delightful and valuable lesson. It was learned in a room 14 feet long by 8½ wide, situated in one of the most populous and expensive parts of New York. Not far from the Fifth Avenue Hotel this bewildering apartment can be found. It costs its proprietor just $150 a year rent and yields him more than a thousand times that amount worth of comfort and pleasure. By the merest accident I found myself the other day enjoying the manifold beauties and luxuries of this domestic Adam's Eden. Not many women have been so fortunate. Yet all womankind would be better off if they could see, study and profit by the many lessons in the exquisite art of decoration, blending of colors and lovely shadings and drapings there to be learned. It is all the work of an old bachelor, and this veritable fairyland is his home—a real bachelor's hall.

This apartment is undoubtedly one of the most wonderful in its unique splendors of any in the world, of equal size. Yet to begin with, it was but the New York hall bedroom of commerce. Now it is such a marvel

Interior View of Room.

of beauty and incredible economy of space that it becomes a national curiosity worthy of the most elaborate description.

IMAGINATION FAILS.

Before I saw it, I was told that it was a bedroom, a drawing room, a kitchen and a dining room. I imagined I would see a kind of Christmas pantomime place, where everything would fall out and fold up and double under, as you touched buttons or pulled strings. That is not true. It is furnished with regular, proper Christian furniture. Come through this hall and look at it for yourself. Here is the usual New York old-fashioned lodging house hall, tolerably bare and dreary in the cold twilight of this rainy day. Here is the door, pull, it opens out, there is no space wasted on it inside. How dazzling the sight that is opened up to you. Many soft lights, the subtle odor of incense, the profusion of pictures and the illusive effect of distance produced by bamboo portieres, create a wonderful confusion of the senses.

First fasten your attention on the sideboard. There are a dozen decanters on it and they are all full. There are, however, more reasons than the decanters why you should look at it. First, it is so big; and then it is so handsome and wonderfully decorated. It is carved oak, beyond the regulation size and fit for the extensive establishment of a millionaire. Yet it is not too big for this one. There is a deal of entertaining done in this fairy-land, and by the magic peculiar to the place the sideboard does not seem to take up any room to speak of. Just sit down a minute and look around you. There is plenty of room for the whole party to dispose themselves comfortably on the four easy chairs and then leave space for a second series of visitors to come and walk around, looking at the wonders of the place.

ECONOMY OF SPACE.

Naturally you don't believe that. How can you when you have had the bitter experience of moving into a hall bedroom furnished with a bed, a washstand and a chair, and finding when you brought in your trunk that you had to climb on the bed to get to the door! It is not so here, and that is why the place is so remarkable. The massive furniture is arranged so as to leave the center of the room free to the easy movements of host and guests. The rich bamboo portieres do wonders for this room. There are two pairs of them, one only half length. They divide the small apartment

Moonlight Corner.

into three, as it were, and lend an air of size to each one. The lighting is a great feature of the place as to effect. The professional decorators and the women who spend their days fixing up their rooms ought to come here and learn a few bottom facts on making a place look beautiful at a moderate cost. It is with a room as it is with a woman, a little mystery is a great attraction. Now here there are an incredible number of lights. A great chandelier with eight burners, ornamented with dark green bull's-eye shades, from which swing 112 double crystal pendants. There are also five lamps of large size and rich design. The lights are first ornaments, and incidentally they illuminate the room; but with such soft touches and curious effects that they ornament rather than glare. Here they glow warmly, there they reflect faintly the wonders of the place, then romantically they soften the shadows and bring out new charms from the hundreds of fanciful belongings arranged about so tastefully.

AN INCENTIVE TO POESY.

Before going into the more practical details of description, come over here to this window seat: there is an extra foot of room in it, every inch utilized, you see, and enjoy the extra sentimental moonlight effect. The host understands exactly how to give it the tenderest touch. I wonder who he gets it up for? All this doesn't seem exactly suited to a purely bachelor atmosphere. Down go the gas jets; the beautiful blue-green Venetian hanging lamp over your head is turned up further, and lo! how sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank. One now begins to quote poetry as naturally as breathing.

"See," says one enthusiastic visitor, "while here is the moonlight, there is the sunset," being sifted through the rich bamboo curtains by the big standing lamp in its red silk shade large as a parasol. It is seen through the vista softened and lengthened by the two Japanese bead curtains and seems far away. On the other side the main door, standing on a large chiffonier, is another lamp in a light green silk cover.

But moonlights and sunsets are not the solid attractions of this place. While we

The Sideboard.

are at the window just take a look out. On the carpeted fire escape is an icebox and a refrigerator.

Yes, this is the kitchen, or rather the pantry, containing many good things to eat and drink. There is an awning for their protection, and there these simple domestic articles repose in this unaccustomed situation as peacefully as if a fire escape were their natural environment. There, just beyond the window on one side of the room, is a good, solid, two-leaved dining table. Four, or even six, people can be comfortably seated at it if its full extent were utilized, and four can be served with perfect ease. A handsome embossed velvet cover, in rich, dark shades, of course makes it merely a general convenience and ornament when not engaged in its special mission. The sideboard is covered with charming wares, Japanese, Wedgewood, Worcester and Dresden china, and a glimpse inside shows such a supply besides, and such an array of magnificent silver and linen damask as might well make a housewifely heart ache with envy.

ELEGANT LUXURY.

Opposite it is a commodious writing desk of inlaid ebony, over which is a large mantle draped with peacock blue plush, embroidered in gold. On the desk is a late magazine, a new novel and an assortment of pens, seals, etc., while its pigeon holes and drawers are filled with a variety of fine stationery, and from it steals the odors of delicate sachets. Its presence adds a distinct vote of elegance and refinement to the general luxury. On one side, under the lid of the desk (no room lost again you see), is the gas heating stove. On the other, on a little brass stand in the niche between the desk and the table, is the gas cooking stove. It is of a new pattern and decidedly ornamental. There is an oven goes with it, and you can simply cook anything, from a poultice to poultry, on it. It is not used as a matter of fact, for much beyond hot water for coffee, punches and boiling eggs or oysters.

The drawing room, the dining room and the kitchen have been described; but, I have said nothing yet about the bedroom. It is all here in the utmost perfection. The bed is the one piece of trick furniture in the place. It is a folding one, but such a folding one! It is a great big, solid double affair, with beveled mirror front that even when it is shut up has an air of substantial comfort. It does not pretend to be a cabinet organ or a bookcase either; it is just a handsome bed, with a grained oak casing matching the sideboard. Opposite to it was a door; now there is a clothes-press, though

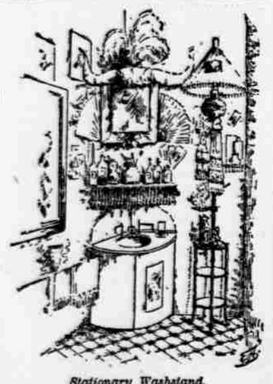
Chiffonier.

you would not know it. The door, as in all these old-fashioned houses, is set well back in thick wall. There was the bachelor's opportunity. That recess was not going to be lost. He just hung up his trousers and his nightgown in there and draped some modern Gobelin tapestry curtains over them, and there was the place more magnificent than before and with a wardrobe beside.

At the entrance end is the chiffonier and the stationary washstand. A screen and a bamboo curtain hides them from the main part of the room. But that is a mere concession to conventionality, and a gratuitous exhibition of power, for this is one of the cutest corners. The chiffonier is draped in æsthetic blue plush and silk; a mirror in a beautiful metal frame rests upon it, and silver backed brushes lie about.

TOILET ACCESSORIES.

Turn around here and see what other uses besides making a sunset "in a shady place" this giant silk-shaded standing lamp has. Here is a hint for you when you go to buy one. Its staff is surrounded half way up by a succession of little circular shelves in the same fine-beaten brass work that constitutes the essential frame of the lamp. A stationary washstand takes up but little room, but then it affords but small space for the various bottles and many toilet articles that accumulate in a dressing room. Of course, this Admiral Crichton of a householder has not neglected to put a richly dressed shelf above the washstand, but after all it is in full sight, and the lower ones on the lamp don't parade their contents to the view.



Stationary Washstand.

Stoop down, there is a blacking box and brush, but you must look for it to see it. I'm beginning to catch on to the points of this household economy. You can be looking out for a place to tuck things away even in buying a lamp. The ornaments of this lovely place are not generally specially expensive. They are such as most people of refinement have about them, pretty photographs and prints of one kind and another, with a little specially bachelorfied touch here and there occasionally. Japanese umbrellas for the ceiling, vases, some gilded palms, a pair of beautiful buffalo horns, some very handsome artificial flowers massed on the chandelier and shading the light somewhat, that wonderful light that is so skillfully disposed as to enhance a hundredfold the charm of every article.

The only fad displayed, unless you call the lamp a fad, is for clocks. There are four different style clocks in the room, each a work of art, and their bachelor owner avows that he is going to have another, a high, corner, cuckoo one. These all have that low, sweet voice that is quite as excellent a thing in a clock as a woman. They chime out the hours in soft, musical tones that add to the effect of the lights and the perfume and the sideboard.

SWEET PERFUMES.

Here is another idea for making home happy, burn incense. Those delightful little joss sticks you can get so cheap. Very few people use them, and they much emphasize an atmosphere of luxury. I want women to do these things. One man like this is enough. He'll never marry till kingdom comes. Just think what a husband he'd make! This room of his is not only the work of his ingenuity and his taste, but of his hands. He covers these brackets, he puts up these pictures, he drapes these curtains as well as runs that cooking stove. Think what a handy person he'd be to have around when the baby carriage wheel came off, or when Biddy departed for her cousin's funeral on the afternoon of a dinner party to your mother-in-law. But he will never be there. It is a tale of what might have been. A man that has got himself fixed like this, and above all, that has got so interested in his fixings, is hopeless. He is in love with that room and small blame to him. He entertains himself for hours together thinking what he will do to it next. He is a great original genius in the field of furnishing and decoration, and he is taking it all out in this uniquely superb hall bedroom. He has not begun to think of extending his field yet, he says. "O, you must come and see it when I get my music box, another lamp, and the tall clock and a velvet curtain here, and—" he hesitates, a dreamy look comes into his eyes, he is off through the trackless fields of the imagination in search of new ideas for the room.

He comes back from his reverie as we move to the outer door, and as he pushes back the rich plush portierers far as he can, he bids us good-bye and cordially invites us to come again. We turn on the threshold and take one lingering look at the lovely dream-like room, as poetical as a woodland bower, as luxurious as an Oriental monarch could give his favorite, and once more we are in the hall in the every day world of common prose. MARION HOOD.

PINE TREES VALUABLE.

How Worn Out Fields Might be Made Exceedingly Valuable.

[Punxsutawney Spirit.]

"I've got an idea that will be worth millions of dollars to the next generation if it is only carried out. It is this: Pine trees are valuable. They are getting scarce, and will be much more valuable 50 years hence than at present. My idea is to plant little pines in all the old fields in the country—set them out in regular rows and cultivate them. They will naturally grow much faster and become larger and prettier when properly planted and cared for than when left to struggle for themselves in a wild and unprotected state.

"I would advise farmers to plant pine trees in every available place and cultivate forests of them. They may not become valuable in time to yield the planter a profit, unless he be a boy—but they will continue to grow, winter and summer, until some fine morning their owner will wake up and find himself rich. Pine will always be in demand, and will continue to increase in value. This idea," concluded Lum, "would be worth millions of dollars to the next generation if the present one would act upon it, and all I ask for it is that a grateful posterity erect a monument over my humble dust."

MADE RICH IN THIRTY MINUTES.

Two Brothers Strike a $100,000 Mine by Digging Down Two Feet.

[Chicago Tribune.]

S. R. Roger and his brother left their homes near Hastings, Mich., about four years ago and went to Breckenridge, Col., where they worked in a stamp mill. They got possession of two claims, the "Iron Mask" and the "Kewanee" and worked them during spare hours, putting considerable time and money into them. The claims had been worked previously for six years by an old miner, who failed to find paying ore. Roger recently put a man in the lower one and went to work himself. In less than half an hour, after digging about two feet, he struck gold and silver bearing carbonate of silver, said to be the most valuable and easily worked in that State.

The vein was followed to the surface, when it was found that all the previous year's work had been within 18 inches of the vein. The Roger Brothers have been offered $100,000 for the two mines, but want $200,000. Within a week after this find 5,000 men were on the spot, establishing claims, but the Rogers have secured many of the most desirable. The mine is on the east side of the mountain and the snow necessitates keeping it roofed over.

Turkish Superstition About the Dead.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

Preparations for the funeral are begun as soon as life is extinct, as the Turks believe in burying the dead as quickly as possible. The eyelids are closed and the lower jaw bandaged; the arms are stretched down the sides and feet tied together. The priest and his assistants are now summoned to wash the corpse. As with us, no matter how a person may have been kicked and buffeted through life, he is handled very tenderly after all sensibility has departed. The Turks are even more careful of this, because any lack of tenderness in handling a corpse would bring upon them the curse of the dead man's soul.

Beautiful Engraving Free.

"Will They Consent?" is a magnificent engraving, 19x24 inches. It is an exact copy of an original painting by Kwall, which was sold for $5,000.

This elegant engraving represents a young lady standing in a beautiful room, surrounded by all that is luxurious, near a half-open door, while the young man, her lover, is seen in an adjoining room asking the consent of her parents for their daughter in marriage. It must be seen to be appreciated.

This costly engraving will be given away free, to every person purchasing a small box of WAX STARCH.

This starch is something entirely new, and is without a doubt the greatest starch invention of the nineteenth century (at least everybody says so that has used it). It supersedes everything heretofore used or known to science in the laundry art. Unlike any other starch, as it is made with pure white wax. It is the first and only starch in the world that makes ironing easy and restores old summer dresses and skirts to their natural whiteness, and imparts to linen a beautiful and lasting finish as when new.

Try it and be convinced of the whole truth.

Ask for WAX STARCH and obtain this engraving free.

THE WAX STARCH CO., Keokuk, Iowa.

SUITS to measure from $18 up. Pants to measure from $5 up. Satisfaction guaranteed at Jackson's Star Tailors, 954 and 956 Liberty street. TTSU

UNCLE JOHN GIDEON.

The Squarest and the Biggest Bookmakers on the French Turf.

FRENCHMEN NATURAL GAMBLERS.

Reminiscences of the Famous Sayres-Heenan Battle.

A VERY HIGH OPINION OF KILRAIN

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

ONE of the biggest bookmakers, as he is also one of the best "old chappies" in the world, is coming over here in February on a visit to America for the first time. "Uncle John" Gideon, Wright and Saflery are the big bookmakers of the French turf, and I do not suppose there are three other such layers of odds to be found in England or the United States. Two or three days before I left Paris Saffery won on one bet at Longchamps $25,000 and the next day, at Auteuil, he carried off almost as much more. He is a rather interesting person at French races. When he first came to Paris he was salesman in an English clothing house, just opposite the Presidental mansion. There he commenced taking bets, won more in a year than he earned as a clerk, his salary being only $200, and soon he quit the shop to become an out and out bookmaker. Since 1874 he has prospered finely. One day Wright came over from London for the express purpose of smashing Saffery, who had done him a bad turn in some racing speculation. But instead of smashing he became near being ground to pieces himself, for he laid 66 to 1 against a starter in the Cambridgeshire, and Saffery took him for $1,000. The colt thus backed at such long odds won easily and it took Wright some time to recover. However, he is all right now and is worth his millions.

ABOVE SUSPICION.

Mr. John Gideon has lived in Paris 25 years, and during all that time never has the slightest breath of suspicion blown against him. He lives with his family in a magnificent house in the Champs Elysees, the aristocratic part of the capital, and his three or four sons are made of the same good stuff as the old man. He, too, sold clothes in early life, and his father was a Hebrew. The first book he ever made was on the Lemington stakes, in 1848, when Mr. Murrey's Miss Ann won, and then his book summed up £5,15s, out of which he had to pay £5 10s over to the winner. From that time on his success was such that he followed bookmaking in the ring and left the shop in London to take care of itself. In 1862 he commenced betting in Paris, and was led to do so through the following circumstance. That year he received a commission from M. Lupin to back his horse Dollar for the Northamptonshire stakes, so he put on £200 to win, at a price averaging 30 to 1, also laying £700 for a place. Dollar won and Gideon carrried the money over to his employer. The day after his arrival was a Sunday, and there was racing at Longchamps. Of course he went out, soon discovered it was good enough for him to stay and enjoy, and so he settled in Paris.

"In proportion to the number of persons," said he to me, "that is to say, in proportion to the comparative populations of London and Paris, the people here bet ten times as much and ten times bigger than they do in England. All classes of people attend French races habitually, not perhaps from any particular fondness for horses, or because they know much about them—indeed, it seems to me that some of them can't tell a horse from a donkey—but because the French are natural born gamblers. Individually they bet heavier than does any Englishman, and backers of horses can get longer prices in Paris for the reason that, while in England the run is on only two or three favorites, here all horses are backed and bookmakers can give long odds easily. Bets of 200, 500, 1,000, 2,000 and 5,000 louis are not infrequent, the amount of the bet depending, of course, on the price of the horse, for if the odds are too long, one cannot often take such wagers as I have just mentioned.

A BIG BET.

"The largest single bet I ever laid was 10,000 louis ($40,000) to 7,000 louis against St. Blaize for the Grand Prix, and the colt was not even placed. I do not think there was ever more money staked in any country than on the Grand Prix of 1881, when Mr. Keen's Foxhall won. That colt was backed for a terrific sum, and the ring came near being swamped, but we managed to pull through all right, although I lost nearly $100,000.

"Everybody bets in France, from the highest nobleman down to the commonest laborer. The betting here is both book and ready money betting, and we do as much of the one as the other. Both kinds are settled every Saturday evening at the Salon des Courses, in the Boulevard des Capucines, and the way that that institution is run stands pre-eminently alone in the turf world. There is nothing like it anywhere else that I have ever heard of. It is a sort of clearing house of the betting trateanity, but all the members do not settle there, some of them preferring to do so individually with each other. The Paris-mutuel is a great failure, because people do not know how much they are going to receive until the race is over, while by taking odds with bookmakers they know exactly how they will stand. There is something paradoxical about this Paris-mutuel system, for the more money you put on a horse the less you are bound to receive. I think, however, the system will be kept up, as it seems to suit small backers, those who can only risk 5 or 10 francs, and who are always hoping to catch an outsider. I have watched and studied the thing closely, and I am sure that in most cases what the Paris-mutuel pays is about two points below the odds given in the ring."

THE POLICE AND THE BOOKMAKERS.

I asked Mr. Gideon if the bookmakers were having any trouble with the Paris police, and he answered me in the negative.

"The fact is," said he, "the Government soon found out that a mistake had been made in trying to stop betting at the races, and so a test case was accepted to show the legality of the prohibition. Some of us were arrested at Longchamps, taken before a magistrate, convicted, and all the money in our possession was confiscated. The case was appealed, and last October the conviction was quashed, we were acquitted, and our money was returned. At the hearing the prosecution advanced the argument that all bookmakers were thieves and vagabonds, without visible means of existence. My lawyer met this by stating that I paid $10,000 a year rent for the house I occupy, and that my personal taxes in Paris alone amounts to nearly as much more."

Then "Uncle John" turned philosopher for awhile. "Why," he asked, "are bookmakers ostracized, so to speak, in society? In what is a man more honorable who bets on a horse than he who bets against it, and whence comes it that one who believes Foxhall will arrive first is regarded as infinitely superior, morally speaking, than an individual who has reason to believe that Foxhall will finish no better than second or worse? Of course it wouldn't look nice to see a member of Bang-up Club standing, pencil in hand, holding his book and crying out all sorts of odds between 2 and 5 o'clock of an afternoon, but this is a question of morals and fair play, not of mise en scene. Moreover, is it not quite as proper and agreeable to be a man who does pay you your money if you win, as it is to be one who sells you stocks and shares at $100, which, later on, you'd be glad to get rid of at the price of old paper?

THE HEENAN-SAYRES FIGHT.

We then talked about the Heenan-Sayres prize fight, in which historic event Gideon was one of the umpires. He hopes that there is no longer any feeling in this country against him because of his connection with that affair, and I tried to assure him that there was not. I told him he would be welcomed heartily, not only by the bookmakers but by all true sportsmen, and I beg to commend him to them in the sincerest possible manner. "Tell me about that fight," I said, and here is his reply:

"That mill was fairly managed from first to last; there was no question raised concerning it at the time, and I do not know that there has ever been since. It lasted two hours and six minutes; 35 rounds were fought, and Sayres went through 28 of them with one hand, his right having been disabled in the seventh. When the fight was over, Heenan was so blind he had to be led to his carriage by his seconds. For several minutes afterward Sayres sat on a stool drinking champagne and eating cold fowl, handed him by Harry Bronton and Jemmie Welsh, his two seconds. Those who knew Sayres well never doubted for a moment that he would win the fight, but some of his backers had not the same confidence and they broke into the ring, so it was necessary to declare it a draw. During the round when Heenan took the hug on Sayres, a man who had a lot of money on the fight became afraid of losing it and cut the ropes. This was no other than Johnnie Carr; he is alive now and is a well known swell mobsman. He is very rich, but he only got out of Courtland prison two years ago after serving a long sentence.

SAYRES' EARLY FIGHTS.

"My first real days of friendship with Sayres began when he was matched to fight Harry Poulson. I backed the latter at 7 to 4 on, and lost, but was so well pleased with the way Tom fought that I made a match for him with Aaron Jones. After that we were inseparable friends to the day of his death. He was the greatest fighter the world has ever produced, and until I saw Jake Kilrain fight last summer with Jim Smith on an island in the Seine, I never met anywhere near so good a man. In Sayres' day a man only reached the championship throne by battles won not with gloves but with bare fists. He was a natural born fighter, never in a hurry to finish, and fairly illustrated the real art of self-defense. As a sparrer with the gloves, he was, as the saying goes, 'not in the hunt,' and I have seen him bested at all points in such set-tos by men whom he could have whipped in the ring with one hand tied behind his back. He copied from nobody, and never sparred while in training. His crosscounters were simply terrific: he would get up to his man, baulk him twice—if he stood it—fall back as if to his corner, then meet him and put on the right. He was the fairest fighter I have ever seen, and I have seen hundreds and scores of such contests. I have nothing in the world to say against John Sullivan, but the fairest fighter I have seen since the days of Tom Sayres is Jake Kilrain. My friend had a secret that he put to use in training, which has never been told by me to anyone. His great strength lay in the fact that when in training he consumed an enormous quantity of Russian isinglass. He used to take as much as a quarter of an ounce in his morning tea, then as much more after dinner, and then an additional quantity when he went to bed."

THE MITCHELL-SULLIVAN FIGHT.

The fight between Mitchell and Sullivan would never have taken place, so I think, but for John Gideon. He was one of those who met the party at Amiens, where he soon saw that there was likely to be no fight at all. So he determined to return to Paris by the 3:10 P. M. train, and was seated in a railway carriage with the representative of a London sporting paper, when a couple of gentlemen came up and said: "You remarked this morning at breakfast that if it had been left to you, you could have brought this fight off in a certainty." "Yes," he replied, "I said that and I could have done so." Thereupon they introduced him to Sullivan and Mitchell and both men agreed to leave the affair in his hands. He told everybody quietly to leave Amiens the next morning by the 6:10 train for Paris, but to get off at Creil. He left that same night, got to Creil at 8 o'clock, and before going to bed had found the spot on the training grounds of Baron Rothschild where the fight actually took place. Had the men not fought that Saturday, perhaps they would never have done so. Sullivan would have returned to America, where gold would continue to shower upon him, and Mitchell would have been ruined for life, because everybody in England would have said he was a coward and afraid to meet the American. So you see the prosperity of the one and the at least temporary downfall of the other, was due to Uncle John Gideon. We went together to see the fight between Smith and Kilrain, and he never tires of talking about that contest. He has high admiration of Sullivan as a boxer and a quick fighter, but he thinks Kilrain a most wonderful man. HENRY HAYNIE.

RISE OF AMERICAN CITIES.

Where 100 Years Ago 100,000 Persons Resided There Are Now 6,000,000.

[Boston Herald.]

The fact that there are so many cities to govern is one of the most astonishing in history, said Prof. Albert B. Hart recently. A century ago the whole population of the United States was less than 4,000,000, of whom barely 100,000 lived in cities. Now there are in this country not less than 350 cities, having a total population of nearly 6,000,000; the cities have increased 60 times, and their population nearly 60 times. It is evident that in this rapid displacement may be found an explanation of some of the problems which our cities present.

It is not too much to say that no city in the United States owes its growth to its situation, for of the ten large cities seven are exposed to attack by sea, and but one is sufficiently protected. The second reason for the location of cities is the convenience of commerce. A very interesting resume of the comparative advantage of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore followed, and the commercial and manufacturing places of their rise and growth were touched upon. It was of far less importance that a city should grow than that it should grow intelligently. Manufacturing cities were always more densely populated than commercial cities, and the overcrowding of cities was one of the most serious problems of the day. The libraries and schools of Boston would attract one class, while low theaters and dance halls would attract others.

There were, in 1880, according to the census of that year, 286 cities with a population of over 8,000. One hundred and twelve had 12,000; 131 had between 12,000 and 40,000, while the remaining 45 ran from 40,000 to 1,200,000. The number of cities increased but slowly from 1790 to 1840, but in the next decade the increase was as great as in the 50 former years. Large cities attract more than their share of the total growth of city population.

Interesting figures in regard to the distinction of cities were then given, as well as the figures showing the comparative growth of the principal cities of the United States. Up to 1820 Philadelphia was the first city in the Union. The Erie Canal was finished in 1825, and the rapid leap of New York in population from 103,000 to 268,000 in 1830 followed. In a careful estimate, based on the Presidental votes of 1884 and 1888, New York has to-day 1,600,000 people. Philadelphia numbers 1,000,000 population now, but has to include her suburbs in this estimate. Brooklyn is a phenomenon, with its 782,000 people. Baltimore and Boston are rivals, but the former now leads by 7,500.

IN A STRANGE PREDICAMENT.

The Singular Social Adventure of a Fair Des Moines Young Lady.

[From a Des Moines Letter.]

An accomplished young lady of Des Moines made a call upon somebody the other day, and she avows she passed a very delightful afternoon. Who the person was that she called on she does not know. All she knows is that she started out to call upon somebody else and by mistake she got into the wrong house, where she met with a very cordial reception from a young lady who evidently knew her very well. This young lady rushed up to her when she entered the door and told how awfully glad she was to see her, calling her by name. She also entertained her guest so pleasantly and everything appeared to be so agreeable all around that the latter did not have the heart to break the spell by asking who her unknown friend was, and the unknown friend never knew that she was not known by her guest.

"Say, mister, is der ice strong enough ter hold me an' Mickey?"—*Life.*

THE STORY OF STEAM.

The Ancients Knew Its Power but They Could Not Apply It.

AN ENGINE INVENTED IN 1705.

How Watt Solved the Problem and advanced the Industries.

HIS STRUGGLES AND FINAL TRIUMPH

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

THE power of steam was not unknown to the ancients. There are continuous references to its power, and certainly the steam engine existed in Spain and England as early as the fifteenth century, though in a very crude form. It consisted simply of two boilers which were alternately filled with steam through pipes and then alternately cooled by the passage of air through them, condensing the steam. By this means a slow-acting force pump was made, chiefly valuable for mine drainage, but of no use in ordinary manufacturing lines. The first engine really worth the name was that invented by Thomas Newcomen in 1705, when, instead of two boilers, the cylinder was first used. It was a combination steam and air engine—the piston was forced up by steam and down by atmospheric pressure. The steam entered the cylinder to supply the up-stroke pressure, and was then condensed by the outward application of cold water, leaving the atmosphere to force the piston down through the vacuum left by the steam. But the condensation was soon after accomplished by means of a jet of cold water.

The valves were at first worked by hand, but in 1718 the automatic valve came in—by attaching it to a rod joined to the beam. This was a great improvement, and this engine is said to have been so far perfected as to supply from 15 to 20 strokes per minute. But it must be noticed that the modern use and power of steam was not understood. The principle on which all these old "engines" worked was to make use of the steam simply to fill a space and then evacuate it in order to let the atmosphere act, and had no reference to the expansive force of steam as a vapor. On such a principle an engine could not be built to suit the fast stroke required in modern manufacture, and, moreover, it was attended with enormous waste of water. The cylinder had to be heated and cooled with every stroke. It was this problem which remained for Watt to solve.

WATT LED TO INVESTIGATE.

Watt was a maker of mathematical instruments at Glasgow. He had considerable trade at the University there, and acquired from his associations a considerable knowledge of scientific principles of his day. A friend suggested to him the problem of trying to save fuel in the use of the engine. As early as 1759 the idea seems to have occurred to him that if this problem could be successfully solved steam could be readily applied as a force in locomotion. It was with this idea in mind, rather than the invention of any stationary engine for use in the manufacturing arts, that he started upon his series of investigations. After considerable difficulty he secured a working model of the Newcomen engine then in use (1759), but it was not until after six years of patient effort (1765) he struck on the right principle.

His first endeavors were directed toward the fuel-saving problem, but at this time the expansive force of steam vapor seems to have occurred to him as a motive power. He at once threw overboard all idea of the alternate heating and cooling of the cylinder for each stroke. This new idea led him to close both ends of the cylinder—the idea of a double steam stroke. In 1769 he took out his first patent—described as designed for the saving of fuel in steam engines. One named Roebuck aided his early efforts. He was the owner of mines which had been flooded by water, and aided for his own salvation. But in 1772 a crisis came on, and Roebuck failed. Among his assets was this interest in Watt's invention. A capitalist and iron manufacturer of Birmingham named Boulton was among his creditors. After personal examination, he thought the idea was good, and, to the joy of the other creditors, he agreed to take this interest as his share of the assets.

ONE FORTUNATE INVENTOR.

Watt then removed to Birmingham, and the engine took the name of the Boulton-Watt engine. Two years after (1774) the engine was in working order, and from the successful experiments conducted, it was widely known, and was coming rapidly forward. Orders began to pour in in advance. In 1775 the patent was extended to 1800, and in 1776 the first order was filled. The orders came in rapidly—especially from Cornish mine owners. Then came an order for use in a grist mill, and it rapidly worked into other manufacturing uses. It was not until 1785, however, that profits began to be realized, but at this time they were getting very large, and by 1800 a considerable fortune had been realized.

Watt continued his efforts until 1819, when he died. In his business success he presents an exception to the ordinary run of inventors, for he left a large fortune. He seems from the first to have had a clear conception of his objective purpose. He understood the principles of the later inventions and seems to have known that steam could be successfully applied in navigation. Many had tried to solve the problem and failed, but he seems never to have doubted its ultimate success. The atmospheric engine had been tried, but was found too clumsy. As soon as the perpendicular stroke of the engine had been turned into a rotary motion the successful application of steam to locomotion was assured. Watt did not try himself to solve this problem, but he suggested the possibilities and encouraged the efforts made.

In the period 1787–1800 many trials were made in England and America. When Fulton made his invention he purchased a Boulton-Watt engine, brought it to New York, and used it on the Hudson. Fulton made the invention, but the principle and idea lived before him. Watt started with the idea that steam could be used for locomotion on land—by using a sort of carriage on ordinary roads. In Cornwall an attempt was made to draw coal cars in this way, and though it had some success, it had not enough to justify its use. Even before this time the miners in Cornwall had laid wooden rails, sometimes covered with iron straps. It seems strange, indeed, that the connection between these rails and the steam engine should remain unnoticed for 40 years.

WATT'S GREATEST TROUBLE

seems to have been in procuring models to test his work at the different periods in his progress. This illustrates well the state of the mechanical arts in those days. He needed for his purpose a cylinder with circular perpendicular sides. But the machinists of that day could not produce such a thing steam tight. The invention and construction of these greatly delayed his work, and hampered his efforts. To-day any sort of model is easily turned out by thousands of expert machinists.

The early use and application of steam power is another instance in which England got a great start over the other countries. We have already noticed the crippled state of France just about to start in her revolutionary path, and the wretched and hopeless condition of the rest of Europe. As late as 1810 only 16 engines were at work in France—in the mines—and the steam engine was not applied to the cotton industry until 1812. Prussia, one of the most advanced of the German States, though she had engines, was not in a position to use them effectively until 1830, and down to 1809 they were little used in the United States.

The accompanying table is intended to show the dates of the important inventions of the period. Though coming separately and independently, they acted and reacted on each other in a complex way. The introduction of steam had a wonderful effect on the iron manufacture and the cotton and woolen industries, and the latter in turn had produced great effect on the former, in the great increase in the use of iron and machinery. It simply illustrates the fact that every great improvement works in wide circles, and that its effects and results are often shown as much without the circle of its immediate application as within it.

Years.
1740—17,300 tons iron produced.
1757—Iron melted by coal at Coalbrookdale.
1759—Watt at work on the steam engine.
1764—Imports of raw cotton 3,900,000 pounds.
1769—Pig iron converted into bar iron by coal.
1769—Arkwright takes out his patent and Watt patents his condensing engine.
1770—Hargreaves patents the "spinning Jenny."
1771-75—Imports of raw cotton 4,700,000 pounds.
1776—Watt sells the first engine.
1777—Cast iron bridge at Coalbrookdale.
1779—Crompton patents the "mule jenny."
1785—Imports of raw cotton 18,400,000 pounds.
1788—Steam blast in full use in iron manufacture: iron production 61,300 tons—three-fourths made by coal.
1792—Imports of raw cotton 33,400,000 pounds.
1796—Iron production 125,000 tons.
1800—Imports of raw cotton 56,000,000 pounds.
1801—Power loom at work.
1806—Iron production 250,000 tons.
1807—Fulton's steamboat.
1828—Hot air blast used.

THE EVILS OF TIPPING.

One of the Greatest of Small Nuisances the Country Has.

[New York Evening Sun.]

America is a growing country in every respect. Cities grow, literature grows, art is sprouting, but most luxuriant of all are our nuisances. Our great nuisances are being grappled with more or less successfully, but our small ones flourish unduly.

Take that of "tipping," for instance. There is no greater small nuisance in the whole history of nuisances than this, and it it is not taken care of immediately and energetically it must result in our becoming a nation of bankrupts.

Just look the tipping evil squarely in the face for a moment. It is an individual attempt to pay wages to the whole community.

You enter a restaurant, call for your lunch, and at its conclusion pay the waiter from 10 to 15 per cent of the amount of your check for doing his work properly or improperly, as the case may be.

You hire a cab and ride a few miles, and as a reward, possibly for keeping his horse alive, or to pay him for the wear and tear upon his feelings induced by the language he has been compelled to use in the course of events, you tip the driver, you give what the Frenchman calls a "for-drink" in addition to his fare, to which he has himself, in all probability, added some 20 or 30 per cent for the sake of his family.

What a ridiculous custom it is—worse than ridiculous, it is criminal because it subjects the poor man who cannot afford to throw his money away to bad service at dinner, to vile abuse from his cab driver.

Carry the system to its logical conclusion: How you would ridicule a member of Congress who dared propose that the President of the United States be handed a check for $10,000 at the end of his term as a reward for doing what he has been already paid for doing.

What a preposterous notion it would be to require members of a church congregation to tip the organist, choir, sexton and rector himself at the conclusion of divine service, because they had done their duty well.

Do you ever tip the salesman at the collar and cuff store because he has not insisted upon your wearing linen four sizes too large and a season or two too late?

Do you ever add anything to the total of your plumber's bill because he has served you well?

Are you ever tempted to pay your coal dealer $6 a ton for coal when the market is at $5 50?

Do not shoulder the responsibilities of the restaurant and hotel keeper yourself, and if you have any money to spare save it, devote it to charity or give it to your wife.

Have you ever been so far out of your mind as to send a bonus to your tailor?

Probably not; but there would be quite as much reason in your doing one and all of these things as there is in giving your cab driver his "for-drink" or in bribing the waiter in the restaurant not to drop the butter in your lap and pour your coffee down your neck.

If you do not wish to incur financial ruin, stop tipping.

If you tip waiters because you think they are underpaid, start a movement to secure better wages for them.

How He Would Treat a Burglar.

[From the Lewiston Journal.]

The report of a daring burglary started a talk about robbers and such unpleasant things, around the table the other day.

"What would you do if you should wake up and find a burglar in your chamber?" I asked Doughby.

"I should pass him my wallet and my watch and beg him to leave the room," said he.

"But suppose you had a loaded revolver under your pillow."

"I should pass him the revolver too," replied Doughby, with obvious sincerity.

Made a Forcible Impression.

[London Tit-Bits.]

She (softly)—I shall never forget this night—and this ball.

He (tenderly)—Tell me—why?

She—And that last waltz.

He—You delight me!

She—And you!

He—You entrance me! Then I have impressed you?

She (more softly than ever)—Yes! You've about smashed two of my toes!

Sweetness and Light.

[London Tit-Bits.]

"I know we are poor, dear pana," said Evelyn, nestling her head against his shoulder, "but Athelstane is brave and hopeful, and he says that love will make a way."

"I know it will," said old Hyson, grimly; "it's made away with six tons of parlor coal and £5 worth of gas since Christmas, and it's next winter that's worrying me."

The Habits of Our Cotemporaries.

[The Epoch.]

Foreman (New York daily)—We need one column more to fill out the second page.

City Editor—That so? How many interviews with Chauncey Depew are in?

Foreman—Only one.

City Editor—Oh, well, run in another; his glass leg hasn't been m