THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

BACK TO THE BOOKS.

Thirty Thousand Pittsburg Children Start to School in the Morning.

A THOUSAND NEW URCHINS.

The Teachers Will Return to Their Work With Light Hearts.

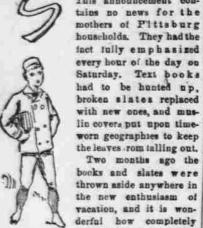
SPARE THE ROD IS NOW THE RULE.

One Good Lady Takes the Whippings Herself and is a Success.

LITTLE GIRLS IN THE COOKING SCHOOL

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

CHOOL begins to-morrow. This announcement con-



tuey succeeded in getting lost while house was shut up. Look for them as you would, in garrett, cellar, bedroom and closet, they re used to show up. They were just as likely to be found behind the parlor sofa or inside the pantry. No matter where they lay hidden, it required a well-organized search, a cross mamma and disgusted domestics to unearth them. Where the books for four scholars in one family had to be gathered up, and each one of the lour fifted out with new pencils, new sistes, etc., the task consumed most of a mother's time yesterday. By the time she sees this she will be able to say, "Yes, school begins to-morrow; I know all about it."

Probably the next thought that comes into that tired mother's mind 18, "Well, I will be rid of the youngsters most of the day. That's one consolation." PUPILS FOR THE FIRST TIME.

The mammas who can't bear to have their darlings "out of sight one moment," still exist, but it is questionable whether those "darlings" are the kind who whoop and yell from the front door to the backyard fence, who play tricks on Bridget, and who maintain an all-'ay romp regardless of the comfort of their elders. Practical mothers of this class of juveniles thank the nation for the benefits of education, and secretly rejoice that the schools may serve also as a olossal day nursery.
At least 1,000 little boys and girls will

pils are required to attend the school nearest their residences, unless otherwise ap-proved by the board or local committee. Children or wards of non-residents require are charged at the High School. No child under 6 years of age, and no person over 21 years of age will be given a permit,

So while 1,000 little tots will learn the structural features of A. B and C for the first time to-morrow, nearly 30,000 pencils will scratch nearly 30,000 slates in Pittsburg up the enrollment of the public schools. That is

A GREAT ARMY.

Pittsburg school children could form many regiments in the national educational camp, and each year they would have to have more room, for a large increase is to be noted every September. City while in Europe this summer told a British fellow calculated that if Pittsburg had 30 000 pupils the whole United States had about 100,000. He was simply thunderstruck when he was told that statistics gathered in 1883 showed that the school pulation of the United States was 16,427, 260, and that of this number 10,336,105 pupils and 293,295 teachers were in the "And it it was not for Pittsburg's quota,"

continued the Pittsburg teacher, "that sum total would read '10,300,000,' instead of '10,-"Why, how do you make that out?" in-

quired the Englishman, "your enrollment now is only 30,000 !" "Ah, yes, but Pittsburg is famous for smart boys. When the educational census nan came along he would say, 'Here is a boy that is as good as two, so down went two instead of one. Why, sir, if the new census will be as fair with Pittsburg as it should we would be accredited with 40,000, because the brains of 40,000 are in our 30,000. And don't brains always count, sir? See?" The Britisher retired with a wonderful

impression of Pittsburg's schools. WHIPPING OUT OF PASHION.

It is a remarkably bealthy indication that as the caroliment of Pittsburg schools increases the number and use of the teachers' three years demands that the schools shall be governed, as far as possible, without corporal punishment. When it is inflicted it must be done only by the principal or actment must be reported to the Superinten-dent monthly, Pupils who evince habitual indifference may be transferred to lower grades. In many wards, pupils who shall in a month, for any cause, except sickness, mittee. No pupil shall be allowed to leave school before the hour for closing for any cause, except sickness, unless authorized by

Truent playing is considered a flagrant offense, and no pupil shall be received after truant playing without authority from the committee, and no such authority shall be given to any pupil who has been guilty of this offense more than twice during the current scholastic year.

HEROIC TREATMENT. the Washington schools of the Seventeenth ward there is a lady teacher who for years has conquered unruly pupils in this She gets a ratten, or ruler, and Then instead of whipping him she gives him the rattan, and, holding out her own hands, compels him to whip her on the palms. She will make him strike her with can stand. It is worse than to receive the blows himself. This mode of punishment has seldom to be resorted to twice by the lady in the same case. It is effective.

It is not hard to fathom the feelings of the Monster That Amuses a Lonely the school teacher. Probably you might be tempted to think she goes back to her desk to-morrow with unwillingness. She may have been spoiled by her two months'

LIFE IN A HAMMOCK,

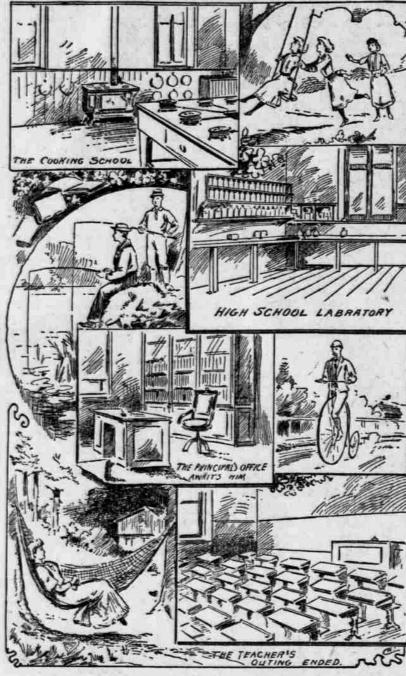
with society novels for companions instead of spelling books and arithmetics, is well calculated to leave a person in a lazy condition. Could the narrow, gloomy confines of a school room prove attractive to her after an outing of eight weeks? To be tied down

to a routine by the striking of a gong after her treedom, might seem severe now if it never did before!

Ah, but you don't know her. The school teacher likes that little envelope which she receives once a month at the Central Board rooms. She leave to teach but he leave to teach her the leave to teach the leave to teach her the leave the leave to teach the leave to teach the leave to teach the leave the leave to teach the leave to teach the leave the leave the leave the leave to teach the leave the l rooms. She loves to teach but she loves her salary better. Now, here this vacation has worn out her dresses. She has met a young man she thinks it worth while making herThe Monster That Amuses a Lonely Planter of the South Sea. PENNED IN BY REEFS OF CORAL.

On a small island in the middle of the South Pacific lives a planter, the only white man on the island, which is full of brownskinned folk who cut and dry the meat of encount which he sells to trading vessels. When any stranger stops at his island he

Crabs From His Eve.



THEIR VACATION IS ENDED.

self attractive for. To teach means money, and money means new dresses. She goes back to that coop of a school room without complaining. Her sorrow is expressed when she can't go back—when some other teacher was elected in her place by the board. Principals of the Pittsburg schools have

very attractive offices as a usual thing. Some are fitted with libraries. The princi-

ATHLETIC SPORTS AND OUTDOOR LIPE for their summertime occupations. It make for their work of the new school teru Were all things equal, these male supermorrow very willingly. But they have not the incentive. They, as a rule, are not satisfied with the salaries they receive. Every year some of Pittsburg's best school principals drift into other pro essions or into business life simply because there is not financial inducement enough to hold them to educational pursuits. In Seranton, recently, I met a former school principal from this city. He is now a successful merchant there. And in this city one of the most prosperous insurance agents was form-erly a school principal out toward the East End. They attest the fact that school man-

When the cooking school opens to-morrov the pupils will find a new coat of paint or

agement don't pay when you have other op-

the pupils will find a new coat of paint on its walls, its little gas stoves and the cooking range nicely polished, and the pots and pains newly Japanned. Many of the little girls who will here don the white caps and aprons have been spending their vacation in the country. They have entertained many an old-fashioned farmers' wife with an account of this contraction. this modern city cooking school, and heard it denounced by Aunt Ruchel as new fangdangled nonsense." On the other hand the little misses come home wondering how a cooking achool can possibly be complete without a cow to milk; without milk to strain, and without chickens to feed. How can she learn in a city cooking school to be

a farmer's wite? Up at the High School the laboratory of the class in chemistry has been refurnished and repainted. About the only thing that will be apt to interest the boys there for the next ew weeks will be the best mixture of chemicals to form an explosive sale enough to kill fish and yet escape the game laws; or the best formulas for amateur photography developing outfits-memories of vacation among the mountains will be too vivid for these young men to forget easily.

L. E. STOFIEL

Clever Little Maneuvers of Her Ludyship to Hide the Physical Defeote

Berlin Letter to The Dispatch. I am told by one of the couriers of the Emperor who has just returned from Russiz, that the Empress is now entirely dear. When the courier, carrying messages from Her Majesty, Augusta Victoria, appeared before the Czarina, a lady in waiting secretbefore the Czarina, a lady in waiting secretly wrote down his message on a piece of
pasteboard, which was handed to Her
M. jesty under cover of a fan, and after she
had read it she answered in quite an uncoucerned manner. Bo it seems that the royal
comedy, which was once played by the
blind George of Hanover, who endeavored
by sundry tricks to keep his terrible affliction a secret is to be repeated to due.

tion a secret, is to be repeated to-day at Petershoi and Gatachina.

In Russian court circles it is whispered that the Czarina's desfness is a consequence of the terrible railroad accident of Borkum when the detenation of the explosives which were intended to destroy Alexander and his family injured the muscles of her ears. The affair was not made known at the time for Then instead of whipping him she gives him the rattan, and, holding out her own hands, compels him to whip her on the palma. She will make him strike her with all his might a given number of strokes, having first been imposed in proportion to the enormity of the offense which the scholar was guilty of. To do such an unmannerly thing as bent a woman, and to see her finch nuder the pain of the whipping; is usually more than any scholar

he islanders; above all he will take him out to see his pet, which is perhaps the largest and oddest animal that was ever petted by any man. "Come along with me," he said on the

morning after my arrival at the island, "come out and see my pet." I was not much surprised when he led the way to the boat, for in the tropics everyone

goes by sea rather than work a mile. rown-skinned natives were seated on the thwarts waiting for us, and in the bow was a barrel full of meat chopped fine. "What is that meat for?" I asked. "To feed my pet," he said, laughing.

OFF FOR A SURPRISE.

The crew rowed away from shore over the quiet waters between the reefs. The island was surrounded by coral, and from each cor-ner of its northern side, which was about two miles long, a wall of coral stretched away northward to meet at a sharp angle five or six miles away. The great sea waves broke into foam upon these walls, but within their protection was a triangle of water as smooth as any lake. Out over this the boat rode easily until we had reached a point about midway between the middle point of the reefs and the shore. Here the boys stopped rowing, and two of them began drumming with clubs upon the bottom of

"Shut your eyes," said the planter, "if on wish to enjoy a surprise."

I closed my eyes, the boys soon ceased their drumming and someone blew long blasts upon a horn. Then that, too, ceased, and the boat lay motionless and nothing disturbed the stillness. All at once I heard a huge sigh and telt a hot and sickish breath. There was no need for the planter to bid me open my eves, for surprise or no surprise the lids would not stay shut. Not more than six feet away I saw a huge monster floating on the surface and looking at us with the most expressionless eye that I ever

with the most expressionless eye that I ever saw in a living beast.
"There's my pet," cried the planter. "1 raised him almost from the time he was a haby of 20 eet long, and now he measures 67 feet over all and lots more growth to come

The pet was a sperm whale. He seemed enormous when compared with us men. Be-hind the great head there stretched out a long body covered in great patches with harnacies as large as a teacup, and the sleek flukes or the tail, lying flat upon the water, seemed ever so far away, yet ever so much too near, when I recalled whaters' accounts or the behavior of this animal when coraged. The great head rose from the sea so high The eye was about the size of an ox eye, and had almost the same deep violet shade. The ear was not so far distant from the eye, a simple orifice in the skin. The color of the skin was a dusty black, which became lighter and more yellow undermeath; except for the barnacles the skin was

The great animal lav motionless just ou of arm's reach until the planter called to him and dabbled his fingers in the water much as one attracts a kitten by scratching on the carpet. The distant flukes made a half turn in the water and the whale move just touching the boat. The planter reache over the gunwale and began to pick over the gunwale and began to pick a number of wriggling things out of the corners of the whale's eye. He handed several to me and I found them to be small white draba, which, with all their legs spread dut, would cover one of the old silver half dimes. These parasites are a constant abnoyance to all whales, which have no means of ridding themselves of the pest.

enjoyed the attention and gave every assistance in his power by drawing up his lips to give free access to the gums, and laid bare a bristling array of teeth. When one side was cleaned the planter gave the whale a slap between the ear and eye and bade him turn the other side. Immediately the great head sank, passed under the boat and came up dripping on the other side. When this one had been picked clean the whale sculled quickly ahead until it was 600 or 700 eet away from the boat. Then it began a series of antics, and displayed an agility scarcely to be expected from so great an animal. It darted straight ahead, it suddenly backed water, it swam in a circle, it gamboled like a dolphin, it threw itself clear from the water, making a great splash and dangerous waves when it fell back; last of all it put its head down and flukes up, throwing nearly half its length into the air and rose quietly beside the boat. The chopped meat was thrown overboard, and we rowed back to shore while this odd pet was feeding. Affection of the Leviathan Won by Picking ANTICS THAT SHOW INTELLIGENCE

A CORAL BOUND PRISONER.

"How did I gethim?" said the planter, in answer to my flood o questions. "It might be more accurate to say he got me first. One day some years ago I was sailing up the lagoon with a barrel full of chopped meat to bait a pool in the reef beyond. All at once I felt the boat lifted up and overturned, and when I had righted her and clambered aboard, there was the whale feeding on the meat which had been scattered all about. He was only 20 leet long then, but that was quite long enough to give me a good scare in addition to my ducking. Somehow or other he never seemed able to find the pass back into the sea, and now he is so big that he could not get out even if he wished to. From being afraid of him I grew reconciled to his presence in the lagoon. One day he came up close to the boat, and though I was very much frightened, I began to pick these crabs out of his eye.

"From that time he attached himself to me, and I found that he relished being petted. Once when I was ill I left him unattended for several weeks. He came down the lagoon much further than usual, and at last ran himself acround just A CORAL BOUND PRISONER.

left him unattended for several weeks. He came down the lagoon much lurther than usual, and at last ran himself aground just below my house and had to wait several hours for the tide to float him off. That shows that he missed me. Here is another sample of his intelligence. When the boys drum upon the bottom of the boat he hears the sound a long distance under water and at once comes to the surgest. Then if I at once comes to the surface. Then if I blow the horn he knows that I have come out to teed him and comes quickly up to the boat. But if I do not blow the horn he never comes close but trolles around us at long range. It is not easy to say how much sense a whale has, but this ought to convince any one that my big pet is possessed of considerable intelligence." erable intelligence."
WILLIAM CHURCHILL.

THE TRAMP'S WARNING.

Tysterious Work That Resulted in the Boy cott of a Boarding House, IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH, !

I know of one house that is not troubled by tramps. It is the boarding house of Mrs. K., which has been singularly free from these pets ever since one beautiful spring merning, in 1887. On that morning a dilapidated pedestrian applied to Mrs. K. for 'a bite to eat," and that lady, feeling the inspiration of the joyous day, and the exhilaration of the acquisition of the new poarder, had given him a cup of coffee and some bread and butter. He sipped the coffee, took a nibble of the buttered bread, thanked Mrs. K., and, remarking that there were times when it seemed a pro anation of one's spiritual nature to eat, slowly departed, one's spiritual nature to eat, slowly departed, with a far-away look in his eyes and a melanoholy lassitude in his steps, passing long enough at the gate to cut an odd-tooking hieroglyphic on the bark of a tree.

Since that day Mrs. K. has never been bothered by a tramp. Occasionally one would reach the gate, but on seeing the tree would turn and pursue his pilgrimage.

This naturally excited confestive among

This naturally excited curiosity among the boarders o. Mrs. K., as well as in the bosom of that good lady herself—a curiosity last week. It was just after supper, and Mrs. K. and most of her boarders were sit-ting outside in the summer twilight,

when a tramp approached, beheld the hieroglyphic and turning to leave, was hailed by the star boarder and questioned as to the meaning of the inscription on the tree. The wanderer was non-commital at first, refusing point-blank a bribe of a square meal from Mrs. K., and not consenting until the star boarder had taken up a subscription of 35 cents ease. taken up a subscription of 35 cents as an inducement. "I will not translate the character orally," said the tramp, pocketing the und, "There

are some things which can always be better written than spoken. I will write out the translation of the mark on the tree, and when I am gone you may read it."

Then he scratched something on the star boarder's newspaper and vanished.

This is what the star boarder, with unmistakable feeling and appreciation, read aloud: "The sign on the tree means: 'Pass on, boys; this house uses oleomargarine.' POLK SWAIPS.

PICTURESQUE HELIGOLANDERS

Bride's Contume Surpassingly Strange and Einborately Oronmented With Pins.

The national costume is not yet discarded n this Arcadian isle, but it is generally reserved for holidays and Sunday. Women ook demure in red petticoats tringed with yellow, dark jackets, aprens of snowy white, and black poke-bonnets. As a fact, how-ever, the bonnet is seldom seen except on being a light-colored shawl, worn Spanish tashion. The men wear top boots, blue trousers, white linen "jumpers," and sou'wester hatr. But even they are seen more often in a quiet, conventional dress of some serviceable stuff. A bride's costume is surpassingly stuff. A bride's extume is surpassingly strange, the chief is ture being a tall hat or crown, elaborately ornamented with pins, and from which falls a fringed mantle. Even her personal finery, however, is secondary to the trappings of the bed, which is decked by herseli and her friends in the bridegroom's house. The whitest of linen, plenty of lace, and doubtless a mountain of centers go to make it sumptrous. Gueste leathers, go to make it sumptuous. Guests are bidden by the lovers together, in person. After the marriage ceremony in the church, the party repair to the new home, and partake of a national cake, eaten with a sauce of syrup and melted butter. When the merry making is over, the whole party go in procession over every street on the island. More eating and drinking and dancing, and at last home.

QUEER WORK OF WASPS.

They Tackle Tinted Paper and Produce Queer-Looking Nest. At Anner Mills, near Clonmel, the gar At Anner Mills, near Clonmel, the gardener lately found a strange-looking object suspended from a alender branch of an apple tree. It was nearly spherical, about as large as an ordinary-sized cannon ball, and was streaked all over with the brightest colors. He soon discovered that it was a wasp's nest, but for some time was puzzled to account for its varied tints and singular formation. At length the problem was solved. His employer had some time before procured a quantity of long paper shavings of different colors—red, blue, green, yellow and white—which be hung over his atrawberry beds to protect the fruit from the attack of birds and insects.

A colony of wasps, Instead of being "warned off," made frequent visits to these colored streamers, and with singular ingenuity, reducing the paper to pulp, soon carried it away for the construction of their nest, which quickly grew under the united efforts of quite any army of these busy little artists. The most wonderful part of their work is the regularity of the undulating lines of color as they were carried round from side to side. dener lately found a strange-looking object

ATYPEWRITER'S WOE.

She Copies for Playwrights and Finds Them Half Cracked,

ESPECIALLY ON MONEY MATTERS.

Tear Her Apron.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. NEW YORK, August 30 .- "I'm that sick of plays I could go and jump off the Brook-

pretty typewriter who has an office in the principal theatrical exchange in New York and who makes a specialty of dramatic work. All plays and players' "parts" are done on the typewriting machine now; as are also a good many theatrical contracts, though most of these are on regular printed

go to see. Well, they compose the flower of the flock. You just ought to read some of these that never reach the dignity of public presentation! They are probably numerically in the same proportion as rejected manuscript in a great publishing house is

THEY'RE CRAZY.

"No, you couldn't pull me into a theater man with money buys it for a song and puts patent on market. Smart man with money

HERE'S AN INSTANCE.

had written it and the baid-beaded man was his backer. It was a five-act play. Put on the way it stood it would run from 6 o'clock in the evening till 1 in the morning. They asked me what the charge would be to copy the play and furnish the parts. I said \$10 for the play and \$12 for the parts. The bald-headed backer nearly fell down stairs. As for the author, he just looked around in a dazed sort of a way as if he had been asked for half a million, or was trying to figure out the number of beers \$22 would buy. When the baid-headed man recovered he mildly suggested that pernaps I meant \$2.

"When you read the play," put in the author, 'I'm sure it will please you.' As it it would pay me for copying it! Yes, he was in dead earnest, too.

"Get married! I can't afford to support a husband. It is as much as I can do to make a decent living for myself. All the men I usually meet are living off of some

replied. 'That is my price.'
"They went away—to see if they couldn't get it done cheaper, I suppose.

THE WORK REQUIRED. rible-and is not in any kind of shape. The parts must be picked out, the cues, sceneplot, scenery, properties, exits, entrances etc., written in, and this in regular form convenient for and intelligible to the acto

Each part is bound together.
"Well, I'm getting away. The baldheaded man and the long-haired author finally came back to me. I cut off \$4 from the price and took the job. They paid me in a \$10 bill—six ones and the rest in dimes and nickels. The long-haired man ur-nished the nickels. I began the play on a friday morning, and was to have it ready with the parts by Monday noon. I supposed the company was ready for rehearsal, they were so particular about the time. I gave the bald-headed man a sheet of paper and pencil and asked him to write down the char-

" 'The what?' said he. "The characters—names of your people, said I, 'so I can put 'em in.' "'Oh, put in anybody,' said the author. 'We haven't-that is, the company is not

just ready.' IT WAS A STUNNER. "Upon my word," laughed the pretty typewriter, "that play was the funniest piece I ever got out. So far as my assistant and I were concerned it was the howlingest kind of a howling success. I fell off of my chair four times in the first act. As for my girl, she is a little atout and was in momentary danger of aponiery. Laught mentary danger of apoplexy. Laught

that there were 24 working characters in it and he went away with a deep groan, narrowly escaping a couple dozen actors who were ready to ask for engagements on the "Us girls laughed till weened. No sooner

OPINIONS DEMANDED.

gone?"
"Think of it! said I, solemuly, 'why, it's great! It's immense! If I hadn't spent that money on pool tickets this morning I'd give it back to you and do your play

"I was so full of laughter that I was seriof hilarity. All we could do now was to sit down in the middle of the floor and tear our

A Play That Made Her Pall to the Floor and

WRITING LETTERS FOR A LOYER

The exclamation came from the lips of a

"If people had to read all the dramatic rot brought in here for me to copy they would never enter another theater," con-tinued this sprightly damsel. "You have seen a good many stupid things on the stage-and read o many more you wouldn't

to the accepted articles."

She is tall and punther-like in moyement, dark-eyed, brown-haired, masculine, quick and keen of speech. With a little encouragement she unbosoms her long pent-up spirit of rebellion.

"No, you couldn't pull me into a theater with a span o Norman horses. I'm sick of plays and disgusted with players and playwriters. Know any playwriters? They're the biggest cranks you ever saw. All playwriters, like poets, are crazv—more or less. They couldn't write such jim-jam stuff and be sane like everyday husiness people. And poor—well, they're usually as poor as the plays they write—never have enough money to pay the typewriter for copying their little pieces—that is, most of them. It one out of a thousand o these playwriters makes a hit some other fellow gets the money. Just like an inventor. The inventor makes a strike with a patent—mart man with money burs it for a song and puts

patent on market. Smart man with money makes fortune—inventor lucky to continue to keep out of poorhouse."

"The glory and reputation of it."

"That's what they live on. Why, these playwriters are the vainest set of men in the world, next to actors. They think their little piece is going to upset the universe. They always ask my opinion."

"One day a seedy looking man with long hair and a companion with no hair at all came in with a play. The long-haired man had written it and the bald-headed man was

n dead earnest, too. 'I wouldn't read it for less than \$10,' I

"But very few typewriters understand the preparation of plays. It is a business. The anuscript is usually bad-sometimes hor-

in the basement to find out what was the matter. When we told him it was the play he said he'd buy that play without looking at it. We shouted through the locked door

had we fairly quieted down than one of us would snatch copy : n i walk up and down the floor, spouting the lines. Oh, it was the worst I ever saw! There was not a char-acter in the piece who was allowed to speak grammatically. As for the stage business I can scarcely keep from shedding tears even now when I think of it. To crown all don't you know, that con ounded couple came in on us suddenly the next day and surprised us in the middle of the fun.

"What is your candid opinion of the piece?' timidly inquired the author. "'Yes,' put in the bald-headed man, (who looked like the keeper of a hot sausage stand at South Beach,)—'what do you honest-ly think of it as—that is, as far as you've

"I was so full of laughter that I was serious—almost hysterical. They took it seriously, too, and were almost ready to fall on each other's neck for joy. They went away and didn't come back for a week. Had probably got drunk and beea locked up. As soon as their backs were turned we locked the door and looked at each other a moment. We had exhausted the ordinary expressions of hilarity. All we could do now was to six

It was enough to make anybody scream to hear the pretty typewriter teil it, for she il-lustrated her text in a vivid way as she went

"No, we don't often have so much fun,

We deal with some mighty mean people. My charge is \$10 for a play whether a farce, two-act or five-act drama. They nearly all want something for nothing. A well-known stage manager came to me one Saturday to get out the properties from the prompt book. He was to stage the play Monday. He is an expert, and gets \$500 for staging a play—that is, arranging the scenes, properties, placing the people, adjusting them to their parts, or their parts to them, etc. Well, he had me get a stenographer and kept us at it a full evening. Not because the matter amounted to much, but the trouble of getting it together.

amounted to mach, but the trouble of get-ting it together.

"What do you suppose that \$500 man gave me? Fifty cents! He paid by the tolio. I was so mad I could have thrown the money in his face. No; I didn't do that —I gave it to an actor to get something to eat. They'H keep the manuscript of a play lying around in the office drawer for a month, or six months, until the company is engaged and everything ready for rehearsal. Then they'll rush in on Saturday, and de-mand the parts for Monday.

SOME WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE, "I did 80 contracts for Pauline Hall.

"I did 80 contracts for Pauline Hall. The work ought to have been worth \$50, but I thought the bill looked a little high, so I cut it down to \$30. They kicked the root off almost, and made me take \$25 finally, and I had to wait a mouth for the money. Some of these people insist on my working night and day to get a play out by a certain time, then go away and don't come back for the matter for a week or two.

"Stuart Robson is the best man to work for. He's just as nice as he can be. I'd break my neck to fill a contract with such a man. Then there's Ceoil Clay, Rosina Vokes' husband. He's another nice man. Horace Townsend, Treasurer of the Dramatic Authors' Society, kept two of us a day and evening doing press work for the 'Sea King.' I sent him a bill, but never got a cent. He came back and increased it. I was glad he didn't borrow money of me."

The surcasm of this was searching.

"Borrow? You laugh. Why, you don't know these people as I do. Just the other day an actor (our building is swarming with actors and managers every day, you know) brought in a pair of cuff buttons, worth, I should eny, about 50 cents, and wanted me to let him have \$25 on them. I gave him a quarter and—"

"Does a Fish swim?

and simplicity. He gazed awhile in silence, but at length uttered a grunt of satisfaction as the figure of a woman rose gradually into sight. She came along slowly in a stoop-ing posture, dragging behind her a great load of straw, which completely hid the little sledge on which it rested, and which

DOES A FISH SWIM?

"Take it! You bet your life he took it He would have taken 10 cents. Swell-look He would have taken 10 cents. Swell-looking young fellow, too. He didn't leave his cuff buttons, either. A nice looking actor came in one day—I don't know why they should come to me—probably would strike anybody—I was the handlest individual angel—and asked me for \$6. It was to go to his mother; said his mother was looking or a remittance from him. Remittances of this kind usually come the other way, I be lieve. He had just signed for the season and would pay me from his first week's salary. His story about his mother way very pretty and I gave it to him. This was.

salary. His story about his mother was ver; pretty and I gave it to him. This was a year ago. His first week's salary hasn't been paid yet. I never heard about him or his mother since, anyhow, and I don't suppose he would lie about it.

"About these plays. I copied a German play two years ago. We use English letters and German spelling. The play was laid 780 years before Christ. That play has turned up in my office three times. Dogeared? Well, when a play has been handed down a couple of thousand years, you know, without getting on the market, it is liable to get mussed up.

men I usually meet are living off of some woman who is working hard on the stage. I don't want to go back to the stage for the sake of keeping a man. They come too high."
"A man-hater, eh?"

"Ob, no, not at all! I never saw a man worth hating. When I see these miserable specimens of manhood hanging around our building and holding down the corners on Broadway I am perfectly satisfied to pound away at this machine and preserve my in A LOVER'S HARD TIMES. "Speaking tabout this reminds me of a correspondence I am now conducting for a man and with his sweetheart. I am employed to write all of his letters. I sign his name. He can scarcely write at all, though he furnishes the material and gives

me a general idea of what is to be said. I don't use the machine, but write it all out in bold, masculine style. He has been quarreling with her lately. Here I get in some fine work. He can't understand language unless it has an edge on it like the back of an ax. She does, though, bless your heart! You can just bet they are havyour heart! You can just bet they are having a great time of it.

"The other day I wrote her 14 pages of note trying to fix up things. I worked hard over it, and I charged him \$1. He almost lainted. Some people expect to buy such work on the basis of mere physical labor—like you were digging potatoes. Funny, isn't it? Just as it a newspaper would pay

brains, education, experience and gumption to do first-class typewriting. Perhaps I ought to put gumption first, for without common, raw-boned everyday horse sense a stenographer or typewriter isn't worth much beyond simple routine work. CHAS. T. MUBRAY. CARDINAL NEWMAN'S HABITS.

you only 50 cents for an article because it

took you but an hour to write it. It take

He Wasns Regular as the Clock and Alway Robust la Health. Cardinal Newman led a life of mathe matical regularity. It was this regularity of life that gave him, no doubt, his length of years and robustness of health. Atter breakfast he always made his own bed and did up his room. His lunch consisted of a bowl o soup with a little bread, and a size least of light wines.

In his afternoon walks he would either go to the school playground and watch the cricket or cotball; or he would go into Birmingham, and there might be seen poring over an old bookstall. He usually walked, but occasionally drove in a neat little brougham that was presented to him by friends when he was raised to the dignity

Feat for Which the Aix-in-Chapelle Gollath

Was Honored By An Emperor.

Carl Westphalen, the Aix-la-Chapelle "Goliath," who is just now causing such a 'Gollath," who is just now causing such a furor in London, wears a decoration on his breast that was given him by the late Emperor of Germany for prowess on the battle-field. "Gollath," then plain Carl Westphalen, was at that time attached to the artilliery. One wet night the French were pressing them very hard, and the "retreat"

was sounded.

One of the guns became embedded in a trench, and the united efforts of horses and men tailed to move it. The word was given for it to be abandoned, when Carl, who was passing at the time, came to the rescue, and, placing his shoulder to the wheel, he made

Possessed by Bimself. Bertha-I think George is a very self-pos

essed young man.

Baims—Yes, he is. I know several girls to whom he proposed, but who wouldn's



(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

On the moorland above the old gray vil-

age of Carbaix, in Finistere-Finistere, the most westerly province of Brittany-stands

The figure of a woman-rather of a girl.

As she drew nearer it could be seen that her

cheeks, though brown and sunburned, were

as smooth as a child's. She looked scarcely

low cry, and simed a trantic blow with her stool at something he could not see.

"What is it?" he asked, recoiling.
"A rat!" she answered, breathless. And she aimed another blow at it.

"Where?" he asked fretfully, "Where islit?" He snatched his stool, too, and at that moment a rat darted out of the straw, ran nimbly between his legs and plunged into a hole by the door. He flung the wooden stool after it, but, of course, in vain. "It was a rat!" he said, as if before he had doubted it. a cottage, built, as all the cottages in that country are, of rough-hewn stones. It is a poor, rude place to-day, but it wore an aspect far more rude and primitive 100 years ago—say on an August day in the year doubted it. "Thank God!" she muttered. She was shaking all over. He stared at her in stupid wonder. What 1793, when a man issued from the doorway. and, shading his eyes from the noonday sun, did she mean? What had come to her? gazed long and fixedly in the direction of a "Have you had a sunstroke, my girl?" he "Have you had a sunstroke, my girl?" he said suspiciously.

Her nut-brown face was a shade less brown than usual; but she met his eyes boldly, and said, "No," adding an explanation which for the moment satisfied him. But he did not sit down again. parrow rist, which a few score paces away breaks the monotony of the upland level. This man was tall and thin, and unkempt, his features expressing a mixture of cunning

When she went out he went out also.

And though—as she retired slowly to the rye-fields and work—she repeatedly looked back at him, it was always to find his eyes upon her. When this had happened half a dozen times a thought struck him, "How now?" he muttered. "The rat ran out of the straw!" was attached to her waist by a rope of

Nevertheless he still stood gazing after her with a cunning look upon his testures, until she disappeared over the edge of the rift, and then he crept back to the door of the barn, and stole in out of the sunlight into the cool darkness of the raftered build-18. Her head was bare, and her short petti- | ing, across which a dozen rays of light were



feet thrust into wooden shoes. She ad- | side he stood stock still until vanced with her head bent and her shoulders strained forward, her face dull and patient. Once, and once only, when the man's eyes look of scared apprehension; and later, when she came abreast of him, her breath coming and going with her exertions, he might have seen, had he looked closely, that her strong brown limbs were trembling

under her.

But the man noticed nothing in his im-

I think! Mon dieu, that I should have married a wife who is ured by noon! I had better lest you to that never-do-well Pierre Bounat. But I have news for you, my

He lounged after her as he spoke; his low, cunning face—the face of the worst kind of French peasant—flickering with cruel leasure, as he saw how she started at his words. She made no answer, however Intead she drew her load with increased vestead she drew her load with increased ve-hemence toward one of the two doors which led into the building. "Well, well, I will tell you presently," he called after her. "Be quick and come to dinner." He entered himself by the other door. The house was divided into two chambers

by a breast-high partition of wood. The one room served for kitchen; the other, now owlhouse and dovecote in one. "Be quick!" he called to her. Standing in the house room he could see her head as she stooped to unload the straw.
In a moment she came in, her shoes clat-

In a moment she came in, her shoes clattering on the floor. The perspiration stood in great beads on her forehead, and showed how little she had deserved his reproach. She sat down silently, avoiding his eyes, but he thought nothing of this. It was no new thing. It pleased him, if anything. "Well, my Jeanne," he said in his gibing tone, "are you longing for my news?"

The hand she stretched out toward the nitcher of cider, which, with black bread pitcher of cider, which, with black bread and onlous, formed their meal, shook, but she answered simply: "If you please,

"Well, the Girondins have been besten, me girl, and are flying all over the country.

That is the news. Master Pierre is among them, I do not doubt, if he has not been killed already. I wish he would come this

"Why?" she asked, suddenly looking up "Why?" she asked, suddenly looking up at last, a flash of light in her gray eyes.

"Why?" he repeated, grinning acrous the table at her, "because he would be worth five crowns to me. There are five drowns, I am told, on the head of every Girondin who has been in arm, my girl."

The French Revolution, it will be understood, was at its height. The more moderate and constitutional Republicans—the Girondins, as they were called—worsted in Paris by the Jacobins and the mob, had lately tried to raise the Provinces against the capital, and to this end had drawn together

lately tried to raise the Provinces against the capital, and to this end had drawn together at Caen, near the border of Brittany. They had been defeated, however, and the Jacobins, is this mouth of August, were preparing to take a learful reugeance at once on them and the Royalists. The Reign of Terror had begun. Even to such a boor as this, sitting over his black bread, the Revolution had come home, and in common with many had come home, and, in common with many a thousand others, he wondered what he

could make of it.

The girl did not answer, even by the look of contempt to which he had become accustomed, and for which he hated her; and he repeated, "Five crownal Ab, it is money,"

HALF HIDDEN IN THE STRAW WAS A YOUNG MAN. coats of some coarse stuff left visible bare shooting, laden with dancing motes. Inside he stood stock still until he had re-gained the use of his eyes, and then he be-gan to peer around him. In a moment he found what he sought. Half upon and half hidden by the straw lay a young man in the deep sleep of utter exhaustion. His face, which bore traces of more than com-mon heauty, was now white and pinched; his hair hung dank about his forehead. His his hair hung dank about his forehead. His clothes were in rags, and his feet, bound up in pieces tern at random from his blouse, were raw and bleeding. For a short while But the man noticed nothing in his impatience, and only chid her for her slowness. "Where have you been dawdling, lazy-bones?" he cried.

She murmured, without halting, that the murmured, without halting, that the murmured in the sunlight. "Ha, half crowns!"

He looked around cautiously, but could the murmured around cautiously, but could the murmured around cautiously the state of the state

see no sign of his wife, and after hesitating and pondering a minute or two, he took the path for Carbaix, his native astateness lead-ing him to saunter slowly along in his ing him to saunter slowly along in his ordinary fashion. After that the moorland about the cottage lay seemingly deserted. Thrice at intervals the girl dragged home her load of staw, but each time she seemed to linger in the barn no longer than was necessary. Michel's absence, though it was nalooked for, raised no suspicion in her breast, for he would frequently go down to the village to spend the atternoon. The sun sank lower, and the ahadow of the great monolith, which, standing on the highest point or the moor, about a mile away, rose point of the moor, about a mile away, rose gainst and black against a roseste sky, grew longer and longer, and then, as twilight fell, the two coming home met a few paces from the cottage. He asked some questious about the work she had been doing, and she an-swered briefly. Then, silent and uncom-municative, they went in together. The girl set the bread and cider on the table, and set the bread and cider on the table, and going to the great black pot which had been simmering all day on the fire, poured some broth into two pitchers. It did not escape Michel's ragal eye that there was still a little broth left in the bottom of the pot and this induced a new celling in him—anger. When his wife hailed him by a sign to the meal, he went instead to the door and fastened it. Thence he went to the corner and picked up the woodchopper, and armed with this came back to his seat. The girl watched his movements first with

surprise, and then with secret terror. The twilight was come, and the cottage was al-most dark, and she was alone with him; or, it not alone, with no one near who could help her. Yet she met his grin of triumph

bravely. "What is this?" she said; "why do you want that?"
"For the rat," he answered, grimly, his

"For the rat," he answered, grimly, his eyes on hers.
"Why not use your stool?" she strove to murmur, her heart sinking.
"Not for this rat," he answered. "It might not do, my girl. On, I know all about it," he continued. "I have been down to the village, and seen the mayor, and he is coming up to fetch him." He nodded toward the westition and are knew that her toward the partition, and she knew that her secret was known.

"It is Pierre," she said, trembling vio-lently, and turning first crimson and then

youl Excellent! It is long since you have ing, and perhaps really celing, wonder a her simplicity. "He is 5 crowns, girl You do not understand. He is worth crowns, and the risk nothing at all."

If he had been angry, or shown anything of the nerve the augustions bushed.

of the sury o the suspicious husband; if he been about to do this out of jealousy or revenge, she would have quaited before h though she had done him no wrong, save wrong of mercy and pity. But his ap