

DAUGHTERS OF THE TENEMENTS

The Uneducated Working Girl of the Foreign Stock Usually Marries Early—She Lacks the Training Needed by a Wife and Mother, Being Unable to Cook or Sew—Public Schools Should Teach Elements of House-keeping—The Dangers of Irreligion and Atheism.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER. (Copyright 1905 by Joseph B. Bowles) A Russian girl, speaking very imperfect English and acting as maid of all work in an American kitchen, the other day notified her employer that in a twelvemonth she must return to her home and be married.

"I go to my man," she said. "He cannot come over the sea for me." The mistress tried to persuade her that she was better off here than she had been in Russia, that she was learning so much and so fast, that she would soon be earning larger wages, and ended by asking her if she was sure the man she loved would be faithful to her until her return.

"He wait for me one year," said the girl, her cheeks flushing and her eyes shining. "I not expect him to wait longer. I might grow to old." She was barely 19, and 20 appeared to her as the first milestone to old age. "I grow too old."

Early marriages are the rule among the pretty Swedes, Finns and Danes, who seek this country as a place where they may earn their living. The Irish who once formed a staple of the domestic force are now far less in evidence here, having taken as a class to other grades of work. They imitate Americans in preferring to keep their independence through a longer girlhood, and to marry and settle a little later in life.

Unfortunately the daughter of the tenement has seldom had any training for her profession as a wife and mother. She does not know how to cook or how to sew. Of making and mending she is equally ignorant. She cannot economize because she has no experience in trying to get the best value from a dollar. There are happy marriages not a few in this class, but there are many that do not turn out so well as they might, owing largely to the unfitness of the wife for the position she holds as manager of the home.

There would be less drinking and more thrift among the working men if their homes were clean and their food well cooked. Men are often driven to the saloon not because they care for fellowship, some one to talk with and the cheerfulness that comes a man at the close of a working day. At home where there is dirt and disorder, where the wife is sullenly, where the children squabble, the man seizes his hat and gets out of the chaos into the company of men like himself, who over the things agreeable, politics and the like, are not far from offering an apology for the saloon or the men who frequent it, but if the workingman's home were clean and his wife intelligent and efficient, the woman would make a better stand against the brightly lighted saloon on the corner.

Is there a remedy? Shall we try to persuade our factory girls and our hard-working shop girls, that they would better not marry until they are older, wiser and better prepared for responsibility? They do not want to be old bachelors, that their mothers married early, and that they want to be settled.

In some places, and particularly in factory towns, they continue their work after marriage, so that the settlement is a mere figment of the imagination. If there is a remedy, it must begin its work in childhood, and it would be an improvement were the public school to drop a part of its very elaborate curriculum and teach the elements of housekeeping to its little girls. They could to advantage get on without some of the numerous fads and frills which at present burden the public schools, and system wearing out the teachers and doing little good to the scholars. Some part of the manual training and some part of the domestic and zoology and botany could be omitted and nobody would be taught worse. The children should be taught cooking, about setting and patching trousers, and saving pennies and keeping their homes bright and clean. This may sound a bit Utopian, nevertheless, the public schools are the places where, in the too brief season of a working girl's childhood, her initiative in housewifery should be begun.

The working girl who is early to many needs likewise something beyond tuition in domestic economy. She needs to be taught how to control her temper and impulses, how to read the

daily papers and know what is going on in the world, how to be an interesting companion for a man who is out among his fellows, and taking in new ideas. She needs to be impressed with the sincerity and most unaffected ideas that religion can bring to her. Until and unless the wives and mothers of the poor and struggling are pious, until and unless they believe in God and the outlook toward heaven, which turns home from a mere shelter to a Paradise, the men and boys will be in peril of drifting away toward the most dangerous socialistic theories. The practices of anarchy are the direct outcome of irreligion and atheism. The crying want of our hard-working people, both men and women, especially when they are young, is held upon God. They are largely indifferent to the church and are drifting into infidelity. If the church, the Sunday school and the great world of Christian people let go their grasp of and influence upon our working girls, there is little hope that the children of the future thus mothered by those who are ignorant of God will not be degenerate. For the sake of our country, in the name of patriotism and the future, we must retain a hold upon the working girl and save her from becoming her life long a foe to all that is good. A deep responsibility lies upon all who stand in the coming years. Everything first and last focused in the home. We shall continue to have great conflicts between capital and labor, we shall continue to have confusion where there ought to be harmony and sympathy, until we elevate the standard of intelligence and goodness in our younger working people. Their early marriages would be no misfortune, but a blessing if they were but themselves better prepared in character for the duties of married life.

A Popular Medical College.

The Medical College of Virginia whose advertisement appears in another column of this paper has for years been a most popular educational institution among North Carolinians. Many of the most brilliant medical practitioners of this state claim the Medical College of Virginia as their alma mater. An examination of the school's records show that North Carolina has furnished it more students than any other state except Virginia.

The State Board of Medical Examiners of North Carolina is the oldest, and generally considered one of the most difficult state boards in the United States, yet during the thirty years of its existence it has recorded only six failures of the alumni of this college. This is a high tribute to the thoroughness of the methods of this institution and one that should have the careful consideration of the students. This college is a state institution, and is controlled by the state and affords many important advantages to the student that cannot be obtained at schools conducted for commercial reasons. Among these is the exclusive privilege of clinical teaching in the Memorial Hospital, one of the most modern in America. The staff of the hospital for both private and clinical cases is selected from the faculty of the Medical College of Virginia. This hospital is open for the treatment of all classes of diseases, except chronic and contagious, and the reception of abstemious cases, affording the student a broad field for observation. Besides these valuable privileges which are open only to students of this school they also have equal rights in the other general hospitals of Richmond. The fact that this college has for the past four years been president of the Southern Medical College Association, which is composed of the most prominent medical colleges of the South, and that it is one of the best of the best institutions of this section, is most convincing proof of its high standing. It is a school that every ambitious student should be fully informed about and information may be had for the asking.

Would Libel Motor Cars.

From Truth. Having had plenty of experience of the disadvantages of barren judgments I can deply sympathize with those who get such judgments against motorists. One way in which the effects of a judgment may be defeated is by the defendant having hired a motor car for a day. Other methods well known to lawyers are debenture policies, bills of sale, and, above all, the ever blessed creation of chancery, the marriage settlement. Now there is an exception to this law of judgment against the person. In case of ships the ship is primarily liable for the accident. This is called an action in rem. Similarly, in the case of moters I would make the vehicle itself liable for the amount of a judgment as well as the owner or hirer. In other words, a debenture policy, bill of sale, nor would the owner would not avail, or dispose of it or use it until the judgment was satisfied, unless sufficient security had been given to the satisfaction of the court.

RE-ORGANIZE RUSSIAN BANK.

Imperial State Institution Will be Converted Into Joint Stock Organization. St. Petersburg, Aug. 25.—It is reported that a plan for converting the Russian Imperial State Bank into a joint stock bank modeled after the Bank of France has been decided upon. It is said that there will be a committee of control which will include representatives of the houses in France which will help it to float the Russian loans, of the Mendelssohns in Berlin and of the Rothschild interests.

In its reorganization of finances of the government the new committee will have control of the 600,000,000 roubles gold bullion reserve now in the control of the imperial bank.

Where Fortunes Melt in a Single Night.

By R. L. BLANCHARD. Copyright in the United States and Great Britain by Curtis Brown. All rights Strictly Reserved.

Vienna, Aug. 16.—Thoughtful persons in Austria-Hungary are much concerned over the terrible amount of gambling which is going on everywhere throughout the monarchy. Scarcely a week passes without some sensational story coming to light of high card playing in the aristocratic Jockey Club in Vienna or the not Casino in Budapest. These gambling less famous sister institution, the National Casino in Budapest. These gambling scandals, moreover, are not confined to the capital—for from small provincial towns and remote country districts come frequent tales of high play. Nor is the gambling to be found among the aristocracy and wealthy classes only. The relatively poor also have their gambling often in horse racing, but most frequently in the lotteries which are to be played everywhere and are under the auspices of the imperial and royal Government.

Naturally, however, the gambling stories current in society, and which often get into the newspapers, too, concern the upper classes entirely. One of the Hungarian aristocrats, a born gambler and the Austrian nobles are not far behind. Few of them in either half of the empire take any real interest in politics or the serious affairs of life. They prefer to occupy themselves with the opera and theatre, and racing and card playing and their talk is of ballet dancers, horses and cards. And so they dissipate their patrimony, mortgage their estate and seem only to be happy when they are head over ears in debt.

The last name to be added to the long and imposing list of nobles and millionaires who have made ducks and drakes of their inheritance is that of Baron Hermann Konigswarter. Once, perhaps, the wealthiest young man in the monarchy, with a patrimony of seven or eight million dollars, his income is now less than a tenth of what it once was. His vast estates in Bohemia, Hungary, and Lower Austria, and his extensive house property in Vienna are all said to be heavily encumbered with mortgages. His famous racing stables have been sold to Baron Rothschild for some sixty thousand dollars, but this does not include the stud, in which are some exceedingly valuable brood mares and horses.

The Baron has certainly gone the pace and the crash is a big one even for Vienna where heavy gambling losses are no great novelty. For the Konigswarter family is tremendously rich, in fact the wealthiest Jewish house in Austria, outside of the Rothschilds. The Baron succeeded to great estates at Aendeck and Tippersgrunn and Chodan in Hungary, at Niedeckreuzstetten, in Lower Austria, and vast properties at Csabadua and Kis-Zsanto, in Hungary. Besides all these he inherited several big houses in Vienna, any one of which would represent a yearly income sufficient to support a middle-class family. Then he had art treasures of no mean value, and a picture gallery rich in examples of old Dutch and Italian as well as Austrian masters—estimated to be easily worth \$600,000. Many of these have already been disposed of.

Baron Hermann was only a second son, but he came into the bulk of his father's estate, as his elder brother was cut off with a comparatively small fortune for having married an actress. In the hope of breaking into the most exclusive circles of Austrian society the Baron embarked upon a most extravagant career. He entertained lavishly, maintained costly racing stables and at the Vienna Jockey Club lost large sums of money at cards to his aristocratic companions. He won the Austrian Derby twice, and always backed his horses heavily.

After all he can have had very little satisfaction from it. For the Austrian aristocracy is the most exclusive in the world, and looks down with the utmost scorn upon all interlopers, however wealthy they may be, and especially when they chance to be Jews. The nobles would win the baron's money, but they wouldn't ask him to meet their women folk. His marriage also proved a very costly affair. To please his wife, a Fraulein Von Draskovic, he abandoned the faith of his forefathers and became a Roman Catholic. And for this, under a special clause in his father's will, he had to forfeit a sum of a million goldens, \$400,000, which was diverted to various



A STAR MEMBER OF THE VIENNA JOCKEY CLUB. Baron Hermann Konigswarter, Who Has Got Through With a Fortune of Over \$2,000,000 in the Last Few Years, Chiefly Through Losses at Cards and on the Race Track.

Jewish charities. And then a few years afterwards he was divorced, and that cost him another half million dollars. Even his enormous rent roll couldn't stand such expenditures, so he began to borrow, and it was the beginning of the end. His total debts are estimated at more than two million dollars, and his estates are difficult to realize.

It is the old story of the third generation dissipating what the previous one had accumulated. The family fortunes were founded by Baron Hermann's grandfather, Jones Konigswarter, who bought up parts of the site of the old fortifications where Vienna's magnificent Ringstrasse now stands. The old man built houses and sold them at big profit, and his son, Moritz, who became the first baron, was also a shrewd man of business and added largely to his patrimony. Besides what bequeathed to Hermann the late Baron left some \$5,000,000 among his other children and to charities.

Another prominent figure in the Austro-Hungarian gambling world, but of a very different kind, is Nikolaus von Szemere. Of noble Hungarian family he has all the gambling instincts of his class, but unlike most of his friends, he generally comes out a winner. Quite recently he is credited with having won a million and a half (1,500,000) in baccarat at the Vienna Jockey Club. He played in all twenty-nine games. His unfortunate opponents were also scions of ancient Hungarian families, one a Count Eserhazy—the other a Count Festetics.

When this story got into the Vienna papers the Jockey Club officials were greatly annoyed, and the secretary sent out an absolute denial, in which it was said that baccarat playing was not permitted in the club. But nobody took the denial seriously. The club is little else than a card-playing institution. When King Edward was here two years ago he went every night to the club, no matter how late he may have been kept at official functions, and spent an hour or two at bridge.

Another equally well known Hungarian noble and member of the Rothschild family, Count Nicholas Banffy, was also recently prominent in a card scandal. It was at Klausenburg, the capital of Transylvania, and the game took place in the Cafe New York there. The Count and another Hungarian mag-

nate sat down at 10 o'clock one night to play baccarat with an Armenian merchant. Banffy's friend had enough of it in an hour, and having lost all his ready money, very prudently stopped. But the Count kept on until 4 in the morning, by which time the wily Armenian had won some 280,000 kronen (\$56,000). The Count had some trouble in raising the money to pay his losses. His friends came to his aid and the Armenian received 100,000 kronen (\$20,000) in cash, an estate worth 40,000 kronen (\$8,000) and a pension for life of 1,000 kronen (\$200) a month.

From Munich also come frequent stories of heavy losses at the gambling table on the part of aristocratic "pampered." The last card scandal from the Bavarian capital is one of the worst on record and is said to involve one royal prince, two dukes, about twenty counts and many lesser members of the nobility. The scene of the gambling which led up to this scandal is a fashionable resort at Munich on the lines of the Vienna Jockey Club. Night after night gambling proceeds there to a reckless extent, and, as in the Austrian capital, enormous sums are won and lost daily between the hours of midnight and 6 in the morning.

Their heavy losses at this club have ruined many promising young officers of the Bavarian army, as well as numerous young noblemen and members of the Civil Service. Some of these, unwilling to face the disgrace of not paying debts incurred at the card tables, resorted to all sorts of frauds to secure sufficient funds to enable them to continue their membership in the club. Others took their own lives to escape the consequences of their recklessness. The most distinguished of the suicides is Count Max Preysing, who was faced with gambling debts exceeding \$500,000.

The royal prince implicated in the latest Munich scandal is Francis Joseph of Bavaria, whose name was forged to promissory notes by several officers, who thus obtained large sums of money by fraud. Other harassed members resorted to systematic card sharpening in order to fleece inexperienced players. One young infantry captain has been arrested in connection with the scandal, but the exact charge against him has not yet been made public.

THE MORAVIANS IN LABRADOR.

The Settlement in Labrador a Mission Church, Its Work Directed from Saxony.

The first effort to found a mission on Labrador was made by a Dutch sea captain, Christian Erhardt, a member of the Moravian brotherhood, who, in July, 1752, landed at Cape Aillik in the ship Hope and named the spot Hoffenthal (Hopedale). The attempt cost him his life, for he was murdered by the Eskimos. Nothing daunted by his fate, other Moravians visited the coast, and amicable relations with the Eskimos having been gradually established, a mission station was built at Nain in 1771. This was followed, in 1777, by Hopedale, seventy miles south of Nain and about thirty-five miles north of the first Hopedale at Cape Aillik. There are now six Moravian mission stations in Labrador—Hopedale, the most southerly; Zoar, Nain, Okak, Hebron and Rama. The last named is not far from Cape Chudleigh, Hudson Bay. Snow falls there early in September, and the ice off the coast rarely begins to break before the end of the month. Except for one dog-sleds mail in winter and the brief visit from the mission ships in summer, the stations north of Nain are completely cut off from civilization. At Hebron the gales are so fierce that no buildings more than a story high can withstand them.

The Moravian brotherhood is emphatically a mission church, its work being directed from Herrenhut, Saxony. The mission on Labrador is supported by the Society for the Furtherance of the Gospel in London, but the missionaries are appointed by the authorities at Herrenhut. A trade with the Eskimos is carried on at the mission stations, provisions, clothing, guns and ammunition being exchanged for furs, seal oil and salt fish, and the profits go to reimburse as far as they will the S. F. G. This seems a queer mixture of business and religion, and has called forth considerable criticism. No one, however, dislikes it more than the missionaries themselves. But, even with the trade, the mission is not self-supporting. It has been charged that, as the Eskimos are dependent upon the mission stores for their supplies, they are virtually held in slavery by the missionaries and that the latter are as keen traders as they are preachers. But these charges originate with persons who are themselves anxious to establish trade with the Eskimos. As a matter of fact, the poor Huskies would starve were it not for the mission stations; for they are proverbially improvident. I was in one little Eskimo hut, perhaps ten by fifteen, the proprietor of which boasted six large kerosene lamps, and had hung cards of brass buttons on the walls as they would hang paper-lamps and buttons had been purchased. A trading schooner at very high rates, in exchange for the fur and fish the hunter had captured with great labor and no little danger, and this when he had no supply of provisions at all, and the water was so bad that the mission stores for such necessities, he would have been dissuaded from buying them.

That branch of the United Elder's Conference of the Moravian Church which has special charge of mission work has under its supervision a school for the training of Eskimo children, and a school and home for missionaries. The latter is at Kainweleke, near Bautzen, Saxony, and thither, at the age of seven, the children from the mission stations are sent. At the school they remain until their sixteenth year, and after that they are assisted in pursuing any special study for which they have shown aptitude. Missionaries remain in harness until they conscientiously feel that they have become too infirm to be of further service to the station. They receive a pension. Each set of stations has its superintendent, the head of the Labrador mission at Nain being also German consul. Most of the missionaries are German, though England is now contributing a few. The oldest missionary at each station is usually the Hausvater, and under him conferences are held in which the work is divided up among the "brothers." Much secular work falls to their share, for the stations are but lonely outposts. At Hopedale, for instance, one of the missionaries is in charge of the store, and also brews the light beer which is the only alcoholic beverage drunk at the station; and the missionary who officiates as principal of the Eskimo school is also the baker, and feeds the sheep and fowl. The wives take turn in cooking, mending and mending, and are "found" by the S. F. G., and are served at a common table. Breakfast, which the missionaries provide at their own expense, is partaken of in their own apartments.—Century.

Future Promise. She—"I marry you Fred, will you promise to take me to the theatre, or out to dinner at least three evenings a week?" He—"Well, maybe I won't be able to get off always, but if I don't, I'll find another chap to take you."

She—"Oh, Fred, you're just the loveliest fellow on earth."—"The Bohemian for September."

UNNUMBERED. How many times do I love thee, dear? Tell me how many thoughts there be in the atmosphere. Of a new-fallen year, Whose white and silken hours appear The best of days in eternity: So many times do I love thee, dear.

How many times do I love again? Tell me how many beads there are in a silver chain. Of evening rain, Unraveled from the trembling man, And threading the eye of a yellow star: So many times do I love thee, dear.

By Thomas Lovell Beddoes.

SLOWEST RAIL ROAD FOUND ON EARTH

New Orleans Times-Democrat. The vicissitudes of a trip over the Inter-Oceanic Railway are numerous and harrowing, dating his letter from San Pedro Sulu, Honduras, which he reached after a journey of thirty-seven miles in eighteen hours.

Our leaving time was 6 o'clock, says the writer, but we didn't pull out of Puerto Cortes until 10 in the morning. The nondescript affair which they call a train down here consisted of a wood burning engine, four flat cars and a passenger coach. Our crew was composed of an engineer, a half dozen firemen, one brakeman and the conductor.

There was an extra man, but in the whole vocabulary of railroads I find no name for him. His position, however, was a commanding one, and as subsequent events proved, a most important one. He invariably stood in the front of the engine, above where the cowcatcher should be, and upon occasion industriously ladled sand from a box beside him to the rails in front.

Our numerous firemen passed the wood from the cars to the engine, and at various points along the road turned into a bucket brigade and supplied water from nearby streams to the engine. The engineer was a fanatic imbued with an extraordinary pride for the land of his nativity and given upon occasion to declaring that he was not a native of Honduras—he was a British object. Jerry, I fear, is something of a gay Lothario, and on his frequent trips over the road has worked sad havoc in the hearts of the dusky maidens all along the line. He invariably announced our approach to a village by putting the hard pedal on the whistle, and the entire population turned out to greet us.

Train Slipped Back. Jerry's strenuous musical efforts came near causing a catastrophe at one point where we encountered a very heavy grade. Just before we reached the top of the hill Jerry thoughtlessly pulled the whistle cord, and in the screaming blast that followed the steam engine and the train began to slip back. Although the cars were without brakes of any kind, the company had prepared for such emergencies by providing a mahogany log on the rear platform, to be dropped under the rear wheels. Unfortunately the rear brakeman was asleep on a flat car in front, and before he awakened the momentum of the train was so great as to render our remedy unavailing. We ran so fast and so far in the next fifteen minutes that it took us four hours to get back.

At Laguna a stop of forty minutes to replenish sand and water afforded opportunity to take note of our surroundings and our fellow-passengers. The latter were mostly natives and not over clean, but they were nice and sociable and fraternized with me without being coaxed. My neighbor on the right was a senora of unguessable age, with a complexion of antique oak. She took pity on my tender years and inexperience and lavished a bunch of lingo on me that was cut of my head in the first round all my carefully prepared Berlitz vocabulary. She was a regular Waterbury linguist.

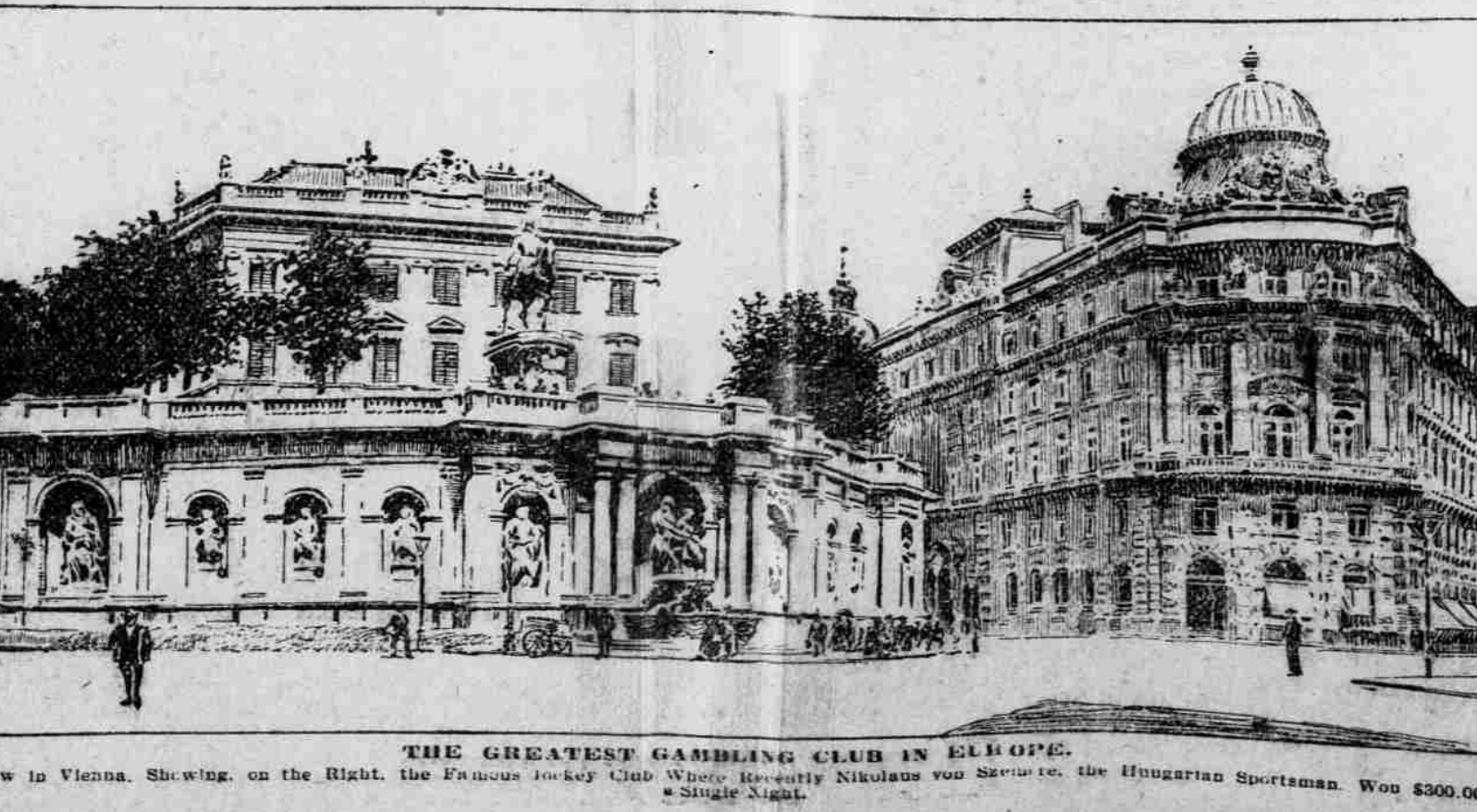
Spanish falling me in a pinch I resorted to the sign manual and we got along fairly of language which she directed at me. I drew a cigar, which she gallantly offered her a cigar. The expansive smile which greeted my donation proved my interpretation to have been correct.

Wandering around the village I was struck by a neat and attractive little cottage where they were engaged in speculation. It was inclosed by a broad fence, an unusual feature here. As I drew near I discovered that the fence was made of mahogany boards. With the extreme good taste which is so characteristic of these natives the owner had carefully whitewashed it. Magnificent scenery unfolded.

Leaving Laguna, the train plunged into a tropical swamp and forest. The foliage was indescribably luxuriant and beautiful. Mile after mile we passed through arch-ways of bending palms, gigantic in size, and through groves of corozo trees. To my mind the latter is the most perfect representation of the picturesque in tropical vegetation. Its trunk is clad in the richest attire of parasitic life; its wonderful feathery leaves, often thirty or forty feet in length, bend in elegant and graceful curves under the weight of their own luxuriance or the burden of ornamental vines, while beneath all this mass of tropical richness may be seen clusters of those delicious cornucopias and containing two or more bushels.

For a distance we passed beside a deep, swift stream, which flows for miles through a wild jungle, in the eternal shadow of the gigantic celiba, cedar and rubber trees, between whose moss and vine-clad trunks grow palm trees of every description. Nature all giving and bountiful, is here revealed. Precious woods are so common that rosewood is often used for telegraph poles; and the ties are of mahogany.

Emerging from the jungle, we came to the banana plantations, and here I learned that this remarkable railroad transports to the steamers 60 per cent of the bananas which enter New Orleans. Practically all of the bananas consumed west of the Ohio river are carried on the railroad to the seaboard.



THE GREATEST GAMBLING CLUB IN EUROPE. A View in Vienna, Showing, on the Right, the Famous Jockey Club Where Recently Nikolaus von Szemere, the Hungarian Sportsman, Won \$300,000 in a Single Night.