

LETTER FROM ST. LOUIS,

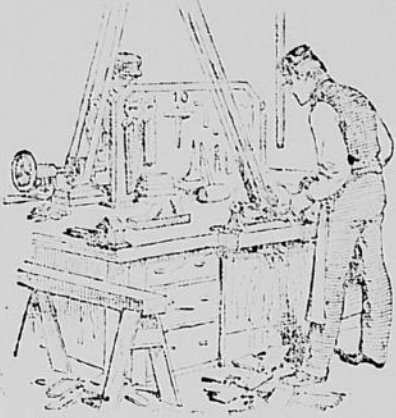
ILLUSTRATING HOW THE BOYS LEARN IN THE MANUAL SCHOOL.

Merry Young Carpenters, Blasy Blacksmiths and Machinists in the Manual School of Washington University—St. Louis Ahead in Education.

[Special Correspondence.]

St. Louis, March 10.—St. Louis is a quiet sort of city compared with Chicago, or even with Cincinnati. It does not have riots, nor very often strikes. It does not make much fuss about anything, but goes on prospering and minding its own business. But still this city has some features which other towns, both east and west, would like to imitate. For one thing, her newspapers earn more money than those of towns which make twice as much noise. The Globe-Democrat divides a cool \$120,000 a year profit, it is said, among its stockholders. Mr. Ballinger's Post-Dispatch, from being as dear as a concern as ever wobbled, has become a handsome advertiser property. St. Louis merchants advertise liberally, and there is where the newspapers get rich.

The president of Washington university here is known the world over as a thinker and educator, and from this center many ideas worth knowing have radiated through the country. In educational matters especially St. Louis takes the lead in many respects.



LEARNING CARPENTER WORK.

Attached to Washington university is a branch particularly worthy of note. It is a manual training school. It is not called a manual labor school, you will observe. Its plan is to give handiness by practice in the use of tools, carpentry, wood turning, pattern making, iron clipping and filing, forge work, brazing and soldering and the use of machine shop tools. The training stops just short of giving a lad a trade.

The principal of the school is C. M. Woodward, a graduate of Harvard university and a doctor of physics. He has a staff of eleven assistants. The institution will accommodate 244 pupils, and it is almost full at present.

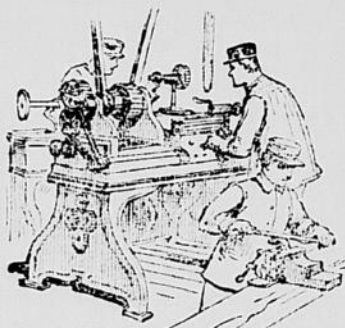
There are shops for each of the different trades, where their rudiments are taught in the most skilled and scientific way. There are two wood working shops, which are very popular. Each pupil has a drawer of tools to himself, which he is required to keep in order himself. The carpenter and wood working shops otherwise contain forty-eight speed lathes, forty-eight carpenter's benches, vises, etc. There are 144 individual sets of wood working tools.



AT THE FORGE.

Illustration No. 2 tells how the young fellows play at blacksmithing. The school occupies a large and substantial three-story building. The first floor is given up to metal work, blacksmith and machine shops. There are twenty-two forges and anvils, and tools for smiths and helpers. It is a steam blacksmith shop, the blast being run by a great power blower. But in order to familiarize pupils with the vanishing order of things there is also kept in connection with one of the forges an old-fashioned hand bellows as well.

The iron-working implements in the machine shop are very interesting. Children going into a machine shop are confused by the noise and dazzled by the gleam of flying metal wheels and points. But the sight is very fascinating to them withal. It is also so to the boys who learn iron working in the St. Louis school. Here are the moving chisels, lathes for sawing and planing iron, drills, shapers, grindstones, etc. Perhaps the reader has seen the sparks fly when iron is ground upon an emery wheel. The machine shop at the university has a double emery grinder, so that the grinding iron makes great circles of sparks. The machinery of the whole building is run by a fine Corliss engine, with a fourteen-inch cylinder and a forty-two-inch stroke.



IN THE MACHINE SHOP.

The course of study occupies three years, and the hours of work are equally divided between study and manual labor. Tuition the first year costs \$60, the second year \$80 and the third \$100. To enter a boy must not be under 14 years of age, and he must be moderately well up in the ordinary English branches. Besides the manual instruction the boy is taught in mathematics, drawing, common branches, and French and Latin. He has three of these lessons a day, studying

them at home. Then he comes to the school and practices mechanical drawing an hour every day. After that he has two hours' shop work.

The advantages of this course of instruction are very many. The pupils learn first of all to mix brains with their work. When they go into trades afterwards, the difference between the ordinary, stupid, dirty mechanic's practice and one of those intelligent, handy, clean, gentlemanly lads is as that between night and day.

The boys are not allowed to choose their own trades, but each must take the course. The first year class learns woodwork, the second forging, the third and last takes in the machine shop.

MORTIMER WARREN.

CAKE WALK AT CONGOVILLE.

How the Ladies and Gentlemen Inaugurated the New Club House.

One of the amusements peculiar to fashionable colored society is the cake walk. Ladies and gentlemen in couples promenade up and down and around a waxed floor for a prize. The prize is a great luscious cake, prepared specially for the occasion by a dainty colored cook. There are likewise money premiums, more valuable than the cake. Sums of \$25, \$50, \$75 and so on are variously distributed according to the grace and agility of the high steppers in the race—first, second, third or fourth class. Three or four judges, usually white gentlemen, sit in chairs in the center of the room, observe the gait of the belles and beaux, and decide on it. The couple that walks with most dignity and elegance take the cake. All the walkers must be dressed in the extreme of fashion and good clothes. This is an absolute requirement.

Colored society pays much more attention to its walk, if not to its conversation, than white folks do. The cake walk is especially the mode with hotel waiters, who comprise the most fashionable and aristocratic wing of colored society everywhere. In summer the competitions take place at watering places, resorts, in winter, at large hotels and club houses in the city.



THEY TAKE THE CAKE.

"Does ye' ax me, does my boy Toussaint L'Ouverture Johnsing, know what a cake walk is?" says Brer Jones. "Ax Toussaint's grandd'ad he knows what 'possum fat is!"

But in Congoville the colored population have a club house all their own. They are advancing rapidly in civilization. They dedicated the club house with the most brilliant cake walk on record. All the wealth and beauty of Congoville were there. There were four prizes and ten couples competing for them. Toussaint L'Ouverture Johnsing's shirt front blazed with the unspeakable glare of a \$3 diamond. Miss Arothusa Simpkinson walked with him. She wore a cream colored suit, braided with beads, and Turkey red embroidered silk stockings. Miss Aristonia Golladay, an exquisite octagon, wore brown satin, with an elaborate of pink feathers in her hair. Col. blue silk stockings. The ladies bustled had the true V system wobble. Mr. Eugene Swadlaway was Miss Arothusa's companion. He wore a shirt front and emerald-colored knickerbockers.

The couples glided around to the melting strains of the "Am I not toally thine own?" performed by the colored string band. The coquetry of gait, the turning out of the toes, the swelling of the chests, the cooing of the lips in the air formed a picture of artistic beauty that lingers in the memory like a dream. The bewilbering glare of the shirt fronts added not a little to the scene. Miss Arothusa Simpkinson and Mr. Eugene Swadlaway would have taken the cake only for one little matter. They walked the pavement, but they could not take it. Alas! Mr. Swadlaway did not wear a swallow-tail coat, but a Prince Albert. He was not therefore in full dress, and had to be ruled out. The requirements of society are strict.

The cake was eventually fell to the next best couple, who were Miss Simpkinson and Mr. Johnsing, the pair in the picture. The lithe, rhythmic swing of their hip joints and elbows, has been caught by our artist on the spot with life-like fidelity.

A prize of a frosted cake was also given for the most complimentary walk. One who has seen the shines and dices cut by a colored waiter entering a dining room with a loaded tray in his hands will understand what that means. It takes years to learn even the in and out elbow motion. Complicated! Rather, Mr. Alonzo Thompson took the prize for complicated walking. He spread himself out over half the room, till he looked a combination of parabola curves and clockwork. He fetched the frosted cake amid the cheers of the multitude, while the eyes of his rivals stuck out with envy.

Mrs. Grant's \$200,000 Check.

Herewith is presented a reproduction in fac-simile, though reduced in size considerably, of a check that is likely to become historical. The amount of this check is said to be twice as large as any sum ever paid to an author before. Monday having received \$200,000 in one payment for his history of England.

THE CHECK REDUCED IN FAC-SIMILE.

The most remarkable point in regard to this check is that it is dated just one year after the date on which Gen. Grant signed his contract with the publishers. Within that year the book was almost wholly written. Dub-

lished and the great bulk of the money collected. The author in the meantime going through a lingering and painful illness and death. The production of the book has given employment to about 1,000 operatives besides the 9,000 canvassers who have been engaged in selling it, they having disposed of 325,000 copies of the first volume. Nor is the sale by any means cooled. The second volume will be ready in April, when it is expected Mrs. Grant's share of 70 per cent. in the profits of the sale of the complete work will aggregate \$300,000. Who can say there is no money for American authors.

The First Labor Strike.

A paragraph recently printed in a New York newspaper said that the first labor strike in this country of which record is preserved occurred among the factory girls of Dover, N. H., in 1827. The girls paraded the town with a flag and a brass band, and the employers quickly yielded to their terms. In reply to this paragraph a correspondent of The Commercial Advertiser writes that the convulsions (shockers) of New York city went on strike in November, 1834. They were induced for competing to hamper trade and extort money, and were managed by Major De Witt Clinton and 85,000 dollars. Mr. Sampson and Mr. Collier defended them, and on the other side were District Attorney Riker and Thomas Addis Emant. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, and the strikers were fined \$1 each.

Sam W. Small.

[Special Correspondence.]

CHICAGO, March 10.—Mr. Sam Small, the evangelist, has been with us long enough now to form some opinion of his work. He makes an excellent assistant to the Rev. Sam. Jones. For he possesses largely the grace, elegance and refinement which Mr. Jones lacks. To some persons many of the latter's sayings appear coarse and brutal; these will find little to offend in the polished utterances of Mr. Small. He appears to follow in his method the preachers who have preceded him since the beginning of Christendom. As it is usual among them to talk with the masses it is likely that the Rev. Jones will continue to attract most attention.



SAM W. SMALL.

Mr. Small having found fault with what he calls "that oblong yard wide gesture sketch," which was published recently, herewith is presented an engraving from a recent photograph. It gives an excellent idea of the energetic character of the man. He is thin, pale and terribly in earnest.

FRANK BELL.

A TEMPEST IN A TEA POT.

How Mrs. James Brown Potter Shocked Washington Society.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, March 9.—Mrs. James Brown Potter, who has so scandalized this city and had its little bellows blowing "Oster Joe" at Mrs. Secretary Whitney's reception, is a beautiful woman and a leader of fashionable society in New York. She is one of the few fashionable New York women who seem to have brains enough to stir out and do anything out of their own heads. Mrs. Potter is perhaps 25 to 30 years old; is tall, slender and as graceful as a lily. She has blue eyes, dark brown hair and rosy cheeks. She is a more beautiful woman than Mrs. Langtry.

If she had had to earn her own living, she would have made a successful actress. But she is rich, therefore there was no question of that. Young, talented, rich and beautiful, with a noble health and flow of high spirits, time hung heavily on her hands. She had to do something or burst. So she turned her attention to elocution and amateur theatricals.

The picture represents the lady in her box at the opera. It is from a photograph. Let me hasten to say that this is the fashionable New York and Washington costume for a lady who sits in a box at the opera. It's English, you know.

Instead of going on the regular stage Mrs. Potter began to work up amateur theatricals in New York society. In this she was very successful. Some of the amateur performances of the circle to which she belongs are nearly as good as professional ones of a respectable class of talent. Much interest is manifested in this sort of amusement, and very pretty entertainments are given for charitable and other purposes.

It seems as though all the fates have combined to shower good fortune upon Mrs. Potter. She is as popular in society as she is rich and pretty. Her life has flowed on like a white-winged bird down a lily-fringed lake until she came to Washington. Here she ran against a snag. Society here has got its back up bristling, and hisses like an old cat. Mrs. Potter is very good natured. She gives poems and recitations at evening receptions in society. They have added to the pleasure of the occasion, for the lady recites extremely well, and they were always greatly applauded until she came to Washington.

One of the poems she recites is named "Oster Joe." It is by George R. Sims, an English writer. It narrates how a vain and pretty girl married a homely, honest hostler. After two or three years of happy married life the wife ran away with somebody else.

and left her husband and baby. She led a wicked life, sank to the lowest depths and was dying in "humble lodgings." Joe, the hostler husband, went to her, forgave her and she died in his arms. He buried her and placed upon her grave a headstone which "bears the honored name of wife."

Mrs. Potter read this at Mrs. Secretary Whitney's, as she had often read it before in New York, where it was praised.

"Shut! Shut!" says Washington society, and gathers up its skirts, tosses its head and marches out of the room. Knowing Washington society as I do, to me this is the most stupendous joke in five years. What Washington society can't stand in the way of things and people that are off color is hardly worth mentioning. Why it should have pretended to be shocked at this poem I cannot understand, unless it is because the wind was in the wrong quarter last week. The spectacle of Washington society being shocked at anything is an edifying one.

SARAH KING.

The Capitol Turned Crimson.

Heaven knows if Washington has yet finished blushing. About a week ago the face of the city was so suffused with the hue of outraged indignance that the dome of the Capitol glowed as if sunbeams had been misplaced, and the most attentive citizens mistook themselves for toppers. Nor was the hue of shocked propriety more widespread than its cry that went up all over the land. Old women of all genders in the social circles of the greatest altitude gasped with as much energy as the rare atmosphere they live in allowed, and the lady newspaper correspondents dipped their pens in gall and red ink and sent the prevalent shudder vibrating toward the Mississippi.

It was not a very terrible thing that raised all this clamor. A young nation of talent, whose home is in New York, took part in a charitable entertainment in another lady's house and read a poem which shocked the delicate sensibilities of her audience. But it is safe to assert that if the Washington people never hear anything more shocking to their moral senses than "Oster Joe" they will be in great luck. A mountain has been made out of a molehill, and of rather a modest molehill at that.—Life.

The Police Taking a Car Through Grand Street.

New York, March 9.—The result of the street car strike in New York was a grand triumph for the Knights of Labor and for Labor itself, with a big L. The plan which has been bound so many ages is having things all its own way now. Every strike that is happening is getting its demands answered. Capitalists who are wise will stand from under at once, and get on the right side of this tremendous Knights of Labor organization in time.

The Knights accomplished all their objects by simply acting on a principle as old as the world, only this: United we stand, divided we fall. Sixteen thousand men stood together as one in the street car strike. They gave up deliberately \$32,000, their day's wages, that a few fellow Knights, street car men, might get justice.



POLICE TAKING A CAR THROUGH.

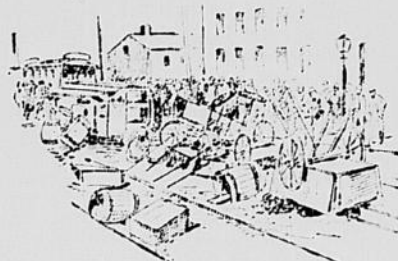
At a given time the order was given down all the lines: "Pick-up." No sooner said than done. I got out in the morning as usual to come down town. I looked no road down the street. Not a car in sight. I smelt a nice scent. Two coal carts went thundering by, with some lumpy drivers.

"I could for a street car, baby," asked one, "could I not?"

"I have n't time to-day." "Lady, there ain't no street car running in New York this morning, so I'll be right on."

Their teeth flashed white through their black faces, as they smiled at the thought of it. Evidently they were Knights of Labor, and though I was three miles away from my desk, I could n't help smiling back and saying, "Good!"

That was what nearly everybody else said. A distinguishing fact about the affair is the unanimity with which the populace of New York sided with the strikers. Even those employers knew in their hearts they would have to give in. But to fill a legal requirement, it was necessary to push one car over the Grand street line, which was that at first in dispute. It was done by the aid of 450 policemen, themselves no doubt, Knights of Labor, too. How they did it you will see by the illustration. It looks like clearing the way for Gen. Grant's funeral. There was no violence offered or any cabling done by the officers. They conducted the car according to orders, and the crowd let them.



THE BARRICADE.

But in some places there were obstructions. What they were like you will see by the second illustration. It looks a little like a Paris barricade without any insurrection or firing on the people. Wagon had an unaccountable way of breaking down directly upon the car tracks and of having to be abandoned. There were barrels, there were bread wagons, hand trucks, etc., upset and clinched inextricably in the most astonishing manner. In one instance a tire came bodily off a wheel of one of those gigantic carrying wagons drawn by the huge Percheron horses, so well known here. Such a thing was never known before, but here it happened right in the midst of the strike, and, stranger still, it happened right upon the street car track, and couldn't be got off.

But it all ended happily. The street car employees got their just demands, and all runs as usual.

FARMERS

Who have any Correspondence, whatever, can save time and money by calling at

—T H E—

Courier Office!

—AND GETTING—

FARM LETTER HEADS,

—AND PRINTED—

ENVELOPES!

The cost is hardly more than that of the plain stationery.

FOR FINE

JOB PRINTING,

No office west of Minneapolis is better equipped than the

COURIER JOB ROOMS.

—FINE—

Commercial Work a Specialty