

gers who come down Sherman street from the Grand Central Station, as the entrance to the Royal Insurance Building is squarely opposite the center of Sherman street.

Another of the great passers through the city is appropriated by the South Side patrons of the Alley L road. Landed at the doors of a great department store, a stormy day turns more than half of the incoming passengers through this building, one block into Van Buren street.

Squaring across the street from this exit is the entrance to the great Central station, into which pedestrians swarm, emerging at last into State street, almost a full block further north.

Just one block west of this possibility pedestrians walk from Van Buren street one full block north into Jackson, taking the long echoing corridor of the Monadnock Building, which towers eight stories above the street level, having saved steps and avoided wet. In the same way short cuts are taken from Jackson street through the Madhwa Temple into the great Central station.

Along Washington street twin buildings lie between State and Wabash avenue, connected by a covered way over the alley. Scores of passengers from the Illinois Central suburban stations find their way through these stores on a wet day. It is one block less of slush, wet, snow, or cold, and there are no objections from the proprietor. Why shouldn't they?

**Through City and County Buildings.**

No cross cuts in the city are more widely known than those between Randolph and Washington streets, and the corridors of the City and County Buildings. They are not used to the extent that they might be in some other down-town positions, but they are responsible for the great numbers of out-cross habits of down-town citizenship.

Of the hotels the old Grand Pacific was a wet-weather thoroughfare between Clark and La Salle streets, and the old Hotel Du Pont street end of it was torn away. To a limited extent the Palmer House affords a dry track between State street and Wabash avenue, and also across the street from the Illinois Central into Monroe. Here and there in the downtown district are other such limited opportunities, but they are not used to the extent that these longer streets are.

Time was when the owners of these buildings—or if not the owner the tenants—would have stationed guards at the entrances and demanded tickets of admission of all comers. But these are the days of advertising. Landlords and tenants alike have learned the value of attracting people, if it be only that they may walk in.

Two years ago there was a neat little cigar store on a certain corner in La Salle street. It has entrances from La Salle and from the cross streets, and in the corner were chairs, tables, and an elegant cigar lighter. Away back were the cigar counters and cases.

But the proprietor was uneasy and incensed. Persons with cigars already between their lips would come in at one door, drop over the light, and pass out at the other without so much as thank the expectant proprietor. He frowned and frowned, but it did no good. Cigar lighters still came and went.

Then a thought struck him. He moved the light from the convenient corner of the store far back in the corner next to his cigar cases. Yet he was disappointed. An advertisement in a newspaper which was preceding the bare fact, only that he had a cigar store on that corner.

Of course the cigar store is not there now! "Care for people coming through here," exclaimed Assistant Superintendent Broekema, looking out over one of the big State street stores which are swarming with pedestrians into its aisles from the cross streets.

"Well, I should say not. We spend thousands of dollars a year in our show windows simply to induce people to walk in. It is worth ten times as much to get them to walk in."

"At any hour of the day, looking out over the central aisle of this house, you can tell by the slow file of pedestrians and the rain pulled into the Congress street station. They come through in knots; a big crowd will sweep through—then there will be only stragglers for three or four minutes, then another knot congesting the aisle."

"Rainy days are worst of course. I've seen a train load of passengers from the elevated swarm into the store every rainy morning, and when they scarcely a baker's dozen would follow the street. They sweep through, crowding the aisles, but whether they buy or not, they come in for their worlds. You will see that we appreciate having them, for this whole central aisle is lined with merchandise such as one often doesn't know how to get rid of. You no doubt we've sold thousands of dollars' worth of this stuff to persons who come through to escape a rain had no idea of purchasing anything else."

**Great Value as an Advertisement.**

Advertising has been reduced to an art. When big business houses pay tens of thousands a year to inform people through newspapers of bargains on their commodities, any method which would encourage these people to come and look would be seized upon.

"Suppose a woman passes through the store in a hurry, and she carries a bag of State street manager. "Suppose she didn't buy. She'll have her eyes open, and we depend upon it that she can't get through without seeing something to attract her. We have an average she'll see three other women inside of the day. If she sees something nice in the way of a hat, she'll see it twice, and she won't talk about it? She'll get as close to them, too, as a bargain sale 'ad,' and it will not have cost us a cent save wear and tear of the clothes. It's a big thing to get a woman who runs about in the street through the store itself."

All of which is to show how methods and means have changed. All of this tramping and shopping in the streets and in the hard on floors, it is wearing on doors, it makes harder work for a larger force of janitors; it makes uninviting corridors in many places. But it is cheap advertising, and it is common.

Even the smallest tradesmen have seen the advantages of this traffic of the people who cut across down-town buildings. In many of the big office buildings the corridors are lined with apple stands, fruit booths, stationery shops, and all the what-nots of small necessities. To some extent they are a nuisance, but they are a nuisance, but not a single possibility of this interior traffic is lost on the small vendors, who look to a rainy day always as a busy day for trade.

Truly, it is the knowledge that rain or shine, heat or cold, her little out, not protected, perhaps rather a novel, but not unbecoming way.

**RENDERS THEM LITTLE NEW WOMEN.**

Summer Styles for Little Girls Include  
Trousers, Sweaters, Boys' Jackets,  
and Other Masculine Apparel.

Many mothers who are preparing for a summer in the country are finding that their little girls—those under 8 years old—wearing trousers, blouses, and sweaters, and very cunning little things will look, to get-ton-up boys' attire.

After a long winter in the house the child welcomes with delight the outdoor life of lakeside, seashore, or mountains, and how much more so if unrestrained by massive petticoats, for the small girl who wears embroidered gingham or dainty lawns will enjoy the freedom of the little new woman who runs about in the world with trousers in the sand with no fear of rolling or tearing her frock.

The mother who sends her little daughter out to play in the stout shoes and trim knickerbockers, with either blouse or sweater, as the weather may dictate, finds relief in the knowledge that, rain or shine, heat or cold, her little out, not protected, perhaps rather a novel, but not unbecoming way.

The suits come in many different styles and materials, to fit any purpose. The frock suits are jaunty, the jackets of which look smart worn over the bright colored sweaters, the sailor collar turning away from the throat and lying over the jacket, giving a style to the rig.

The original cost of a little girl's wardrobe is not so small as you might think. It is in the fact that it is an obligation to the child to have a wardrobe that is not only stylish, but also comfortable and durable.

## QUEER BEASTS OF STONE.

### FRIGHT-GIVING ORNAMENTS ON THE NEW COLLEGE LABORATORIES.

University of Chicago is Decorating its Recent Additions with Fearful and Wonderful Creatures to Serve as Gargoyles, Crockets, Finials, and Kneelers—Most Hideous and Terrible Dragon and Cat Forms Placed in Profusion About North Entrance.

AFTER the Hull laboratories at the Chicago University are completed it will be a badly scared freshman who makes his first visit alone at night to an area surrounded by the new buildings. On all sides of him, from roof, water spout, and cornice, from edges of the walls and gateways, a dozen horrid, grinning, hideous animals stare at him with outstretched wings and open jaws, as if ready to pounce down on the innocent youth who thus dares to invade the sacred precincts. And not only ghouls, but first-year students; there will be others who will scarce enjoy a solitary trip through the new gateway between the main entrance and a dark night. For the number and varieties of the strange beasts around about is such that an imaginative person might easily think of walking into the main entrance of the Inferno.

But seen by daylight these animals are after all not so frightful, for they are carved in stone. Yet even the good blue bedrock is not sufficient to take away entirely the effect of their horrid grinning jaws and forked tails, and it requires more than the first look to get much enjoyment out of their grotesque forms. They are so ugly—hideously, tremendously ugly—that they are almost beautiful and immensely decorative—as later examination shows. They are ornamental, gargoyles and the like, of the costly and elaborate group of new buildings now being constructed in the north end of the university campus.

There are four new buildings, all of which are joined together, and which compose the set of Hull biological laboratories. These handsome structures, made possible by the generosity of Miss Helen Cuyler, have been designed by Architect Henry Ives Cobb, and are in keeping with the architectural magnificence of the rest of the campus. The gateway between two of the buildings, in particular, is of unusual impressiveness and beauty, and is designed to be the main entrance to the college grounds from Fifty-seventh street.

**Fearful and Wonderful Designs.**

To keep up the standard of beautification set by the other buildings, and yet to be in harmony with the purpose of the laboratories, the architects have devised a series of grotesque and hideous creatures, which are to be placed in profusion about the new structures. These creatures, which are to be carved in stone, are of various kinds, and are of various sizes. Some are as large as a man, and some are as small as a child. They are all of various shapes and forms, and are all of various colors. They are all of various kinds, and are all of various sizes. Some are as large as a man, and some are as small as a child. They are all of various shapes and forms, and are all of various colors.

Of the gargoyles there are not many in use at the new laboratories. About four or six of these creatures are to be placed as finials on the principal corners. They are huge stone dragon-like animals, with four legs and numerous claws like a bear, forked tongues and pointed ears like a lion, and great outstretched wings. Poised on the corners, they appear to the observer as if about to make a deadly swoop down on his delicate head, to carry him off with curved beak and cruel claws. But they are as a rule sufficiently high up to take away some of the fire inspired by many of the lower ornaments.

**Crockets Are Like Cats.**

The crockets, especially, are soul-harrowing. To a man who hates cats a trip through the new gateway on a dark night is likely to bring on a fit of apoplexy which may be fatal. The crockets are like cats, and are like cats in every way. They are like cats in their appearance, and they are like cats in their behavior. They are like cats in their appearance, and they are like cats in their behavior.

Perhaps the most terrible of all to the spectator, because the most near and largest in size, are the kneelers, or buttress caps. They are designed to top off the side pillars of the structures and in the case of the gateway between two of the buildings, they are to be placed in profusion about the new structures. They are like cats in their appearance, and they are like cats in their behavior. They are like cats in their appearance, and they are like cats in their behavior.

**NOT A WELCOME TOPIC.**

"She—" It was just three years ago tonight that you proposed."

"He—" Now, what did you want to bring that up for on the only night of the week that I have away from business?"—Indianapolis Journal.

## TO TAKE EARTH'S CENSUS.

### ENORMOUS PROJECT OF THE INTERNATIONAL STATISTICAL INSTITUTE.

Effort is to be Made to Count All Human Beings on This Sphere as a Legacy of the Nineteenth Century to the Twentieth—What the Work Would Involve—Comparative Figures of the Population of the Earth.

THE greatest undertaking of its kind in the history of the world was recently set on foot at the meeting of the International Statistical Institute in Bern, Switzerland. It is proposed to take a census of all the inhabitants of the earth, and to publish the results at the opening of the twentieth century, Jan. 1, 1901. The New York World outlines the scheme and at the same time gives some valuable statistics.

The enormous difficulty of the work only becomes apparent, it says, when one con-



EARTH'S POPULATION SHOWN BY COMPARATIVE FIGURES OF THE RACES.

siders that at least two-thirds, and perhaps three-quarters, of the inhabitants of our planet dwell on lands now which have not been fully civilized and many of which still remain in a condition of barbarism and even of savagery. Yet the purpose is, as far as may be possible, to do so, to include in the enumeration every human being on whom the sun rises on a particular day in the year 1900. It may turn out impracticable to have the census made everywhere on the same day, but at any rate such is the intention.

According to the scheme proposed, a census is to be taken of the population of every part of the globe, and on the chosen day, as the sun begins its course rising over the yellow plains of China, the pencils of the enumerators will commence their work, and keeping pace with the daybreak as it runs westward round the globe they will record the existence of not the name, but the number of the inhabitants of each country. From Asia to Europe, and from Europe to America, and from America to the islands of the great sea, and so back to its starting point in the remote Orient.

**Difficulties in the Way.**

Any one who is familiar with the difficulties encountered in taking the census even in a thoroughly civilized land like the United States will understand at once how formidable the proposed work will be. Yet it is not impossible that in barbarian lands the thing can be done better even than in a free and enlightened country like our own. If the enumerators could enlist the interest of the rulers in monarchical countries no one would dare to throw obstacles in their way as is sometimes done by misguided people here.

An attempt has recently been made to take a complete census of Russia, and this will aid in the new undertaking immensely. During his tour in Europe last year Li Hung Chang became interested in the proposed census of the world, and it is asserted, promised his cooperation and assistance in the work. His country—China—forms the greatest factor of uncertainty in estimating the number of inhabitants in China vary sometimes by one or two hundred millions, and even the population of the chief cities of the country can only be guessed at.

West of China and north of the Himalaya Mountains there are immense tracts of country lying in that part of the world which has been the original seat of man, and the great hive from which the swarming nations have emerged, whose population is also a matter of guess-work. A large part of the country inhabited by the Tartar tribes has not even been explored by white men.

**People of India and Africa.**

So, too, Africa presents an enormous field of mystery and difficulties. Estimates of its total population are constantly varying, because explorers frequently come upon knots and centers of population the real extent of which is unknown. The most careful statisticians admit that their estimates of the population of Africa may be as much as 50,000,000 out of the way.

India, in the valleys of its great rivers, especially the Ganges, is black with population, like a crowded ants' nest, and notwith-

## WRITES OF OLD GOTHAM.

### MRS. JOHN SHERWOOD TELLS OF NEW YORK'S BETTER SOCIAL DAYS.

In a Highly Entertaining Volume, "An Epistle to Posterity," She Draws Some Sharply Contrasting Pictures of the Cordiality and Hospitality of Forty Years Ago—Interesting Reminiscences of Webster and Other Lights of That Day.

IN reading the advance sheets of Mrs. John Sherwood's "An Epistle to Posterity" (Harper & Bros.) we are reminded that New York once had charm. It has many qualities today, some of them attractive, but charm is not one of them. New York has put on the airs of a prosperous, cock-sure metropolis within the last quarter of a century, and all that was simple and homely in its social life has disappeared. In the days covered by Mrs. Sherwood's earlier recollections there was a neighborhood feeling in certain localities. Such a thing as dropping in upon a neighbor of an evening was the rule, not the exception. Society had its leaders then as it has today, but they belonged to the good old family and homely in its social life has disappeared. The right to lead, comfort was paramount to display. We had not learned to ape the defects of the old world. "We were courteous and unostentatious," says one of our greatest attractions.

But to discuss Mrs. Sherwood's book and not to sigh over the past. Mrs. John Sherwood is a woman who knows everybody more or less in the course of her varied and interesting life. She begins her book with recollections of her girlhood near the mountains of the Adirondacks, a tall and most picturesque man, with blue eyes and fine curling black hair, with a great laughing mouth full of white teeth, and a laugh that would have filled the whole county of Cheshire, and her mother, a stately woman of a more austere disposition. At an early age "Mary" was introduced to the "Boston" of the family, was sent to Mr. Emerson's school in Boston, but she was not particularly happy there. In one of her letters home she writes:

"I have been taken to hear Miss Margaret Fuller talk. She received me very kindly. I found her a very plain woman, with almost no hair, but she was very intelligent. She talked to me about the world, and there was a sort of continuous, long, low stream of well-constructed sentences and that Boston pronunciation, but she was not a talker. She said: 'Talk about your friends' interests and not your own; always put the pronoun you for the pronoun I when you can.' (A lady near me pulled my skirt and said: 'She is a great exotist herself.') 'In society to have unity one must have unity, one cannot be unanimous alone.' She said: 'Never speak of your diseases, your domesticities, or your dresses.' She said: 'Think before you speak, and never speak unless you feel you cannot help speaking.' 'But then I should never speak at all,' said I.

"Perhaps the world would be none the worse," said she, rather cruelly, I thought. "She is cruel. The girls all came away frightened."

**Reminiscences of Daniel Webster.**

Once when she was at home for the holidays she went with her father and mother to visit Daniel Webster at the West. Mrs. Sherwood was a frequent visitor at Webster's eyes and says that had he been a professional lady-killer he would have won every woman in the land. She was a great admirer of him, and she was a great admirer of his. She was a great admirer of him, and she was a great admirer of his.

Mrs. Webster complained to him of the reverse of a kitchen maid. "Send her to me," he said.

"The housekeeper told us that she simply looked at her, when she cried out in her heart, 'I don't do that! I will scrub the wood!'"

"It was like a lash on sensitive flesh to have his black eyes flash their lightning at me," she writes.

Apropos of Webster's eyes Mrs. Sherwood tells an anecdote that was told to her by W. W. Story, the sculptor:

"James Fenimore Cooper," she wrote, "was very angry with Webster for staying in old Tyler's Cabinet, and as he was to speak in Faneuil Hall on the evening of the 30th of November, 1825, he called on me to go and look at him and to show him that he had incurred my displeasure. There were 3,000 people there, and we felt sure they would boot with us. When we were in the hall, Webster, beautifully dressed, stepped calmly forward. His great eyes looked, as I shall never forget, like two great diamonds off my hat. James pulled off his. We both became cold as ice and respectful as Indian princes. As James turned pale; he said 'well, I'd give anything for the great picture began that most beautiful exordium our scorn turned to deepest admiration, from a subject contempt to belief and approbation.'"

**Society Forty Years Ago.**

Mrs. Sherwood writes vaguely as to dates. The last figure in the year is invariably left out at the top of letters. For instance, she writes to a friend: "Nov. 11, 185—, I am to be married to-day." Then she proceeds to describe her wedding dress, "white moire antique, so stiff it would stand alone," and Mr. Sherwood's "a deep red velvet dress, with steel buttons, and a white silk vest." On the subject of dress at that time Mrs. Sherwood writes:

"In the early '40s and '50s almost everybody had a bonnet and a shawl to live on, and young ladies dressed were on a hundred dollars a year. The daughters of the richest man in Boston were dressed with scrupulous care, and the widows and mother owned one brocade, which did service for several years. Display was considered vulgar. Now, alas! only Queen Victoria dares to go shabby; and clothes have become a necessity to the lesser lights. The greater proportion of people were happier, because there was not such emulation, such vulgar striving, nor such soaring, foolish ambitions. Then men and women fell back on their own minds for that entertainment which they now seek in fast horses, yachts, and constant change, journeys to Europe and to Newport. Books took the place of dress and display. When a young lady was introduced into society she brought with her a few lines of poetry which now are considered quite too few. There was a sober elegance among even the first in position and the richest in pocket. There was no talk about money; it has become a subject of conversation since the war."

A hundred dollars a year would not keep

## How the Prince Was Entertained.

### At the Time of the Prince of Wales's Visit to This City—The Ball and the Reception.

"Very aristocratic and grand looked the assemblage in the old Academy of Music at the ball given to greet the Prince."

"The Hon. Belmonts, Astors, Cuttings, Morrises, Kings, Livingstons, Hamiltons, Jays, Duers, Emmets, Russells, Comards, Fowlkinds, Aspinalls, Grinnels, Schuylers, Pellis, and Binghamers made them a very decided and exclusive circle, of which Mrs. Belmont might be called the fashionable leader. Mrs. Hamilton Fish, Mrs. Robert Cutting, and Mrs. Astor were the Duchesses; Mrs. Lloyd Aspinwall and Mrs. G. G. Howland the great beauties. Miss F. B. Russell was the belle of the evening. The Prince, a very beautiful girl, whom I saw for the first time that evening, was Miss Pierpont of Brooklyn, who afterward married Mr. Rutherford S. Russell, and who died in her early married life."

"Mrs. Sherwood remembers well" the pretty, slender, fair-haired Prince, who contented himself with so much grace and tact.

"The chapter on 'Old New York Twenty Years Ago' describes among other things the ball given at the old Academy of Music in the corner of Broadway and Nineteenth street, recently demolished. Brown of Grace was the major domo on the occasion. 'I remember the ball and the dancing with the Prince, and that my kind hosts, with the German' crowded us, took me through the supper table, where Peter Van Dyck, blackest of men, and a host of cooks, was eating a most succulent diet."

"There are no such oysters, terrapin, or canvasback duck as there were in those days, and the ball and the dancing with the Prince, and that my kind hosts, with the German' crowded us, took me through the supper table, where Peter Van Dyck, blackest of men, and a host of cooks, was eating a most succulent diet."

**Some Noted Social Leaders.**

In those days Mrs. J. J. Astor, the mother of William Waldorf, gave the finest balls in New York. Mrs. Astor was not in the world, or its pomps and vanities." She was most interested when she was down at the newsboys' lodging-house, with the dirty hands of the ragamuffins in hers, as she told them stories.

"Mrs. Belmont, very beautiful, very elegant, and a great admirer of the Prince. Mrs. Sherwood was another leader who I greatly admired. She seemed to me to have most unusual qualities. The breath of scandal never reached her, and she was very delicate feet. Without making any pretensions, she had admirable common sense, enjoyed travel, and pictures of all the vicinities of the wealth so freely lavished upon her. She was a good mother and good friend. I owed to her very much in my early life. She was a great admirer of the Prince, and she was a great admirer of the Prince."

**Mr. Astor as an Entertainer.**

Mr. W. W. Astor seems to have inherited his mother's talent for entertaining. Mrs. Sherwood writes of the ball given by Mr. Astor, and of him she writes:

"With grand parties and excellent dinners, the home of our Minister. Mr. Astor, who was a great admirer of the Prince, and he was a great admirer of the Prince."

"His beautiful wife, a great admirer of the Prince, and she was a great admirer of the Prince."

"I have seen a picture of the Prince, and she was a great admirer of the Prince."

**GOLD MINE DEDICATED TO THE LORD.**

Evangelists in Colorado Purchase High Gold Producing Shaft and Work It in Interest of Charity.

A mine dedicated to the Lord! Such a novel exercise a few days ago in the private mining camps of Colorado, when the prospective returns from a gold-producing mine were formally offered to the Lord in charitable devotion. The mine is located in the vicinity of the aid and education of the poor. The mine is the Bon Ton, a gold producing property, located in Russell Gulch, in Colorado. The mine was purchased by J. H. Weber of Preston, O., and G. Elmer of Monroe, Mich. Mr. Weber, an evangelist who has traveled extensively in the country, and who has been a striver and senator in religious circles wherever he has labored.

The ceremony was witnessed by a considerable number of people, including several miners of the region. It was held at the shaft-house of the mine, on the side and under the blue canopy of the mountain. The mine is located in the vicinity of the aid and education of the poor. The mine is the Bon Ton, a gold producing property, located in Russell Gulch, in Colorado. The mine was purchased by J. H. Weber of Preston, O., and G. Elmer of Monroe, Mich. Mr. Weber, an evangelist who has traveled extensively in the country, and who has been a striver and senator in religious circles wherever he has labored.