

# FACTORY.

## THE BLISSFUL WOMAN TEL.

Maggie Hamilton, a 20-year-old maid of the world, is on exhibition in a dime museum. Maggie was born in Trenton, N. J., and since she was 14 years old has never before been out of that city. She was never on exhibition before, and her family were opposed to her engagement. Maggie thought she should do something for herself, and her family finally consented. A special car had been chartered in Trenton, but it was found that Maggie was unable to pass through the door. Fully 2,000 people accompanied Maggie to the depot to see her off, and every one had some way to suggest to get her into the car. The museum agent glanced at his watch, and found that he had but a few minutes to spare. He held a consultation with Station Agent Oliver and Baggage-Master Jenkins, and a smile spread over his face. After whispering a few words to Maggie's mother and sister, he rushed to the telegraph office. In a few minutes one of the new Eastlake cars was backed up to the platform. Maggie looked at the platform and said with a laugh:

"I can't get in there; get a baggage-car."

A car belonging to the Adams Express Company was quickly attached, and a stage composed of boxes and trucks was built to make an easy ascent. A carpenter sawed a three-inch plank in two and made a seat for the gigantic woman. All this time the crowd cheered and gazed the railroad men. Maggie watched the preparations with interest, and laughed at the nervous way in which the officials worked. When the staging was completed she walked through the side door and into the baggage-car and sat on the rough seat.

"Don't you think I might squeeze through the end door if I went through sideways?" she asked the agent.

"I wish you could," he replied.

"Won't you please try it?"

After several attempts she managed to get through the side door and into the passenger car. Two seats were taken up by her, and she complained of being cramped. When the train arrived at the Broad street station, in Philadelphia, there was a big crowd to receive her. After considerable difficulty she was assisted from the platform and taken to the baggage elevator. She was taken to the Market street entrance, where a large furniture van was waiting to receive her. She was assisted to her chair in the van, and taken to her boarding house opposite the market.

Maggie weighs 967 pounds, and is five feet four and three-quarter inches in height. Her waist measures ninety-eight inches in circumference, and her arm thirty-eight inches. She sits in a chair which is 30 inches high. The immense establishment has grown from a small bakery where \$60 a day was a big business and the pies were baked in a sheet-iron oven.

The product averages, however, 15,000 pies a day. This requires for 70 tons of apples a day, 375 gallons of canned fruit, 2,500 pounds of sugar, the same quantity of lard, twenty-five pounds of spices and sixteen barrels of flour. All the apples are cut up as usual in the fruiting cans, which are kept sound and good for nine months in the year. During June, July and August only canned goods are used. The apples are the staple of most of the factory made pies, though cherries, raspberries, cranberries and in fact all fruit in season and many the year round, beside custard and coconut, are employed, and are palatable. The owner of the factory likes them all, but rather gives the preference to mince. He makes his own mince, and the way he mixes up his meat, sugar, currants, raisins and apples is a toothsome revelation. Pretty girls pass the apples with machinery and cut them up by hand. They are sent below to the choppers and syrup makers on the floor below, who work them into whatever compounds are wanted and leave them to mellow in clean and shining broken tins. When the mixture is ready it is ladled into the wafery dough and tucked in closely by the thin crust. Half a dozen women have been washing the tin plates, as they are under the pie, which are scored with having been fired in a steam chest. The bakers wear white caps, and their hands are white and soft. They are all fat and rosy and clean, and they manage to turn out the crusts as quickly as machines. The whole place is as clean as a New York kitchen, or the main street of Brooklyn, where good Dutchmen all wear felt slippers. Then the pies are carried down to the ovens ready to be baked—all but the custards and coconuts, which are baked after they have been put into the ovens.

The huge oven cellar is a hungry schoolboy's vision of Paradise. On three sides of the oblong room are the open ovens, lighted by big reflector lamps. In the center of the room are the delicious aromatic, mouth watering perfume fills the room. The very stones are spicily fragrant and smell edible. All the bakers are fat, and their caps and aprons are as white as snow. If a boarding school could be turned loose in that cellar it would tickle these men to fill the boys up. You can see that they eat pie themselves, and it agrees with them. On the day before Christmas they worked far into the night to cook mince pies that carried one and a half tons of mince meat, in which were 500 dozen eggs. It was a big order, but the more pies they bake the fatter they get. For twenty miles around Philadelphia there are people that eat these pies every day, and there is a branch factory in Newark and one in Philadelphia. There are about thirty other smaller factories in the trade, and most of the small bakeries make a few pies for themselves. The factories on the whole turn out wholesome and palatable pastry, and it isn't at all wonderful that people are fond of it.

No other country has the same advantages as America in this respect, and the bakers of England and the pastries of France have never been able to rival the popular and economical qualities of the American pie.—New York Graphic.

### Some English Pronunciations.

Talbot is pronounced Tolbut.  
Thame is pronounced Tams.  
Bulwer is pronounced Buller.  
Copper is pronounced Cooper.  
Holburn is pronounced Holum.  
Wemyss is pronounced Wemys.  
Knollys is pronounced Knowles.  
Cockburn is pronounced Coburn.  
Brougham is pronounced Broom.  
Norwich is pronounced Norridge.  
St. Ledger is pronounced Sillinger.  
Havara is pronounced Hardens.  
Colquhoun is pronounced Coloon.  
Cresciter is pronounced Cressiter.  
Grosvenor is pronounced Grosvenor.  
Salisbury is pronounced Salsbury.  
Beauchamp is pronounced Beecham.  
Marylebone is pronounced Marribun.  
Abergavenny is pronounced Abergeny.  
Marlborough is pronounced March.  
Bathwick is pronounced Bullingbrook.

Take care of your character. It will take care of itself.

# PRODIGES.

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The reporter fixed his eyes on the menages as America in this respect, and the bakers of England and the pastries of France have never been able to rival the popular and economical qualities of the American pie.—New York Graphic.

# PRODIGES.

## YOUTHFUL PHENOMENA WHO HAVE AWED THE WORLD.

### From Mozart to Josef Hofmann.—The Meteoric Career of the Infant Roscius.—The Tragical End of Chatterton.

The wonderful talents of the child pianist, Josef Hofmann, recall many instances of precocious development, not only in music, but in literature, art and the drama. About once in half a century the world is startled by the phenomenal performance of some wonderful child, but it is the exception rather than the rule that these marvels fulfill at maturity the promise of their youthful years.

Most of the great composers began to display their taste for music at an early age. Mozart was only three when he began to play on his father's harpsichord, and his sister, at seven was quite an accomplished pianist. At five he composed a concerto so difficult that even his father could not play it, but which he picked out readily on the harpsichord. When six years of age he accompanied his father and sister on a concert tour, where his performance on the violin attracted much attention. At the age of eleven he had written an opera covering more than five hundred pages of manuscript, but jealousy of the court musicians who were to perform it prevented the piece from being presented.

Haydn composed a mass at thirteen which was laughed at by the critics, but he stuck to his work until he won success. Mendelssohn at eleven had composed sixty pieces of music, and at seventeen when the music for "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was written. Beethoven could play very well when five years old, and at fifteen was made the organist of the chapel of the Elector of Cologne. Meyerbeer played the piano at concerts when he was seven years old, and Handel at nine played the organ for the choir during his master's absence and composed the weekly service of song for the singers.

### THE INFANT ROSCIUS.

Perhaps the most remarkable child that ever lived was the boy tragedian and actor, William Henry West Betty, known as the "Infant Roscius," the first of a long line of dramatic prodigies. Betty was born in Scarborough, England, in 1782, and was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Siddons play Eliza, at Belfast. Her impetuous father had so that he at once felt a desire to go on the stage, and in August of the following year made his first appearance as Othello in "Zara." On the stage he showed the greatest command of his voice, and was accompanied by her mother and sister. In spite of her immense size Maggie is said to have a very small appetite.—Brooklyn Citizen.

### A Grim Eskimo Joke.

There was another episode which those peculiar people seemed to consider as a huge joke, which I will explain as briefly as possible to show what the native people are like as they are in the frozen north. As Lieutenant Schwatka in "Hesperus." One of the Eskimo men had a painfully disfigured face, to which he pointed so often that one of the party was finally led to remark that he was a "black and white" man. He seemed to explain, and the grins and suppressed laughter of the others. When he was a young boy he was one of a small band of natives that came upon the remains of the ship Franklin's unfortunate crew, which had starved to death, and they found many curious things among the scattered material at the site of the old camp.

One, which immediately took his boyish eye, was a small, round, black, round object, which he found full of "black sand," as he expressed it. The "black sand" was of a possible use to him, and on the first occasion he had to utilize the sand, which was one of the things which he was washing in the water. He poured the "black sand" material out on the platform of a boat, and he splashed in the flame. There was an instantaneous explosion, which he tried to explain in a yelling "boom" until I thought the top of my head had been knocked off, and when some of the shock had passed away he found that the top of his head had disappeared in the dark night, the stone having broken into pieces, and the kitchen and the main street of Brooklyn, where good Dutchmen all wear felt slippers. Then the pies are carried down to the ovens ready to be baked—all but the custards and coconuts, which are baked after they have been put into the ovens.

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