THE WORLD. PAGES 25 TO 30.

NEW YORK, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1887.

SKILFUL CIGARETTE GIRLS.

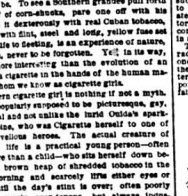
VERY LITTLE ROMANCE AND MUCH WORK THE RULE AMONG THEM.

How the Tobacco Is Treated in the Progress from the Plantation to the Cigarette—Taking Care of Sick Girls—Provision for the Young Women to Keep Them Good—Wages Fair and the Work Pleasant—Girls Who Earn $13.50 Per Week.

THERE is no more unimportant looking object than a paper cigarette. Even when it borrows grace from the bronzed figures and ruby lips of a darting girl in association that makes it important and not divine right. All the same, it is a very little number, and experience has note the thousand and one twirls and twists that are given to a long pale leaf of tobacco before it is ready to sit in solace between a pair of lips, gallant or gentle, as the case may be. To see a Southern grandee pull forth his sheaf of corn-husks, pare one off with his knife, fill it dexterously with real Cuban tobacco, and then with flint, steel and tinder, yellow fuse set his short life to feeding, is an experience of nature, once seen, never to be forgotten. Yet in its way, it is no more interesting than the evolution of an American cigarette in the hands of the human machines whom we know as cigarette girls.

A modern cigarette girl is nothing if not a myth. Be popularly supposed to be picturesque, gay, emotional and not unlike the lurid Oulida's sparks. Her heroine, who was Cigarette herself in one of her marvellous tales, was the actual creature of everyday life in a practical young person—often still more than a child—who sits herself down beneath brown heaps of shredded tobacco in the early morning and scarcely lifts either eyes or velocanth the day's stint is over; often poorly dress, rarely over-joyous, but always industrious.

The tobacco of which the cigarette is after many days to be made comes to us almost exclusively from Nota Carolina and Virginia. It is in itself a mild tobacco, and to make it milder yet only the four or five lower leaves are chosen, the strength of the plan, like that of celery, for instance, deserting the lower leaves and concentrating above. These leaves come up from the south packed like solid logs int immense hogsheads, but as soon as the "hands" "lay which they are tied are untwisted, they are shaken to a mass bulk and softened and cleaned. The steam rushes through them, big brawny-armed slack men turn them and toss them and then lay them in layers on the floor. As each market is laid down, one of the men takes a spade full of rum, glycee and some few other improving liquids necessary to give the right flavoring, and fills a white-brush sprinkles them thoroughly.

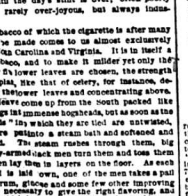


ROLLING CIGARETTES.

From this improving treatment the leaves go into the trough of the cutting-machine. They go in loosely enough, but when they are dragging by brass-clad chain through the smallest possible aperture to meet the revolving knives the soft leaves are pressed into a block like wood. Standing in front of the machine and watching the mist, which is all thalgone can be in their two thousand revolutions, the eye sees the ever-changing surface of this shaven block of leaves as a thing of marvellous beauty. The long-flanged knives cut off innumerable fine shavings in a minute, and the result is a surface of thalloons alive. The yellow stems and veins change their relative positions, the brown leaves with every cut, and the result is a winking, blinking mass that completely fascinates the beholder. The trays are stopped, and in the box below is the shredded tobacco, exactly as we see it in the finished cigarette, claim, it is true, but that is necessary in the making. And the over-supply is kept covered by wet blankets until carried to the shaving.

Then comes the making. You go into a large, low, light room, down which go long benches which are partitioned off in three-foot compartments. On each side, each at a place of her own, sit the girls. Before them are a stout bit of paper fastened by the back edge to the table, two pounds of tobacco and some packs of rice paper. A marble slab is at the right hand and on it some lumps of wet starch and a long-pointed stick. With the left hand a girl picks up a paper, lays it on the roller with the fixed edge slightly projecting. With her right hand she picks up the tobacco, not too much, but just enough, and puts it on the rice paper, spreading it a little into shape as she does so. Then she takes up the two corners of both papers that are hanging by her lips from over towards the back. Then holding the back, rolling on the tobacco with her thumbs as she does so. Getting it moderately firm, she changes to the tips of her fingers and rolls it nearly, lifting it the while from the smaller paper. A second and it lies along her left forefinger, rolled but with a loose edge. The starch slid globe along this, another twist and it is sealed and delicged, that is to say, dropped into the box edge of the bench.

A TYPICAL CIGARETTE GIRL.



RECEIVING INSTRUCTIONS.

The process looks exceedingly simple, but it often takes a week of patient teaching and trial to learn to many motions correctly, and even then it is so exacting to this day many models it takes to make ten a thousand cigarettes in a day. The number of thousand perfect cigarettes varies better by ounces more nor less than two pounds. Receives 75 cents for her work. Does it seem little, then, that any one could make $5.00 of these in a day? Perhaps, and yet they do.

Andrea A. Lorillard, Duke's factory on Fifth avenue, will make from 2,500 to 3,000 a day. Mary Ward, Lillie Lindan, Clement Lorillard, Hattie Kemp, some of their experts, average 14,000 a day. Some of the experts are young girls who work very fast in order to do as much as they can. Yet they are not paid by the piece. Wherever it can, has made as many as 24,000 cigarettes in the work of five days. The

newest is, so far as known, champion among the girl cigarette-makers of the city, although it is a common story that one man has been known to make 104,000 perfect cigarettes in a month of twenty-five days, working overtime.

After leaving the hands of the makers the cigarettes are passed over to the pattern, who at reviewing sales and with big shears cut off the banging shreds of tobacco from the ends. These shreds are constantly swept away by the little sweepers, whose duty it is to keep the floor always in perfect order. The finished cigarettes go next to the examiners, who run their hands through the boxes and, with the eyes of fermis, pick out the badly made or imperfect ones. In some instances, if such a number is taken out at the end of the week for cigarettes so badly made as to be necessarily spoil ones, and made again.

The boxing and stamping and the packing is work very easily imagined, the only noteworthy being the facility and automatic precision with which it is done. And indeed the whole fascination of the trade lies in the lightningline aimlessness which is necessary to bring about a satisfactory result. The work is clean and is said to be healthy, the girls themselves claiming that they have rarely any trouble except with the ache, which is very poetically caused by the fumes of tobacco, but very probably is the reason for which further reason is necessary than what lack of exercise and such close application to work will cause.

The rules of attendance to the business hand very considerably according to the factory. The two largest establishments in the city where girls are employed on hand work are Kinney Bros. and Bros.' In regard to Kinney's, considerable has been said of their hospital arrangements, but little and much of this has been largely exaggerated. In fact, it is a good, plain, well-ventilated room, which is used as a day hospital. A girl is taken suddenly ill and is sent home for the day and not to be by her friends, who is, by the way, a graduate of the New York Training School, or, if she lives too far off, to a hospital. Girls but when night comes she either goes home by herself or is sent in a carriage to the hard farm.

The scheme of treatment is one which is not paraded a merely a humanitarian scheme, but is one of mutual benefit. The girls work better when they feel well in body and mind, and it is for the interest of their employers to do all that is in their power to attack the girls to them and render them faithful.

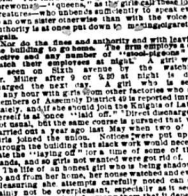
STRIPPING THE LEAVES.

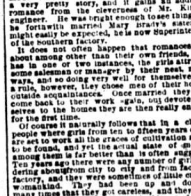
Absolute silence is imposed upon the workers, regardless of the fact that if they waste time it is to their loss, and the penalties are severe. Yet exceedingly severe. At Kinney's the pay is from 60 to 90 cents a thousand, and the "Bros." is a "union" rate. If a 75-cent girl is caught whispering or talking with another girl she is fined ten to fifty cents a thousand. A second offense brings either a further reduction or a serious warning of the third time brings dismissal. A teacher or forewoman—"queenie," as the girls call her—is stationed in each department to attend to speak every operative—the unless a similar duty is spoken, the voice of authority is the one put on to silence the offender again.

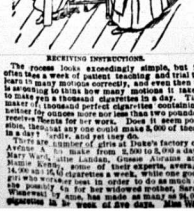
Now, do the fines and authority and with leaving the building to go home. The firm employs a detective and a policeman, who are on the watch their employees at night. A girl who is seen on Fifth avenue, or in the vicinity of Mr. Miller after 9 or 9.30 at night is discharged the next day. A girl who is seen at any hour with girls from other factories who are members of Assembly Districts is reported to her chief, and if she should join the Knights of Labor clearly, and if she should join the Knights of Labor herself is at once "laid off." The rule is not usual, but the same course is pursued that was carried out a year ago by Mr. Nutting. Two girls joined the Knights of Labor, and were seen through the building that stack work would be shortly laid off. The girls went home, some of their hands, and so girls not wanted were got rid of.

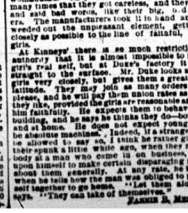
The hours of work are from 7 to 6, and followed to and from her home, her home watched and every pleasuring she attends carefully cared for. Is it fairly to be overpleasant, especially as it seems to be a common fact, that the more that it depends to entirely upon a girl's gracionsness to her spp as to what is reported of her doings.

The manual dexterity is of recent origin. Indeed, instead of not even a whisper being allowed, the girls are encouraged and was stopped by the singing of a fresh young voice on the floor of the machine. Its listened, was enchanted, sought out the singer, found her to be a young girl, plain, but with the look upon, by name Mary Brady. He became interested, took her away from









THE CHURCH AND CIRCUS.

A FORCIBLE AND INTERESTING ARTICLE BY SHOWMAN BARNUM.

The Genial Manager Claims the Circus Has Advanced Its Mission While the Church Has Grown in Tolerance—Experiences with Churches and Ministers—Miss Emma Abbott—The Morality of Employees.

Years ago no two institutions were more actively antagonistic than the church and circus. The former waged fierce and uncompromising war against the latter, the Methodist Church going so far as to make it a part of their discipline that attendance at a circus entailed forfeiture of membership. That the church should ever tolerate, patronise or even recognize as an educator the circus was a possibility that probably entered into the dreams of no man, but myself, and perhaps no man but myself believed it possible to organise a circus which should respect the church and all pertaining to it.

In those days the circus was very justly the object of the church's animadversions. Its spectacular attractions consisted principally of six to ten equine horses, with riders, two fairly good equestrians, whose standing feats on horseback were made on a broad pad saddle; half a dozen approprietice boys, who rode more or less (and rather less as they proceeded) to fiddle, hand-springs and the afterpiece, "The Tailor of Tamworth," or "Pete Jenkins," in which drunken characters were represented and broad jokes, suited to the grossest taste, were cracked.

Its fun consisted of the clown's vulgar jests, emphasized with still more vulgar and suggestive gestures, lest providentially the point might be lost. Educational features the circus of that day had none.

Its employees were mostly of the rowdy element, and it had a following of cutpurses, pickpockets and worse, generally, who were countenanced by some of the circus proprietors, with whom they shared their ill-gotten gains. Its advent was dreaded by all law-abiding people, who knew that with it would inevitably come disorder, drunkenness and riot. It will scarcely be believed that it was the custom of most of the towns they proposed to visit to help to protect the circus company against possible attacks of the rabble, who were apt to be intelligently malicious when too overpaid or too underpaid. Some circus proprietors paid no salary to their ticket-sellers, but let them cheat out of their customers by giving them short change in the hurry and excitement which usually prevailed around the ticket wagon.

THE MISSION OF THE CIRCUS.

Every one in these enlightened days concedes that human nature imperatively demands amusement and recreation. Its nature is such that all the world is yet fresh and interesting and the jaded brain of the adult call with equal insistance for "something new and strange." Granted the necessity of amusement and the desirability of their being morally clean and healthful and instructive, the provider of such entertainments is a genius to be encouraged and respected, not for his brave the countenance of the church.

The so-called circus of to-day, with, I regret to say, some exceptions, is a very different affair from that of my boyhood days. When under proper management it is decorous and orderly in operation and composed of features which appeal to all ages. It is continuous. While modesty submitting to bear the generic title of circus a genuine tent exhibition under that name must comprise a menagerie and museum of curiosities, and the whole cost a diligent searching of the whole earth at an incredible pecuniary outlay. In the proper circus of to-day the athlete demonstrates the perfection of human form and human body capable. His feats of strength and graceful agility please the understanding as well as the eye, and if the average small boy does enjoy the beast will be all the better for it. The jiggery saws the fiddle and tambourine and nicety of touch which can be acquired by patient practice. In the real circus of to-day the intelligent lover of horse-flesh will find the finest specimens of the equine race trained to do almost anything but talk.

There the scientific mind is attracted by such strange examples of mechanism as the talking machine, as ingenious contrivances of the structure of the human thread, giving forth under manipulation a very human if not very sweet voice.

The ethnologist finds gathered together from the remotest representatives of notable and peculiar tribes, civilized and savage, from far distant lands—types which otherwise he would never see, as they can only be sought in their native countries at the risk of life and at an expenditure of time and money possible to very few. The menagerie of wild beasts, birds and reptiles, comprising every curious specimen of animal life from the denizens of the torrid African jungle to those of the Polar regions—form a study that will impart more valuable information in a day than can be obtained from reading books on zoology in a year.

MORALITY OF EMPLOYEES.

The morality of a genuine circus troupe compares favorably with that of any equal number of any other profession or trade. Many of them are educated and intelligent; most are loyal to strong family affections and to such consistently as is attainable with the circumstances of life, they are obliged to behave well. The circus proprietor has a more complete jurisdiction over his employees than any pastor over his congregation. Would any clergyman dare to punish profanity by fine and drunkenness by expulsion? which is exactly what the best type of circus proprietor can do and does. He has the whip hand, and retains during the season proportion of the employee's salary, which he receives at the end of the season if his record is good, not otherwise. Business interests compel strict discipline, and he shall say that the employee who is compelled to behave well is not, at the end of the season, somewhat the better for eight months of compulsory sobriety, civility and orderly living?

The best circus of to-day is not a fair mark for the church's hostility, and while the circus has advanced in merit, the church has no less grown in tolerance. In my capacity of circus proprietor I have been the recipient of many flattering and amusing amenities on the part of the church. As, for instance, when on Sunday evening, May 31, 1885, I entered the Church of the Redeemer, New York City, Rev. Robt. Collyer pastor, and quietly took a back seat only to find the keen clear eyes of the preacher fixed upon me, and to hear his voice ring out in emphatic tones—"I see P. T. Barnum in a back pew of this church, and I invite him to come forward and take a seat in my family pew. Mr. Barnum always gives me a good seat in his circus and I want to give him as good in my church." I thought the reverend gentleman had the courage of his convictions to a most unusual degree, and I was grateful to him for the courtesy. I was glad that they listened to this very remarkable "pulpit notice" and made way for me at a time when some embarrassment. I took the prominent seat so peremptorily indicated.

Again, last summer, a few days before my great show was to visit St. Albans, Vt., I received a letter signed by the clergy of that town requesting me that my organization was to arrive among them on Sunday morning early, and asking that I would give orders that none of the paraphernalia, wagons, &c., should be in transit between the railroad depot and the show grounds during the hours of divine service. I was punctilious in seeing that their very reasonable request was respected. Being in St. Albans myself that Sunday, I received, with my company, printed invitations to attend a prominent church. I, at least, went, and heard a very good sermon, and the preacher did not take the occasion to decry the roaring drama of which I happened to miss Emma Abbott recently.

SPEAKING IN CHURCH.

I will not say whether I think it was well or ill advised of her to rise in meeting and combat the ungenerous strictures of the preacher, but I did the same thing myself (after the benediction was pronounced) under the same provocation in Lenox, Mass., fifty-one years ago, and had a most attentive and sympathetic audience, as I doubt not Miss Abbott did. Many such men as Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. Chapin and Dr. Cuyler have written me the most cordial expressions of their approbation of my circus and of their personal pleasure in attending it. Perhaps my experience has been exceptionally fortunate, and I am convinced that the church and my circus at least are to-day on fairly good terms.

P. T. BARNUM.

CLEVELAND AND HIS WIFE.

The Former Is Already Fat, and His Helpmeet Is Also Rapidly Fattening.

[Washington Special to Indianapolis Journal.]

Especially the ladies who have called at the White House during the past week have remarked the growing corpulence of Mrs. President and Mr. Cleveland. They say that each has fattened to the extent of at least twenty-five pounds since the 1st of September, and that the President has become quite stout. When Mrs. Cleveland was married she weighed a little less than 130 pounds, and owing to her height did not appear to be that heavy. There are those of her friends who have seen her during the past week who say she will tilt the beam at 170; but those figures are a little high. She will not weigh 160, yet she is very near that mark. The outdoor exercise, especially the daily drives she takes, has done most of it. Mrs. Cleveland seldom drinks wine or any other alcohol. She has had a keen relish for pork upon her epicurean table for breakfast or lunch, and if fate cannot give her pork she will take beef. Her husband, A servant says she often runs up and down stairs two steps at a time, and can swing her arms behind her like a boy. Like those of a windmill, and that she is the most agile woman of her age in the city. Mrs. Cleveland is fully as tall as her husband, and, although she has developed into a woman of settled habits, she can enjoy a frolic as much as anybody, and when she attends the opera, which is often, she has a reception about longing heartily when she is amused of some anything to laugh at. She is a natural baby jollier, and