Facts of Interest To Women Readers.

Symposium of Information, Partly Grave, Partly Gossipy and Partly Gay.

THE NEW WOMAN:

She talked with great intensity of each
base propensity, and spoke with volu-
bility of woman's higher plane;
She dwelt on domesticity with mental elas-
ticity, and said that such felicity was
really quite in vain.

With gestures oratorical and phrases met-
aphorical, she voiced the powers nu-
merical that woman had untold,
And spoke with zeal dramatical of voting
systematical, and ballot boxes sphere-
rical, and votes not bought with gold.

She said in each vicinity the doctors of di-
vinity would come from femininity;
In bloomers they would be;
And matrons with rapidity would lose all
their timidity, and no more assinity
in Congress would we see.

And while with such audacity she showed
her great capacity, and talked with
great didacity, her husband learned to
sweep;
And while with such agility she dwelt on
her utility with such intense pug-
nacity, he put the twins to sleep.

—New York Sun.

* * *

The affectation of some women for cigarettes is based on a fallacy. There was a time, perhaps, when the cigarette was romantic. That time, however, has passed away, except in cheap novels and books. When in either the novel or the play the adventuress wishes to show beyond all doubt that she is really wicked, or the heroine yearns to be real naughty, they smoke cigarettes. Of course, observes the Philadelphia Record, the audience is shocked by the audacity of the thing—that is the unsophisticated part of the audience. To the man of the world, however, the "wicked" cigarette is simply a nonsensicality; and young girls who are consumed with a secret longing to emulate their cigarette-smoking sisters should do so not with any deluded notion of romance, but simply with the same cold-blooded question of taste with which they would take to smoking a cob pipe, like some old women, or to chewing navy plug.

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THE DEBATE RESTED:

"Boys," said a teacher in a Sunday school, "can any of you quote a verse from scripture to prove that it is wrong for a man to have two wives?" He paused, and in a moment or two a bright boy raised his hand. "Well, Thomas," said the teacher, encouragingly. Thomas stood up and said: "No man can serve two masters." The question ended there. —Boston Home Journal.

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A statistical New York woman has figured out that there are nearly ten thousand of her sisters in Gotham who belong to clubs and are more or less active workers in their various organizations. There are eighty-seven women's clubs in all, important and unimportant ones, and touching all the imaginable interests of women, from bicycling to relieving the suffering and ministering to the intellectual needs of the Indians. To enjoy membership in some of these clubs the pleasure and privilege requires considerable outlay. Sorosis, perhaps, costs in the course of a year from $40 to $50. The fee alone is $25, the dues are $10 and the gold badge $5. Then there are eight meetings in the season, for the luncheon privilege of which every member must pay $1. The anniversary dinner requires another $3 of every member, and the great reception levies again a tax of $2. Members who wish to take one or two friends as guests to the luncheons must pay $1 apiece for the right, and the whole averages at least the first named amount for any sister of Sorosis who is faithful and a regular attendant. The Ladies' New York club comes a little higher, but its privileges are such as men enjoy. The initiation fee is $20 and the dues $30. Food is served in the club dining room at restaurant prices, the cost of a room is $1 a day, but, besides this, there are servants' tips, and all winter long a list of classes and special readings or musical afternoons is posted, to which generous or culture-seeking members lightly succumb. The Professional Woman's League modestly demands $5 dues of its members, and then leaves them to join such free classes as they have time for, and to give what they can and will over above the dues. The Berkeley Ladies' Athletic club has no membership limit, and asks $40 for its season of benefits in the gymnasium. Easily $500,000 annually is spent by the women club members of New York.

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WHEN WOMEN VOTE:

A circular came in the course of the mail—
A circular dainty and white.
'Twas printed in script and well gotten
up,
And worded in fashion polite;
In envelope square and with monogram,
too,
Some function it seemed to denote;
But when it was read it proved but to be
A brief invitation to vote.

She pondered it over and knitted her brow—
She never had had one before—
Then studied the date for a minute or two,
And thought of engagements a score.
And could she find time? she asked of her-
self—
She'd a luncheon she knew for that day,
And an afternoon tea that she ought to
attend;
The outlook was pleasant and gay.

The new invitation was novel, of course,
And that had a charm of its own,
But the joys of a tea she had tasted before,
While those of the polls were unknown.
She wearily sighed and picked up her pen,
As one whom a problem besets,
And the campaign committee received the
next day
Her daintily written regrets.

—Chicago Post.

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On Twelfth street, near Sixth avenue, New York, there is a little restaurant that is known as "Maria's." It is frequented by men and women of bohemian tendencies. A table d'hote is served for 30 cents. The quality of the food is just about what one can imagine 30 cents will buy. The people sit at one long table. They elbow each other as they eat, and half a dozen languages are talked simutaneously. It is a place, says the Journal, that one would probably forego if he could afford to pay more than 30 cents for a dinner. Yet to this place goes almost nightly one of the most celebrated women New York has known, a great songstress—a women whose fortune was at one time estimated to be in the neighborhood of $500,000. This is Clara Louise Kellogg, whose name in private life is Mrs. Strakosch. Not long ago a large part of the second fortune she has earned was swept away by the failure of a publishing house in which her savings had been invested. It was a branch of the English firm of Cassell & Co., and had been considered a prosperous concern. The confidential man of the house plundered it right and left and fled, leaving Mrs. Strakosch with little or nothing. Years ago, in the heyday of her prosperity, the singer intrusted George W. Stebbins, the well-known banker, with the first fortune she had accumulated. This was also considerable. Miss Kellogg had ample reason to rely on Mr. Stebbins, as it was through his efforts that she had been able to secure an education and a leading position on the lyric stage. He obtained for her, as far back as 1863, an engagement in London, and she was thus able to establish her claim to recognition. Mr. Stebbins' speculation on her behalf went wrong, and she was left without a dollar. Her splendid voice was still a magnet at that time, however, and before long she was once more wealthy.

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A BALLADE OF DRESS:

Dress! dress! dress!
Idol and fetish supreme
Of the female part of the human race.
Woman's nocturnal dream,
Woman's diurnal theme,
That can nurse her eyes to beam
With an utterly joysome gleam,
As,
Despising,
Eulogizing,
Criticising,
Analyzing,
She harps with a feverish, eager stress
On dress! dress! dress!

Dress! dress! dress!
Bane of the poor male worm,
Who in revings about it must acquiesce
For a seemingly endless term,
While the ladies compel the germ
Of madness to start and squirm
In a brain that was shrewd and firm,
As,
Execrating,
Deeply hating,
Objurgating,
Comminating,
He wishes the world did no curse possess
Like dress! dress! dress!

—London Fun.

* * *

An unknown contributor to one of the newspapers draws this strong indictment of the modern woman, which we reprint, but do not indorse: "Good manners are supposed to typify unselfish consideration, and it is that exact quality the average woman lacks. She is sharp and peremptory with the girl who serves her across the counter or fits her to a bonnet; she glares at the conductor who stops his car the fewest feet beyond the crossing-stones; and calmly continues to hold her place at a crowded counter, though she is only waiting for change, and knows there are dozens of women behind her eager to examine the goods of which she has long finished her inspection. She refuses to cling to a strap in a cable car, but stumbles over people's feet in the aisle until some tired man in despair gives her his seat to get rid of the annoyance. She gossips and laughs cheerfully through the overture to the opera, because it does not interest her. For the reason that her new hat is becoming, and because her own seat at the play is good, she continues to wear a feather-piled abomination to the theater, and lets her husband or brother go out between every act if he likes, provided he does not crush her gown or toes in his awkward, inconvenient passage. Yet in general estimation, and according to her own lights, she is a well-mannered woman who holds with the majority of her class that shop girls and horse car conductors are to be kept in subjection only by an insolence equal to their own; that having paid for a seat at any public gathering, her rights are supreme; and that really good manners, gentle, unselfish consideration of thought and action, are meant only for bestowal on friends and superiors, and not to be wasted on servants and inferiors."

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SOME SELECTED RECEIPTS:

Brown Bread.—One cup each of rye meal and Indian meal, one-half cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, a little salt. Mix with cold water quite soft. Put into tin pail, cover and bake two or three hours; about half an hour before it is done remove the cover in order to dry off the top.

Whipped Cream for Chocolates.—Pure sweet cream, not too thick, is required, and it will whip much easier if very cold; therefore a pan of cracked ice under the bowl is recommended. Put the cream into a deep bowl, add a few drops of vanilla and whip to a fine, stiff froth with a Dover egg beater.

Woodford Pudding.—Three eggs, one cupful of blackberry jam, one cupful of sugar, half a cupful of flour, tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in three teaspoonsfuls of sour milk, cinnamon and nutmeg to taste. Mix well together and bake slowly in a pudding iron. Serve with sauce.

Baked Indian Pudding.—One pint of meal, three pints of scalded milk, one teacup of suet shredded and chopped fine, one-half pint of molasses, a little salt and six or eight apples chopped fine. Mix all together thoroughly. Turn into a buttered pudding dish and bake in a moderate oven four or five hours.

Spiced Rolls.—Take a piece from your bread dough and roll it one-half inch thick, brush the top with melted butter and cover thick with cinamon and fine white sugar. Begin at one side and roll up as jelly cake. Then cut it an inch thick and lay in a pan as biscuit close together, and let them rise and bake twenty minutes.

Chicken Consumme.—Take a chicken, cut it into pieces and put it into a saucepan with two quarts of cold water, and let it simmer gently until the scum begins to rise. Skim until every particle is removed, then add salt, a carrot, an onion and a turnip chopped and a little celery. Boil gently two hours, strain and serve.

Pig's Head Cheese.—Boil the pig's head until the bones come out, and chop the meat very fine. Roll eight crackers very fine, add it to the meat and mix thoroughly. Add some sweet herbs, pepper, salt and spices. Put this into a mould and press it for two or three days. It is very nice cut into thin slices and eaten cold.

Stewed Cabbage.—Cut up a cabbage as for cold slaw. Boil in water twenty minutes. Then drain thoroughly and barely cover with rich milk. Cover close and boil till tender, which will not require many minutes. Add a palatable seasoning of butter, pepper and salt, and when ready to serve add the yolk of a beaten egg mixed with a few spoonsfus of rich cream.

Dressed Beef.—Boil a piece of beef until tender. Then take the meat from the bones, chop it fine, season with salt, pepper, mace, a little onion juice and a dash of red pepper. Moisten with some of the water it was boiled in. Put the chopped meat into a deep dish, put a plate on top with a light weight on it. When cold, slice crosswise, being careful not to break, and serve with a bit of acid jelly on each slice.

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OF INTEREST TO WOMEN:

The wife of Prime Minister Crispi smokes cigarettes.

Miss Helen Gladstone wants the hair combed pompadour.

Queen Victoria dislikes the "emancipated woman." She has gained quite a position in the world on old-fashioned tactics.

Beatrice Harraden, after the ships have passed, has a habit of running barefoot on the grass of the lawn to bathe her feet in the morning dew.

Kathryn Kidder, when she was preparing to play "Madame Sans Gene," went to see Mme. Rejane, the French original of the part, fifty-six times.

Sarah Bernhardt is tired of tiger cats and boa constrictors, and will come to this country in 1896 to watch the presidential contest in the United States.

During the past year Lady Henry Somerset attended 115 meetings and 27 conferences, traveled over 8,000 miles and spoke in twenty counties to about 200,000.

Two English writers, well known this side of the sea as well, are seriously ill from overwork in a literary way—Mme. Sarah Grand and Mrs. Lynn Linton.

The beautiful iridescent effects in brass work which were exhibited at the world's fair are the invention of an English girl. Miss Lilly Marshall, now resident in New York.

Miss Margaretta Churchwall of Brooklyn, a licensed deaconess of the Methodist Episcopal church, has accepted a call to the South Park Methodist church, of Hartford, Conn.

Miss Bilgrami, of Hyderabad, the first Mohammedan girl to try a university examination, has passed the first examination in arts at the Madras University with honors in Arabic.

Mrs. Caroline E. Haskell of Chicago has opened the subscription list for a Swing Memorial Chapel with a check for $10,000. The University of Chicago will be the place for the memorial.

A woman business manager for a daily paper is but rarely found. Miss Lula Pierce, a young lady hardly out of her teens, has been elected business manager of the Atlanta, (Ga.) Daily Press.

Across the water they sell india rubber boots for pet dogs to wear while taking their daily run in muddy weather. They lace up the side and are pronounced very neat and useful. As their price is $2.00 the set, they are easily within the reach of those who on occasion pay $200 for the dog that will wear them. It will strike the person who is not an intense admirer of toy dogs that the world could have got along very well without this addition to their impedimenta, but since toy dogs stay they might as well wear rubber boots.

Ada Rehan continues in private life to be the most carelessly dressed of actresses. She was seen the other day wearing a blue serge skirt frayed slightly about the bottom, a light gray coat and a green felt hat. Now she has hats that would have harmonized the gown and the coat, and made her look fairly well "set-up," but she simply had not interest enough in her costume to see to it. She wears no "make-up" off the stage, though she has a colorless skin, and though not stylish looks ladylike, and not at all suggestive of the footlights.

THE PATHOLOGICAL NOVEL.

A Medical View of the Latest Specialty of Modern Fiction.

Among physicians "The Heavenly Twins" is looked upon not as a literary venture to be judged by artistic standards, but as a readable presentation of symptoms which suggest definite pathological conditions.

"Ships That Pass in the Night" is admired as a pulmonary record, says the "Medico-Surgical Bulletin," and "The Yellow Aster" affords an insight into the psychic phenomena resulting from neglect of natural instincts and desires, which, surviving the appropriate period of life, subsequently assert themselves in the form of belated maternal love and expose facto philoprogenitiveness.

As to Miss Harraden's book, while we find it useful in the profession for its glimpses into refined sickroom conversation and pulmonary persiflage, we regret, from a medical point of view, that after giving such a careful history of the heroine's case, the author permits her to be killed by an omnibus. It is humiliating, after following attentively the course of the disease and the method of treatment, to be told that an omnibus was the cause of death and to be dismissed without hearing the result of the autopsy. Moreover, we found her style so delightful that we would have gladly followed the hero to the last hemorrhage, but that, too, was denied us.

Sarah Grand's cases are open to the same objection of incompleteness. She starts out enticingly with such a character, for instance, as Edith's husband, but leaves the later and more interesting phases of his pathological history untold. As a general rule, however, she comes up to the requirements of modern fiction; the cases of most of her characters can be diagnosed, and with a little clinical experience we have no doubt that her future novels will be above reproach.

There is danger lest in the first stages of the medical movement in literature young writers will attempt to cover too wide a pathological area in their novels and forget the inexorable laws of specialism that obtain in the medical profession itself.

To introduce a paretic or ataxic patient in a dermatological novel would not only destroy the unity of the story, but would justly expose the author to a suspicion of want of thoroughness. If the writer has determined upon appendicitis as his plot he should not waste his energies upon irrelevant diseases in his minor characters. He could gain variety by introducing other forms of enteric disorders, but should never exceed the limits of the abdominal region. Until he has had a thorough medical training we think the course of a single disease should supply him with all the medico-literary material that he can handle in an intelligent manner. A blow on the head supplied the author of "God's Fool" with all the plot he needed. Ibsen's "Ghosts" is simply the dramatization of an inherited brain disease, and many a successful story is based upon a case of simple mania, with delusions.

FACTS ABOUT CUBA.

Timely Data Concerning an Island That Will Belong to Us.

From the Philadelphia Record.

Cuba is about as large as England proper, without the principality of Wales. Its greatest length is 800 miles, its narrowest part 20 miles, and its average width about 40 miles. The circumference of the island is 2,600 miles, and is supposed to contain 25,000 square miles. The nearest port to this continent is Matanzas, lying due south from Cape Sable, Fla., a distance of only 130 miles. Havana is 60 miles west of Matanzas. The climate is variable, but snow never falls in Cuba. In the cities and near the swamps yellow fever prevails from the middle of June to the last of October, but in the interior of the island it is no more unhealthy than in American cities in summer. The average temperature at Havana is 77, the maximum 89, and the minimum 50 degrees. The population of the island is about 2,000,000, of which 300,000 are Spaniards.

Havana.

Havana, the eighth commercial capital of the world, with a population of 400,000, has a harbor populous with the ships of all nations. Moro Castle, with its big guns peeping out through the yellow stones and its sentinel lighthouse, stands guard over the narrow entrance, with the battery of La Punta opposite. The city is rich in public buildings, cathedrals and venerable churches. The dwelling houses are universally so constructed as to form an open square in the center, which constitutes the only yard or court attached. The house is divided into a living room, a store room, chambers and stable—these all upon one floor—while the family vehicle blocks up in part the only entrance, which is used in common by horses, ladies, slaves and gentleman callers. The rooms are lofty and the floors stuccoed or tiled in marble, while the walls and ceiling are frequently ornamented in fresco. The most striking peculiarity of the town house in Cuba is the precaution taken to render it safe against sudden attack, each accessible window being secured with stout iron bars from top to bottom, while bullet-proof doors bar the entrance. The Cuban ladies rarely stir abroad except in a vehicle, and in consequence the feet of the senoritas are marvels of smallness and delicacy. Their voices are sweet and low, while the subdued tone of their complexion is relieved by the arch vivacity of night-black eyes. But the domestic affections are not cultivated—in fact, home to the average Cuban is only a place to sleep.

Cuban Insurgents.

The first attempt of the Cubans to throw off the Spanish yoke was made in 1823, when Simon Bolivar offered to aid the disaffected party in putting an invading force into the island. Another was made in 1825, and a third in 1828. Under the leadership of General Lopez a conspiracy was developed at Cienfuegos and Trinidad in 1848 to establish Cuban independence, but the natives were timid, and after two years of desolatory fighting, Lopez was overpowered and executed in 1850. The island was in a chronic state of civil war from 1868 to 1875, a fact which so attracted the attention of President Grant that, in the interest of American and Cuban commerce, he proposed annexation. These outbreaks were led by Cespedes, an able lawyer and wealthy planter of Bayamo, and during the eight years of hostilities Spain actually sent to Cuba 145,000 enlisted men, of whom only a few hundred ever returned. Since 1876 roving bands of insurgents have caused the authorities more or less serious trouble, and the mountains and half-inaccessible forests of the eastern shore still serve to secrete many armed and disaffected people.

Former Troubles Over Cuba.

In the revolution of 1878 the commanders of the little guard costa gunboats, probably in utter ignorance of international law, interfered with American shipping, and the Spanish Government had to pay for their rashness.

In one year three of our vessels were assaulted. They were all whalers—the Ellen Rizpah, the Rising Sun and the Edward Lee. In the case of the first two vessels they were overhauled near the Cuban coast, the captains taken off and the ships kept under cover of the Spanish vessels until the imperial naval authorities saw fit to let them proceed.

The Edward Lee, when signaled, adopted the tactics of the Alliance a week ago, and, setting all sails, distanced the gunboat which opened fire.

The claims of unwarrantable detention preferred by the vessel-owners against the Spanish government were allowed when presented by United States Minister Lowell, and an indemnity of $10,000 was paid to the owners of the Rising Sun and the Rizpah.

The Edward Lee, whose case was so analogous to the Alliance, did not get justice so easily. The Spanish government stood out on the plea that the vessel had suffered in no way, as she had not been searched, and that the treaty between Spain and the United States permitted them to demand that any vessel should establish her nationality in quarters frequented by suspicious craft.

HAD AN ASSORTMENT.

Queer Sign That Hangs Over a Quaint Old English Shop.

A reminder of the days of old is this sign, said to be still hanging in Falmouth, England: "Roger Giles, Surgin, Parish Clark & Skulemaster, Groser & Hundertaker, respectably informs ladys and gentleman that he drors teef without wateing a minit, applies laches every hour, blisters on the lowest tarms and vizicks for penny a peace. He sells Godfather's kordales, kuts korns, bunyons, docterah osses, clips donkies wance a munth and undertakes to luke arter everybodies nayls by the ear. Joesharps, penny wissels, brass kanelsticks, fryin pans, and other moozikal hinstrumints hat grately reydooced fisers. Young ladys and gentlemen larns their grammur and langeudge in the purtiest mannar, also grate care taken off their morrels and spellin. Also zarm-zinging, tachying the bass vial, and oll other zorts of fancy work, squdils, pokers, weazels, and all country dances tort at home and abroad at perfekshun. Perfumery and snuff in all its branches. As times is cruel bad, I begs to tell ee that I has just beginned to sell all sorts of stashonary ware, cox, hens, vouls, pigs and all other kinds of poultry. Blackin brishes, herring, coles, scrubbin brishes, traykel and godley bukes and bibles, mise traps, brick dist, whisker seeds, morsel pokkerankerchers, and all zorts of swatemalts, including taters, sassages and other garden stuff, bakky, zizars, lamp oyle, pattins, bukkits, grinstin stones and other aitables, corn and bunyon salve and all hardware. I as laid in a large azzortment of trype, dog mate, lollipops, ginger beer, matches and other pikkles, such as hapsom salts, hoysters, winzer sope, anzetrar.—Old rags bort and zold here and nowhere else, new-layde heggs by me Rogers Giles, zingling burdes keeped, sich as howls, donkies, paykox, lobsters, crickets, also a stock of a celebrated brayder. P. S.—I tayches geography, rithmetic, cowsticks, jimnastics and other shynees tricks."

ONE ON THE DOCTOR.

His Little Boy Describes the Origin of an Office Skeleton.

From the Butte Miner.

A few days ago the little son of a well-known physician was entertaining a playmate at his father's house. As children will, they ransacked every nook and corner of the building. Their curiosity led them to explore the recesses of a closet in which the doctor keeps his instruments and other personal effects, among which is a complete skeleton. The strange boy was freightened when he first beheld the grinning remnant of what once had been a human being and started to run away

The doctor's son, however, had seen the skeleton so often that he entertained for it only that feling of contempt begotten by familiarity, and in a little while succeeded in so allaying the fears of his companion that the youngster began to handle the thing and rattle its dry ones. "Where did your father get it?" he finally asked. "I don't know," was the reply; "but I guess it was his first patient, for he's had it an awful long time."

Slightly Erroneous.

Captain D. D. Charles is the city editor of the Chattanooga Times, and therefore can appreciate how the types may sometimes play strange pranks. But even the captain was disgusted the other day when he read in the Athens News a notice of the lecture he was booked to deliver in that place. His subject was to be "Who Were the First Tennesseans?" but the compositor made it "Who Were the First In Their Sins?" The mistake implies a not altogether inappropriate analogy between the first inhabitants of the state and the original sinners.

Random Notes of Life in London.

First Experience with a Concert "Wait." Ben Davies' Magnificent Singing,

London, March 7.—Last Monday I had my first and only experience of a "concert rush." I had often heard about them, as many of my friends have described them to me, having had abundant experience of concert rushes, but I had never been in one before. It was at the Oudin Memorial concert, which was a very fine affair, and at which so many of the wonderful singers were to appear, you remember. In these concerts over here, as I said before, there are always sold a number of unreserved seats. In the gallery there are about two hundred and fifty unreserved, which are the cheapest ones in the house—a shilling—and in the rear balcony are as many more, usually half a crown, while the seats in the rest of the house are reserved.

In the case of the gallery and rear balcony seats, they not being reserved, the first to come get the best places and so on, while the last to come are put away in the corners. At concerts where any noted artist is playing or singing, there is, of course, a great rush for the unreserved seats, by students and other musical people of economical tendencies. In the case of the Oudin concert last week, the house was so completely sold out, even the guinea stalls being all bought up, that the gallery price was advanced to half a crown, and the hear balcony to five shillings.

In Indian File.

I had one of the latter tickets, and left the academy at twelve, and, taking a hurried lunch, went down to St. James' hall, where the concert was to be, and waited in the vestibule until 2 o'clock, when the doors were opened. I happened to be the second one there, my predecessor being another young lady student, and we stood there at the glass doors while the other concert-goers, ambitious for a good seat, filed in and crowded behind us, until by 2 o'clock, when the doors opened, there was a perfect jam of us, most all women, from close up against the inside doors to way out to the sidewalks, the large vestibule having overflowed. It was a very patient crowd, and a very good-natured one as well, many a quiet little joke from some poor squeezed mortal in the middle of the chain often making us all smile and even provoking an occasional laugh.

At last the stiff old porter came down the stairs from the hall and unlocked the doors, which were immediately pushed open by the crush behind them, and we fairly flew up the stairs, through the corridors and into the hall, at a pace that was perfectly mad, and tired, hot and breathless, dropped into the best and most desirable seats we could capture. The one lady who had been there before me got the best seat, and I was rewarded for my long and patient standing by her side at the doors by securing the next best. It was very exciting, I assure you. One would think it was a matter of life and death, to see ladies racing into the hall and bouncing triumphantly down into the first seat they came to. They said that the crush at the gallery door was even greater and much more unruly, there being a large number of the so-called lords of creation in the crowd.

The Overture.

We were now safely in our seats, and there being still almost an hour to wait before the concert, everybody proceeded to make herself comfortable. Some who had come minus their lunch now took surreptitious little bites of sandwiches and others stealthily munched at crackers and cakes, while still others attempted to stay the pangs of hunger by indulging freely and openly in chocolates and other candies. Then most of them took a book or a paper, which they had brought with them, and read, and some took out their harmony and worked at that, while they waited for the opening of the concert. I had several American newspapers with me, and read them all through during the wait.

By this time the fortunate possessors of reserved seats began to arrive, some of them in very elegant street and carriage costume and most glorious bonnets, and with beautiful bouquets, and I watched them with great pleasure. The stage was most beautifully decorated with flowers, it being a memorial to Oudin, you know. I had the pleasure of hearing both Edward Lloyd and Ben Davies very near together on the programme, and Mr. Davies came out much the stronger. He was a great hit. The old Duchess of Teck and one of the princesses were there and were pointed out to me, and Mr. Davies certainly did exert himself more than he usually does, and I am sure it was because royalty was present. He just smiled and smiled, and really "put on side," as the English have it, for their sakes. I watched them and heaved a sigh of relief when he was done, to see them clapping very hard with their royal hands, for I knew that that was just Mr. Davies wanted.

Ben Davies' Singing.

He sang "I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby" beautifully for an encore. I have heard him very often indeed, and I really like him much. One does not tire of him at all, as is the case in some other instances, and I always love to listen to him. He is so very artistic, too.

Last Thursday we went to the eighth Symphony concert, chiefly for my sake, as I was very anxious to hear the symphony of Dvorak's "From the New World," which was to be performed. It is built upon a great many of the very old negro melodies, you remember, and is a most interesting work. A number of the subjects were recognizable, even by me, though I cannot say that I am very familiar with any but the best known negro songs, and my pleasure in it was unbounded. It was beautifully done. Mrs. Henschel was the soloist of the evening and sang two of Wagner's songs beautifully, except that she has a tremolo which I was most astounded to hear from one who is supposed to be so fine.

Defining a Tremolo.

Apropos of the tremolo, here is a definition of that article which I came across in a musical paper the other day. It is rather apt, and so I shall pass it on:

Tremolo.—An orchestral device used mostly as an accompaniment when no other resource is conveniently at hand. It is capable of expressing almost all natural and supernatural ideas, such as angels, lovers, villains, etc., according to whether it is played in the high treble, the middle register, or the bass, respectively. When used by the human voice it is generally expressive of fear—or of inability to sing differently.

There were a number of other things done at this concert, but the Dvorak symphony undoubtedly bore off the palm. Although very long it was listened to with the keenest interest, and the house was extraordinarily enthusiastic over it, poor Mr. Henschel being forced to bow his head a most dizzying number of times after its rendition.

In the London Shops.

The shops are just as alluring as ever before, if not more so, the latest things being the most beautifully flowered silks and ribbons. Floral designs of simply exquisitely natural work are fairly running riot over the silk and satin textures in the windows just now. I remember saying once before that the windows over here were not very well decorated, but I now hereby solemnly retract that statement, or some of it at least, for many of the shop windows are a fairyland to see, especially those where these beautiful fabrics are cunningly displayed, along with rare and wonderful laces, feathers, flowers and everything else calculated to delight the feminine eye.

I remember telling you of some queer names borne by the hotels or inns in Wales. Here are a few more which exist right here in London: "Hog in the Pound" is a hostelry on Oxford street, "The Three Old Tuns" is one at Kensington, near Royal Albert hall, where the oratorios are given. I pass "The Running Horse" on my way to the R. A. M., and often see the "Blue Bonnets Over the Border," when I wander down towards High Holburn or "the city" on financial errands. Did I tell you about the "Golden Canister," which is the name of a delightful candy shop down on Oxford street? I think that is a most enticing name, don't you? But there are a number more, only I cannot recall the perverse ones to my mind just now.

Sadie E. Kaiser.

ABOUT CZAR NICHOLAS.

He Is Not So Absolute as People Sometimes Think.

A cable dispatch states among many other interesting items that the czar has an annual income of $12,500,000. According to the theory of the Russian government the czar has no fixed income. He is an absolute monarch, in the most stringent sense of the word. He owns every dollar of Russian property, every foot of Russian land and every drop of Russian blood. He is the source of all of the power and privilege and liberty which Russia enjoys. He could send the millions of manumitted serfs back into slavery, and he could reduce every man in the kingdom to absolute serfdom. He is absolute lord of life and death. There is no power in the state that can limit or control his authority. This is the bare theory of absolutism, and the establishment of a constitution, however limited, would mean a radical change in the theory of the Russian state.

As a practical working machine, of course an absolute monarchy is something entirely different. It is often bound fast and foot by red tape. Often the absolute monarch is governed by the circumstances of his position. He is controlled by usages which he had no hand in the making. The Mikado was not only absolute monarch, but was the "Son of Heaven," amounting almost, if not quite, to an object of worship. But he was fastened by a court of etiquette which required a revolution to untie; and he enjoys more actual power as a practically limited monarch than he did as an absolute one. In truth, the only monarchs who ever exercise absolute power are men, like Cromwell and Napoleon, who have climbed to the height of power by actual genius. A man born in the purple is apt to be governed by the conditions that environ him.

THE POSTER CRAZE.

People Who Have It Think Nothing Whatever of Expenses.

From the Philadelphia Press.

It would seem that the craze for collecting advertising posters is spreading. The habit of collecting something or other seems to be born in man as much as in the magpie or jackdaw, and doubtless our prehistoric ancestors swapped their rude drawings on bone and prided themselves upon the diversity of their beads and urchaic ornaments. Coin collecting is a well established fact; the postage stamp collectors support business houses and have a literature of their own, and some have been known to hoard up the little boxes made in Italy that are sold on the streets filled with wax matches. But here comes the serious announcement from a publishing house that "owing to the demand for its posters a few copies have been reserved for collectors at 50 cents each." In other words, there is a remarkable value for the bilious looking pictorial notices that startle one on the news stands.

Like many another craze this one traces its birth to France, where three or four years ago it suddenly sprang into being, waxed fat and flourished. The collector hoarded up huge rolls of pictured paper, intended primarily to adorn the bill boards of the theatre or to be spread over the blank walls of houses or the fences surrounding vacant lots, and was happy could he but outdo by some reams of colored paper his brother collector around the corner. The necessary bulk of his treasures did not bother him in the least and the reproduction of the posters on a smaller scale and in book form was only of use to him as a catalogue of the originals. Now the craze has spread to this country, and we may expect to see enthusiastic gentlemen of leisure having special rooms built in which to keep their cherished posters.

THE WITTY AUTOCRAT.

Reminiscences of the Perennial Humor of Dr. Holmes.

From the Worcester Gazette.

It was Dr. Holmes who remarked that though women tempted men to eat, he had an idea that Eve had nothing to do with his drinking. He took to that on his own account. On another occasion, at a dinner party, he remarked with affected gravity: "I really must not smoke so persistently. I must turn over a new leaf—a tobacco leaf—and have a cigar only after each"—Here he paused and the company thought he was about to say "meal," but he continued: "after each cigar."

When the smile ran round the table he leaned back in his chair and said: "A foreigner is an alien, a foreigner who drinks too much is a bacchanalian; should not a foreigner who smokes too much be called a tobacconalian?" Here we have the distinct pun, and that, too, on only part of a word. The habit of punning sticks to a man like the habit of smoking.

Saturday Reflections.

By conservative authorities, it is estimated that there are 400 places in Lackawanna county in which intoxicants are sold without license other than from the federal government. Add to this the 400 licensed places which could not get licenses in any other Christian county in the commonwealth, outside of the anthracite coal regions, and you have a total of 800 places—and the real total is properly larger than this—wherein the business of liquor-selling is conducted illegally. I mention this point not because it is something new, but because it is suggested apropos of Dr. McLeod's recent sermon pitching into the judges for their generosity toward the liquor interests. It seems to me that while our judges probably deserve a little touching up for their work of one week ago, which in several instances, according to testimony openly presented before them, was utterly indefensible; yet the problem is very superficially skimmed over when we confine our criticisms to the three learned and honorable gentlemen who, under the law, nominally grant or reject applications for license to sell intoxicating drink.

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It occurs to me during contemplation of this subject that the action of the judges was, after all, a pretty accurate reflex of the condition of public opinion in Lackawanna county. Nobody need fear that when an active and alert majority of the inhabitants of that county want "speak easies" to go and liquor licenses to be issued in strict accordance with the rule of absolute necessity, with rigid restrictive features and honest observance of the law, they will long be defeated in their wish through lack of ways and means for its realization. Therefore, the thought arises that if there is ever going to be much visible regeneration in this community, on the subject of liquor selling and temperance, somebody will have to get to work with greater effectiveness and longer continuity than characterize the occasional scoring of judges from newspaper sanctums or pulpits, or the intermittent zeal which greets the return of the guileless constable who can never see a violation of the liquor law after his palm has been crossed. If our friends in the clergy can suggest an adequate plan of campaign now is a good time for them to do it. We certainly need one.

* * *

An occurrence in Washington, the other day, is instructive. A woman in the throes of maternity was placed in an ambulance and taken successively to three hospitals, at each of which she was denied admission, owing to red-tape rules, until at last the poor creature was delivered in the ambulance, while it was jolting along over rough pavements in search of some more hospitable shelter. The officials of these hospitals, called to account by the newspapers of Washington, defend their action by citing the danger to the inmates of their institutions which would result from the hasty admission of promiscuous patients before time had elapsed for a searching examination. "The woman," one of them says, referring to the case just cited, "may have been infected!" To which horrible suspicion the Post pertinently replies: "It will occur to most people that she was likely to do quite as much harm carrying her pitiful burden of infection from door to door and begging for asylum among the residences of the city as she could possibly have done by entering a hospital where all the appliances of skill and science are supposed to be at hand." This point is shrewdly taken. What, may we ask, are hospitals for if not for the ill and the diseased? It is to be hoped that there will never occur, in Scranton, a duplicate of this Washington episode. Yet the rules governing our hospitals are, I understand, none too flexible.

* * *

The singular story reaches me that one of the prime movers in the pending crusade against the night lunch wagons is a woman, prominent in church work and active in temperance reform. According to my informant she is the owner of certain property leased by keepers of restaurants and beer saloons. Her tenants object to the competition of the hot frankfurter men, and in order to please them, she is moving to have the lunch wagons abolished. I give the story for what it is worth, withholding names; but right here let me say that I don't believe it. I don't believe that any woman could thus play into the hands of the saloon business and at the same time successfully pretend to be actuated by the Christian spirit and animated by motives of philanthropy and reform. There is much hypocrisy and fake in this world, heaven knows; but it is impossible for me to believe that any well-bred women could be guilty of adding to the quality of sham in the manner herein indicated. The story is no doubt a fiction.

There probably never was a greater instance of misplaced confidence than was shown when the able legislators of Pennsylvania incorporated into the municipal act of 1889 a provision requiring councilmen to serve without pay. The idea behind this action was that the nominal divestiing of the office of councilman of its perquisites and emoluments would cause a rush among the good and holy men of each community to immolate themselves upon the altar of their city's welfare. When it was suggested to the framers of this act that a directly contrary result might follow, the suggestion was scouted. "The great trouble with councils now," they said—this, you remember, was in 1889—"is that they care more for the dollar per capita per session than they do for the interests of the dear people. Cut off this source of profit"—amounting on the average to the munificent sum of $50 or $60 a year!—"and a reputable class of citizens will have to take the office of councilman because the other fellows will pass it by in cold disdain." The theory was a beautiful one, perfectly applicable to cherubim and imbeciles; but it suffered a rude shock when it bumped up against the omnipresent type of gentleman and scholar known in politics as the great American boodler.

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This interesting development of our free institutions, far from being dismayed at the loss of his dollar a session, merely spat on his hands and "went in to win" with redoubled energy and enthusiasm. The expenses of his biennial campaigns, hitherto nominal, rose quickly by fifties and hundreds until now it is a rare thing for a councilman of this particular—and not uncommon—type to spend less than $500 in getting elected to a position of trust which does not on the surface, reimburse him to the extent of one red penny. It may be argued that he freely contributes this liberal fund out of the goodness of his generous heart, and from motives intimately connected with the public welfare. There is, of course, a great deal of truth in this assertion, as any one who has inside experience in the municipal building will freely attest. Yet I still hold to the opinion that the framers of that act of '89 made a mistake in depriving the third councilman of his dollar a day; for the temptation that this deprivation exposed him to is, I fear, more than most weak men can withstand.