Facts of Interest To Women Readers.

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

mown hay.

There'll be many wrongs corrected that are now apparent there.
The sidewalks will be carpeted, the streets swept thrice a day, The alleys be as fragrant as fields of new-

What with parties and receptions and occasionally a ball, There will be a transformation around the

And each ward in the city will be represented then By lovely Alderwomen and not horrid Al-

When Maria Jane is Mayor, none but ladies will, of course, Be appointed members of the city police

And in their bloomer uniforms they'll look so very sweet The gang to be arrested will consider it a

The stores will be compelled to have a bargain sale each day.

And for chewing gum and soda you will not be asked to pay.

Oh, great reforms will be projected, all the wrongs will be corrected, When Maria Jane's elected to the Mayoralty chair. —Chicago Record.

Miss Jane L. Brownell, the Bryn Mawr fellow in political economy for made an original investigation into the growth and limitations of populations in the United States and took her master's degree with a thesis on "The Significance of a Decreasing Birth It was published in the Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, and has received wide recognition from political economists in this country and in Europe-Herbert Spencer has added a page to the fifth edition of the "Principles of Biology" to welcome Miss Brownell's statistics as confirmatory of some views which he put forth many years who has persistently and perserveringly ago regarding the laws of multiplica-

HOW TO WIN A WOMAN! The woman is cold and hard to woo Who is of a nature royal; She is distant, shy, and her friends are

But to every one she's loyal. To win her act ever a manly part, Of meanness be guilty never. And if ever she gives you a home in her

She will keep you there forever -New York Press.

If all the clamor of the shricking sisterhood concerning rights and privileges has no result more momentous, says the Chicago Herald, than instilling into the feminine mind a belief in the duty of taking care of the body, it will not have been in vain. A social economist makes the statement that "old" women, of the house-mother, homemaker description, always put house and home first and health afterward. The "new woman," according to the same authority, knows that the "career" for which she strives is impossible without good health. Since her advent the eclair-and-tea style of luncheon has been going out, and the

not soon subside? Ear-muffs and galoches, heated street cars in April and double windows up to rose time have out of men, but when we are starting a generation of boys to play marbles with cushions to rest their hands on the sex had better abolish hats and trousers and take to hoods and shoulder shawls. Give me a boy and not a pocket edition of an old woman. He need not be a tough nor a bully, nor need he be cruel nor untender because he is a boy, but I want him jolly and brave and up to every harmless prank that's going. I want him to use slang and wear muddy shoes, slam doors and make all sorts of futile feints at keeping his hands clean, provided, always, he appreciates the opportunity offered to show the gentleman that's in him by never appearing at table looking like a tramp. Even that is better, though, than being a 'sissy.' Give him time and the untidiest boy in the world will develop into a gentleman, but eternity fixelf could not evolve a man out of the boy who plays marbles with a

WOMAN'S CHAMPION: Thus spake a little married man To his ambitious spouse

With voice and gestures which were Her terrors to arouse: "What mean these knickerbockers vile, These 'mannish' gaiters, rough and

This coat of mine upon your back, Permit me to inquire?
You're not the husband, you're the wife, by dress in male attire? And whither are you going now, Your eventide to spend, While I must stay at home, no doubt,

The baby to attend?" hus spake the lady; Tonight I mean to make grand oration at my club

For trampled woman's sake. I long to mount my bicycle, And at a spanking pace To rush through Charing Cross as though So mind the darling, pretty pet,

Good-bye, my little man,
I shall be home at 12 o'clock,
As nearly as I can."
"Delightful dame!" said Mr. Jones,
"How shownth" "How flippantly you speak Of trampled woman's rights, indeed!

The trampled woman's rights, indeed!
The trampled woman's cheek.
If you're not back by half-past nine,
My mother will be here;
She'll take me home with her besides The little baby dear."
The lady smiled defiantly

off she went to roam, But as the clock struck half-past nine She walked into her home.

Dr. F. Winckel, a professor in the Royal University Clinic for Women at Munich, thus tells the new woman how to be healthy: To begin with, she must have plenty of healthy blood. To keep up a sufficient of this she must eat an abundance of nourishing food. She should drink plenty of milk and eat plenty of eggs and meat. Fresh meat is especially essential. A woman will not have sufficient appetite to eat abununless the exercises freely, and If she does eat alundantly she will have d of still further exercise to promote he active performance of their funcons by her digestive organs. If she

WHEN MARIA IS MAYOR:

When Maria Jane's elected to the Mayorplunge in cold water. I mean by that, take a plunge into water and out again without remaining a minute or even a second under the surface. Many women will imagine that this will give them a cold, but it will not if properly done. The whole point is to have reac tion take place immediately. To secure this have the apartment in which the bath is taken heated to at least 85 degrees Fahrenhelt. Then the moment that the fair bather emerges from the water the warm air will strike the momentarily chilled surface of her body and reaction will immediately take place. This should be still further probetween warm blankets, etc. It mat-

ters not how cold the water, provided the entrance into it and exit from it be instantaneous. No cold can be taken where there is immédiate reaction. On the other hand, a similar plunge into the atmosphere of a cold room will almost inevitably cause the bather to take cold. The reason why sea bathing so often proves detrimental instead of from the water and the reaction that and the stove. would otherwise ensue is prevented by the wet bathing dress, whose dripping

folds cling clammily to her form. Having taken her plunge bath, wo-man should next take her exercise. If Half an ounce o stricted, and stepping into the open air idly. she should go through a regular set of she should go through a regular set of calisthenic movements. The import-fabric by an acid, liquid ammonia applied ance of this can scarcely be over-estia stooping gait. Show me a woman taken fifteen minutes' wise gymnastic exercises each morning and evening in of art can simulate, and a calm, self- perfectly fresh. possession that enables her to meet Among the best improvements to per- Color with suitable pigments, such thoroughly inflate her lungs with the This should be repeated eight or and throw them vigorously backward till the backs touch. Repeat this mo-tion seventy-five or a hundred times. Then let the lady put her arms down

with her hands close to her sides, the that powdered chocolate had been used thumbs pointing forward. Then let her by mistake, raise her arms straight up till the backs meet above her head. Then bring them and constitutional. The first come from down again till the palms again rest the sun, last all summer and disappear at luncheon has been going out, and the chop-and-baked-potato sort taking its gainst her thighs. For the next movemen let her extend her arms to the utmost above her head, with the palms pointing forward, and let her then lean gradually forward without bending her the approach of Jack Frost; the others come from a superabundance of iron in the blood or a bad condition of the liver. Citric acid, applied to "the pinches of Phoebus," is recommended by reliable authorities. No harm will be done the face even if they do not come off. The disfront of her toes with her finger-tips. colorations will wear off as the weather then let her slowly recover her former and the sun cools, and a diet of carrot is position and repeat this movement ad said to assist nature. Nothing will do These three simple movelibitum. done their best to make molly coddles ments vigorously executed for half an hour a day, will have wonderful influ-

ence in making a well woman. They will do more-they will make her a pretty one also, in form at least, if not WOMAN, WOMAN, WOMAN: Woman! woman! woman! woman! Aren't you getting tired

With woman this and woman that Till patience is expired?
The stage is filled with woman's plays, All books are woman's, too: I swear, 'twixt me and you.

Woman! woman! woman! woman! Give us peace, I pray; Let poor, weak, simple-minded man Have just a little to say.

Of course the earth, the sun, the moon The stars of heaven and all Were but designed for womankind, But is man, then, so small?

Woman! woman! woman! woman! Give us just a show; It is a woman's age, of course, Her paradise below. But man-poor nature's sad mistake-Will still exist, I fear;

So treat him kindly-him who blindly Owns you as his peer. -New York Press.

SELECTED RECIPES: Shanklin Eggs-Hard boil four eggs. takeout the yolks and pass through a sleve, with eight olives and four red chilles, Mix all together, adding a little sait, and put back into the whites, cut lengthwise,

Serve up cold, on pieces of fried bread. Pickled Eggs-Boil one or two dozen eggs until hard; when they are cold remove the shells, and stick in each three or four cloves; put them in a jar containing vinegar and two deep red beets; let them emain two or three days, and serve cut in

two cups of cold bolled rice a pint of milk. Rub the rice smooth, then boil it up in the milk. Remove from the fire and add haif a cup of sugar, a bit of butter, two beaten eggs, essence of rose or lemon, and salt to taste. Put in a buttered dish, grate nutmeg over the top and bake half an

Potato Souffle-Roast twelve good potatoes and rub them through a coarse sleve; pour a pint of boiling cream, flavored with the grated rind and juice of one lemon, over the well-beaten yolks of six eggs, and mix lightly into this the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth, and stir it all into the potato; pour the whole into a buttered and papered souffle dish, and bake.

Gems-Allow three cups of flour, shaken down in the cup, to one cup of cold water and one cup of sweet milk. Add the water and milk gradually, so as to smooth out the lumps. Then beat steadily just five minutes. Have ready hot and buttered gem pans. The pans should be heated very hot on top of the stove, then fill them even full. Bake a nice brown in twenty-five minutes. They can be made

of grahum flour. French Broiled Steak—Cut the steaks two-thirds of an inch thick from a fillet of two-thirds or an inch thick from a fillet of beef. Dip into melted butter, lay them on a hot gridfron and broil over a hot, fire. When nearly done sprinkle with pepper and sait. Beat to a cream some butter and minged parsley and pour into the middle of the dish. Dip each steak when done into the butter, turning them over, and lay them round on the platter. If liked, squeeze a few drops of lemon over and serve very hot.

around the sides of the dish. Stew some pared and cored apple until soft, fill up the apertures in the apples with red cur-rant felly, pile them in the center of the dish, and cover the whole with the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth and made very sweet with white sugar. Brown in the oven and serve with cream.

Minced Ham-Take scraps of cold boiled or fried ham and mince them as fine as possible, removing all the gristle and bits of bone. Put in a pie pan and barely moisten with hot water, then cover and set on the back of the stove. Heat a teacupful of milk, to which add a tablespoonful of butter and a dash of red pepper, and when it boils up once, one well-beaten egg. Set back and stir into it the minced ham. Have ready some slices of brown toast, which dip in hot water and right out again, and lay on a hot dish. Four the ham over the toast and serve.

Beefsteak Stewed Without Water-Take three or four pounds of rump steak, cut about an inch thick. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying pan large enough to hold the steak, wash quickly in cold water and put it into the pan. As soon as it is thoroughly heated through season with a saltspoonful of pepper and a tenspoonful of sait. Cover the pan close and set back where it will simmer, not boil. When perfectly tender, which will be in an hour and a half or two hours, remoted by vigorous rubbing with a move the steak to a hot platter and add Purkish towel, lying for a few minutes half a teacupful of tomato or two tablespoonfuls of walnut catsup to the gravy in the pan. Let it boil up and pour over the steak.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS:

If your old gilt picture frames are hopelessly dull, give them a coat of white enamel paint and touch them up in lines or

leaves of gold. If rice or oatmeal or anything of that so often proves detrimental instead of beneficial is because a bathing dress is generally worn. The bather emerges

> A woman who make a business of pack-ink dresses for swell society women who are about to travel says that if you will fold newspapers inside of gown folds there

Half an ounce of gum arabic dissolved the weather permits, she should don a loose robe so that neither her movements nor her circulation shall be re- cement for china. It must be used at once before hardening, which it does very rap-

ance of this can scarcely be over-esti-mated. A judicious system of home color. It is well to experiment with a gymnastics faithfully followed will cor-rect round shoulders and flat chest and there are some colors that will not stand ammonia at all.

You can easily test a soft custard to see if it is done by lifting some in a spoon; if it leaves the spoon clean it is not done. the open air daily for a year, and I will the open air daily for a year, and I will the fire. The eggs are bound to separate show you a woman with an erect, noble form he milk and form a kind of curd if bearing, a firm and graceful walk, a you leave a custard over the fire too complexion whose bloom no resource long, even when both eggs and milk are

To stain tin, use as a body shellac of your gaze without flinching, blushing or gum sandarac varnish. To make it adany other evidence of awkwardness, embarrassment or self-consciousness, acid to one thousand parts of lacquer. form in such a system of exercise as I gamboge, Prussian blue or carmine. Aniform in such a system of exercise as I line colors may be used, but tend to fade. Excellent results may be attained by addfollowing: The lady should stand per-fectly erect with her heels together and lacquer tougher.

An accident which happened not long pure morning air, drawing in her breath since in one well-regulated family has had very slowly and expelling it in the same the happy effect of suggesting an imten times. Then bring the arms forward ing prepared in a chaing dish and the at full length with the palms together and throw them vigorously backward sence of the mustard can. This was brought from the closet, sprinkled into the cheese and the rarebit was pronouced delicious. A casual glance at the mustard can a little later revealed the fact

There are two kinds of freekles, sun away with constitutional freckles but a blood purifier or liver reform.

Housekeepers who have never had a tincovered table for kitchen use are still un acquainted with one of the most valuable articles of domestic economy. An ordinary kitchen table takes kindly to metal cover. Fit a sheet of tin on the table and perforate the edges for tack-ing. The tin should cover the thickness of the board top, that it may be tacked on the under side of the table. A table so cov-ered needs no scrubbing, is impervious to hot kettles, sheds grease as the proverblal duck's back does water, and in fact cheers the heart of the kitchen maid more than anything on earth, except her wages and her "company."

WOMEN GROWN FAMOUS: Mrs. Ellen Davis, late of Niagara Falls.

eaves an estate of \$125,000, all made in keeping a museum. There is in New York a woman who is but 40 years old and has been married eight times during that period.

An American editor says that the worst "copy," in respect to bad writing, he ever saw he recently received from Miss Beatrice Harradan, author of "Ships That Pass

in the Night." The Honorable Gwendolin Fairfax, in Oscar Wilde's new play, "The Importance of Being Earnest," utters a great culinary truth. "One never sees cake in the best houses nowadays," she says.

The czar believes in the higher education of women, and has ordered the re-opening of the Women's Institute of Medicine at St. Petersburg, which was closed

Countess Rantzau was one of the twenty-eight guests at the luncheon given by Bismarck on March 27. The presence woman at a political gathering is a in Germany. But the world moves.

Mrs. James T. Field, of Boston, who is treasurer of the fund, has announced that the American friends of the poet Tennyson will send \$2,000 as a contribution to norial fund now being subscribed

in England. Sarah Bernhardt is showing that time is telling upon her. The novel, elaborate and costly inducements to travel tempt her not, and she feels best when left alone n Paris, where she has her home and is near the theater she serves.

Mme. Ferdinand de Lesseps is still comparatively young woman, and is of a vivacious temperament. The renowned en-gineer used to say that to her encour aging letters, written to him every week while in Egypt, the world owes the Suez canal. "What is man's least forgivable fall-

ing?" was the question discussed at a woman's club the other day. The best an-

swer was given by a young woman who declared that it was "his tendency to marry another woman after you have refused him." Mrs. R. L. Stevenson asks all person Mrs. R. L. Stevenson asks all persons having letters from her husband to send them or copies of them to the British museum that she may select such as should be published, and gives notice that the publication of any letters without consent of the executors is illegal.

Helen Gould, who is rapidly achieving the position of an old maid in the light of her young sister's marriage to the Count de Castellane, always showed a talent for that role. She does not care for society, is rather plain, and when she was at Mrs. Slylvester Reed's famous school was noted for her excellence in

school was noted for the species of a nursliked, squeeze a few drops of lemon over
and serve very hot.

Rice and Apple Souffle—Boil two tableclothing at all times, but above all when
exercising. All her exercise should be
taken, so far as practicable, in the open

known as Sister Martha, who was decorated by Napoleon in 1815. Apart from sisters nineteen women in all have received

Nearly everyone has a hobby of some sort, but that of Princess Marie of Edinburgh, now the crown princess of Rou-mania, is an unusual one—the collection of perfumery bottles. In this she resembles her grandmother, the late empress of Russia, who at her death had made a col-lection of perfumery bottles which was valued at £7,000.

The women of the west are rapidly re moving the reproach of sentimental weak-ness from their sex. One preached her husband's funeral service a little while ago, and another, Mrs. S. J. Krufield, M. D., of Kansas City, assisted in a postmortem examination of her suddenly deceased husband's remains,

Mr. Irving tells a good story of an old Scotch woman, living not far from Balmoral, who criticised the queen somewhat hostilely for having ridden out on a Sunday. Met with the retort that Christ himself plucked ears of wheat on the Sab-bath, the orthodox old person exclaimed: "Ah, yes, I ken all about that, and I dinna think any the better of Him for it.' Mrs. Hart is a woman who has written

a book to prove that most of the ills to which flesh is heir are due to a meat diet. She says that there is more bickering in English families than in any others which she has visited, and she ascribes this la-mentable state of things to the Anglo-Saxon fondness for roust beef. Mrs. Hart has gone further than this and has studied the mild Mongolian and other light-living races, and holds them up as models of gentleness due to vegetable diet.

Countess Toucher de Corell, whose late are only very few ladies who have attained to this distinction, among them being Rosa Bonheur, the famous lady painter, and Mme. Diculatoy, who assisted her husband, the celebrated archaeologist, in his excavations in Persia.

THE NEW WOMAN: She does not "languish in her bower," Or squander all the golden day In fashioning a gaudy flower Upon a worsted spray; Nor is she quite content to walt

Behind her "rose-wreathed lattice pane, Until beside her father's gate The galiant prince draws rein." The brave "new woman" scorns to sigh And count it "such a grievous thing" That year on year should hurry by

And no gay suitor bring; In labor's ranks she takes her place, With skilful hand and cultured mind; Not always foremost in the race, But never far behind.

And not less lightly full her feet Because they trend the busy ways:
She is no whit less fair and sweet Than maids of olden days Who, gowned in samite or brocade, Looked charming in their dainty guise. But dwell like violets in the shade, With shy, half-opened eyes.

Of life she takes a clearer view, And through the press screnely moves, Unfettered, free; with judgment true, Avoiding narrow grooves, She reasons and she understands:

And sometimes 'tis her joy and crown To lift with strong yet tender hands The burdens men lay down.

-Chambers' Journal,

WELSH JOTTINGS.

Rev. J. Macbreth Rees will conclude his ministry at Penygroes and Lianllyfni in May, and begin his ministry in London the first Sunday in June. Owen Phillips, ship owner, London, has

accepted an invitation to contest the Montgomery boroughs as Liberal candidate. He is a brother of Wynford Phil-A large number of amendments to the Welsh disestablishment bill are on the paper, and the Conservatives have deter-

mined to do everything in their power to obstruct it. Sir George Morgan, writing to the Cefn Mawr Debating society, says he is op-posed to the appointment of a secretary for Wales on the ground that such an ap-

pointment would be antagonistic to home rule for Wales. Rev. E. T. Davies died at his residence Parkfield, Abergele, recently, at the age of 73. For forty-six years he had been engaged in the Congregational ministry, and since he resigned the pastorate of the Abergele Welsh church, six years ago, he has been engaged in the training of stu-

dents for the ministry. Weishmen will not regret to learn that the extradition of Jabez Balfour has at length been granted by the Argentine authorities, and by order of the supreme court Balfour was unconditionally given over to the British authorities. He sailed from Buenos Avres for England on board the Tartar Prince, in the custody of In-spector Froest. In the written statenent that he has made to the Times of Argentina Balfour asserts that he is fully prepared to meet the charges made against him, which he maintains are all

pased on an erroneous assumption. There is a possibility of a somewhat lovel development in connection with the Liberal candidature in the Denbigh bor-oughs. Colonel Naylor-Leyland, the former Tory member for Colchester, is willing to contest the seat in the Liberal interest. The colonel is connected with Denbighshire, and is well known in the neigh-Denbigh boroughs is a grave one, and the Liberals in the constituency are not just now in a position to hesitate long over their choice of a candidate. Colonel Navloy-Leyland may not exactly be a member after the heart of "Cymru Fydd," but if he is capable of winning Wrexham, which is the key of the situation in the boroughs, the Denbighshire Liberals can scarcely afford at the present juncture to ignore his

The current number of Franciscan Annals, which is published at Pantasaph, Holywell, contains the following note: "Wales and the Welsh are at present an ecclesiastical problem both to English politicians and prelates of the church. Whilst Lord Rosebery is seeking to disestablish the Anglican hierarchy in the principality, the holy father and the Cath-olic bishops of England are anxious to establish the Catholic church upon a firmer footing than it is at present among the Welsh people. Roman correspondents speak of a Welsh diocese, or rather mis-sion, governed by a vicar-apostolic. For Franciscans the religious fate of Wales has a peculiar historical interest. In olden days the sons of St. Francis were most popular as well with the people as with the native phinces of Wales. Owen Glen-dower so revered the friars that he gave their houses the right of sanctuary, and made the friary his home whenever he happened in his progresses to be near one, last Catholic bishop of St. Asaph was Franciscan. And in these latter days of Catholic revival the first Franciscan monastery established in Great Britain was that of Pantasaph, among the Welsh hills of Flintshire. May the faith again flourish in Wales, and the sons of St. Francis be among its cherished teachers!"

Mixed His Metaphors.

When Sir Boyle Roche made his fa-nous speech, "I smell a rat; I see him floating in the air; but mark me, sir, I will nip him in the bud," his ideas were clear enough, but he lost sight of rats, air and buds in the thought that was in his mind.

If the reader also could lose sight of them, this passage might perhaps appear eloquent. But they obtrude themselve very humorously upon the mind.

The Suspicious Mugwump. From the Indianapolis Journal. "This old fellow," said the teamster, fendly patting his horse on the neck, "has been hauling for the city for twenty-five years."
"Got a pull, I suppose," sneered the

Random Notes of Life in London.

Adelina Patti Is Now, Alas, Only a Reminiscence. Sublime St. Paul's Cathedral.

ously busy, going about to hear them. interesting, indeed, from every point of Schumann Concerto with the orchestra and some new pieces called "From the North," by Sir Alexander, were done for the first time. They were perfectly delightful, and the audience received them wildly.

The audience, by the way, was the finest one, in point of brilliancy, that I little private opinion that she should have seen at Queen's hall this winter, now cease to be considered some one to it being the occasion, you know, of Patti's appearance in London. We were all on the qui vive for her solo, which came down near the end of the programme, and just before her coming out, we just sat and hugged each other almost, in sheer delight, that we were at last going to hear this most husband was ambassador to the Austrian court and senator, has been made a Knight of the Order of the Legion of Honor in her capacity of president of the Society of the Ladies of France. There wonderful Adelina warble. Well, we with "Suppose she is in a temper and won't sing'!' or "What if she is indisposed?" and such dismayed ejaculations, for we really got to fear that she was not going to sing.

Adelina Patti Appears.

At last, however, some sensible creature, who evidently knew Patti of old. began to clap softly. Another nearby joined in, then some more, and soon the whole fashionable and distinguished house was in a roar of applause for the great diva. Very likely the adorable madame had been waiting for just this, for she immediately sailed forth before our delightful eyes, beaming, smiling, bowing, flirting about with us all at a great rate. I was very near her and could see her beautifully, and even had

a glass to help me, if necessary. She had on an unspeakably lovely white satin gown which was picked out, so to speak, with pink satin here and there, and the whole confection looked like a lovely flower, as a white rose, you know, with a pink heart, or anything else pretty. But the diamonds she wore, both on herself and on her gown, were simply legion! Diamonds all over, and such beautiful ones! Really, they were a treat to see. She had them in her hair, which, by the way, is black again, she having forsaken her auburn colored locks with her mourning, and on her neck, and in her ears, and on her dress bodice, and even on her skirt and sleeves. Gracious! how she sparkled! Everything that art can do is done for the preservation of this famous prima donna's good looks and youthfulness-at fifty-three-and she was indeed very youthfully "made up" and all too evidently, artistic through

it was. La Divo's Reception.

She gave us "Una Voce Poca Fa" and responded to an encore with another Italian selection, after which she was brought out again to receive some bouquets, at the sight of which she gave some suppressed little gasps of delight, throwing up her arms in ecstacy as flowers, even though she, no doubt knows all about them beforehand. She certainly was interesting in the extreme. On account of her kindness in singing for the Philharmonic society she was invested by them with the Beethoven gold medal that evening on the stage, with a very long speech from the secretary, to which we all listened with breathless interest. It was a sort of eulogy of her services to art and all that, you know, and was most interesting to us, and no doubt, very pleasing to the great diva, who so loves to be the adored and adorable soprano of the age that she cannot give up singing, even at the advanced age of fifty-three and though she knows that her powers are by no means what they were in her

prime, long ago. Of course, she was applauded and applauded to the very echo by a large part of the audience there, most of whom had come, in fact, to worship at her shrine, but so far as the voice and singing of this dear, fortunate, Godgifted woman goes, it was the greatest disappointment in the world to me. I could have cried with anger almost, at having heard such a performance, after what I really had expected to hear. went thinking that I should at last hear this heavenly voice that had ravished the ears of the past generation of music lovers; thinking that I should at last have a taste of this glorious and in-comparable "method" of Patti and so on, and what did I hear? A worn out, hard old voice, in which every ugly break was only too evident, and whose "method" was such a one that I do not want to copy; broken phrasing, bad breathing, great grievous faults in the moving from one note to another, and worst of all, dreadful, horrible, high notes all out of tune! I could have shricked with disappointment! I was so dismally dismal over it all.

Home, Sweet Home. Of course the audience would not let her go until she sang "Home Sweet Home," and as the opening bars were struck one of the girls turned to me with "This is for you, Miss Kalser," and I commenced to listen and get ready that little tear which I have always been told, would steal down your cheek when you heard Patti sing"Home Sweet Home," and as I am a rather chicken-hearted and homesick person to be away from home and friends for a long time, I certainly expected that she would at least afford me the luxury of a good cry over her song. But no; It was so commonplace that I was robbed of only a giggle or two, instead of that crystal tear, which it is the correct thing to expect from one after hearing this touching little song. All that I can truthfully say of the whole performance is that I have heard dozens of singers here, who are far and away loveller than Patti. She was no doubt the most beautiful singer of the whole world when she was in the heyday of her power and charm, but it is too much to expect one's youth, voice and beauty to last forever, and her's are no exception to the rule. still possesses some agility, but nothing else to speak of at all, and if any young debutante of to-day should come before the public with the exact voice, method, affectations and everything just as Pattl has it, she would be hooted off the stage for a certainty.

Parti Is a Back Number. It is unquestionably the memory of Pattl's ancient triumphs that gives her the applause of the people nowadays, and not her present work or worth. She

London, April 7.-Last week there is to sing in opera from time to time was a concert, either orchestral or otherwise, every night and I was tremend-her there, and perhaps will like her her there, and perhaps will like her better, as she is said to have been so The great one of the week was, of lovely in opera long ago. Take it all in course, the Philharmonic, which was all, though, I am very glad that I have seen Patti and incidentally heard her, view. Little Fraulien Ibenshutz did the and I am not one of those who contend that Patti should retire from public life and be seen and heard of no more. I think that Patti interested me most the other night, not as something or someone to listen to, but as someone to look at and see. She delighted my eyes far more than my ears, and I have my own hear, and become some one to see. People should say to tourists and sightseers, "You must not forget to go and see Patti, remember," instead of say-"You must be sure to hear Patti."

This little woman who has been the spoiled child, the petted and adored idol of nearly all the civilized world in her time, is far too interesting a relic of these times to be now immured from public gaze entirely. All those cute little adorable smiles and bows, and coy little flirtatious ways with which she cajoles her audience, her little suppressed shricks of delight as she receives bouquets, her beautifully assumed expressions of genuine surprise as she is recalled time after time, all these things which she has acquired during her lifetime of work in concert and opera, and which are now such a part of herself that they are really all there is of her, are too interesting and amusing to be quite lost to the world forever, and she should now pose as one of the sights of the world, but not as one of the sounds.

Vive la Patti! Long may she wave-

on those conditions. Some of the papers "roasted" her the next day for her bad singing, among them the Pall Mall Gazette being particularly bitter, while others quite ignored her altogether, and some few kept up the dear old farce by giving her some cautiously worded little praising notices. I would far rather listen to David Bispham, Ben Davies, Plunkét Greene, Amy Sherwin, Elia Russell, Albani, or a dozen or two others than to her. Nay, I would prefer to lis-ten to nothing, if I had the choice of the two-nothing and her-but she is quite the most interesting person to look at that I ever saw.

Passing from the sublime to the ridiculous-I must say it-I had my first experience of singing professionally in ondon last evening, when I made my little bob to an audience of only two or three hundred souls, at a reception given by people who live in Kensington Palace Gardens, a most lovely part of London. People were very nice to me and I really was received very well indeed, the guests and even the host and hostess complimenting me very kindly, but the nicest thing was the few words of commendation I received from the members of the orchestra with which sang. Their praise is worth 'something; they are musicians. The host, who happens to be a member of parliament, rather promised me a card of admission to the house soon, and as you each one was handed up to her, and must be admitted that way, of course I bowing and laughing at a great rate all shall be very glad to do the houses of the time. This, they say, is the regula-tion way in which she always receives It is very hard to get in there, I under-

The Last Popular Concert. April 9.-The last of the Monday popular concerts took place on Monday evening and was the most brilliant of the whole series. Vocal music is mere ly a side issue at these concerts, which were organized long, long years ago, solely for the purpose of rendering chamber music, and to which purpose the management have most nobly stuck, there being only one vocal soloist, or two, on the programme at every concert. People who go to the "Pops" are always the instrumental cult, and Pop audience is as thoroughly music-Halle, the pet violinist of England, is formers there, as are also Borwick, I presume it is closed. Eibenschutz and other famous pianists.

Sauer plays with them this year, and the great violinist, Joachim, comes over from Berlin every winter to play here

He was the bright particular star of the whole firmament the other evening, and played some of Brahm's Hungarian dances like mad. It was like a whole book of fairy tales with all the brownies, kelpies and hobgoblins let loose at once. The proverblal pin could have been heard to drop for minutes after he had done, and the ap-plause which brought him back to us again ought certainly to have been flattering to a man like him, way past his prime. It was magnificent.

Other Delightful Features.

The "Schumann Trio," as they are called by the plano lovers, Borwick, Miss Eibenschutz and Miss Davies, all three pupils of the distinguished Madame Clara Schumann of Frankfort-on-Main, played in duetto and trio, and were a credit to their dear old teacher. Dear, charming David Bispham sang most beautifully, and Miss De Vere Saplo made another appearance. I saw. Mary Anderson Navarro and her hus-

band in the audience. Mary Anderson, by the way, very ften runs up to London to lay fresh flowers on the grave of the great tragedienne, Mrs. Sarah Siddons, who is buried in Paddington churchyard, very near where I live. Only yesterday, as I passed the old church, I walked in among the old gravestones and stood awhile by the tomb of this actress, the greatest, or one of the two greatest tragediennes the world has ever known. The old verger, with whom I had already made friends, came and talked to me about the former glories of his church and parish, now much poorer than it once was, he said. He showed me the grave of Wilkle Collins' father, who is buried here, and took me to the spot in the chancel of the old church where the painter Hogarth was married ever so many years before my guide or I was born. It was a very interesting morning indeed for me.

Impressions of St. Paul's. I did St. Paul's cathedral not long ago, but what can I say about it? A description would be vain, and even pictures and views of parts of this beautiful place are unable to give one any idea of its grandeur and sublimity. I had been there before, last summer, and, of course, it was not new to me, but I discovered things that I had never seen before, and all of them so beautiful that looking at them for days would not begin to suffice. The Reredos and altar are, of course, the most beautiful pieces of work in marble that can be imagined, and the choir and organ are marvels of wood carvings, while the dome of this awesome cathedral quite takes away one's breath. What must St. Peter's at Rome be, if this, so much smaller and less beautiful, is yet so awe-inspiring, I wonder! Still Thomas Carlyle is remembered to have said that St. Paul's "was the only edifice which struck him with a proper sense of grandeur." Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of this marble pile, lived to a good old age, 90 years, and his chief delight, as an old man, was to be carried once a year to look at his noble work. His epitaph is in gold letters over the north door, in Latin words, which informs the reader that "beneath is buried" Christopher Wren, the architect of this church and city" and that if the reader 'seekest his monument, look around. One does look around, as says the guide book, and the whole interior of the cathedral, finer than the outside, seems

bod v. There are many notable statues in the interior, chief among them being Sir Joshua Revnolds, Lord Nelson, General Picton, General Napier, Sir John Goss and General Gordon. The Duke chapel in the south nave aisle, and the omb of this general, besides those of Lord Nelson and Sir Christopher Wren. lie underneath in the crypt. It is in this church also that the famous whispering gallery is underneath the dome somewhere. I believe. It is reached by 260 steps and is a circular gallery so constructed acoustically that the faintest whisper uttered on one side can be distinctly heard on the other, a long distance away, especially for a whisner, I do not think that it is open to sightseers any more, even on payment of the silver shilling, which little round coin has come to be spoken of among toural a one as can be got together any- ists over here as "the open sesame." where on the face of the earth. Lady | The beadle whom I asked about it, assured me that he could not take visitalways one of the most welcome per- ors up under any consideration, so that

like a magnificent vault over his single

Sadie E. Kaiser.







