EDITORIAL SECTION

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OF THE CORONATION

America Will be Represented by Many.

WHAT THEY WILL WEAR

Will be Entertained by the King Himself.

New York, June 7.—The World says:

Fifteen American peeresses have the right of attending the coronation of Edward VII. in Westminster Abbey. Their rank gives them the privilege.

Those daughters of all kinds of American citizens, merchants, railroad presidents, manufacturers, naval officers and unclassified millionaires, will appear with those whose families have belonged to the English nobility for generations.

At least three of the American peeresses will take precedence over scores of women who can trace their ancestry in an unbroken line to the days of the Norman conquest.

The American peeresses will be decked out in all the gorgeous coronation robes. They will wear crowns of gold and jewels of great value. Unless it be that they outshine the others in beauty and in grace, there will be nothing to distinguish them from the grandest in England.

And there will be other American women at the coronation who will be privileged to enter the holy of holies on the great occasion. Not because of rank but by virtue of their beauty, their charm and their wealth.

Of course, they will not wear coronets, but some of them will be honored above those who are entitled by rank to crown their heads for a few moments, for they will be the personal guests of the King, himself, unless everybody is much mistaken.

The very highest honor given an American in the coronation ceremonies is that bestowed by Queen Alexandria upon the Duchess of Marlborough, usually called "the beautiful Duchess of Marlborough" in England. The slender, little, dark-eyed American woman, who is still little more than a girl, is one of the four Duchesses chosen by the Queen to bear her canopy at the service in Westminster Abbey.

It is the highest honor that can be given a woman in this most magnificent spectacle, and it shows how strong a foothold the daughter of the Vanderbilts has secured abroad. The other ladies who will share the honor with the Duchess of Marlborough are the Duchess of Montrose, the Duchess of Portland and the Duchess of Sutherland.

Each is famous for her beauty and attractiveness, except the Duchess of Montrose, all are young.

Her grace of Marlborough's gown will be among the richest and most elaborate worn at the coronation and will be fashioned accordingly. The lace of the sleeves, the corsage and the embroidery of the front of the skirt will be especially beautiful and expensive.

The robe of mantle will be of crimson velvet powdered with four rows of ermine, and the edging will be five inches wide. The train will be exactly two yards long, which means that the Duchess must catch up the train of her gown, because the "usual full court dress" has a train four yards long.

The Duchess of Marlborough will wear a coronet exactly like the other Duchesses. That is the insignia that chiefly distinguishes a peer from a commoner; and naturally there are those among the Duchesses and the Dukes as well who were desirous of having most magnificent gowns made for the one ocasion when a peer and a peeeress may wear them.

The Duchess will wear her coronet possibly for five minutes. It may adorn her head a little longer than that, but not much. In order to check reckless extravagance the Duke of Norfolk, who has charge of the matters of dress, issued an order, with royal sanction of course, requiring that the gowns shall be made of silver gilt and the caps of crimson velvet, surmounted by a gold tassel. They cost from $25 to $100 acording to the work.

Being a Duchess, Her Grace of Marlborough will have eight strawberry leaves on points of equal height above the brim. The strawberry leaf is the insignia of the higher rank. From the inside of the coronet will be arranged loops of white ribbon, for the Duchess will carry her crown much longer than she will wear it, as will all the peeresses.

The Dowager Duchess of Manchester, who was Consuella Yznaga, and after whom the Duchess of Marlborough was named, and the present Duchess of Manchester, who was Miss Helen Zimerman, of Cincinnati, who will wear exactly th esame kind of a robe and coronet as the Duchess of Marlborough, but their gowns will be different. The models that have been prepared by the Duke of Norfolk for the guidance of the peeresses show them to be of crimson velvet with a white front, the gentral style being the princess.

Being a dowager Duchess, Consuelo of Manchester has precedence over the younger successor, for it is laid down in Burke that the Dowager comes first. There is no American peeres who bears herself with greater dignity and grace on formal occasions than the Dowager Duchess of Manchester. She is past her first youth, but she is a lady of great charm and is regarded by the English noblemen themselves as a fine type of the grand dame. English women are wont to be painfully shy and awkward or else aggressively hauty and overbearing on state occasions. American women have marvellous adaptability and tact, which enable them to strike a happy medium as a rule. They do not consider it necessary to look stiff and disagreable in order to main tain their dignity.

There is but one American marchioness, the rank next to that of the Duchess, and she has no thought that she would be elevated to the high position when she married. She was Miss Flora Davis, of Washington, and now she is the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, and a very lovely one. Moreover, she has the dignity and graciousness expected of one holding that high position. The Marquisate of Dufferin and Ava is near the end of the rather short list, but her personal charm will place the marchioness among the first in popular favor.

She will wear the "usual court dress," with the long train and the decollete bodice, and she may decorate and adorn the gown as she will. Her robe will be of the same crimson velvet as that of the other peeresses, but its adornment is not so elaborate as that of the duchesses. She may have only three and one half rows of ermine "powder" on her robe, and the edging about it is an inch narrower than that of the ladies of higher rank, being only four inches wide, and the train is a shorter one, for exactly a yard and three-quarters must rest upon the floor.

Her coronet will be of silver gilt, with the border of ermine and four strawberry leaves and four "pearls"—they really are not pearls at all, but balls of silver to represent them—on points alternating above the brim.

There are half a dozen American countesses who are entitled to attend the coronation ceremonies, but once at least—Lady Curzon, who was Miss Leiter, of Chicago, and who is now the wife of the viceroy of India, and she is one of the most beautiful of them all, will not be present. Her health is delicate and she does not care to undertake the long voyage during the summer.

But there will be other countesses who came from America, and who will fix a standard that it will be hard to surpass. The countess of Essex, who was Miss Adele Grant, of New York, is a famous beauty, and she has the reputation of being one of the best-gowned women in Europe. She is a brunette of the purest type, and her taste in the gowns she wears is distinctive.

Her husband's title is one of the oldest in England, he being fourteenth in the list of earls, and the age of families is an important consideration in functions like a coronation, when great stress is laid upon precedence and hereditary privileges.

The next in order of procedure among the American countesses is the Dowager Countess of Arran, who was Miss Reilly, and 106th on the list, and after her is the young Countess of Donoughmore, who was Miss Elena Grace, of New York, and who was married only last December. She is a notable beauty.

And there is the Countess Craven, whom New York remembers as the "sweet little Bradley-Martin girl." She was married to the Earl of Craven when she was scarcely seventeen, and has not been in America since then. She has grown to be a very fine lady, indeed. Helen, the countess of Orford, who was Miss Louise Corbin, and Cora, Lady Stafford, whom New Yorkers knew as the beautiful Mrs. Colgate and whose wealth equalled her beauty, complete a sufficiently fine American representation among countesses at the coronation, and none will carry the gorgeous gowns more successfully.

They will wear the princess gown of red velvet, white front of white embroidered crimson velvet, powdered with three rows of ermine—the decoration gradually grows less with the lowered rank—and the ermine edging is but three inches wide. The train is limited to a yard and a half. The coronet, like the others, is of silver bilt, over a red cap, with ermine around the band, and it has eight silver balls, which are called pearls, with strawberry leaves between, raised on points orrays .

There are no American viscountesses in the English peerage, although the wives of the eldest sons are given the title by courtesy. And there are only two or three baronesses, of whom Lady Abinger and Lady Newborough are the best known.

The dress of a baroness is the starting peint in the determing what the peeresses shall wear. For them, as well as the others, is prescribed the "usual court dress" with the four yards of train which must be looped back and caught up with bows.

The American baronesses will have a crimson mantle with a train only a yard long. It is fixed at three feet in the official measurement, possibly because it is not desired to emphasize the fact that it is only half as long as that of a duchess, the cape is furred with miniver pure and powdered, with two lower bars of ermine—narow pieces of black fur—and the edging to be miniver two inches wide.

Such will be the costumes worn by the American peeresses in the coronation. Others will witness the ceremony because of the titles of their husbands. Among them is Lady Deerhurst who was Miss Bonynge, and the Hon. Mrs. Francis Dudley Leigh, who was the daughter of H. M. Beckworth, of New York and whose husband is the oldest son of Baron Leigh.

Washington Day by Day.

Washington, June 7.—All day there has been a procession of statesmen from the House visiting the Senate, imploring that body to strike out of the immigration bill the paragraph which prohibits the sale o liquor in the Capitol building. Many of these representatives were the ones who but yesterday were the loudest in their denunciation of the sale of wines, liquors and beers.

The high ball, julep, cocktail, rickey and other drinks were in as great demand and as readily obtained today as at any time in the past. People from the Senate wing, who cannot obtain whisky from the Senate restaurant, visited the one in the House wing and had their drinks as usual.

It requires no special legislation on the part of congress to stop the sale of intoxicants in the House restaurant. All that is necessary is for Speaker Henderson, who has charge of the restaurant, to issue an order forbidding their sale and none will be sold.

The Senate some two years ago decided to abolish the sale of whisky, but wine and beer can still be obtained in the restaurant on that side.

Members who refer to the bar as the "canteen" say that it is foolish and hysterical to attempt to regulate a member's personal habits. It is thought the provision will be stricken from the bill.

A man who had been in the government service but who had been dismissed because he had been found stealing, and in addition was charged with burglary and incendiarism, took a civil service examination some time ago, with a host of others, and passed 96. Today he went to the head of one of the executive departments, exhibited his civil service certificate and asked for a place. The head of the department knew him.

"Do you mean to say," he said, "that you have the nerve, the effrontery, to ask for a place in the government service, with your record? Why, you are a thief and a burglar and a firebug. Get out!"

The fellow was not at all abashed.

"You don't intend to hold up a man's little peccadilloes against him forever, do you?"

Senator Hoar has one famous joke.

A friend of his thought he had appendicitis, but afterwards discovered it, was only indigestion that ailed him.

"Well," said the senator to his friend, "I am glad the trouble was in your table of contents instead of in your appendix."

CURTIS IN HOLY LAND

Rides Over the Ancient Roads Around Palestine.

AMERICANS ARE DUPED

Into Paying for Guides and What They Don't Eat.

Jericho, June 7.—William E. Curtis of the Chicago Record-Herald writes the following:

We left Jerusalem early in the morning, drove through the new part of town, and around the north side of the walls by a good road, past the Damascus gate, the site which General Gordon, like many others, believed was that of the crucifixion, dropped down the steep hill into the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and followed the roadway of the Garden of Gethsemane and the tomb of the Holy Virgin, around the breast of Mount Olivet. Once more we saw one of the several trees upon which Judas hanged himself, the barren fig tree that was cursd by Christ, the city slaughter-houses, the stone upon which the virgin rested on her flight to Egypt, the place where Christ forgave Peter his sins and other interesting spots where the Russian pilgrims kiss the ground, and were pestered out of all impatience by old men and old women and bright-eyed little children with dirty faces, who attacked us almost every foot of the way begging for baksheesh. The children would often run after the carriage until they were ready to drop from exhaustion, hoping that such exhibitions of patience and endurance would soften our hearts to the extent of a few pennies at least.

We followed the road of the Savior trod when he went down to Jordan to be baptized. He made the journey in two days, bare-footed, with nothing to protect his feet from the sharp stones and thorns but a pair of rude sandals. He carried His food in a pouch upon His hip and slept in the shadow of the rocks by the roadside, or perhaps He may have spent the night at either of the two places betweeen Benthany and Jericho where water and noonday shade may be found. One is known as the Apostle's Fountain, for a large stream gushes out of the rock. The other is the Inn of the Good Samaritan, where the stranger of whom Jesus tells us in the parable was taken after he was set upon by thieves.

As in New Mexico and Arizona, water is the most precious thing in Palestine, and the laws which protect springs and wells are severe. Most of the wells are artificial. Rich men at great expense have chiseled basins and reservoirs out of the rocks to receive the flow from springs, and in many places where no springs could be found they have drilled through the limestone a hundred feet, and sometimes twice that distance, to the artesian basin. None but very rich sheiks can afford such an expenditure; nevertheless, they have not only been the greatest benefactors of their fellow men, but those who have sunk wells and built foundations have erected monuments to their fame more enduring than palaces or temples or shafts of granite. The Temple of Solomon has vanished for ever, but the pools which he walled up with masonry and filled with water still remain. The wells that Abraham and Jacob drilled in the rock as acts of piety as well as power are as immortal as their names, and will live forever, as long as men feel thirst.

According to a just custom of the country, water rights could never be forfeited. No man who owned a well might refuse his neighbor water for his family or his flocks, but the lord of the spring was inviolate; no creditor or enemy could take his water rights away from him. To injure and fill up a well was an unpardonable crime. When the Philistines threw earth and stones into the well of Abraham they intended to challenge him to war of extermination. These customs and regulations remain today.

The vineyards in this part of the country are very productive, particularly of those along the valleys toward Hebron. For a long distance the sloping hillsides are covered with grapevines. The vine stocks are made to grow thick and very stout by trimming them down to a height of four or five feet. Some are strong enough to stand alone, but when weighted with grapes it is necessary to prop them, and that explains the presence of piles of short sticks with notched ends in all of the vineyards.

The sunny sides of the mountains are carefully terraced, often to the very summits, and, being far from the villages and without fences or other protections, they have to be guarded after the fruit gets ripe. The young men in the neighborhood act as watchmen in turn, both night and day. They take favorable points where they can survey the entire space planted to grapes may be kept under surveillance. In some of the vineyards towers are erected in order to extend the range of vision. The Bible speaks of these watch towers. When a destructive animal or thief is seen, or any other cause of alarm appears, the watchman gives a peculiar prolonged cry which is echoed by the other men on guard until it reaches the neighboring villages.

The wild country between Jerusalem and Jericho was formerly haunted by robbers, who were none other than the sons of Ishmael and Esau, who fed their flocks upon the neighboring-hillsides and were always on the lookout for weak and unprotected travelers. But the outrages that frequently occurred a quarter of a century ago were stopped by placing the responsibility for protection of tourists and pilgrims upon Sheik Rasheed Arekate, the highest in rank of all the Bedouins in Palestine, a fierce fighter, who rules the Arabs in this vicinity without difficulty, and is less hampered in his autocracy even than the Sultan of Turkey; because the legislative, judicial and executive branches of his government are of his own person; he exacts tribute from every merchant and traveler in his realm and is able to defy even the governor of the province. And why not? His ancestors have owned these deserts since the days of Ishmael.

Abraham made a great mistake when, to gratify the whim of a jealous woman, he cast Hagar and Ishmael adrift, for their sons have ever been a menace and terror to the rest of his family. It was the sons of Ishmael whom Balek called to help him against Israel. Their sheiks went with the elders of Moab to bring Balaam from "the farther east" to curse the people of Jehovah, and the last war undertaken by Moses was to avenge Jehovah upon Midian. For centuries the Arab tribes made uncreasing raids upon the Israelites. Successive civilizations—Jewish, Assyrian, Greek, Roman, Christian, Saracenic, Turkish—have come and gone, but Ishmael's children have remained to harass them, and, as each retired, have swept their flanks as regularly and remorselessly as the surf of the sea.

The sons of Ishmael still herd their flocks upon the pastures of Palestine, and are not only tolerated but are feared by the Turkish authorities, while the Hebrews are compelled to pay baksheesh for the privilege of living in the land that the Lord God gave to their fathers. The sons of Ishmael still extort blackmail from the farmers, and if it is withheld, destroy the harvests, as they did in the time of Samson and the Judges. Throughout Eastern Palestine all classes of people pay tribute regularly to the Bedouin sheiks. It is called "brotherhood." The towns that pay promptly and regularly are the "sisters" of the tribes that make the demand. The government again and again has endeavored to stop it, but has finally found it easier to close its eyes and accept a percentage of the spoils.

There being no intervening barrier upon the great Arabian plateau, floods of human barbarians have swept back and forth across Palestine and have checked its development and destroyed its wealth. The Nomads, the sons of Esau, have had their bowl of poridge, but have not been identified with the glory or the greatness or the sufferings of the other branch of Arabian family. And perhaps if Abraham had not driven Hagar from his tent; if Esau had not sold his birthright, we might not today have been called upon to pay tribute to Rasheed Arekate. He lives at Bethpage, midway between Jerusalem and Bethany, a man of great wealth and true eastern hospitality. He had entertained kings and escorted many distinguished tourists about Palestine. His house is the largest and the finest private residence in this part of the country and is adorned with souvenirs of their acquaintance. But Chief Rasheed is getting old and his three sons are taking his place. There are handsome men, fine horsemen, with gracious manners, and a firm grip upon the rights and privileges which they will inherit from their father. It is their business to keep under control the Arab population in the area about as large as Ohio, to escort travelers from place to place and to collect fees for this service. There is a regular scale of prices, arranged between Cook's Tourist Agency and Sheik Rasheed, but parties who are not in charge of Cook's guides are blackmailed according to their appearance or pretensions.

The eldest son of the sheik, and his probable successor, Chaleel Rasheed Arekate, was our escort. He joined us at Benthany and kept us in sight all day, riding by the side of the carriage occasionally chatting pleasantly in English, for he was educated at the Protestant School in Jerusalem. He is a genial fellow and proved to be a very agreeable companion, although toward the end of the journey, when our dragoman came to settle with him, we discovered that he had taken us for millionaires and had placed a corresponding value upon our services. It is a species of blackmail, but is permitted by the government and tolerated by the public to keep the Bedouins quiet. Otherwise there would be continual disturabnces, and it is better to pay a few dollars baksheesh than to be robbed and perhaps murdered on the highway. Probably the Bedouins of His da yauggested to Jesus the parable of the Good Samaritan, which was spoken in the temple court. It was the habit of Jesus to illuminate His discourses by illustrations of the every-day experience of the common people.

The first resting place on the journey to Jericho is at the apostle's Spring, where the horses are watered and are given half an hour's rest. Here Cook's agency has erected a pavilion for the accommodation of travelers and serves luncheon, coffee and other wet groceries to cheer and stimulate thirsty and tired pilgrims who pass this way. The Inn of the Good Samaritan, about ten miles farther on, is supposed to have stood there long before the days of the Savior, and to have served the same purpose as now. The present proprietor is a bustling young Arab, who talks English perfectly, and hurried around, serving coffee, chocolate, beer, brandies and sodas, sandwiches and other food, and sold photographs and curios at the same time. To tempt us he said he had some American biscuits, and brought out the tin. They were hard, dry and musty, and must to have been in stock for several generations, but we learned afterward that they were a most profitable investment for him. It is his custom to offer them as tempting morsels with a homelike flavor to every American traveler that passes by. They are always rejected because they are unfit to eat, but are charged for in the bill and payment insisted upon. Our dragoman fought desperately against payment, but it was no use. Although we only nibbed at two or three of the crackers we were charged full price for the entire box. Other travelers that we talked with afterward had exactly the same experience. The rascal sells that box of biscuits several times a day during the biscuit season, but, unfortunately, nobody ever takes it away. If the Inn of the Good Samaritan had not been so far, and if other duties and pleasures had not been calling us, we would have gone down there and seized it as an act of righteous retribution and to end his nefarious conspiracy against our fellow countrymen.

WILLIAM E. CURTIS.

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THE COWBOY AT HOME.

His Doings and Ways on the Texas Frontier.

Houston Texas, June 1.—The ranch and beef trust—one makes the other. But what of him who makes the ranch possible? Without that free and easy anomaly, the cowboy, there could be no vexing question to pet those who control our food prices in their present unenviable position.

The cowboy is "the man behind the gun" in the gigantic battle now being waged between public and corporation. He is the real toiler, and no more arduous task ever confronted man while the big fellows get the credit and, incidentally, the cash.

A few words on ranching and on the home life and characteristics of the cowboy may be opportune at this time.

Texas is a state of ranches. Great level tracts of scarce-grown verdure stretch out mile after mile, broken here and there by a low range of forbidding hills, but only to resume in brownish monotony on the other side. It is the ideal home for the cattle raiser.

Hundreds of ranches—or in other words tracts of land for the raising of beef—are inclosed within the state's boundaries. Some comprise millions of acres, while others embrace but a comparatively small area, and are variously owned by individuals, companies or corporations.

Among the biggest of big ranches may be noted the "X. I. T.," in the Panhandle. This monster tract embraces over three millions of acres of the best feeding grounds of the country, and absorbs six counties. This ranch is controlled by the Capital Syndicate, an organization which received the territory some thirty years ago in return for the magnificent state house at Austin.

A system of management is employed here which is unknown in the lax methods of ranching a decade ago. No great city corporation has more energetic and more complete methods of intercommunication and cooperation than has this monster tract.

It is divided into seven sections, each managed by a foreman. Telephones connect each division with the central establishment, and all weather changes, stampedes, riots, and like catastrophes are known simultaneously at all vital points.

There are two other ranches in this state which aggregate over one million acres, and both are conducted on the same style.

As might be expected, the lot of the cowboy, the main factor in ranch life, is not as it was in the '70s and early '80s.

The story-book character, with its picturesque attire and bearing, while it may have been true years ago, is now a thing unknown. Witness the overall-clad figure, the plain, or at best slightly ornamented high boots, topped off with the dull gray shirt, and tattered sombrero, and where is our favorite character of fiction? The bright flannel shirt, the bizarre handkerchief, the fringed "chaps" or trousers, at the end of which musically jingle the wonderful spurs, and bristling cartridge belt as a back ground for the formidable "Colt," are not much seen and then only on gala occasions.

The "chaps" are occasionally seen at the roundup, when in the drive the rush is likely to tear the trousers from the unwary one, but as a general thing even these serviceable attendants of the picture cowboy have been relegated in favor of the flexible working overalls. As for the "Colt," an impudent cottan tail or lonely prairie dog may serve to bring it forth. But the bad man of western history is a past figure, and a comparison with the hard working "puncher" of today is unjust.

The average wage of the cowboy is about $25 a month. A foreman probably receives twice or thrice that amount. On the great ranches these figures are much larger in consideration of the degree of executive ability necessary. For example, one foreman on the X. I. T. receives emoluments in the way of $1,500 a year, a large house, provisions, and free medical aid.

But the average cowboy works on at his humble dollar a day. He is getting to be a home body, at complete variation with the free lance of fiction. Uneducated, obtuse, with no thought other than to see day pass day, he still retains that love of nomadic existence which so distinguished his prototype, but with this exception: While the cowboy of the old days needed the entire west and south for his wanderings, he of the present is content with the arching skies and open stretch of but a comparatively small area.

Perhaps if one were to tell him he was "interesting" a bombardment of anything but choice expletives would be his reward. This one character seems to have been inborn with the "puncher" life, and to have gained intensity with each succeeding year. But the modern cowboy can not take himself seriously and he knows not what to make of those who do.

He sees but the hard work, the daily grind, with no romance in it. The following of the treacherous beef in the fall roundups, amid rain and snow, is hardly conducive to the even temperament. A wet bed under the heavens, a call in the wee small hours of the morning to stand guard over a nervous bunch of cattle; then a crack of thunder, or even the weird rustling through the willow tops, two or three thousand maddened steers off in wild stampede, the "puncher" among them, crazily pushing his wiry pony by quirt and spur to feed off the certain death looming before man and animal, the yawning ravine in front, the treacherous gopher hole underneath, are but one of the daily examples of his nervous, strenuous existence. When all danger is over he probably, nay inevitably, swears in good, round fashion, sits down to his meager meal, and thinks of his "fun" when he returns to the "village places." He has earned his dollar a day.

The cowboy of the present, to all outward appearance, is but another type of the hard toiler—matter-of-fact, simple, and free, but with an underlying rift of humor and morality scarce to be expected.

His future? He has none. A score of years ago the "puncher" could accept cattle in lieu of his wages, get his "bunch" together, lease a small tract, and be an "owner." Today none of this kind of inducement is held out. As a general thing no ranchman will allow his help to "run" any cattle on his property. Little stimulus is offered in consequence, and it is a rare thing indeed when an employe puts aside his meager earnings to meet whatever ambitious he may have as a ranch owner.

Out of it all comes this one conclusion: As long as land can be had as cheaply as in this state, as long as many capitals are invested under one head, "corporation," and as long as beef continues to be our most militarian diet, just so long will cattle ranching prove most profitable to those who undertake it. The monied men have long realized this, and the present condition of things is but an additional evidence of how securely they have gained the upper hand.

Women's Clubs in London.

Why should not women have clubs? They are just as companionable as men are, only more so. A man may go about as he pleases much more freely than a woman can, especially an unmarried woman. There are thousands in London who live in apartments or at boarding houses, where they may or may not meet congenial society. So, why not try residential clubs? A start has been made. And if the club ladies do not—paraphrasing the late Rev. William Rogers' remark about theology—say "hang philanthropy," and if they do not at once declare themselves free of masculine patronage or assistance, it is because there is no present need for any declaration of the kind. The brand new club which one of our staff visited yesterday is intended to be run on business lines, and to be made to pay a safe 4 per cent. If, however, the names were mentioned of the gentlemen who are behind this enterprise it would be seen at once that enlightened goodness of heart has quite as much to do with the scheme as considerations of pocket, but they do not want the lady members to think themselves in any way patronized, and, in point of fact, they are not.

Said a principal official of the club in the office of one of the three converted town houses thrown into one for the club at Stanley gardens, Notting Hill gate, "We have been four months at work, and have had forty men employed in completely equipping the club and making it complete. We had a social reception last Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, and began business on Thursday. The object is to provide at a moderate price residence and meals for lady members. We have forty-eight sleeping apartments, for which we charge ten shillings and sixpence a week, and we provide breakfast and dinner daily at ten and sixpence a week. Dinner is at half past seven. When you consider cost of the paid staff, coals, electric light, and so on, you will see that even with the very slight extras for those who are in to lunch and tea, we shall have to be content with a return of 4 per cent. We have here now sixteen ladies who are teachers of music, ladies of great ability as teachers, six or eight who are typewriters, and some who are daily governesses, mostly ladies of high education."

"What do you provide for meals?" asked our representative, because that is really a very important consideration.

"We provide tea or coffee at breakfast, fish, bacon, eggs, cold ham, gelatine and of course, marmelade, toast, and so on. For dinner, fish or soup, choice of two joints, or an entree, and choice of two or three sweets. We have a professional cook from the training school of cookery. We have a housekeeper and ten servants. Gentlemen visitors are allowed in the dining room and ladies in the drawing room, lady members paying, of course, for the guests whom they invite to dinner. Writing and reading rooms and library are reserved for members only, and as many wish to write quietly, no talking is allowed in those two rooms."

The prime movers in this new phase of club life have in view the establishment of cheaper clubs in central London for poorer women, who can not afford to pay more than 10s. per week for board and lodging. An indispensable condition of membership of the Twentieth Century Club is that any lady proposed for election shall be in professional occupation.—London Daily News.

His Great Graduation Effort.

(From the Baltimore American.)

"I suppose," said Uncle Jerry to his niece, "that you have expended much time and thought on your graduation effort and that it will be something to be proud of."

"Oh, yes, Uncle," answered the fair young thing. "It has the new dip-front effect and the skirt has a delicious flare, and the trimmings are simply gorgeous."

"Tut, tut, child; I mean your essay."

"My essay? Why, uncle, when the audience sees that dress of mine they won't pay any attention to what I have to say."

One of Our Pet Phrases.

(From the Washington Star.)

"Did any of the inhabitants escape with his life," inquired the man who wants harrowing details.

"I didn't stop to ascertain," answered the man who is harrowing exact. "It struck me that if anybody escaped without his life there wasn't much use in his escaping, anyhow."