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The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

GARBA is active again—not in the chapter, but in the newspapers.

A real duel has been fought at St. Louis with Mr. MILBANK a thousand miles away.

South America beautifully maintains its records for furnishing us a revolution for breakfast ready every morning.

The first of April on which BISMARCK was born, seventy-seven years ago, was far from being an All-Fools' day.

The cyclone is once more swishing around in the West. Some prophet lost an opportunity in failing to forecast this disturbance.

Two quarrelling railway men in Georgia have got dangerously near the duelling point. Somebody ought put on the brakes before the collision comes.

A Connecticut barber went crazy, and the man in his chair had to flee for his life. It is possible that the tonsorial artist had been trying too abruptly to sweep off talking weather and politics to his customers.

Sept. DRAVES urges the scholars of the public schools in the State to combine patriotism with tree planting on Arbor Day. Feticionism of the real sort is a good thing to combine with all the duties of scholarship and citizenship.

Blood and politics got temporarily mixed in Newark yesterday, and it took a handy City Hall janitor to separate a Tax Assessor from a Public Works Inspector. Luckily this was done before Newark's Democratic majority was reduced by one or two.

American papers which have indulged in "insulting allusions" to the Kaiser have got the directors of a German newspaper museum into a procession for unemployed for keeping them on file. An unexpected demonstration of the power of a free press.

Elizabeth is next in line with a law prohibiting the attendance of young girls, without a legal guardian, at picnics, balls, dance-houses, or like places of amusement, after dark. Law may thus to a degree prevent. But reform must come from another source.

Detroit is mincingly moral. A burlesque company's centennial posters offended the good people so much that red paper dresses had to be pasted over the otherwise unsheltered pictorial limbs. As between pink tights and red dresses it would seem, though, there can be little choice.

There seems to be no doubt that the State Senate and Governor will approve, as the Assembly has already done, the two bills making Oct. 13th, 1812, a legal holiday and providing for a Committee and an appropriation to bring about a fitting celebration of the Columbus quadricentennial in New York City.

In each of two Western towns, yesterday, two men shot at each other with the fixed intention of producing fatal results. Out of the four men engaged in the exchange of bullets, two fell dead and one was mortally wounded. The duel is no boys' play, nor any game of letter-writing, in the region, where this country is growing up.

In Vienna the other day the professional hangman made a bad enough job of disposing of Murderer SCHNEIDER. Yesterday a small boy, playfully reproaching the affair of the gallows, executed his smaller brother with neatness, completeness and despatch. There was more than sincere fatality in this piece of imitation.

A confidential letter which a man didn't burn as requested, in Maine has got Gov. BULLOCK into a heap of trouble and spoiled the soft office for the fellow who neglected the request. All but the politicians who discovered the note are now wishing that the prohibitory law down there extended to the writing of confidential letters on State topics.

Where there were four men and a dynamite store-house, containing several tons of the explosive, near an Alabama town, the other day, there is left today a simple hole in the ground, about twenty feet deep. It is right to infer that

the dynamite exploded. This affair makes the Paris explosions look small. The stuff always seems to work best without the assistance of the Anarchists.

The Sims gang in Alabama has gone to shooting at the preachers. Several of the latter gentlemen will probably find it discreet to dodge this decided test of the gospel armor's protective qualities.

WORTHY OF SERIOUS ATTENTION.

The presentments handed up to the Court of General Sessions by the Grand Jury yesterday, are, to use the language of Recorder SMITH, of very grave importance. They refer to matters affecting the safety and good order of the city, and should, as they doubtless will, receive the serious attention and consideration of the Department to which they mainly refer. It will not do to ignore the allegations or suggestions of such a body, because while a presentment is based on ex parte statements and in a great measure on common rumor, its conclusions are those of men of intelligence and integrity, and its object is to promote the public good. The fact that it is a presentment instead of an indictment is of itself evidence that the charges, or rather the allegations, it makes are not unsubstantiated by such actual proof as would be available in a court of law.

Neither will it do to show lax temper over the matter, as Inspector BYRNES did when he too hastily denounced the presentment as an insult and talked about preparing his resignation. The Chief Inspector's head is too level and his pride in the force is too great to satisfy him on reflection that the Grand Jury only discharged a duty, and that he should be glad of the opportunity afforded him to show to the public that the conclusions of that body are not justified by the facts.

Our police force is a model organization. When the number of men enrolled is considered the cases of misconduct among them are surprisingly few. Crime is more certain of detection here than in any other large city in the world. The courage, discipline and general sobriety of the force are unquestioned. If there is any foundation for the assertion that violators of the law pay for and receive protection from the police the heads of the Department and of the force ought to be the most anxious for the detection and punishment of the guilty parties.

In one view the presentment of the Grand Jury is especially fortunate at this time. There is a disposition abroad to make all sorts of charges against the police, calculated to injure the reputation of the force and to impair public confidence in its integrity. The presentment affords the Commissioners an opportunity to make such a thorough investigation of the whole Department as will bring misconduct to light if it exists, or to justify a very faithful body of men if the charges are unfounded.

THE CONFESSION OF SLINEX. MICHAEL SLINEX, locked in a cell at the Tombs since last December on the charge of having killed Ben LYONS, a Cherry street butcher, in November, has confessed that he is guilty of the crime. A Coroner's jury acquitted SLINEX at the inquest, but detectives discovered evidence on the strength of which he was arrested.

The present confession is the second which the prisoner has made. But in his first one he threw the guilt on another man, the brother of the murdered butcher, and only acknowledged for himself that he was a witness of the murder.

If his present story be the true one, SLINEX has gained for himself by his previous course only the probability, amounting almost to a certainty, that he will pay the full penalty of his crime. The subterfuge of charging the murder to another man was cowardly. SLINEX declares that he and LYONS quarrelled over money the butcher owed to him; that LYONS knocked him down and afterwards chased him with a knife, and that, believing his life in danger, he grabbed up a cleaver and struck LYONS a fatal blow. This is a good story of self-defense, but it has been injured by SLINEX's previous declaration, in which he accused a man whom he now says is innocent.

SLINEX is telling the truth now, he should have told it before. Even for a murderer, honesty may be the best policy.

TA-RA-RA IN AN ENGLISH COURT. After all we have heard of the sternness and stiff formalities of English courts it makes our eyes stand out and our nether jaw to drop in astonishment when we read of the goings-on in one of those big-wigged and wool-sacked establishments in London yesterday. A case was on involving the right to a popular song of acknowledged American origin. One publishing house sought to restrain other publishing houses from scattering broadcast the gens of thought and pearls of melody which have made the song such a white and whoop-is sort of favorite everywhere.

The proceedings moved along with stately grace and dignified dulness until one of the counsel in "a dry, legal voice," whatever that is, began to read this throbbing and thrilling verse of an original song:

A sweet Tuxedo girl you see, Queen of swell society, Fond of fun as fond can be, When 'tis on the strict Q. T.

Then the spectators straightened their backbones and cocked their ears. A smile twinkled in the corner of each eye and grew and glimmered as the counsel unfolded the charmingly attractive personality of the Tuxedo girl, until at the last word it filled the faces of all and had taken the shape of a resounding laugh. Through its consecration came the sweet sound of song, faint at first, but as it flew resounding, and in a moment everybody, whose vocal chords were mutely keeping time to the melody, was throwing the entire influence of his lungs into the contagious chorus. "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ray!"

And yet Englishmen come over here every season and say there is no American literature, no American art, no American anything but politics and money-making. This postscript and melodic gem that has sunk into their hearts ought to make them

think differently. But ah! If they had only had our own TONY FARRON over them to lead that "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ray" chorus in the court-room!

NO QUARRELLING, GENTLEMEN. The Democratic legislators at Albany are getting into a snarl over some trifling matters which concern only a few local politicians. The quarrel has grown so warm, however, that we are told there is danger of the defeat of some important measures through the obstinacy of the parties to the dispute.

It is to be hoped that both in the Senate and Assembly there will be good sense enough to prevent any such absurd exhibition at the close of the session. The Democratic majority is too small to permit of family quarrels. The members of the Legislature go to Albany to act in the interest of the State and of the whole people. They have gravely important duties to discharge, upon which the future political status of the State largely depend. It will not do to waste their time in pulling hair over insignificant political squabbles. Let them perfect the legislation demanded by the best interests of the State and adjourn. Otherwise a session which ought to be one of the most momentous that has been held for years in the State Legislature will become one of the most contemptible.

THE GLEANER.

It is the Central Park race track should be secured after all, one of the first interesting opening events, it is said, will be a three-mile race between Patsy Callahan's brown horse Bourbon straight and "Downy" Simmonds' famous gelding Roulette. A large amount of money will depend on the result, and the race will empty Guttenberg on the day it comes off.

The Hasty Pudding Club of Harvard, which is soon to give one of its interesting entertainments at the Manhattan Athletic Club Theatre, is an organization nearly a century old. It was founded in 1795 and is the oldest college society in existence.

Near Tampa, Fla., a wealthy Cuban firm is making cigars at \$600 per thousand. These cigars are smoked by European princes, American millionaires and others having plenty of money to pay for them. They retail at \$1.50 each, the cigar-maker gets about five cents for making them and the firm is said to make a profit of \$500 per thousand.

I hear that the University Athletic Club, in spite of its increased membership limit, will soon have a big "waiting list." The limit is now 1,000.

Col. Ferdinand P. Earle belongs to more organizations it is believed, than any other man in New York. Counting his social, political, military and business connections, he can claim membership in twenty-eight different clubs and associations.

Evert J. Wendell and Benjamin W. Appleton, two well-known ex-college athletes, were doing jury duty together in one of the city courts last week.

Harry Pepper will treat members of the Lotus Club to-night to "An Evening with the Italian." Mr. Pepper knows the ballad thoroughly, and can sing it splendidly. He will give a brief history of it from ancient to modern days, and sing or recite a dozen of the most popular of them in the course of his talk.

Highly bred horse come high these days. Here is a record of the stallion Director, with a record of 2.17, selling for \$75,000. Albert H. Moore, of the Cloverdale Farm, was the purchaser. It used to be that only a 12x14 oil painting would bring such a figure, but the thoroughbred is now giving the artist's chef d'oeuvre a good race for first place in the matter of financial recognition.

Cutting it Short. Travels—Say, old fellow, you're just the man I'm looking for. Help me select a necktie, will you? Dabaway—I'm a little pressed for time, old man, but I suppose I can let you have it.

Son's Sage Advice Is This. A wife who truly loves her husband will need no management, as her husband's interests and welfare are her first thoughts, if she knows that her husband loves, honors and trusts her. Let him but place implicit confidence in her ability. Let his salary be at her disposal. Let him remember she is the mother of his children. Let him, though a husband low, still remain the ardent, attentive lover of those happy wifely days. Let her but know that she is the idol of her heart, that to see her happy and content in the one supreme thing of her life, will make her home so attractive and cozy, and her love for you will be so great, that all the pleasures of the outside world cannot draw you from the cheerful residence or loving presence of your wife—the one whom the world would be a dreary desert. And the purse that you have generously opened for her, and given her full control, will be emptied.

A Serious Error. GAZER—Do you know what the greatest mistake of my life was? MADDOX—Getting born, I suppose.

Two Christmas Dinners. IN '90 A SMELL WAS ENOUGH IN '91 A GOOD APPETITE. The Change Was Due to Hood's Sarsaparilla.

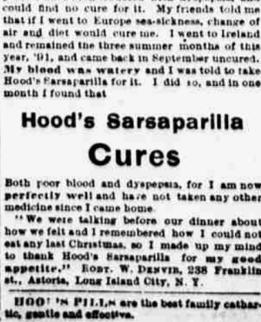
CHRISTMAS DAY, Dec. 25, 1891. "I have been reading in a paper to-day about Hood's Sarsaparilla being a cure for Dyspepsia."

And I know that it is true. A year ago the smell of my Christmas dinner was enough for me, but this year I find that I want more than a smell and I give Hood's Sarsaparilla the credit for the change in my feelings. For the last two years I have been troubled with dyspepsia, and could not cure for it. My friends told me that if I went to Europe sea-sickness, change of air and diet would cure me. I went to Ireland and remained there three summer months of this year, '91, and came back in September unimproved. It was not until I was told to take Hood's Sarsaparilla for it. I did so, and in one month I found that

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures Both poor blood and dyspepsia, for I am now perfectly well and I do not take any other medicine since I came home.

We were talking before our dinner about how we felt and I remembered how I could not eat at my last Christmas, so I made up my mind to thank Hood's Sarsaparilla for my good appetite." HOOD'S Sarsaparilla, 238 Franklin St., Astoria, Long Island City, N. Y.

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MR. ROBERT W. DENVER

THO' NOT YET WIVES.

Many Young Women Are Interested in This Column.

Young Bachelors, Too, Are Among Its Readers.

And Both Offer Suggestions About Wife Management.

Readers of the wife-management column of THE EVENING WORLD must have noticed the frequency with which young, unmarried men and women have presented their ideas in this column. It shows that they are waiting it wisely, and there is no doubt that every suggestion offered is carefully read and thoroughly considered by them. Their own suggestions are good, too, being generally dreams of their ideals in the matrimonial line.

Conditions. THE EVENING WORLD will give a gold double eagle to the writer who shows best "How to Manage a Wife." The plan must be contained in two hundred words, written on one side of the paper, have the writer's name and address (not necessarily for publication) and be directed to WIFE EDITOR, THE EVENING WORLD, P. O. Box 2,354.

Make Her Like Management. Man's love is man's life a thing apart, The woman's whole existence.

Man's love is man's life a thing apart, The woman's whole existence. If a husband does not love his wife as he loves himself, he is not fit to be a husband. A man who does not love his wife as he loves himself, is not fit to be a husband. A man who does not love his wife as he loves himself, is not fit to be a husband.

Love Is the Household God. A true wife, as everybody knows, needs no "management." If her husband proves himself an honest, honorable man, she does not need to be managed at all times, and every praiseworthy thought person knows how charming, how enticing, that "best" is. Love is the household god that smoothes over all defects. Without his aid, no woman can be a wife, no man can be a husband, and no man can be a husband.

The Wife Should Manage. To the Editor: A wife does not need to be managed at all, but should be allowed to manage everything herself. If a man treats his wife as one whom he has known and loved all his life there will be no trouble in the household, for his wife will appreciate his love and she does not need to be managed.

A Poor Man's Way. To the Editor: I am a poor man, but I can manage my wife without money. I treat her just the same now as I did before I married her, but when she gets discouraged I just say: "Cheer up, Ellen, our good luck is coming to me. I tell her what wonderful things I would do if I were rich, and that makes her laugh, and she forgets all about being discouraged. So I can manage my wife without any trouble. Now, I hope this will win the double eagle. Then she will laugh again." S. W. GRIFPIN.

Romeo Et Juliette. Gounod's charming opera was sung for the last time this season at the Metropolitan Opera-House last night, with Jean de Reszke as Romeo, Mme. Emma Eames as Juliette, and Edward de Reszke as Friar Laurent and Montorio as Tybalt. The performance was an excellent one, and it was enthusiastically received by an audience of goodly proportions. Floral tributes were frequent. Jean de Reszke received a laurel wreath and Mme. Eames bouquets galore. The role of Juliette gives Mme. Eames many opportunities. Her singing of the famous waltz song was particularly brilliant.

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Marion Harland's Endorsement OF Royal Baking Powder. [Extract from Marion Harland's Letter to the Royal Baking Powder Co.] I regard the Royal Baking Powder as the best manufactured and in the market. It is an act of simple justice and also a pleasure to recommend it unqualifiedly to American housewives.

Marion Harland

FROM THE WORLD OF FASHION.

A Pretty Dress Made After the Empire Style.

Jotted Wire Hats Covered with Roses and Poppies.

The late Mrs. Harriet E. Schureman, of this city, who was buried from the family's country place in Metuchen, N. J., had the most costly burial of the year so far recorded by Jersey undertakers. She left the most minute directions for the final ceremony. The casket was made of white pine beautifully carved and lined with satin that cost \$3 a yard and ornamented with silver trimmings. It was inclosed in a copper-bound box and cost \$300.



One of the prettiest dresses is of lightish gray cloth, made after the Empire style, with a rather short waist. The sleeves are shot heliotrope velvet, very full at the top, and the folds of the bodice confined by a deep band of velvet, finished off at the back with a bow. Almost every French dress has a bit of old lace about it, and the bodice of this has a cascade of lace between the folds of the bodice. The skirt is trimmed with a band of velvet, beaded by a row of gold and steel passementerie. The trimming of evening bodices with a band of sable or mink is a favorite fashion. The dark fur makes a fair skin look fairer.

George Elliot says: "The reward of one duty is the power to fulfil another."

Police matrons in New York and Brooklyn get \$900. School teachers begin on pay and work fourteen years to secure the maximum salary which is \$750 a year.

Little hats of jotted wire are almost covered by the full-blown roses and shaded poppies used as trimming, a single flower often hiding all but the edge of the brim.

The first woman to pass the Alabama State Medical Examination was a colored woman. The examination was a written one and an unusually severe one, occupying ten days, but Dr. Halia T. Dillon, who is the daughter of Bishop R. T. Tanner, passed it at a high average, and is now resident physician at Tuskegee Institute.

The lovely Boston girls who are in charge of the New England Kitchen excel in beef tea and nab-cake making. The tea intended for invalids is bottled in glass jars and sent to any part of the city. The nab-cakes are only ready Friday. They are the size of a soda biscuit, white as a snowball, and salt at three cents each. The New York branch of the Kitchen, at the corner of Hudson and Charlton streets, is also under Boston management.

Watch the girls who so lovingly hang over the singing kettle at the afternoon tea drinking! With every puff of steam! from the slender spout pink cheeks become pinker and naturally wavy locks curl into bewitching little tendrils about the white forehead. The dewy moisture gives for the moment the pretty waitress a charmingly fresh and dainty look, but she must of course be very young and very lovely of face and feature to stand this improvised steam bath.

"ROMEO ET JULIETTE." Gounod's charming opera was sung for the last time this season at the Metropolitan Opera-House last night, with Jean de Reszke as Romeo, Mme. Emma Eames as Juliette, and Edward de Reszke as Friar Laurent and Montorio as Tybalt. The performance was an excellent one, and it was enthusiastically received by an audience of goodly proportions. Floral tributes were frequent. Jean de Reszke received a laurel wreath and Mme. Eames bouquets galore. The role of Juliette gives Mme. Eames many opportunities. Her singing of the famous waltz song was particularly brilliant.

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SHREDS AND PATCHES.

At the Thursday matinee, given under the patronage of the Daughters of the Revolution, for the Mary Washington Memorial Fund, Mme. Patti was the guest of honor in Mrs. Ogden Doremus's box. Among the other occupants was Mrs. Roger A. Pryor.

When she was presented to La Diva, she remarked in her sweet, soft voice: "I know you, Mme. Patti, of old. You were just ten years of age when I first met you, and you were then a very, very naughty little girl."

The queen of song looked a trifle frightened, not knowing what to expect, but boldly denied the allegation.

"Oh, yes, you were a very naughty girl; the time you made your first visit to Petersburg, Va., you were self-willed as you could be; gave poor Strakoske no end of trouble, and you could out more candy than any human being I ever met or heard of. I wonder it did not kill you. But with all your naughty ways and inordinate love of sweets, you were a generous-hearted child, and you sang like a nightingale."

Then Mrs. Pryor presented her with the ribbon decorating with our gates, Miss Guitia Farrell. The American ladies have such good times. In the morning they are shopping and buying all the beautiful things they can find.

"Later they fill the private dining-rooms and eat up all the delicious lunches that are served. In the afternoon they drink tea. At dinner they are bright, beautiful and hungry, and in the evening they find pleasure at the theatre, opera-house, ballroom or elsewhere."

"And the men, the poor men, are always working to make money and looking sadly quiet because they cannot make enough."

"In Italy things are reversed, and it is the men who fill about, spend money, take lunch, coffee, sweet wine and dinner, and are always hunting for the fish pots."

Mme. Albani—"It is almost unnecessary to talk about American poverty."

"Poverty as it exists in Europe has no parallel in America. Here the slum children are plump, pretty and decently, if not comfortably, clothed. Mr. Hearst, Mr. Stanley hunted all New York without finding a model for a great tattercoat. The best places to enjoy life in the world are in Europe, but the best country in the world for poor children is America."

Lady Henry Somerset—"In going through the slums of New York I was struck by the remarkable absence of drunken women reeling through the streets. In England, Scotland and Ireland that is a very common spectacle, but in America it is a rarity."

Inspector Byrnes told me that there was very little intoxication among women. If they drank at all it was not openly. Then, too, the police officers are very vigilant and authorized to arrest suspicious-looking characters on the charge of being disorderly before they have a chance to make spectacles of themselves.

"There is, however, no section of London where the poor are so disgracefully herded together as in New York City. In the east end of London the poor are herded together in 175,000 persons to the square mile, while the east side of New York has 338,000 to the square mile. In London the masses live in small houses, here they 'live' in towering tenements, built in double rows, so that air and light are limited in the lower floors. The so-called model tenements are as cold, cheerless and as dreary as prisons."

—Engelhardt—"There is no nation where the parents are so disrespected by their children as in America. The boys and girls of Yankee land are remarkably bright; even the babies are precocious; they are also very pretty, but they are over-indulged, and their manners towards their elders are something startling to a foreigner."

"Before they have their second teeth they are given gold watches and rings, and they comprise one-third, perhaps, of the audiences at the matinee performances, listening to plays very often that could do them little good, even if understood. There is no prominence in London, Paris, Berlin or Petersburg, where the ladies dress as gaily and wear as many colors and jewels as in Broadway."

The Queen of England made a special request for the first of Marie Corelli's latest romance, "The Soul of Lilith." The romance can publication is just out, and an immense sale is predicted. The author has written several successful novels, and has made money, so that she really did not need the royal patronage of a queen.

Ella A. Jennings, editor and publisher of a little monthly called "Womanist," was at one time a practicing physician with a large and remunerative patronage. She conducted the "Preventive Dispensary" in One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, where women and working girls were treated for a fee of 25 cents. No less than 25,000 women worked among her patients. During a smallpox scare, some years ago, she was engaged by Macy to vaccinate the three thousand odd children in the firm. Family cares and ill health led her to seek the benefits of travel, and she went abroad the world twice without interruption. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Lucretia Mott, Henry Bergh, Thurlow Weed, Rev. John P. Newman, Wendell Phillips and the "Cary Sisters" were among her personal friends.

Mrs. Henry Villard, Mrs. J. S. Whittelsey, Mrs. A. B. Ball and Mrs. H. L. Townsend are not W. C. T. U. members, but as officers of the Riverside Rest Association they are doing all they can to better the condition of the unfortunate women who are discharged from the Workhouse and Penitentiary on the Island and the alcoholic wards of Bellevue.

At the last convention of the New England Dental Society, held in