

and to incline his activity in the direction best calculated to give play to all the fine and generous qualities of his character.

Although there has always been a disposition on the part of Germans to concede nothing but a secondary role to their women, yet there are few countries in Europe which owe so much to petticoat influence. It was the heroic Queen Luise who was the principal factor in the liberation of Prussia from the harsh and bitter thralldom of the first Napoleon. Empress Augusta, as befitted a Princess who in her childhood had been a pupil of Goethe, contributed to the intellectual development of Prussia during a reign that was more especially occupied by military matters and by sanguinary wars. Moreover, throughout her husband's reign she opposed the despotic tendencies of Prince Bismarck in such a manner as to temper their application, while it is no secret that she enjoyed in this respect the valuable co-operation of her English born daughter-in-law, the now widowed Empress Frederick, whom the old Chancellor admitted to be a foe worthy of his political steel, and who eventually brought about his downfall. It was the Kaiser's mother who placed his former tutor Hintzpeter in his way, well knowing the influence he was likely to exercise on his ex-pupil.

**PROFESSOR HINTZPETER'S RISE AND FALL.**

It was the Professor who induced the Emperor to refuse his assent to Bismarck's demand for the continuance of the anti-Socialist laws, and to summon the international labor conference at Berlin, which Bismarck so bitterly opposed that the Emperor ended by dismissing him. The failure of the labor conference to achieve the expected results and the increased hostility and development of socialism caused the Emperor before two years were past to send the Professor back to his books, and to saddle him with the responsibility of the failure of the policy which he had recommended. But meanwhile the Empress had become reconciled to her eldest son, and her arch-enemy, Prince Bismarck, who boasts in his memoirs of having caused her to shed many a bitter tear, had been dismissed, while few save the Chancellor realized who it was that had really engineered his downfall.

Both Spain and Holland have prospered to a far greater degree under feminine rule during the last fifteen or twenty years than when the reins of power were held by masculine hands. In the Netherlands the dynasty of Orange is more popular than ever before, while it may safely be asserted that no one save the sagacious and admirable Queen Regent Christina would ever have succeeded in piloting Spain through such a war as that with the United States without a revolution, a dynastic upset and a loss of something which the Spaniards prize far more than mere territory, namely, their honor.

It is unnecessary to speak here of the influence exercised by the late Queen Louise of Denmark, which had the effect of converting Copenhagen at one moment into the centre of Europe's political gravity. Of the power exercised by royal and imperial harems in the Orient I have written in these columns at length. This will serve, however, to show that petticoat influence is neither so new nor yet so injurious as the English newspapers insist at the present moment. On the contrary, the world is the better for its existence.

EX-ATTACHE.

**HAMILTON FISH PARK.**

**A HANDSOME PLAYGROUND FOR THE PEOPLE ON THE EAST SIDE.**

The latest addition to New-York's small parks occupies the space bounded by Stanton, East Houston, Pitt and Sheriff sts., and will be known by the name Hamilton Fish Park. The park will be opened to the public on June 1, and will undoubtedly be a blessing to the people who live in the crowded district by which it is surrounded. The park covers an area of 3.66 acres, which was acquired at a cost of \$1,719,805, and improvements were made at an aggregate cost of \$183,000. Work was begun on the park in April, 1899, and, although the appropriation has been exhausted, the park is not completed. The grounds have been laid out in attractive lawns and playgrounds, but no funds were left to erect the gymnastic apparatus, which was to be a feature of the park.

Four artistic electric light towers forty feet high will furnish light at night. At the north and south ends are handsome limestone pavilions. These are in the form of Italian exedras, open at the top, and they are both supplied with bubbling drinking fountains, which require no cups.

On the Pitt-st. front, extending 160 feet, is the handsome park building, with baths, gymnasiums and running tracks on either side of the main entrance. The north side is for women, and the south side for men. The grounds and the buildings were designed by Carrère & Hastings, who succeeded in creating a park in which the old rules governing such places have been avoided. There will be fewer "keep off the grass" signs there than are usually found in the smaller parks, and the grounds, the Louis XVI building, the exedras, the playgrounds and the plaza from which the games may be witnessed look inviting, and need no sign to show that they are for the people.

The Park Commissioner made a statement last Wednesday to the effect that the new park was in some respects a disappointment and that the effort to combine park and playground features was not entirely successful. It has also been said, in criticism of the park, that the bath facilities are inadequate.

**A MISNAMED TRAIN.**

From The Philadelphia Inquirer.  
He had driven from a backwoods hamlet to the station, and after making an inquiry of the conductor boarded the train for Philadelphia.

When well on the way he stopped the blue-coated official and asked in all seriousness:

"I'm sorter hungry. Will ye just tell me where the eatin' car is?"

"There is none on this train," was the answer. "Its short run does not require it."

"Huh!" grunted the questioner. "Which of yer keers is the one that ye jest loll around in an' turn and twist yer cheer any way ye please? Don't imagine that because I've never went railroadin' afore I don't know all about these things."

"You probably mean the Pullman. We haven't any attached."

"Well, bu'stin' squashes! Where's yer cigar stand, so's I kin be buyin' a weed an' lightin' up?"

"We don't have such a thing, man."

"An' ye've no place fer me ter git my shoes shined, ter be sure?"

"No, sir."

"Course, I'd be crazy ter think ye might have a barber aboard?"

"We haven't any."

The rural gentleman subjected the conductor to a menacing scrutiny from head to foot and back again. Then he drawled out in an angry, disappointed tone of voice:

"Well, sufferin' cornmeal! I thought ye said this wuz an accommodation train!"

**THE TRIBUNE'S ART-DIRECTORY.**  
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**STEAMER RUGS.**

**THIS YEAR'S STYLES IN THESE NECESSARY ARTICLES OF TRAVEL.**

"To judge by this lot of steamer rugs, only Scotch people travel," said a woman at the rug counter of a large department store a few days ago. The clerk could not deny that Scotch plaids were the favorite steamer rug patterns, and added in justification of the style that they were much handsomer than the rugs of former years.

The plush article which was popular a few years ago has little or no value as a steamer rug now, and is sold in most cases as a carriage or sleigh lap robe. The popular steamer rug is a soft article which resembles a shawl because of its fringe and a blanket in texture. Rugs of solid black, brown, drab and dark green and blue on the one side, with reverse of all kinds of Scotch plaids, are in great demand, and range in price from \$4 to \$25. A good domestic article, either in solid color or with fancy border or plaid inside, can be bought for from \$7 to \$9, and the delicate, soft finished rug in light drabs and delicate blues brings the highest prices. Between these are many English and Scotch makes in plaids and stripes, and an occasional fleur de lis or diamond pattern in black or white or some bright color.

The steamer rug of a few years ago was thicker and heavier, but not warmer, and was a burden on a railroad trip. The rug of to-day is light but warm, and can be made up into a small roll, and is a source of comfort to the European traveller.

**THROAT TROUBLE.**

From The Indianapolis Press.

Barnes Torner, the Eminent Tragedian—How much is in the house?

The Manager—Three dollars and eighty-five cents.

Barnes Torner—Let it be given out that I am suffering with throat trouble and cannot appear.

"Throat trouble?"

"Yes, fellow! Have they not given me it in the neck?"

**THE MARRIAGE OF HELENE.**

**A PARIS MIDDLE CLASS WEDDING.**

Paris correspondence of The London Express.

I opened the door of my tiny flat, and His Majesty the Concierge stood there, skullcap in hand.

"Hélène is to marry on Wednesday, Monsieur—it is the young man from the epicierie next door" (I understood now how it was that it always took pretty little Hélène twenty minutes to fetch me twopennyworth of sugar)—"a brave boy and in a good position. I and the mother of the child, we are both ravished. And now Hélène, nothing will satisfy her but that Monsieur shall make the wedding with us. It is a liberty I take, but Monsieur has known the child quite small, and"

"Not another word," I cry. "Of course I will come," and murmuring that I "confounded" him (the French tongue is rich in these delightful eccentricities, for I had been quite polite), Monsieur Pipelet made his way down to his comfortable loge again.

Wednesday came. At 10 o'clock in the morning I was fully attired in all the glories of evening dress, my buttonhole carefully widened to receive the sprig of orange blossom which—with a kiss on each cheek—I should purposely claim from the fair Hélène in return for my wishes for her happiness and the little goldwire bracelet with a turquoise heart which I had sent down to her that morning.

I looked out of the window, and when I saw that the carriages were there I trotted downstairs, and was received in great state by Monsieur Pipelet and his wife.

I fairly gasped. The every day costume of the Pipelet family may be most politely described as dishabille.

During the long years I have lived in the house I never remember to have seen Father Pipelet in aught else but shirtsleeves, or Madam P.'s buxom form confined in corsets; but to-day, ye gods!

Ladies first. Lend me your aid, ye writers for the ladies' page.

Yards upon yards of brand new black satin enveloped Madam Pipelet, and on her ample bosom burned a buckle of ruby colored velvet. Large gold earrings adorned her ears, and on her head—but there! I will not describe her hat. The mines of Klondike should not tempt me to attempt it, for I could not hope to do it justice.

"Forward!" cried Father Pipelet. "Monsieur the Mayor will be waiting," and with many jokes and much polite making way for one another we entered the glass coaches in waiting. They were real glass coaches, mind you, cushioned with fawn colored cushions, trimmed with white, and might have done duty for the pumpkin coach of Cinderella.

At the Mairie not only Monsieur the Mayor, but more friends were waiting, and when we left and followed the newly married couple to the Bois (there was no religious ceremony) our seven glass coaches were supplemented by two "tapissières"—large black wagonettes, gayly decorated with white satin favors.

And so to the restaurant. The jokes on the way were much as other wedding party jokes and the breakfast was much as other wedding breakfasts are. The big gendarme came hopelessly to grief over his speech, and kissed a pretty bridesmaid in mistake for the bride. Father Pipelet got rather drunk, and pulled the tablecloth into so many imaginary "cordons" that several glasses suffered badly, and Madam Pipelet melted into tears, although her pretty daughter was not to go away any further than just next door.

Then, after the bill was paid, came the real business of the day, the division of the bridal bouquet and the honeymoon. The bridal bouquet and the kisses were given (Hélène is especially nice to kiss), and all of us climbed into the carriages and wagonettes again.

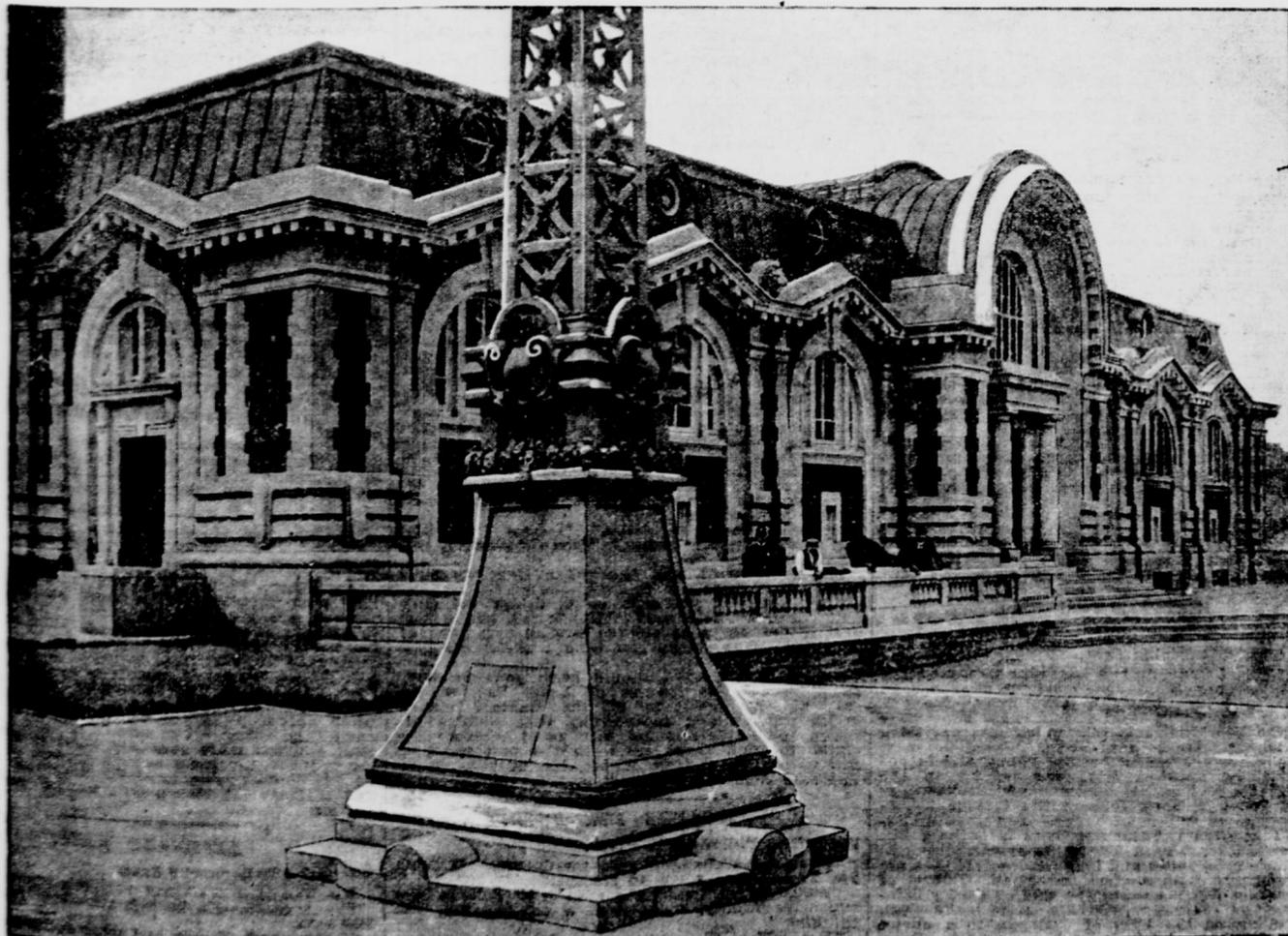
For a Parisian honeymoon, when the honeymooners are of the middle class, is made in company, and consists of a drive all around the Bois de Boulogne and games (in summer) in the green glades afterward.

What fun it was, and how the people cheered us as we went! And in the evening, after a dinner that I shudder even now to think about, we drove all round the town, depositing guests as we went, and finally, a lonely trio, Mr. and Mrs. Pipelet and I, dropped Hélène and her husband at the epicierie and went next door to bed.

**BATHING WITHOUT SHOULDER STRAPS.**

From The London Chronicle.

The rank and file on the Modder River were a short time ago temporarily forbidden to bathe, and sentinels were posted on the banks to look for surreptitious swimmers. One of the sentinels caught sight of a swimmer, who persistently ignored his summons to surrender to arrest. At last the bather emerged from the river; the furious sentinel advanced upon the dripping figure and claimed a prisoner. "Confound you!" was the reply, "can't you see I'm an officer!"



EXTERIOR OF THE HAMILTON FISH PARK GYMNASIUM.  
With an electric light column in the foreground.

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