LAST DAYS OF AN EMPRESS.

THE KAISER'S MOTHER DYING IN OBSCURITY OF CANCER.

Causes of Her Unpopularity With the German People—Her Fight for a Throne With Bismarck—Stories of the Kaiser's Conduct Toward Her—Kept Alive by Her Iron Will.

PARIS, May 1.—Every now and then one sees in the morning papers a telegram, dated from Berlin or from Frankfort-on-Main, announcing the speedily approaching death of the Dowager Empress of Germany. For many months the wife of Frederick the Noble, and the mother of the present Kaiser, has been given up periodically by the doctors. Cancer is slowly destroying her. She is as much under sentence of death as a condemned murderer, but she has one resource that the murderer has not. She can, and does, stave off death by the exercise of her indomitable resolution. An English doctor who recently assisted for a brief period her regular physician, said the other day at a medical congress in Paris:

"The Dowager Empress ought to have died months ago; but even death cannot pierce at one stroke through the defence of her granite will; he has to bore slowly to get at the citadel of that life."

This Empress with the formidable will is one of the most unhappy women in the world. She clings desperately to life, but her heart was broken long ago, and her last days are steeped in bitterness. Her whole career has been a brilliant misery. Now that she is dying slowly—a widow, an abandoned mother and an ex-sovereign detested by the people she tried faithfully to serve—she may well have said, as is reported:

"I mean to live as long as I can; but when I die, no one will be sorry, least of all myself."

This iron will, which keeps her alive now, has been directly and indirectly the cause of all her misery. No doubt it came to her from her mother, the late Queen of England. Anyhow, it is certain that very early in life the present Empress Frederick of Germany, then Princess Victoria of England, came often into conflict withher mother. When she was only 6 she dared to oppose the will of her Queen mother.

Queen Victoria, the Prince-Consort Albert, the Princess Royal and the present King of England were present in state at a review at Aldershot. A brilliant cavalcade of officers galloped by the side of the coach as royal guards. The little Princess dropped her handkerchief to the ground for the pride of seeing Field Marshals and Generals pulling up their horses and dismounting to restore the object. The Queen observed the incident and motioned to the officers not to gratify her caprice. Then she stopped the carriage and turned to the Princess:

"Get out, my child, and pick up your handkerchief." The little girl refused.

"Mamma, I can't; I'd be ashamed," she said.

The Queen insisted, the Prince-Consort entreated, but the Princess pouted, blushed and refused this time flatly:

"I won't."

Her Majesty had to let the carriage drive ahead, leaving the handkerchief on the ground.

In 1855 Princess Victoria was married at the age of 17 to the Crown Prince of Prussia, Frederick, the son and heir of King Wilhelm. It was a brilliant marriage. But happy though it was for the Princess in the unfailing love between herself and her Fritz, it was made bitter by the intense hatred she excited in Bismarck.

From beginning to end the Iron Chancellor sought to thwart "the English woman," as he called her. It was a bitter blow to him that the heir of the house of Hohenzollern should have made a marital alliance with a Princess of his enemy's country.

"She has poisoned," said he, "the Hohenzollern blood at its source."

And through the press he stirred the whole people of Prussia against the Crown Princess. She was represented as a traitor on the steps of the throne, an interloping foreigner bent on destroying the Prussian nation by insidiously Anglicizing it. This was the more readily believed in that the Crown Princess was really trying to introduce into Prussia many liberal ideas prevalent in England.

Herself a woman of strong intellect and remarkably educated, she sought to procure for women in Prussia an enlightened system of education and some considerable degree of political influence. She had set her face against many survivals of feudal privileges still lingering in Prussia and practically proclaimed herself a democrat.

"The English woman," said Bismarck, "is not only a rights-of-man woman; she is also a rights-of-woman woman, which is worse. It is red revolution enthroned at Berlin."

She was hissed in the streets of Berlin, stones were thrown at her carriage, she could not appear at a public function, even by the side of the Crown Prince whom the people adored without risk of insult. A curious complaint of hers has been recorded. From an early age she had been a diligent student of the works of John Stuart Mill, the great English republican philosopher and advocate of woman's rights. One year in the height of her unpopularity at Berlin she wrote to him and invited him to pay a visit to herself and the Crown Prince. Mill declined. In a respectful letter he explained that such a meeting would do harm both to him and to her; people would charge him with selling his republican principles for royal smiles and would say of her that she allowed philosophical fadiness to lower the royal dignity.

"Unhappy woman that I am," she cried to her secretary; "the Chancellor and my future subjects hate me because they think me a democrat; and the democrats will have nothing to do with me because I may one day be a queen!"

It is said that she wrote a letter to the English philosopher which he would never show to any one and of which he did not like to speak; probably it was not gentle.

In all her struggles with the autocratic Chancellor and with the malevolence of the people she was morally sustained by Frederick, the Crown Prince, though obliged for state reasons to keep on saying nothing, was much more liberal in his ideas than either Bismarck or old Wilhelm, and as far as possible he defended his wife's ideas.

It is a curious fact that it was her energy, determination and astuteness that made him Emperor for three months. All the world remembers that when the old Emperor Wilhelm lay on his deathbed the Crown Prince was already afflicted with the virulent throat disease which was to kill him. This was Bismarck's chance of gratifying his hate of the English woman and preventing her from mounting the Imperial throne with power practically to govern the Empire in the place of her sick husband. It was the law in Germany that no Prince can become King if afflicted with an incurable disease. The Chancellor sought to have the Crown Prince declared to be suffering from cancer, so that on the old Emperor's death the crown might fall to the present Kaiser, instead of his father.

All the court physicians were Bismarck's tools; if they could but be got to see the sufferer and utter the word "cancer," the Chancellor would deprive his enemy of her chance of grasping the helm. But the Crown Princess resisted every persuasion, every artifice, every menace; she brought the English physician, Morell Mackenzie, over from England to treat her husband, and rigorously barred every German doctor from the sickroom. It was like an international war, waged in the passage outside the sick chamber, an imperial crown being the stake at issue. She won; Dr. Mackenzie said that the Crown Prince's malady was not such as to deprive him of his right; and on the old Emperor's death, the Princess Victoria became Empress of Germany. It must not be thought that she had been fighting merely for that time. Her deep love for her husband was amply proved by her devotion to him all through that time of deadly political intrigue. And she gave, incidentally at the same time, proof of her remarkable intellectual powers. For during the three months of her husband's reign she made a profound study of the medical principles involved in his case, for the sole purpose of hastening the recovery which never came. Sir Morell Mackenzie afterward wrote that the Empress became so proficient in the matter that a doctor might have talked with her about it for an hour at a time without suspecting that she was a mere outsider. No wonder that King Edward VII. when asked who was the cleverest woman he had known answered without hesitation:

"My sister, the Dowager Empress of Germany."

When after ninety-nine days of tenure of the imperial throne Frederick died there began the last dismal stage of the Empress's career. As Crown Princess and as Empress she had had trouble, unpopularity, the persistent abhorrence of the all-powerful Iron Chancellor, all sorts of intrigues to fight against; but she had had power and high place. Now she was to know the misery of obscurity.

Few mothers have suffered more from their children than this unhappy Empress from the Kaiser. I have heard a German officer relate a favorite device of Williams to humiliate his mother during his grandfather's reign. The first Emperor Wilhelm though not an unkind old fellow in his way, was an autocratic ruler of his household and even his strong-willed daughter-in law never dreamed of resisting him. He would sometimes send an order to the Crown Princess by her son, young Wilhelm. The boy would rudely enter his mother's presence and, as if in his own name, bid her do the thing—perhaps to preside at some function, perhaps to leave Berlin for a brief visit to Potsdam.

Naturally resenting the young man's insolent manners, the unhappy mother would refuse to do as he desired. He would let her commit herself definitely to the refusal, often before other people, then would ask her with a triumphant sneer whether he was to bring the Emperor word that the Crown Princess despised the command of her sovereign. The brutality cut the mother to the quick; violent scenes constantly took place, and the haughty woman, who never feared to confront the stormy rage of the Chancellor, would cry and wring her hands in despair over the conduct of her son.

Long after the masterful young man had become Emperor in his turn and had broken Bismarck, her lifelong enemy, he still took a strange pleasure, if report be true, in wounding and slighting his mother in her lonely widowhood. Even now he scarcely ever sees her; when he does it is only for a formal visit of a few minutes, a concession to the outward decencies. After the death of her mother, Queen Victoria, he paid such a visit in company with his uncle, the new King, and probably at his urgent request. That formal call of condolence will very likely be the last until he is summoned to the death scene that may any day take place.

For it is not cheerful at Cronsberg-on-the-Main, where the most miserable of royal ladies is fighting with death. The house, though called a schloss or castle, is a dismal, ugly building in the worst modern German style. The great cheerless rooms are almost bare; there is no sign of the domestic comfort which one would expect to find in the home of an English Princess living in Germany, the land of good housewifely order. Except in the graver crises of her incurable malady, the Empress spends most of her time seated at a window in the big, bare salon, gazing listlessly at the chimneys that make her view. They say she is very often found in tears, though she does not like to have it noticed. She reads little, but "The Imitation of Christ" is always within reach of her hand. Twice a week she has a visit from her youngest daughter, the Princess of Hesse, who comes over from Frankfort to pass the afternoon at the mournful schloss. It is a pitiful evening to a life which dawned so brightly.

WOMEN WITH BANK ACCOUNTS.

Special Inducements Now Offered Sometimes to Feminine Depositors.

Several of the New York banks make a specialty of women's accounts, one Fifth avenue establishment having a notable list of wealthy women among its depositors. From morning until the closing hour at which hour there is always a rush of feminine customers, there are coupés and hansoms at the doors and a stream of women in pretty gowns who have exhausted their funds in shopping expeditions or are starting on out-of-town trips, as evidenced by the boxes and bags on the tops of their cabs.

Some of these women never make deposits. That important item is attended to by husbands or fathers who give orders that when the account falls below a certain figure they are to be notified, in which case they send a check to make good the deficiency.

That many women profited by the recent stock speculation was evidenced in the banks. Many of the women's accounts were added to during the exciting week by large and small amounts. Woman's proverbial conversational accomplishments are much in evidence at the banks, where all winning in Wall Street or at the races will be confided to the clerks with charming frankness.

The woman who risks money at the races is rarely systematic enough to have a bank account, preferring to carry her available cash about with her in a facing bag attached to wrist or belt with the true gambling belief in ready money. Or else she stows it away in the peculiar hiding places which women choose for carrying about rolls of bills. It is this peculiarity that has made a dressing room a necessity in every bank where women are among the depositors.

The women's accounts are the trials of a bank clerk's life. They indorse checks on the wrong end, never place money in proper order when arranging it, frequently make mistakes in denominations of bills and amounts of checks, while their additions of figures show weird results.

The worst trial is the woman who is always discovering a mistake made by the bank in its reckoning of her account. She will come in laden with a year's collection of cancelled checks, several books of entries and a look of firm determination on her face. She wants to have the matter sifted to the bottom then and there and expects the entire machinery of the bank to be suspended while the account is adjusted. Very frequently, most frequently, in fact, she is in error.

When a mistake really does occur, the woman with a bank account will probably pass it by. It is only when she thinks she has discovered some error that she sails in serene and confident to confound, not only the culprit, but the President, the cashier and the Board of Trustees.

The women with savings bank accounts are of an entirely different type from those who deal with a bank of deposit. The savings bank women are thrifty and business-like, rarely well-dressed and often shabby in attire, although their savings are a good-size sum. Women are extremists in the matter of money and if not actually extravagant they run to the other extreme and are rigidly economical.

The woman who overdraws her account is always offended when apprised of that fact. She never understands how it is and brings up all sorts of explanations when it is finally made partially plain to her. But she never quite understands it. She is an impressionist in her ideas of the banking system.

Women's accounts have increased within the last ten years to an enormous extent in banks of deposit. Before that the savings bank account was the usual feminine method of banking. But nowadays they have specially engraved and daintily bound check books for women.

At all the banks where women's accounts are a specialty there are parlors with neatly appointed writing desks and maids in attendance. Some of them provide circular pamphlets giving plainly expressed directions for women in the drawing of checks an making of deposits.

Women's banks are enlivened by one odd sort of visitors. Pet dogs of various breeds and shapes are escorted to the bank by maids who deposit or draw out for their mistresses. The airing of the dog and the trip to the bank apparently being regarded as a valuable economy of time by their owners.

Mr. Kaelin's Snake Mine.

From the Indianapolis News.

JEFFERSONVILLE, Ind., May 7.—A strip of abandoned land east of the city is alive with snakes, some of the reptiles measuring five feet in length. The field belongs to Frank Kaelin. W. W. Lyon, a civil engineer, was running the boundaries a few days ago, that the land might be fenced, and he encountered the snakes and abandoned his work. Kaelin went to the field to build the fence. The sun was warm, and the ground seemed to be covered with the crawling reptiles. Men who were with Kaelin charged on the snakes with clubs and killed seventy-five, while many escaped. The fence was finally built, but the workmen frequently stopped to wage a war of extermination on the snakes. Then Kaelin's son started to plough up the ground, and the first furrow turned up snakes of all sizes. A large one took refuge under one of the horses, coiling around the animal's leg. The boy killed sixteen snakes.

ARE WOMEN TRULY SQUARE?

WOMEN THEMSELVES DISCUSS THIS QUESTION IN ALL ITS PHASES.

Reluctantly They Are Compelled to Admit That There Are Times When the Average Person of Feminine Gender Cannot Be Relied Upon to Act With Ingenuousness.

The fluffy girl, who was acting as President, called the meeting to order by rapping loudly on a finger bowl with her gold hatpin, the official tack hammer being missing. She was plainly embarrassed by the dignity that had been thrust on her and blushed and faltered when the members sat up and assumed club manners.

"I've no idea——" she began weakly.

"Announce the subject!" said the medical student, leaning back in her chair with her hands in her hip pockets.

"The subject for discussion," went on the fluffy girl, "is—is—'Are Women Square?'"

She sat down suddenly in a frightened way and looked around her. The medical student rose, allowing her left hand to remain easily pocketed while she used her right to enforce her words with graceful gestures.

"This discussion," she said, "is bound to be an interesting one and I would suggest that we all take notes of the proceedings. I would also remark that as the object of our organization is mutual confession with a view to the improvement of our conduct, the debate is likely to prove painful to some of us. We are, nevertheless, bound to answer the question before us; not by any beating around the bush, but fairly and directly."

She sat down and crossed her legs, pulling up her skirt at the knees to prevent bagging, while the girl who designed in burnt leather rose quickly to her feet.

"I object to the question," she said; "it implies that a doubt exists as to the honesty of women."

"Our honesty is not in question," explained the medical student. "Let us look this matter in the face. Are we square?"

"I don't like the word," said the newspaper girl; "it is always used in connection with gamblers."

"It's common slang," said the fluffy girl, "and it is for us as a club to discourage the use of slang."

"On the contrary," said the medical student, "the Crystalmaze Dictionary, which is an acknowledged authority—"

"I don't acknowledge it," said the newspaper girl. "You have to have a search warrant to find anything in it! It's a gold——"

"Sh-h-h!" said the fluffy girl.

"Gives as definition—'integrity—honest dealing—see proportion—*Keep on the square*—Shakespeare.'"

"I always thought," said the girl law student from Philadelphia, "that a square was a meeting of streets where newspaper offices are built."

"I never could see why they call such places 'square,'" said the burned leather girl. "They never are!"

"Probably intended as a satire," suggested the newspaper girl.

"May I remark," said the medical student, "that in the absence of the regular President we seem to stray from the subject? The question is——"

"We've got to find out what we're talking about, haven't we?" asked the Philadelphia law student.

"Not necessarily!" said the fluffy girl sharply.

"If it is admitted that women are honest," said the burned leather girl, "I withdraw my objection."

"It is admitted that we are honest," said the medical student.

"Then the objection may be placed under the table," said the fluffy girl in relieved tone. "Continue."

"We are honest," went on the medical student; "but are we honorable?"

The Philadelphia law student rose at this point and left the room saying she had left her notebook in the pocket of her golf cape.

"Are we rigidly particular to fulfil our obligations; to pay our debts——"

"I always pay my bets!" exclaimed the fluffy girl indignantly.

"Our debts—our bills—," went on the medical student, while an audible shiver ran through the club. "Are we particular about telling the exact truth? Do we stretch a point——"

"Well, the idea!" said the girl who studied physical culture; "do you mean to insinuate——"

"I think I can give an illustration of what is meant," said the law student girl, who reentered at this moment.

"The member may proceed," said the fluffy girl motioning to the physical culture girl to sit down.

"I was one of a number of guests at a box party at the circus the other evening and among the group was—a—er—lady—who is interested in athletics—to some extent.

"Every one looked at the physical culture girl, known to be a crank on athletics.

"We came in late from dinner and the aerial acrobats were going through a most wonderful and dangerous performance, far above our heads. They were swinging in the most reckless way across space and catching on to things with the back of their heads and hanging by their toes. It was most marvellous and we gave little gasps of terror in appreciation of their feats. The athletic lady looked up nonchalantly and said: 'You know I've been through all this! I can do all those tricks.' We all turned and looked at her with open-eyed amazement; some of us, I fear, with doubt. Just then, one of the lady acrobats wearing pink tights gave a flying leap from a bar close to the roof and swung herself through the air diagonally downward, catching to a trapeze and turning gracefully until she hung by her knees with her head downward, the audience applauding wildly. One of the men of our party turned to the athletic lady. 'Can you do that?' he asked in awed suprise. Then we all laughed."

"All I have to say," said the physical culture girl, as a titter sounded through the club, instantly stopped by the rappling of the fluffy girl's hat pin, "is that personalities are in poor taste in a meeting."

"This instance," said the medical student, "was what might be called unconscious misstatement or unintentional exaggeration."

"Which, as a sex, one is prone to," said the newspaper girl; "it cannot be called lying."

"Certainly not!" said the fluffy girl, "any more than telling the maid to say one is out when the wrong man calls."

"I can recollect when I first took up bones," said the medical student; "I surprised a girl who didn't know anything about it by telling her how many separate bones there were in the human body. She was an enthusiastic girl and she expressed great surprise at their number. Then I found myself waiting for a chance to tell some one else, and when the opportunity arrived I added a lot of bones that is, I counted in sinews and tendons and things that aren't really bones. This made a bigger impression than the first time, and, do what I could, I kept on adding bones every time I told the story. Still I didn't mean to prevaricate. It was pure—pure——"

"Cussedness," said the physical culture girl. "Yes, I've often noticed that."

"On the subject of paying our debts," said the fluffy girl; "I know a girl who never has anything less than a bill. The other day she said: 'It's a perfect hoodoo, isn't it?' 'No, it's you do,' I said, but she pretended she didn't hear."

"The object of the club is personal confession. I believe?" said the burned leather girl.

"I never pay my fare when the conductor forgets," said the physical culture girl; "I don't suppose anybody does?"

"I do," said the Philadelphia law student.

"I wish I could say as much," sighed the burned leather girl.

"You can," said the medical student; "if you're not particular about the truth."

"We are not here, ladies, to throw rocks at each other," said the fluffy girl, sternly.

"Nor bouquets at ourselves," said the medical student.

"It was Max O'Rell," said the newspaper girl, rising at the proper moment; "who said the most perfect lady must have many of the qualities of the perfect gentleman."

The medical student bowed pleasantly, and sat down while the Philadelphia student made copious notes underlining them plentifully.

"Then about ages," said the fluffy girl. "Do you think a woman ever lived who told the truth on that subject?"

"Yes," asserted the physical culture girl. "My grandmother celebrated her 100th birthday last week, and she said she never had admitted her real age before. She's such an honorable old lady we all take after her."

"Did you ever—" said the burned-leather girl in a shamefaced way—"did you ever snoop a speech?"

"Snoop a"——cried the club in unison.

"I mean find yourself appropriating other people's ideas and giving them as your own, and going right on recklessly?"

"That's cerebral something or other," said the medical student.

"Well, I call it plain snooping," said the burned-leather girl. "I did once. It will do me good to tell you about it. It was at a dinner given by the Art Students' Color Club. I was called on for a speech. I had never made a speech in my life and I was scared. Then the girl sat next me nudged me and said: 'Get up and say something if you drop dead! There's a reporter concealed behind the palms with the orchestra, and he'll think we are an unintellectual crowd if we don't make speeches.'

"So I got up and told them how proud I was to be a member of the club and how I was unprepared to make a speech and couldn't speak any how, and they applauded loudly. Then I drank some water, as I had seen lecturers do at impressive parts of their talk and it seemed to warm me and I went on and on, and the first thing I knew I was giving them Emerson's 'Essay on Compensation' that I had to memorize once at college as a punishment. I not only used the ideas but great chunks of the original stuff. And such applause!"

"Did they laugh?" asked the fluffy girl.

"No, they never noticed it, but the reporter congratulated me afterward and asked me if I could give him a copy of the speech. I told him that I always spoke extempore and he said I was a born speechmaker—a feminine Depew. I just laughed and pretended not to understand."

The newspaper girl rose wearily with deep furrows across her brow. She folded her arms and looked over the heads of the members. "Did any of you—ever—ever—steal?" she asked suddenly. There was a horrible stillness broken by a low hiss from the Philadelphia law student.

"I always keep lace handkerchiefs that I find in my own house," said the fluffy girl encouragingly.

"I keep them when they're not marked," said the physical culture girl; "if they're good lace."

"I once stole a key," said the newspaper girl sadly. "I've never told it until now. It was a terrible thing! It's four or five years ago, but I'll never get over it!" She mopped her eyes with her notebook.

"Don't feel so badly about it," said the medical student kindly; "you gave it back I suppose?"

"No—" sobbed the newspaper girl; "that's the worst of it! I have it yet—and—and what's more,—I—I intend to keep it!"

"It was like this," she went on. "I had just been put in charge of the 'Complexion Hints and Answers to Mothers,' and I began to put on airs, especially over the girl who did the 'Side Talks With Sad People.' I had an office and a roll top desk, and the janitor presented me with the key of the office. She had to sit at an old desk with water bugs in it, and I hardly noticed her.

"It was beautiful the way they treated me. The religious editor would come in and put down the awning for me, and the art editor would ask my opinion about things, and one day the managing editor told me I could go in and out the front door. You see, there were two doors, one for reporters and one for editors. One day I met the horse editor coming in, and he told me I'd lose my job if I went in the front door; but I simply smiled pityingly at him and never told him that I had special permission.

"About this time a woman out West burned off all her hair trying to bleach it after one of my recipes and sued the paper. Then they put the other girl in charge of the 'Hints and Answers' and put me 'Side-talking With the Sad' at the old desk. She moved into the office and asked me if there wasn't a key for the door. I told her I hadn't heard of any. You see, I really hadn't heard of it—but I had it. Sometimes I think I ought to return it. But it would seem so undignified, don't you think so?"

"If I were you," said the medical student, "I'd wait until I was on my deathbed. Everything is forgiven when you are on your deathbed, and you can confess the most awful crimes and no one thinks anything of it so long as you are past hope. I have a list of things I am going to tell then."

"That's not a bad idea!" said the newspaper girl cheerfully; "I am so glad I told about it. It's concealment of crime that really hurts more than the crime itself."

"In the meantime what decision have we arrived at regarding the question under discussion?" asked the fluffy girl.

"I think," said the Philadelphia law student, "we may decide that only the very angular woman is square."

"The motion is unanimously adopted," said the fluffy girl, and the meeting adjourned with dignity.

THEIR VIEWS BLIND SOME FOLKS.

Misstatements That Pass Muster If Made as If With Authority.

The ridiculous misstatements of fact that are made in everyday conversation have often been remarked upon even by those who are not the most critical observers. A good instance occurred the other evening in the café of one of the hotels. One of several men who sat chatting about the affairs of the day remarked that President McKinley was meeting with a remarkably enthusiastic reception in Texas.

"Oh, no," said a Tammany member of the judiciary, "not at all." Then, continuing with an air of perfect authority, he said: "You know all the accounts we get here of McKinley's trip are telegraphed up by the gang of reporters on the Presidential train. They're nothing more than his press agents. They just boom the show."

This man of experience in politics and on the bench seemed to be unaware that all or nearly all the great Democratic newspapers of the large cities were represented on that train, and that they could be relied upon not to exaggerate the enthusiasm end of the business.

When the conversation turned to the bill authorizing the New York and New Jersey Bridge Company to build a viaduct through West street for distributing freight to the steamship piers the Judge, while admitting that the project would benefit the city, denounced the bill as a Legislative outrage.

One of his hearers suggested that the city through the Rapid Transit Commission had tried vainly to induce the Manhattan Elevated people to build a line of these cars through West street as a solution of the then perplexing rapid transit problem.

"Monstrous," cried the Judge; "Never in the world! Imagine the city holding out a franchise on a silver tray to the elevated! What authority have you, sir, for such an absurd statement?"

The unfortunate person who had made the suggestion said his authority for the statement was its uncontradicted publication by every newspaper in the city and that it was a matter of public record.

Under a storm of pooh, poohs, and tut, tuts, the Judge forced the other meekly to retire, a conclusion which seemed to meet the approval of those who seemed to regard the Judge's knowledge of national and civic affairs as final and altogether incontrovertible.

And thereafter his declarations were received as if delivered from the bench.

LIVING LAWN ORNAMENTS.

Larch Trees Trained Into the Semblance of Birds, Bees and Fishes.

Seen at the establishment of a city florist were some curious and attractive living lawn ornaments formed out of young larch trees, trained into a variety of shapes. These shapes included cranes in various sizes, and in various postures; bees with wings outspread, ducks and fishes.

Where a single support will serve, and furnish boughs enough from which to form the object, one tree is used. The various slender branches putting out from that are twisted and curved and formed into the shape desired. In the case of an object like a crane, there would be required two trees, to give the crane its two long legs, and here the floral artist produces a highly natural effect by using for one of these legs a tree with a bend in it, thus giving the crane the one straight and one bent leg inseparably associated in the mind with the crane of native or of pictorial art. And moreover with its long body and long neck the crane needs a good many branches in its construction, and so two trees are needed in it for that reason, also.

Some of these lawn ornaments are formed wholly of the larch, in some a few light bamboo ribs may be used in the body, upon which to train the larch boughs. This is done for instance in the body of the cranes, but the few ribs thus used are quite out of sight in the season of foliage, when the crane stands in a coat of green.

The crane is likely to be placed with its feet planted in the lawn; the bee is commonly planted in a vase in such a manner that it appears to have alighted on the edge of the vase, and the various other figures are disposed according to situation or surroundings.

The larches were trained into their curious forms by the aid of Japanese workers, and this is the first season in which lawn ornaments of this kind have been produced here. They are not so costly as might be expected, they range in price according to elaborateness and size, from $10 to $25 each, the largest of the cranes commanding the highest price. A bee, having wings with a spread of about fifteen inches, costs $12; a small crane can be bought for the same amount.

SCHOOLGIRLS ON A TRAMP.

TWENTY-FIVE OF THEM ON THE ROAD FOR 3 1-2 DAYS.

Annual Outing of the Athletic Pupils of Rosemary Hall—They Went Forty-eight Miles and Did Their Own Cooking—Great Fun, They Call It—No Unpleasant Episodes.

The twenty-five girls from Rosemary Hall who walked fifty miles last week are consumed with regret. Just one single solitary regret and it is this. A whole twelve-month must roll around before they can take another walk like that one.

Rosemary Hall is the delectable name of a school for girls. It is in a big, roomy building on a breezy hilltop near Greenwich. From the windows one can look across the Sound to Long Island or back to wooded hills and roads that go dipping up and down as if they were playing hide-and-seek with you. There is, in short, an absolutely unlimited supply of out-of-doors around Rosemary Hall.

And the girls draw upon this supply as if they realized that it is inexhaustible. They have a track for wheeling and running. They play at hare and hounds. There are beautiful stone walls around Greenwich, and though the hare generally includes plenty of them in the run, the hounds take them with a nonchalant ease which is beautiful. They play basketball. And they take both short-bounds and long-bounds walks.

To all of which a large chorus of girls' schools will reply: "And so do we!"

But that isn't all that the Rosemary girls do. They have an annual spring walk which is the out-of-door feature of the whole school year. The first one was taken seven years ago. Nine girls went with the head teacher that time and had such a glorious time that the spring walk was forthwith made a permanent institution. From the nine girls who joined the first walk the number has grown to twenty-five. And when these twenty-five girls set off a week ago yesterday on their three-days' tramp they were followed by the longing glances of every one of the girls who had to stay behind.

There are five forms at Rosemary Hall and most of those who take the long walk are fourth or fifth form girls. The young girls of the first or second form are not invited. This is not intended as an invidious personal distinction. It is merely because the head teacher will not let a "green" girl, physically speaking, go. She must have had athletic and gymnastic training. Not that the walk is a great tax on the strength of the girls who take it, but a girl must be thoroughly fit or she isn't allowed to go.

"Most of the girls don't need any special preliminary training for the three days' walk," said the head teacher. "If they have been playing basketball, hare-and-hounds, and taking regular exercise in the gymnasium they are ready to start off at any time. Girls who haven't been playing basketball or something of that sort must register for the walk three or four weeks before it comes off. If it is decided that they may go they take daily exercise by way of preparation. They run around the track several times a day and take what we call long-bounds walks.

"The papers said that we were to do a hundred miles. That wasn't true. We don't set out to do a specific number of miles. Generally we start Thursday after midday dinner and get back Sunday night. This year we started Saturday and got back Tuesday night. That gave us three and a half days and we walked forty-eight miles. That would be about fourteen miles a day. The girls are quite able to walk fifteen miles a day or even more, but we don't try to cover distance, only to have a good time out of doors.

"I plan the route beforehand and engage accommodations at the three places where we expect to spend the nights. If I don't know any one in the village I write to the clergyman and he arranges the matter for us. In this way we always stay in nice quiet places where we have good accommodations.

"The girls wear walking skirts, flannel waists, soft felt hats and good stout shoes. Each girl has a knapsack and carries her own plate, cup and saucer, knife, fork and spoon. Then we carry four frying pans, four broilers and four pails for making coffee or chocolate. How do we carry them? Oh, just in our hands. We had one of the assistants go along this time with the pony cart in case of emergency, but there were no emergencies. Still we made use of the pony cart to carry some canned goods we took with us."

"How early did you start in the morning?"

"Well, we were supposed to start soon after 7, but as a matter of fact it was generally half-past 7 before we really set off. We had our breakfast wherever we spent the night. Then during the morning we would walk about seven miles. The girls can walk at a steady gait of between three and three and a half miles an hour. So you see by 11 o'clock we would have covered our seven miles, even if we didn't get off until half-past 8. About 11 or 11:30, whenever we found a good place, we would make camp.

"You really have no idea how much fun twenty-five healthy young girls can have together. It was one long lark for all of us. We cooked our dinner over the campfires and then gave the best imitation you ever saw of young women rescued from the pangs of starvation. What did we eat? Well, we very nearly ate the dishes not to mention the frying pans.

"What we actually did eat was beefsteak or chops, with eggs, chocolate or coffee and something out of our stock of canned goods. We would buy the steak and chops at the village in the morning and divide it up among those of us who didn't have pans or pails to carry. The milk and eggs we would buy of farmers, and we also bought cold potatoes when we could get them. Then we would have potato salad.

"After dinner the girls sat around and sang. That is a never-ending source of enjoyment to girls, you know. A few of the girls who had some Greek to make up would read it with me then. That was the only studying that was done. We didn't study geology or natural history or botany as we went along. The expedition isn't intended to be edifying. It is simply for pleasure.

"After dinner we leafed until about 3 o'clock. Then we walked five or four miles and stopped for more camp fires, more broiling and boiling. For supper we would have chops if we had eaten steak for dinner. We didn't fuss about variety anyway. With the appetites we developed the all-absorbing question about food was solely, 'Is there enough?'

"After supper was over and the dishes washed and put away in the knapsacks there was some more singing. You see it was very warm the three days we were out. The weather was absolutely perfect except for the heat in the middle of the day. That was one reason we took such long rests and did not finish our day's tramp until evening.

"The evenings were beautiful, soft and mild but not hot as the middle of the day was. So we always left three or four miles and took them between 5 o'clock and 6 or half past 6. There was a moon and the lovelly and the beauty of these country walks at night appealed very strongly to the girls. There were so many of us that there was absolutely no danger of our being molested. As a matter of fact no one on these country roads paid any attention to us.

"Did you have any trouble with stragglers? Or did the girls keep together pretty well?

"I took my secretary with me, and one of us was always in front and the other at the rear. No girl was allowed to go ahead of the front guard or to drop behind the rear one. Sometimes we would be scattered along a half-mile of road, for we didn't walk them along two by two as if we were in a city street, but the girls were always between my secretary and myself.

"What do you think of walking as an exercise for girls and women?"

"Oh, I believe heartily in it. I think many girls could walk who can't take more violent exercise. I should say that at least three-fourths of all the girls we have had here could be trained to good, long walks without any possible harm to their health.

"Do you notice that the girls who take this three-days' walk do better work the rest of the spring than the other girls do?"

"Well, yes; but they do better work all the year 'round. That is, of course, generally speaking. They are the strongest, healthiest girls, and they do correspondingly better work than girls who are physically handicapped.

"Have you ever had a girl drop out of one of these walks because she was too tired to go on?"

"Oh, no. They do it easily. Any reasonably healthy girl could do the same after proper training. We came home none the worse for our excursion, except that we all acquired violent cases of sunburn owing to the unusually hot sun. And, by the way, if the girls could do fourteen miles a day in that weather they could just as easily do several more miles a day in cool and bracing weather."

Catching Long Island Mud Turtles.

Catching mud turtles is a spring sport indulged in by small boys in some of the country towns on Long Island. A crowd of boys go to a creek and with poles loosen the mud at the bottom. This causes the turtles to move out of their mud beds and they are then easily caught while swimming on the top of the water. A few days ago a boy at East Moriches caught a 26-pounder. Another boy caught one weighing 21 pounds. The boys receive three cents for small ones and five cents for the large ones.

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FAULTS OF WOMEN'S CLUBS.

A FEMININE CRITIC DISCUSSES THEIR SHORTCOMINGS.

Women Not Clubby by Nature, She Says—Their Contradictions—Perpetual Rows in Their Clubs—The Vain Debates—A Model in Chicago—Woman's Attitude to Woman.

"The question of women's clubs," said the disagreeable woman, "is always coming up for discussion; but the fact is the matter is not to be taken seriously. New York boasts a most formidable list of women's clubs, but beyond affording certain social opportunities and pleasant recreation in the way of luncheons and teas they are not identified with any important work, nor have they accomplished anything beyond furnishing humorous matter for the newspapers when they engage in discussions or quarrels.

"Women are not clubby by nature. They lack the proper brotherhood, so to speak. In their club life they are deliciously funny. A well-known band of charming women workers in the various professions held a meeting at a fashionable hotel recently with a programme of music and recitation and a bountiful spread. Gowned like queens rather than wage-earners, they fluttered about the spacious ballroom and listened to witty and clever addresses in which they described the good work they had accomplished for the women workers of their own sex in every line, from giving actual material help in the time of need to the higher help in the way of encouragement in study and the acquiring of beneficial accomplishment. There was much applause and bouquet throwing. It was a great occasion. Every member was shaking hands with herself as well as the others.

"It was a rainy day, and in the hall outside the big doorway, through which could be seen glimpses of the gowns and the appetizing repast, were two women reporters anxious to get descriptions of the frocks. They sat in damp, draggled skirts and wet shoes, cold, hungry and distinctly miserable in the consciousness of the line of demarcation which separated them like unworthy sheep from the pasture beyond in which their gayly-gowned sisters revelled. They were even debarred from entering the room where the reception was in progress. Could anything be more cruelly paradoxical than this?

"As to the rows in women's clubs they have grown to be a tradition. From the Board of Lady Managers at the World's Fair to the Daughters of the Revolution and all along the line there is a consistent record of continual disagreements on all subjects from the comparative popularity of candidates for the Presidency down to the undesirability of some over-advertised actress for admission. There are faction fights, resignations, and above all tea-table gossip fast and furious, and finally enmities, instead of the loyal friendship and impersonal generosity necessary for the well-being of an organization formed with any good object as a looked-for result.

"It cannot be denied that the very first requisite quality in a club is union. So that in the very first rule relating to clubs lovely woman is twisted. As to the debates and discussions that take place every now and then they are sources of keenest joy to the waiters, who are the only men admitted on these occasions. The questions that have come up at various times and have occupied hours in debate are never really answered. 'How to Manage a Man,' is still followed by an interrogation mark and there is an awful doubt still existing as to whether the American eagle is really a hen.

"The oldest and most dignified of all women's organizations added to the jokes on women's clubs not long ago when they held a meeting and publicly announced their intention to stand by a distinguished and lovely actress who had been unjustly mentioned as corespondent in a divorce case. The intention was thoroughly feminine and sweet, but the public announcement of the club's determination, reached after a discussion which must have been interesting, was peculiar, to say the least.

"Quite recently another delightful body of women asked themselves if men preferred women who were as Phœro expresses it 'dusty on the hem.' They were all married to presumably decent men. They reached the amazing and unpleasant conclusion that men did not like good women best, but an eloquent poetess again plunged the matter in doubt by announcing her opinion in verse that men had most peculiar ideas—ideas that were very prettily put in rhyme, but difficult to express nicely in prose. It was the same club which reached the conclusion that women as a sex were honest, but not honorable, this being the nearest to a decision that has ever been reached.

"The lack of the spirit of organization and a tendency to overmuch talk seem to be the two imperfect stumbling stones in the advance of club life for women. Elocutionary exercise is the one result that is actually reached. They are wordy organizations and every inner happening