DISCLOSURES OF "AGONY COLUMN" TO SISTER JANE.

Swamped Among the Plans to Marry, Human Auction Sales and the Various Other Miseries.

There isn't a newspaper man in the country who isn't prepared to take a solemn oath that the American papers are the best, the fairest, the cleanest and the most reliable in the world. Of course, we know that foreigners have their papers, too, but most of them are mistakes, wasted jobs-things that have gone wrong in the making, and the only thing that can be said in favor of them is that they do their best, poor sheets, to look as much like an up-to-date newspaper as they can, which len't much, considering the way they handle their news and the manner in which they "make up" their daily and weekly publications. Yet it is always right to give other folks a chance, and not to believe that all that's good and right is fenced in by your own gang. But the foreign newspapers! Ah, well, they are, indeed, as a whole, to be pitied!

Well, the other day a friend of mine, a newspaper man, called on me, and he started in to tell me a tale of woe, as ueual. Finally he said: "Jane, do you know what the agony column is?"

"Agony column? Yes; but I never read it. Church news, marriages, tea parties-" "Why, what are you talking about? But you are right about the marriage list. It should be called the agony column." "It seems agony enough to me," said I. "But go on; I don't want to dwell on the subject."

The Real Thing.

"Well," said my newspaper friend, "the real agony column has to do with marriages, disappearances and the 'come-backand-all-will-be-forgiven' sort of business." And, taking a New York paper, he began reading from the "agony" column an "ad." Here it is:

"Madeline: Oh, how I miss you! The glow of they beauteous cheek, the touch of thy silken hair, the love-light in thine eyes! Ah, Madeline!"

"What do you think of that?" "Increase of tunacy."

"Not a bit of it. If it had come for answers to correspondents, the editor would have told him to try vinegar and milk mixed, to give him something to think about; or to get a bicycle. But let

us get on."
"Now, look at this one, and think what a splendid chance there would have been, you had not put your foot in it, years and he read:

ago," and he read:
"A young nobleman, able to furnish highest credentials, here and abroad, as to title and respectability; speaking several languages and moving in the best society, wishes to meet lady of means and refinement, matrimonially inclined. This is not a financial scheme, as the advertiser has great prospective wealth; no trifiers need answer; all communications strictly confidential and letters returned. Address H. H."

"It sounds good business, doesn't it? And the only funny thing is that some one in the good society he moves in does not jump at him with both feet. Of course, it's a mere man schemer in this case, but let us see what the women have to say for themselves. Here is one who is business up to the eyes, and gets her points in an auctioneer's catalogue:
'A young widow of integrity, whose

personality and environments are alluring, would like to become acquainted with a man of probity, who has reached the autumn of life in good health, and who is sufficiently opulent to easily and consistsufficiently opuicat to easily and consistent that it is used for this purpose.

There are great singers here now; yes, singers who are very great; but the best marrimony. Address Astral.

"You buy our tea," saild one Chinese merchant of this city to a dealer, "and we buy your ginseng. We make tea of it and use it for malaria."

American merchants laugh at this assertion. They have made it into tea, but it is unpalatable. It has been tried in them the mysterious root are convinced that it is used for this purpose.

"You buy our tea," saild one Chinese merchant of this city to a dealer, "and we buy your ginseng. We make tea of their genius in those Convent Garden days, and there were Patti and Albani, and Scalchi and Nilsson, all in full flower. Now I admire the great singers. They are superb. The world is at their feet; but I.J. have seen them hours I.J. have seen them to a man who loved music.

to meet a man in the autumn of life. Most cases of malaria, but it proved value but I-I have seen them born. I have any other girl or woman of any other nation would want to meet him at the box-cannot find anything, medicinally or other cases. Chemists have examined it, but heard them sing, night after night, at their feet; best. One may still sing like an angel, office in the opera-house. Of course, It's office in the opera-house. Of course, R's is willing to pay \$7 a pound for the root. All right; for I do say that there are no files on the young American girl or womflies on the young American girl or wom-an of today. They are the nicest, prettlest, most bewitching and soul-entrancing girls in the whole world, and I don't want bouquet or car ticket for saying so, either-

"But here," interrupting himself, "is a fine young lady who knows what she is, and knows what she wants. Our Madeline Now, incline thine idiot should read this. ear toward me and listen: "'A tall, slender, graceful, thorough-bred young brunette beauty, of stunning

appearance and fascinating personality, desires to meet a millionaire; others please not answer; no agents; object, matrimony. Exclusive."

I was speechless, but when I came to myself I told him that I d'd not believe for a moment that any American girl would put such an advertisement in a pa-per. Nothing but a million for her! Stuff! "It's up-to-date journalism," said my friend, the newspaper man. "Well." I replied, "I dare say the girl is

worth it, for a woman who takes nine adjectives to describe herself must be cheap at a million dollars. That 'ad' 's the gem of the column. But it's a pity that we cannot manage things just as neatly here in Oregon as they do in the Eastern states. It would save a lot of ex-pense in visiting, traveling, ball-going theaters etc. Every one knows what P. T. Barnum said, "The road to fortune is through printer's ink."

Business and Pleasure.

'Here is another 'ad,' " said my friend. "Now, this woman is strictly on the lookout for a man that has business qualifications as well as a stock of love, affection and kisses. And this chance should be called to the attention of a number of Portland people who are looking around for a grubtake. Listen to the notice: "'A man wanted to manage a large-well-stocked farm: If the man satisfies and it is mutual, am willing to marry. Address Lonely, Kansas.

"Now, many a man would, no doubt like to have the qualifications necessary to obtain this position, yet a great many men have a dislike of the state where graeshoppers and sockless Simpsons vego-tale. Yet this woman resides there and has managed to secure a 'well-stocked

Here Jane, is a chance for a man who is going to Cape Nome, and has money enough to purchase two tickets: 'Young lady wishes to make acquaintance with ty going to Cape Nome to start hotel. Address Etta."

"And here is," continued my journalistic friend, "an exceedingly pretty widow, 18, who seeks acquaintance with a wealthy. elderly gentleman; view, matrimony; re-ply, Elite.' If a woman polishes off No. 1 by the time she is 18, No. 2 must have pluck, if he is found, and all the more so, as she has hope of a third. But who ever found a woman with a conscience?" Whoever found a man with any sens

at all?" said I. "What are you talking about, anyway? You have picked out all the worst ones; just to show what some women are like; but I don't believe there's another one in the paper.

"Pansy," a Blonde.

"Don't you? Well, read this: "Beautiful blonde; perfect figure; sweet disposition; like to meet wealthy gentleman; object, matrimony. Address Pansy.' You would never get a man to cry out his wares in

that fashion. "Oh, he will cry them for all they are

UP-TO-DATE JOURNALISM a great deal more. And I bet you there are just the same things from men in the

paper. Let me look at it."
The first line I read took my breath away. Oh, mercy, what are we coming ? He makes the most of what beauty has, and talks about his age and to? weight like a prizefighter. Here is what

"Young gentieman, age 28, head book-keeper for a mill; height, 5 feet 8 inches, 155 pounds, dark complexion; wishes cor-respondence with young lady, with a view to early marriage. Address Falthful." But here is another, who steps into the ring to put himself up for sale. ring to put himself up for sale:

"Gentleman, fairly circumstanced; en-treats confidential correspondence with amiable, handsome, intelligent widow; reamiable, handsome, intelligent widow; religious, of searchable record, and some
means; object, matrimony. Charles."

"There," said my friends, "is a man
after my own heart. I would take him to
be a knowing bird, if he had not prefered
a widow; but-religious, some means and
searchable record—hum! hum! He knows
something for if every woman's record.

something, for if every woman's record was searched-well, Jane, we needn't say what would happen."
"Here is a doctor," I replied. "Let us see what he says." I read:
"Physician, 38, well educated, honest. true and competent; desires acquaintance (object, matrimony), maiden or widow, with some means, to start business and

happy home; agents and triflers not no-ticed. Confidential." "He knows something," said I. "Just notice the nice way he wants to start a happy home and a good business, on the

woman's money. Trust a man for know-ing his own mind." Which is more than you can say of a woman," replied by newspaper friend, as he took the paper from me and read off a lot more extracts from the "agony column" of much the same general import as the others. Finally I got tired and begged

Yes, this is no doubt up-to-date journal-LOU VERNON.

MYSTERIOUS GINSENG.

American Root Product Greatly in Demand by Chinese,

An ugly-looking little yellow root, called by the Chinese "ginseng," is exported from this country to the Flowery Kingdom. Its utility is a mystery to American merchants who deal in it. The root is bought by representatives of Chicago houses in New York, says the Herald, of that city, who pay as high as \$7 a pound for it. Last year the quantity sent to China was appraised at \$4,000,000. Many of the Chinese merchants forward it home in settlement of their bills. In China the root is said to bring as high as \$12 and \$15 a pound. No American has ever found out to what use the root is put. It has a very bitter taste, but so far as can be ascertained, possesses no medicinal virtues.

The root is found along the banks of mountain brooks in the upper part of New York State, and also in Tennessee. singular feature of its growth is that it is only found on the east banks of brooks, and almost a foot and a half from the surface of the ground. Inhabitants of the mountain districts in the two states have for years been diligently unearthing the precious root, which yields them immense profits, many earning a lucrative income from it. The root was discovered about 10 years ago by trappers in the mountains. They had no conception of its value. The Chinese accidentally heard of the finding of the root. Ever since Genoa. Ah, the youth; how good it is! I am seconding the artist's efforts. So is

of the finding of the root. Ever since there has been a paying traffic in it. The root is packed as carefully as if it were valuable glassware, and shipped home in cases.

Several large fur houses do an extensive "outside" business in ginseng, their trappers utilizing spare time in digging for the root. It is suspected that it is used in the preparation of opium. Chinese merchants in this city, when questioned about it, strenuously deny this; nevertheless American merchants selling them the mysterious root are convinced that it is used for this purpose.

"You buy our tea," said one Chinese

debut in "Trovatore,' at the Paganini, in Genoa. Ah, the youth; how good it is! I dreamed wonderful dreams then, but they did not come true. I turned impressario, but I am glad that I sang, first. No one can be a good prompter who has not sung; and it is something to be a good prompter, though at 19 I would have laughed at that idea. I have been stage manager, too. I have led the orchestra. Then I was prompter at Covent Garden from 1872 to 1887.

"Those were the days of great opera; and even to be in the prompter's box was heaven to a man who loved music. There are great singers here now; yes, singers who are very great; but the best

erwise, valuable in it. Yet the Chinaman but one los and smiles: "Chineeman sickee; Chinee-man needee it." The Chinaman fixes the price of the root according to the supply. Sometimes he is willing to pay \$7 a pound for it, which price now prevalls, and sometimes only \$5. It has never gone below \$5. The wealthy Chinese merchants of the city, through whom the roots are shipped, maintain a mysterious silence re-butante or a young artist is so serious, garding its exact virtues. This convinces She has studied her role until she knows

PROMPTING THE SINGERS

IMPORTANT PART PLAYED BY UN-SEEN "MAN IN THE BOX."

Signor Sanoni, Prompter of Metropolitan Opera, Tells of Great Artists He Has Known.

Signor Sanoni, the prompter in Italian and French opera at the Metropolitan Opera-house, New York, is an all-round musician, and, incidentally, a bit of a

philosopher. "The public does not know the man in the box," he says, with an expressive shrug, "No; the singers have all the glory; but every one cannot sing. If every one did, who would prompt the singers when they fall? For me, I should prefer the singing, yes; but I am old. I should sing badly, but I am an excellent prompter. So I sit in the box. The singers know me. The manager knows me. The public?-well, there are many things the

leader of the orchestra and the prompter. No one else knows she was at a loss. "I spoke of Patti, but that would never have happened with Patti. Her repertoire was not large, but she was sure. Yet she

would not sing unless the prompter was in 'Ah, mon cher,' she would say to me. 'When you are in the box I do not see you I do not know that you exist. You are of no use to me. But if I should look way, and you were not there, I ld be lost. The thought of what

might happen would make it happen."
"A singer who has the certainty of Patti can carry an opera on her shoulders. She lends some of her confidence to every one else, and brings the best out of her com rades. She gives a certain precision and spirit to the whole opera. Mme. Sem-brich is another who has that quality. No one could sing with Sembrich and fall. She is an inspiration-and so faultess, so unerring. That is art-and nature

way. She will carry anything through triumphantly, and what a repertoire she has! I have seen singers like those lead such forlorn hopes, rally such broken ranks, and win victory out of imminent public?—well, there are many things the public does not know."

"You did sing, once. Signor?" asks a reporter of the New York Sun.

"At first I sang, yes. I was 19, and I it is as if I saw Balaklava.

"At the brave heart! the great artist!

"At the brave heart! the great artist!

"In one hand he held a little, well-worn bible; his other hand was raised high

UNTYING THE KNOT.

"Mme. Lehmann is glorious in another the rough and rugged heights of Enslin, defeat. I have heard them sing their own to see on stained-glass windows in Old roles and help out stumbling comrades World churches in Rome or Venice. His with theirs, a high note here, a trill feet were firmly planted close to the

"Prepare ter Meet Yer God!" Is the Burden of the English Soldier Lad's Appeal.

Much has been written of the religious spirit in which the Boers do battle. That the Boer has no monopoly of this spirit is shown by the following sketch, written at Enslin (Gras Pan) battlefield, by a

"He was standing at eventide, facing The crimson-tinted clouds that emblazoned the sky cast a ruddy radiance round his head and face, making him appear like one of those ancient martyrs one is apt feet were firmly planted close to the

or earnestness. Courage was imprinted by nature's never-erring hand in every lineament of his Saxon features. So

might one of Cromwell's stern-browed warriors have stood on the eve of Mar-

Impressive Scene.

their red-brown furrows, rows of soldiers

lounged, listing to the old, old story of

man's weakness and eternal shame, and

Christ's love and everlasting pity. On

of decorations gleamed, telling of honor-

able service to Queen and country. Before

a man could wear those ribbons, he must

on many a battlefield. He must have

'Prepare ter meet yer God!'

ston Moor.

lian suns. correspondent of the Daily News:

ON ENSLIN'S GORY FIELD light than now, when, facing that half-mocking, half-reckless crowd, he cried; "'Prepare ter meet yer God!"

"Rough as the thrust of a broken bayo-net was his speech, unskilled in rhetoric MODERN "IRONSIDES" EXHORTS HIS his tongue, his periods unrounded as flying fragments of shrapnel shell; yet all who listened knew that every word came from the speaker's soul, from the maga-zine of truth. Some London sium had been his cradle, the gutters of the great city the only university his feet had ever known. The coster's dialect was native to his tongue, yet no smug churchman crowned with the laures of the schools could so have stirred the blood of those wild lads, fresh from the boundless and lawless mining camps beneath Austra-

> "Prepare ter meet yer God!"
> "And even as he spoke, we, who listened, plainly heard the rolling thunder of our guns, as they spoke in sterner tones to the nation's foes from Modder River. It was no new figure that the soldler-preacher placed before us. It was the same indignant Christ that swept the rabble from the temple; the same great Christ who calmly faced the seething mob in Pllate's judgment halr: the same sweet Christ who took the babes upon his knee, the same divine Christ who, with hyssor and gall, and mingled blood and tears passed death's dread portals on the dark brow of Calvary. The same grand figure, but quaintly dressed in words that savored of the London slums, and of the soldiers' camp and yet so hedged around

with earnest love and childlike faith that all its grossest trappings fell away and left us nothing but the ideal Christ. "Once more we heard the distant bat-teries speak to those whose hands had rudely grasped the empire's flag, and ev-ery rock, and hill, and crag, and stony height took up the echo, like a lion's roar, until the whispering wind was tremuleus with sound. Then all was hushed except the preacher's voice.

No Rebels There. "'Prepare ter meet yer God! I've come ter tell yer all abart a General whose armies hold ther City of Eternal Life. If yer are wounded, throw yer rifles down, 'nd'e will send the ambulance of 'is love, with Red Cross angels, and His Adjutant whose name is Mercy, to dress yet wounds. Throw down yer rifles 'nd sur-render. No rebels can enter the City of Eternal Life. You can't storm ther walls. or take ther gates at ther point of their baynit, for ther ramparis are guarded 'nd ther sentries never sleep. When ther bu-gles sound ther larst reville you will ever 'ear, 'nd ther Colonel, whose name is Death, gives the order ter march, you'll have nothink to fear abart, if yer bandoliers are full o' faith 'nd yer rifles are

sighted with good works. 'Yer uniforms may be ragged, and you may not even have a corporal's stripe to show: but if yer can pass ther sentries fearlessly, you'll find a General's commis-s'on waitin' for yer just inside ther gate. But yer can't fool with my General. Remember this: Ther password is, 'Repentmember this: Ther password is, Repentance, 'nd nothink else will do. This sentry on duty will see you count' and will challenge you. "Who goes there?" "Friend!" "Advance, friend, 'nd give ther countersign!" If you say "Good works," you'll find 's baynit up against yer chest. If yer say you've forgot to get it, you'll be in ther clink in 'ell in ther twink-lin' of an every but it you say loved 'or an every but i lin' of an eye; but if you say loud 'nd clear, "Repentance," 'e will lower his bay-nit 'nd say, "Pass, friend. All's well!" "

ONE SENSIBLE FAD.

tion to Clever Women.

"Theater books" are among the latest fads, and, according to a programme of recent date. Sembrich, the opera singer, is their sponsor. It tells of the fad thuswise: "Marcella Sembrich has a book in which every performance at which she sings is recorded. Many women keep books in which they record every performance they witness. There was a time when just any old book, a ledger or a scrapbook, was thought quite good enough for the preservation of programmes of operas, concert and theater, but that is no longer the case. A spe-cial theater book is now considered a "To the right of him, the long lines of necessary possession by every theater-tents spread upward toward the kopie; going woman."

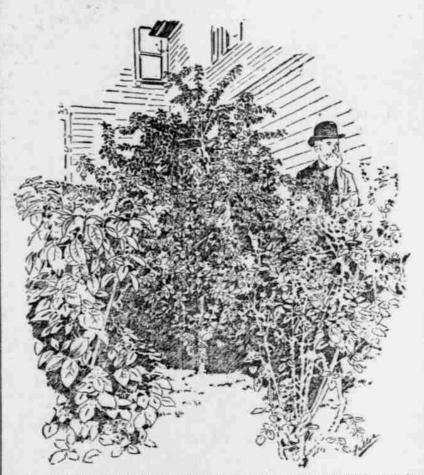
The theater book may be a thing of to the left the veldt, with its wealth of kept, should prove a joy forever and in years to come valuable in a family. Each left-hand page has spaces, which, when filled in, tell to what place of amusement the owner went on a certain date, with was, who were the leading performers, and then there is room for her to criticise the play and players. Space is also pro vided in which the comments of professlopal critics may be inserted. The opposite page is left blank, and there the gramme and pictures of the stars are pasted in. Some of the books inside and out are elaborately designed in white and

"Theater Books" Give Much Satisfac-

known the agonles of thirst, the dult, gold.

dead pain of sleepless nights and midnight "Nothing has given me more pleasure

OREGON'S LARGEST FUCHSIA PLANT.



The above cut represents a fuchsia plant which for the past five summers has been growing the garden of Mr. Robert Foulkes, 821 Front street, this city, and which is, without doubt, the largest plant of the kind in the state. It is 6 feet 10 inches in height, measures 10 inches around the stem, and the circumference of the branches of the plant is 23 feet. The name of the variety is not known, but the flowers which it produces in thousands are large and very beautiful. The plant is hardy, as it has received no other attention than to be placed in the cellar every winter and put out in the garden every spring.

marches; the tireless watching at the sen-try's post, and the onward rush of armed woman to "Daisy May," of the Denver Republican, recently. "I've always kept try's post, and the onward rush of armed men up heights almost unscalable.

"On Egypt's sun-scorched plains he must have faced the mad onslaughts of the Dervish hosts, and rallied with the men who held the lines at Abou Klea Wells, where gallant Burnaby was slain. hills of Afghanistan must have re-echoed to his tread, eise why the green and crimson ribbon that mingled with the rest? His eyes had flashed along the advancing lines of charging impi, led by Zulu chiefs. Yet never had they flashed with braver

Republican, recently. "I've alway my programmes, of course; every minded woman does. But, as I was about to say. I never kept my programmes carefully until I fell heir to this book. I just put them into a scrapbook higgledy piggledy, without criticism or comment, and, as a result, when I came to look over them on a rainy day I found fre-quently that I could not recall this, that or the other point about a performance. The theater book bolsters up the memory

SPRING STYLES FOR MEN

ATEST CONCERTS FOR THOSE WHO WOULD FOLLOW FASHION.

Quiet Effects Will Dominate Among the New York Beau Monde, Who Set the American Vogue,

In the spring a livelier tris Changes on the burnished dove;

In the spring the young man's fancy. Lightly turns to thoughts of love. Nothwithstanding the truth in Tenny-

son's famous lines, there are practicalvery practical-thoughts which come to the "young man" when Spring's mild breath first flows upon the buds and tells the world that winter has finally gone to

The average New York young man's first thought as mild weather approa is an outfit, says the Mail and Express of that city. A Spring outfit, it continues, may mean little, or it may mean a great deal, but to the well-dressed man it involves sundry trips to the tailor's, the

There is little change in sack suits for the coming season. Natty imported ma-terials, rough cheviots, worsteds and comespuns are being shown by the better tailors. The man-of-many-suits may have these in lighter colors—but he of few would best adhere to simple mixtures of dark effect, or straight colorings in blues, grays or browns. The herring-bone weave, so popular last season, will not be worn this year to such a great extent, though it is still shown by some. Smart diamond weaves may be seen in many of the best establishments. These form a pleasing effect, and will be much worn

in sack and English walking suits.
Frock coats for Spring will vary very little from the present style. They will be neither long nor short, reaching within an inch or two of the knees. The "nobby". tie for afternoon wear is the soft white slik sallor Ascot, in basket effect, though colors may be worn with perfect propriety in both Ascots and four-inhands. Bow ties may under no circum-stances be worn with the full frock or Prince Albert coat.

Covert Coat Still in Vogue.

The covert coat still remains popular, and will be worn short-just long enough to cover the sack coat, or short walking coat. This coat, properly worn, is a strictly undress overcoat, never to be worn on dress or semi-dress occasaions

The outfitters are showing a new shirt to be worn with the tuxedo coat. This garment partakes of the nature of a white negligee. The bosom is heavily pleated, and the material is of watered or striped pique. In pattern it follows the negligee, having three pearl buttons in front. The cuffs-which are, of course attached-are of plain white Summer this shirt may make a hit, but it is such a decidedly striking innova-tion that it may or may notbe a success. A turn-down collar and black silk bat's-

wing tie should be worn with it. Spring shirts in stripes will be worn a great deal. The materials are the same as used in th eengligee. Stripes are vertical, and variegated patterns are shown by outfitters. Fine black stripes on white are in good taste, but almost all colors are in order. Stitchings are being run three-sixteenths of an inch from the edges of osom and cuffs, while the other edges

may be done in the French stitch. Flannels for golf shirts are shown in light-colored Scotch plaids, to be made with cuffs of the same material, and silk bands for white collars.

The bat's-wing tie is the proper thing with the tuxedo. It may be in plain or self-figured siik. Though the outfitters talk bat's-wing ties in white, soft-finished piques, linens and lawns for full dress, and the same shape in taffetas (plain and selffigured) for semi-dress, the old straight string ties-rather narrow-and of such length to form a small bow-are still worn

by many property dressed men. Scarfs and Gloves.

A new scarf is the English Rumchunda dros. It may be tied in four-in-hand or pleasing patterns. The Kalos string tie is a popular effect with sack and walking The tie has just been introduced Gloves for full dress are being made with two pearl buttons. White stitching is best. Afternoon gloves should only have one fastening-a button preferablyand gray suede and the lighter shades of tan are the most stylish colors. These gloves should be heavy and loose-fitting,

while dress gloves must fit snugly.
Though the loudest colored hosiery has een its day, thin stripes and polka dots will be worn this season. Black and white vertical embroidered stripes will be 'nobby." and silk hose for evening dress. in mild slates, mauves, heliotropes with combination embroidered fronts, black, white and self colors, are likely to be

In hats there is more leeway than formerly. Many New Yorkers are following the English custom and having their hats made on the block which most becomes them, with what slight alteration the sea-son's style demands. After all, this plan seems the more sensible, for an unbecoming hat is a great drawback to a man's

appearance. WILL THEY NEVER PASS AWAY!

Must the want, and woe, and crime, That we see on every hand, Ne'er be banished from the earth. Ne'er be driven from the land? Must wrong endure forever, Whilst truth, goodness, shall decay? Are these evils then eternal!

Will they never pass away?

These are questions men are asking With their heart, and with their brains Has the golden age departed?
Will it never come again?
Shall we through the coming ages Groan beneath a jingo sway? Are these hateful things immortal? Will they never pass away?

O great nations, can you tell me, When your wars and strife shall cease! With your fighting men disbanded, All our race would live in peace. Or shall this go on forever? Are we simply beasts of prey, Filled with such a thirst for bloodshed It can never pass away?

Yet, methinks, that wrong shall perish War, the demon war, shall cease; And the various tribes and nations Shall, like brothers, live at peace. Yes, the despot's power shall crum Freedom yet shall win the day; God and goodness are eternal,

And each wrong shall pass away. Then have courage, men of labor, In whatever land ye be And the eternal God shall aid you In your struggles to be free. Every evil thing shall perish; Every tyrant's power decay; fod still lives and is Almighty

And each wrong shall pass away. -Lou Vernon

Made Him Uneasy. Miss Matilda Snowfiake sat at the plane nd sang, "All I Want Is Ma Chicken." Zeke Darkleigh, who had paid a nocurnal visit to Miss Snowflake's papa's hen roost the week before, squirmed uneasily in his seat, and finally asked, in

serious tones: "Is-is dey anything pussonal intended a dat song, Miss Matilda?"-Baltimore American.

New Breed.

Wickwire-Look here. This is the fourth ime this morning you have been in here sking for the price of a meal. Dismal Dawson-Yep. I am the absent-ninded beggar, don't ye know.-Indianap-

worth," said I, "and, in most cases, for | way?"-Chicago Post.

MAY HEAD WOMAN SUFFRAGE REVOLT.

HRS. LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE, OF NEW YORK. Little Devereux Blake, who, with her friends, threatens to displace Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt as the leader of the woman suffragists, is regarded as in many respects capable woman than the recently elected president of the Suffrage Association. Mrs. Catt. It is charged, has never accomplished anything worth talking about for women, whereas Mrs. Blake has devoted 30 of her 60 years of life to the cause. Besides, Mrs. Blake has been prominent in every movement having for its object the amelioration of woman's condition without reference to the franchise. She is a capable lecturer and writer, and her pen has never been idle. Mrs. Catt, on the other hand, has, it is alleged, spent more of her time reading poetry and raising flowers than in helping her sisters. Mrs. Slake is a native of North Carolina. In 1855 she married Prank G. Umsted, who left her a widow, with two children dependent on her. For 10 years she earned her own living and educated her children with the money she made out of her literary work. In 1866 she married Grenfill Blake, of New York, and since then has lived in New York City. The threatened secession from the old association and the organization of an opposition society, with Mrs. Blake as its president,

finds favor among many of the most progressive of the suffragists in New York.

dealers that it is used for opium. It is it backward. She has been shut between grow in China.

Refreshing Her Memory. "What is your waist measure?" asked her dearest friend. "Really, I've forgotten," replied the de-mure little maiden. For a moment she was buried in thought. Then, turning to her escort, she asked:

"Harold, how long is a man's arm, any-

thought to be mixed with the latter to the leaves of the music until she steps improve it. It is said the root does not on the stage. Unless she is utterly paralyzed by stage fright, which seldom happens, she will not forget. With a great artist it is different. The

back, no matter how great the art that

Prompter Most Essential,

"You know it is with the great artists

opera is changed at the last minute 'Mme. Patti, will you sing tonight' 'What is the opera?' 'Il Barbiere.' 'Al certainly. I can sing it in my sleep.' She doesn't bother her head about it again until the curtain goes up that night. Then something silps her memory; but she does not make a fiasco. She relies upon the terfered with."-Washington Star.

I am seconding the artist's efforts. So is voice rang out on the suliry, storm-laden the leader of the orchestra. He, too, is inup, we dash ahead. The curtain goes down. The audience, with a few excepfigure arrayed in the plain khaki uniform tions, does not know that anything has of a private soldier; at the clean-shaven before their eyes. Scalchi was blue eyes, could doubt either his honesty fought before their eyes. superb in such scenes as that. She would sing a whole duet—a quartet, I verily believe—if the emergency demanded. "A good prompter must know every note, every word of each opera. He must understand the orchestra as well as he understands the singers. He must be steeped in music. I can start at the be ginning of any Italian or French opera

on the Metropolitan bills and give you every word, every note, from start to un-

BRITISH LION-"THAT'S A GOOD FELLOW, 'BOBS,' TAKE 'EM ALL OUT."

ish. When I am in my box, I sing every role in my mind. I know every soprano, contraito, basso, baritone, tenor note. I gray-green grass, sown by the bounteous watch always. It is not enough to help hand of the Great Harvester; all around when the need comes. I must try to prevent the need; I must foresee the hesitabut one loses something with the years a certain fresh bloom, that will not come tion and ward it off.
"I feel that a singer is uncertain. He has a difficult entry in a duet. He may not be sure. I fix my eyes on him. He glances at me and at the orchestra leader. the soldier preacher's breast a long row The difficult moment comes. I nod my head. I whisper the opening phrases in such time that the last sound will leave my

lips just as the instant of his attack a man could wear those ribbons, he must have faced death as brave men face it the note of entry. Le voila! He attacks on many a battlefield. He must have He is affoat safely. No one knows there was danger. "Now, then, the contralto is needed. 1 whisper her phrase. I nod to her. She is in. The baritone follows. They are all going; but the quartette is difficult. They are all a trifle uncertain. Then I am busy. It is like the man who juggles with many balls in the air at one time. I sho the phrases at the singers. 'Tra-la-la! to the tenor. 'You, monsieur.' 'De dum de'-to the baritone. 'You' 'Tra-la-la-ta the soprano. 'Now, madam.' 'Do re mil'

to the contraito, 'You.'"
Signor Sanoni has sprung from his chair, and is giving, with fine dramatic effect, a syncopated version of a "Don Juan" quartette. Like Scalchi, he "could sing a quartette in an emergency." barltone voice may have been better at 19, but it is not bad now, and the fire in eyes belies his asser he is old. He has face, the gesticulating hands. assertion unsnuffable flame of his race and of his profession. He drops back into his chair, laughing good naturedly at his own enthusts sm

To Sofia Scalchi.

H. F. Rodney. There's many a charming bird who loves And artists of all sorts on the Risko;

A few enjoy the Niebelungen Ring;
But give me songs sung by a grand contralto.

Her's to your art, Sofia,

And your fine contralto voice; We ne'er expect to see a Mezzo nearer to our choice. May your intonations seem a Sweet, perennial refrain. As we gaze upon our prima

Scalchi, in her mise en scene!

She carole as if to the manner born

Loud braves greet her climaxes and quavers; Her tempo laughs the metronome to scorn, While reeling off her rapid vocal favors. Here's to a voice that's sturdy And tempestic to our heart, As it thrills us with old Verdi And the brie in her art. We have heard some song purveyors. But sweet airs don't wing their salls,

For, aside, they're merely players

Come vocalize your florid roles again And vitalize the lyrics Verdi fathered; Revive the jigs of funny, sunny Spain, Nor leave us by Wagnerian cakewalks both

Here's to orchestral echoes Of the century that's past; And the Diva will protect those Softened melodies that last; For their rhapsodies are freighted From Italia's sun-kissed main, And our Scalchi will be feted In her perfect miss en scene

His Pastime. "We are now in the 20th century," said the emperor sternly. "But, your majesty, there is almost a sar yet-"

"Bother the year! I'm a very hardworking emperor, am I not?"
"Yes, your majesty."
"Well, when I feel like killing a little
time now and then I don't want to be in-