

SOCIETY

Pleasures of the Week.

The annual May party of the Elks, given Friday night at the club rooms, proved to be one of the most pleasant social events of the season. The evening was cool for dancing, the music superb, the decorations attractive and the crowd a jolly one. Voget's concert orchestra made the music and demonstrated once more that it is no longer necessary to send away from home for superior orchestral service. Punch was served in the club rooms and at midnight a luncheon was served in the club rooms below, a dozen pretty girls waiting on the tables. A number of out of town visitors were in attendance.

Mrs. Rudolph Wichert Thursday evening entertained a company of young ladies, the party being complimentary to Miss Minnie Verges, who leaves Monday for Germany, where she is to become a bride soon. Miss Verges will be accompanied by her younger sister, Marie. Refreshments were served in three courses.

A dinner party was given Saturday evening at the Rainbolt home, the occasion of the party being both the birth anniversary and the presence in Norfolk of G. Baldwin of Boston, a brother of Mrs. Mathewson.

The girls' sewing club, which meets every two weeks, was entertained last Saturday afternoon by Miss Leta Carter at a May party. A May pole was a pretty feature of the party.

Trinity Social guild met Wednesday evening with Miss Edith Estabrook. Several piano solos, rendered by Otto Voget, were one of the pleasant features of the evening.

The T. B. T. were entertained Tuesday afternoon by Mrs. F. Taylor at her home on South Second street. The afternoon was pleasantly spent.

An informal roller skating party attracted some twenty-five couples to the roller skating rink Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Sol G. Mayer entertained the West Side Whist club Thursday evening.

A Ninety-third Birthday.

Mrs. Mary Kingsbury, who has the distinction of being the oldest person in this vicinity, and who is undoubtedly the oldest woman in Madison county, surrounded by friends and well wishers, on Sunday celebrated her ninety-third birthday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. N. A. Rainbolt. Many visitors were received by Mrs. Kingsbury during the day, while floral gifts were especially numerous.

Her mind clear and her intellect still sharp, Mrs. Kingsbury told her callers that she entered on her ninety-fourth year with as much courage and feeling as well as she ever did. Her friends naturally hope for the privilege of many more birthday calls.

Mrs. Kingsbury was born in New York at a time when James Madison was still president of the United States. Her home has been in Norfolk for twenty-three years. Despite the fact that she might be called a pioneer resident of Norfolk, Mrs. Kingsbury was a woman of seventy years when she arrived here.

Personals.

Norfolk friends of Tom Brice will be glad to know that he is able to leave Excelsior Springs, Mo., and that his recovery is now almost complete from his long siege. He has gone to Clearfield, Ia.

Mrs. J. M. O'Connell of Ponca and her daughters, Miss Marion O'Connell of Osmond and Miss Edith O'Connell of Genoa, were in the city to attend the Elks May party.

H. C. Matrau was in Omaha this week attending the annual meeting and banquet of the Nebraska commandery of the Loyal Legion, of which he is an ex-commander.

Mrs. L. N. St. John, of Kearney, who was the guest of Mrs. W. J. Stedman during the past week, returned home Saturday.

G. Baldwin of Boston spent Sunday visiting with his sister, Mrs. D. Mathewson.

Hymenial.

A granite shower, given Thursday evening complimentary to Miss Clara Anderson, who will be married this month to Earl Perry, was followed by a dance in Railroad hall in South Norfolk, a pleasant evening resulting for the young people in attendance. The shower took place at the home of the bride's father, Gilbert Anderson, on South First street. Light refreshments were served. After 10:30 the company adjourned to the hall for the dancing party. The cottage on South Fifth street, which the bride and bridegroom will occupy after the ceremony this month, has just been completed and is now being furnished.

Fred B. Parish, who was married in Mason City, Ia., last Saturday, to Miss Florence Williams, is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Parish of Norfolk, and is well known in Norfolk despite the fact that he has spent the past few years in Omaha. Mr. Parish has a promising future before him, having already "made good" as a successful traveling man, despite the fact that he is young in the business.

Miss Gretchen Hulff, who was married on last Monday morning in Los Angeles, Cal., to Clarence E. Romer, a linotype operator of that city, was the first member of the graduating

class of 1907 of the Norfolk high school to wed. Miss Hulff went to Los Angeles with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Hulff, more than a year ago. The wedding trip included a visit to the Catalina Islands.

Coming Events.

The high school commencement program will be given at the Norfolk Auditorium on May 28, Governor Shalenger being the orator of the occasion. The annual reception takes place the following evening at Marquardt hall.

Wayne Normal Notes.

Faculty members have been engaged for a number of commencement addresses. From now on some of them will be very busy. Miss Pearl Elley of Madison, and Mrs. Mary Sweeney of Lindsay, have both been elected to positions in the Humphrey schools for next year.

Professor Bright is in demand as a lecturer on "Education in the Philippine Islands" and "The Holy Land." Mr. Bright is a very pleasing speaker and speaks on these subjects from personal observation.

Miss Margaret Carroll, formerly a teacher in the Nebraska normal college, will return from Chicago this fall, where she has been attending the Columbia School of Expression, and will next year be at the head of the department of elocution.

A class of young women has entered the manual training department. Some of them are quite dextrous with plane, saw and chisel, and really put some of the young men to shame when their work is exhibited.

Miss Blanche Eddenfield of Pierce, Horace Cox of Norfolk, Misses Bertha and Minna Lampert of Battle Creek, Misses Kate and Mary Richardson of Battle Creek are among the new students to enroll this week for the remainder of the year.

Business Changes in the Northwest.

O. E. Garmong of Fairfax will start a harness store at Herrick.

R. W. Saley of Columbus has opened a piano store at Madison.

Dr. G. D. Shipper will start a moving picture show at Ainsworth.

Will Wiley has bought the Humphrey blacksmith shop at Burton.

Ed Rowlett has opened a real estate and insurance office in Madison.

Joe Krebeck, of Chatsworth, Ia., has sold his pool hall in that place and gone to live in Neligh.

O. H. Maas and Fred Brechler of the milling firm of Maas & Brechler have traded the Creighton roller mills for the Jones ranch in Holt county, consisting of 1,200 acres seven miles west of Ewing.

Northwest Weddings.

Herman Schneider and Miss Julia Hanik were married at Stuart this week.

Harry E. Graham, a young Springfield farmer, and Miss Adelia McCoid, a Keypa county teacher, were married May day.

Deputy Sheriff B. A. Harding of Holt county and Miss Margaret B. Steptar of O'Neill were married Wednesday morning, taking their friends by surprise.

Atkinson Items.

Atkinson, Neb., May 7.—Special to The News: A school meeting was held at Miller's opera house Monday evening, May 3, for the election of a building committee for the new school house. It resulted in the election of the following men: Messrs. Allen, McNichols, Tuller and Roche.

Mrs. Thomas Walker will accompany her daughter, Mrs. Maude Merriman, to her home at St. Joe, Ida., Tuesday evening, where she will visit an indefinite time.

Miss Lydia Wearns of Phoenix is spending a week visiting at the home of Miss Isabelle Havens.

Mrs. J. W. Angell and children left for Wooster, O., this morning to spend the summer with Mrs. Angell's parents. She will return early in the fall when it is expected that the Presbyterian manse will be completed and the family can occupy the same.

Peter Greeley of Phoenix underwent a surgical operation at the Park hotel Monday afternoon. Mr. Greeley lost a part of his leg in the civil war and all winter it has caused him considerable trouble. Dr. Douglas opened the wound, scraped the bone and sewed it up again. His many friends will be pleased to hear that he is on the road to recovery.

Mrs. Milo Beebe died Tuesday afternoon at her home after a two weeks' illness. She leaves a husband and five small children to mourn her loss. Although the deceased had been in poor health for several years, yet her death was a surprise to all. She was a social member of the Royal Neighbor lodge, having joined recently. The funeral will be held Thursday.

CONGESTION IN U. S. CITIES.

Exhibition to Help Solve Evil to Be Held in New York.

The congested conditions of large American cities will be shown in the Twenty-second regiment armory in New York city from May 3 to 16, when the exhibition on city planning and municipal art will be held. The exhibition is being held under the auspices of the committee on congestion of population in New York and the Municipal Art society. The purpose is to solve the problem of congestion and develop the growth of cities along hygienic, economic and aesthetic lines.

A three days' conference, beginning with the opening of the exhibition, will be held to discuss conditions in the largest cities. Data will be gathered on which to formulate a definite plan of improvement in the United States where congestion is said to be an evil. The exhibits will show all phases of municipal development in New York and other cities.

Miss Tiverton's Tea Basket.

By ALICIA SPRAGUE.

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Miss Tiverton always poured tea at precisely 3 o'clock in the afternoon for a select circle of feminine friends. They drank tea at that early hour so that those who were married might get home in time to prepare 6 o'clock dinners for their husbands and that those who were single might be safely housed before the early darkness of the winter evenings.

Miss Tiverton sometimes wished that they might stay later, for it was always a long, lonely stretch between their going and bedtime.

Sometimes Lavinia Greer stayed with her, and on those occasions Lavinia's brother Richard would call at 9. And those were the social cases in Miss Tiverton's desert of dreary evenings.

She always made more tea for Richard and brought out her little sponge cakes. Richard liked the little cakes, and he liked Miss Tiverton's dainty ways, her delicate pink and white prettiness and her pale rose colored house gowns.

Lavinia thought Miss Tiverton very foolish to wear muslin all winter. "Think of the washing!" she said as she and Richard walked home one evening. "And Letitia Tiverton is as poor as Job's turkey."

"She surrounds herself," said Richard musingly, "with an atmosphere of beauty."

Lavinia sniffed. She hated to have her brother say nice things about Letitia Tiverton. Lavinia had kept her brother's house for many years, and it had always been her great duty to nip sentimental affairs in the bud.

Therefore it was many weeks after that ominous remark of Richard's before she again spent an evening with Letitia. She took her work over in the mornings or went to the little tea drinkings, but she did not allow her brother to darken the doors of the little gray cottage.

One day Richard spoke of it mildly. "We haven't been to Miss Tiverton's for a long time," he said—"not, I think, for four weeks tomorrow."

Lavinia gave him a sharp glance. "How did you happen to remember the date?" she asked acidly.

Richard looked at her quizzically over his glasses. "I noted the date in my diary," he said. "I always write down the events of the day, Lavinia."

He did not tell her that he had added after the formal statement, "Brought Lavinia home from Miss T.'s," the further comment, "Miss T. looked like a rose in her pink gown."

A week later he urged Lavinia to call. "She will think something is the matter," he said.

Lavinia shrugged her shoulders. "I have been there in the daytime," she said. "I don't see what more she can expect."

Richard thought for a moment. "She has told us that her evenings are lonely," he reminded his sister.

"Humph!" said Lavinia. "I don't know that we are called on to put ourselves out to go there these freezing cold nights."

Richard returned to his book, but after a reasonably judicious interval he looked up to say, "I saw a very pretty tea basket in a shop this morning, Lavinia, padded inside to keep the tea warm."

"Who wanted a thing like that?" Lavinia questioned scornfully. "I always make coffee, Richard."

Richard said nothing more. He loved tea, but Lavinia preferred coffee, and there they were. Yet the next morning he sauntered to the flaming Japanese bazaar, where were displayed native wares to tempt the tourists who were making the old fashioned southern village a halfway stopping place on their way to the tropics.

The tea basket was a quaint affair of oriental weaving with a gay pink satin lining and a green and pink cord and tassel about the handle. The pink made Richard think of Miss Tiverton. With a defiant look he went in and bought the basket and ordered it sent to her.

His heart failed him, however, when the dark skinned salesman asked him for a card to put with the gift.

"Just send it without," he said hastily. Visions of Miss Lavinia's wrath should she know of his purchase came to him oppressively.

The mysterious basket was so little Letitia Tiverton a source of infinite delightful speculation. She displayed it to her afternoon circle, the rose colored lining, the pink cord and tassel, the fine basketry.

"And I can't imagine who sent me such a beautiful thing," she ended radiantly when all had seen it.

At the first glance Lavinia Greer's eyes had hardened. Of all those women she only suspected where that basket had come from. Richard had sent it. This looked seriously like the beginning of a romance that would be most inconvenient to Miss Lavinia.

On the way home she thought over a plan. It was simple. At dinner she told Richard, "Letitia Tiverton was too silly about a basket that some one sent to her."

Richard started, and his face flushed. He realized that Lavinia had put two and two together and had guessed that it was he who had sent the tea basket to Miss Tiverton.

Miss Lavinia's face was a dull red. She did not like what she was doing now that she was doing it. But she was desperate.

"I can't imagine—Richard's tone was incisive—"I can't imagine, Lavinia, a woman of Miss Tiverton's delicacy doing a thing like that."

Lavinia tossed her head. "You don't know much about women, Richard," she retorted.

Richard walked abroad that night consumed by angry doubts. Surely Lavinia would not lie. Surely Miss Tiverton would not brag. His gold headed cane tapped the pavement irresolutely. Then suddenly he strode down the street, irresolute no longer.

Miss Letitia, alone and a little wifely in her small gray cottage, heard the tap of the cane as she had heard it every night when Richard went forth for his evening walk.

Behind her curtains she had watched him regularly and had admired the straightness of him, the trickiness of his walk, the brown waves of hair which in defiance of modern fashion were so long that it almost touched his coat collar.

It had never dawned on Miss Tiverton that such a great being as Lavinia's brother could look upon her and find her lovely. In her humility she had not dreamed that the basket was an offering from such a source.

She had thought the women of her circle might have clubbed together to bestow on her this gift of friendship, and her effusiveness at the afternoon gathering had been due to her gratitude.

The tap of the gold headed cane sounded right in front of her gate, she stopped and began again on the stone walk that led to the front door.

Then the bell rang. Miss Tiverton answered it. Richard stepped over her threshold—for the first time without his sister Lavinia.

"I came," he said when he was seated. "To ask a question, a delicate question, Miss Tiverton. Who sent you your tea basket?"

Miss Letitia's clear eyes met his frankly. "Oh, did Lavinia tell you that one was sent me?" she asked. "It's such a beauty!" And she brought it to him, displaying the rose lining and the tassels.

Richard drew a long breath of relief. The doubts that Lavinia had planted fled. There was nothing of deceit in that childlike soul, in that flowerlike face.

"Miss Letitia," he said, with his hand on the basket, "haven't you guessed who sent it?"

"I puzzled glance met his. "No," she murmured.

"I sent it," he confessed, "because it reminded me of you—the rose color and the pink—like your pretty gown, your pretty self, a rose of a woman."

Miss Letitia stood half poised for flight. "Oh!" she said breathlessly, and her eyes were like stars. "Oh, Mr. Greer!"

Richard grew bolder. "I sent it because I love you, Letitia. There is no happiness that could exceed that of winning you for my wife."

It came upon little Letitia almost too suddenly, that vision of happiness, and she swayed toward him, looking just then more like a lily than a rose, and the tea basket dropped from her nerveless hand.

Richard caught it deftly as he drew her to him. "You will pour tea for me, won't you," he demanded, trying to bring the color back to her cheeks, "for the rest of my days, Letitia? Lavinia gives me coffee—but then, oh, hang Lavinia! Will you marry me, sweetheart?"

And Miss Letitia after a startled "Oh, Richard!" buried her face against his coat and said, "Yes."

Don't Be Cheap.

Do not hold yourself too cheap. If you do not think well of yourself others are not likely to think much of you. You are usually taken at your own value. By this is not meant a foolish self conceit, but a proper self respect.

Have a regard for the esteem of those whose opinion is worth having. No one can be admired by all. He who has no enemies may doubt whether he has real friends. Try to win the regard of the good and the wise. If the foolish take offense, pass it by.

Think too well of yourself to stoop to anything coarse, mean or untrue. However humble your station in life may be, you may think yourself worthy only of that which is good and true. To be genuine puts you on a high level. Whatever your purse, you may be rich in character. Think yourself worthy of the best to which you can attain. Aim for the highest you see, and should you fail to reach it you will still be higher than if your aim had been low.—Milwaukee Journal.

Unfeeling.

A soft air shook the honeysuckle vine, and puffs of delicate perfume floated past to where erotic Benkin-sop sat spooning with his girl. Not a leaf stirred. Only the stars and moon above and the green earth below. All around was the atmosphere of love-ove.

His tone was reverend and hushed. It was as if his slim and beautiful maiden were in his eyes a goddess.

"Darling," he exclaimed, pausing in his ecstatic oscillations, "each time I kiss you it makes a better man of me!"

They fell to again.

"A voice from above broke harshly on the night."

"What are you by now, then—saint or archangel?"

A burst of ribald laughter, the rattle of a closing window and then once more the holy calm of undisturbed night.—London Scraps.

Niobrara Residence Burns.

Niobrara, Neb., May 7.—Special to The News: The residence of S. Irwin has been destroyed by fire. The fire had gotten such a good start when the firemen arrived that they were unable to save any of the household goods.

There was no insurance.

Talks on Singing

V.—Pet Superstitions of Great Singers

By ENRICO CARUSO

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THE most visible phase of the opera singer's life when he or she is in view of the public on the stage is naturally the one most intimately connected in the minds of the majority of people with the singer's personality, and yet there are many happenings, amusing or tragic, from the artist's point of view, which, though often seen, are as often not realized in their true significance by the audience in front of the orchestra. One might naturally think that a singer who has been appearing for years on the operatic stage in many lands would have overcome or outgrown that base of all public performers, stage fright. Yet such is far from the case, for it seems as though the greater the artistic temperament the more truly the artist feels and the more of himself he puts into the music he sings the greater his nervousness becomes.

The latter is of course augmented if the opera has as yet been untried before a larger public. This advance state of miserable physical tension is the portion of all great singers alike, though in somewhat varying degrees, and it is interesting to note the forms it assumes with different people. In many it is shown by excessive irritability and the disposal to pick quarrels with any one who comes in contact with them. This is an unhappy time for the luckless "dressers," wig man and stage hands or even fellow artists who encounter such singers before their first appearance in the evening. Trouble is the portion of all such.

In other artists the state of mind is indicated by a stern set countenance and a ghastly pallor, while still others become slightly hysterical, laugh uproariously at nothing or burst into weeping. I have seen a big six foot bass singer, very popular at the opera two or three seasons ago, walking to and fro with the tears running down his cheeks for a long time before his entrance, and one of our greatest coloratura prima donnas has come to me before the opera, sung a quavering note in a voice full of emotion and said, with touching accents: "See, that is the best I can do. How can I go on so?"

I myself have been affected often by such fright, though not always in the extreme degree above described. This nervousness, however, frequently shows itself in one's performance in the guise of indifferent acting, singing off the key, etc. Artists are generally blamed for such shortcomings, apparent in the early part of the production, when, as a matter of fact, they themselves are hardly conscious of them and overcome them in the course of the evening. Yet the public, even critics, usually forget this fact and condemn an entire performance for faults which are due at the beginning to sheer nervousness.

The oft uttered complaint that operatic singers are the most difficult to get on with of any folk while justified perhaps can certainly be explained by the foregoing observations.

We of the opera are often inclined to be superstitious in a way that might amuse matter of fact Americans. One woman, a distinguished and most intelligent artist, crosses herself repeatedly before taking her "cue," and a prima donna who is a favorite on two continents and who is always escorted to the theater by her mother invariably goes through the very solemn ceremony of kissing her mother goodby and receiving her blessing before going on to sing. The young woman feels that she could not possibly sing a note if the mother's eye were not on her every moment from the wings.

Another famous singer wears a small bracelet that was given to her when an infant by Gounod. She has grown somewhat stout of late years, and the hoop of gold has been reinforced so often that there is hardly any of the great composer's original gift left. Still, she feels that it is a charm which has made her success, and whether she wears the part of a lovely peasant or of a princess the bracelet is always visible.

And these little customs are not confined to the women singers either, for the men are equally fond of observing some little tradition to cheer them in their performance. These little traits, trivial perhaps in themselves, are of vital importance in that they create a sense of security in the soul of the artist, who goes on his way, if not rejoicing, at least convinced that the fates are not against him.

One of the penalties paid by the singers who are much in the public eye is the constant demand made on them to listen to voices of vocal aspirants—not always very young ones, strange to say. It is sad to contemplate the number of people who think they can sing and are destined by talent and temperament for operatic careers who have been led by misguided or foolish friends and too often by overambitious and mercenary singing masters into spending time and money on their voices in the fond hope of some day astonishing the world. Alas, they do not realize that the great singers who are heard in the New York opera houses have been picked from the world's supply after a process of most drastic selection and that it is only the most rarely exceptional voice and talent which after long years of study and preparation, become worthy to join the elect.

I am asked to hear many who have

voices with promise of beauty, but who have obviously not the intelligence necessary to take up a career, for it does require considerable intelligence to succeed in opera, in spite of opinions to the contrary expressed by many. Others, who have been and alert minds and voices of fine quality, yet lack that certain esprit and broadness of musical outlook required in a great artist. This lack is often so apparent in the person's manner or bearing that I am tempted to tell him it is no use before he utters a note. Yet it would not do to refuse a hearing to all these militants, for there is always the chance of encountering the unknown genius, however rare a bird he may be.

And how often have the world's great voices been discovered by chance, but fortunately by some one empowered to bring out the latent gift!

One finds in America many beautiful voices, and when one thinks of the numerous singers successfully engaged in operatic careers both here and abroad it cannot with justice be said, as it used to be several years ago, that America does not produce opera singers. Naturally a majority of these to whom I give a hearing here in New York are Americans, and of these are a number of really remarkable voices and a fairly good conception of what is demanded of an opera singer.

Sometimes, however, it would be amusing if it were not tragic to see how much of the track people are who have been led to think they have futures. One young man who came recently to sing for me carried a portentous roll of music and spoke in the deepest of bass voices. When asked what his main difficulty was he replied that he "didn't seem to be able to get on the key." And this was apparent when he started in and wandered up and down the tonal till he managed to strike the tonic. Then he asked me whether I would rather hear "Qui s'égno," from Mozart's "Magic Flute," or "Love Me and the World Is Mine." Upon the latter being chosen he asked the accompanist to transpose it, and upon this gentleman's suggesting a third lower he said, "No; put it down an octave." And that's where he sang it too. I gently but firmly advised the young man to seek other paths than musical ones. However, such extreme examples as that are happily rare.

I would say to all young people who are ambitious to enter on a career of opera: Remember, it is a thoroughly hard worked profession, after all; that even with a voice of the requisite size and proper cultivation there is still a repertory of roles to acquire, long months and years of study for this and requiring a considerable feat of memory to retain them even after they are learned. Then there is the art of acting to be studied, which is, of course, an entire occupation in itself and decidedly necessary in opera, including fencing—how to fall properly, the various gaits and gestures wherewith to portray different emotions, etc. Then, as opera is sung nowadays, the knowledge of the diction of at least three languages—French, German and Italian—if not essential, is at least most helpful.

ECENTRIC CARUSO.

The Great Tenor is a Very Superstitious Celebrity.

There is a certain trait Caruso holds fast to always—his superstition. Mme. Calve was generally supposed to have appropriated the palm for occultism, but he long ago, even at his first advent in America, made her many small fetiches and beliefs appear but tawdry inventions. His is the real, elaborated, genuine article of superstition. If you should pass the first tenor's dressing room at the Metropolitan the morning of any day that he is to sing you would be aware of the fact that he had not to sing even though you had not seen the cast list.

His man arrives early with all the paraphernalia that distinguishes Caruso from his kind. The big dressing table at one side of the place is covered first with red and over that with white lace until it looks like an altar. In the center are a big silver framed mirror and toilet articles. On both sides, quite covering the surface space, are little illuminated pictures of sacred subjects. At the back on one side is a white doll dressed as Amerigo and on the other a black one costumed as Aida. On the wall above are hung more holy pictures and a mass of horseshoes, some only fragments, each dependent from a gayly colored ribbon and the whole swung so thickly together that it is impossible to tell where pagan begins and Christian ends.

This table, with every item of its decoration, accompanies Caruso, like the tails on the sheep of Little Bo-peep, wherever he goes. Nor will he ever sing without it.

Military Valor.

I wonder it is because men are so cowardly in heart that they admire bravery so much and place military valor so far beyond every other quality for reward and worship?—Thackeray.

No Such Good Luck.

Nervous Old Lady (for the seventh time)—Oh, captain, is there any danger—shall I be drowned? Exasperated Skipper—I'm afraid not, ma'am.—London Fun.

Women Figure in Strike Riot.

New York, May 8.—Women figured conspicuously in street rioting incident to the makers' strike. Most of the trouble occurred on the upper east side. A woman customer leaving a bakery was attacked by women. A policeman who arrested one of her assailants was assailed by a shrieking mob of women and men who threw bottles, bricks and clubs at him. This mob ran when he drew his revolver and a reserve force arrived.

Another policeman had a similar experience with a crowd of fifty women who had attacked and slightly injured the daughter of a bakery proprietor. The women followed him into a butcher shop with a prisoner he had made, attacking him viciously. They had to be driven out with clubs by the other police summoned.