Shall the Girls Exercise it in the Usual Mannish Mode.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE WOOED AND WON

Leaves From the Experience of a Veterar Proposer-How the Girls Should Approach Their Victims-Before and After.

Shall girls propose?

The quadrennial question is again undergoing discussion, but the conclusions arrived at come no nearer a satisfactury solution of the problem than in leap years past. In the east, where the gentle sex predomi nate, man is their legitimate prev, but in the west, where the conditions are reversed, eligible beiles can deliberately pick their fates and serenely await their coming to the pop ping line. There is a golden mean between these extremes, in which the marriageable of both sexes must bustle to reach the matrimonial state at a seasonable age. Advocates of woman's rights naturally urge their sex to xercise this delicate privilege, but it is not apparent that any great progress has been made. In this, as in their political planning, they are opposed by a majority of woman

There's the rub. Marriageable women, ac There's the rub. Marriageable women, according to the matrimonial oracle of the Philadelphia Press, want to be won by wooling. They like the process. Is it possible that only unmarriageable women wish to woo! We do not say it; we ask. Dean Swift believed that the reason so few marriages are happy is "because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages."

That however, is neither here nor there That, however, is neither here nor there, save in the important implication that it is the woman, after all, who snares the man. What if the proposal be by indirection! it is none the less effective. We may think and none the less effective. We may think and speak of the demure maiden as a passive creature patiently abiding the arrival of her knight. It is a pleasant fiction, the very sustenance as it is the source of romantic love. But if no direct proposal issues from the lips of the passive girl, what, if not vocal, are the invitations flashing from her eyes, the pretty proffer of her fluttering hand, the engaging flattery of her absorbed attention, so cleverly counterfeit, so irresistible? counterfest, so irresistible? THE PROCESS IS ROUNDABOUT.

as we have said, but is wholly efficient. Wo-men propose, and their way of doing it is exquisite—the most potent and exquisite of their immemorial and imprescriptible rights. To disturb in any detail their method of proposal would be to pollute the very springs of romance. As a matter of fact, few women, but many men would care to see this done For there is no denying a certain piquancy in the prospect of the sterner sex receiving with averted head and downcast eyes the passionate pleading of the emancipated girl of the coming period. Then the sweet revenge of growling: "Stop, please; it cannot be; you only distress me. But I'll be a

To those inexperienced maidens who are determined to take the bull by the horns and extract an ecstatic yes, by force of arms, as it were, it will be instructive to glean points from a veteran who has been "through the mill" several times, scored several reverses and finally succeeded. THE VARIOUS MODES.

To speak of the various modes of proposing generally adopted would be interesting but lengthy. Briefly, a few of the styles may be lengthy. Briefly, a few of the styles may be summarized under the palpably appropriate headings in a well-known sketch depicting the experiences of a would-be skater on the ice: "The Drop Sudden." "The Check Ineffectual." "The Slide Triumphant," "The Victorious Retreat," and "The Damp Collapse." It will be seen at a glance that these requires to further comments. lapse." It will be seen at a glance that these require no further comments. It is merely suggested how women ought to make their proposals so as, at least, to please the men they thus bener, even should the proferred

honor be declined.

First of all, a woman ought not to mind being refused, and never regret being accepted; one is as frequent as the other.

It would be well if a woman abstained from showing him any attentions, whatever, like to marry him. Then let her "go at it plucky." A timid wooer appeals only to feminine men. A true man who sees a woman dangling about in a desultory manner, one day looking unutterable things another time hardly noticing him, will vary soon make up his own mind; then, that woman should not attempt to propose. The least said when proposing the better, although compliance with the following ad-

men, lately given by a well known humorist, is not urged:

The chap who tries to win a miss,
By appealing to her reason,
Is much less like to gain his bliss
Than he would venture on a kiss
Combined with gentle squeezin'!

This is unmistakably a man's idea very neatly put, but the sort of proposal # man really likes best is for the woman to go straight to the point, and without hesitation or bashfulness, and if possible no blushing, to say, "Lucius, I love you; will you marry me?" Or, perhaps, still better, "Will you?" with, of course, a meaning glance, and the man to answer. "No, thank you, or else, "Yes, with pleasure," as the case might be, just as for a dance. This would save much in the way of wounded pride, injured feelings and heart breakings, for "least said soonest mended."

A WHITTEN PROPOSAL ADVISABLE. straight to the point, and without hesitatio

A WRITTEN PROPOSAL ADVISABLE. Spoken proposals are so often only the re-sult of a momentary catalepsy of the brain that it is not to be wondered at if they gen-erally end badly. Eight times out of ten writing is best, but it should be short also. Sincerity is never wordy, and men are quick to detect insincerity. No man could possibly be offended, even if

he knew a woman but slightly, should he re-ceive a letter written in something like the following style: "Dear Mr. Zimmerman—I following style: "Dear Mr. Zimmerman—I admire you and your many qualities deeply (don't talk about his charms). I am not rich—(this will most likely be the case; if not, don't say so—he probably knows it already), but I make (or have) so much a year, and if the prospect does not frighten you and you will consent to become my husband (the word husband must be used for reasons explained later on), and will grant me leave to plained later on), and will grant me leave to try and win your love, I will ever remain

truly yours, \_\_''

If to this the woman receives a polite refusal she will naturally feet rather dejected for a week or so; the best remedy then will

for a week or so; the best remedy then will be a complete change of diet.

A woman who stammers should never at-tempt to speak her proposal, nor should elderly women, for very obvious reasons, which need not be described here. Women, however, who prefer to speak their proposals should first choose their opportunity care-fully, or make it if necessary; but let them hewere of the too common sparse of arraying

fully, or make it if necessary; but let them beware of the too common saure of arraying themselves in unusually fine clothes, and above all let there be no bouquets.

The outward decking of the prospective victim is a great mistake in real life, although it is the generally accepted thing in art, on the stage and in novels. Ancient wooers are, perhaps, the chier sinners in this respect, but then they have so much to contend against that it is charitable not to be too severe upon that it is charitable not to be too severe upon that matter, so far as they are

LEAVE YOUR CLOAK IN THE HALL. When a woman goes to a house with the intention of proposing, let her never forget to leave her cloak in the hall, for should the man refuse her it will materially lessen the dignity of her exit if she has to look round the room for her wrap, or, worse still, to rethe room for her wrap, or, worse still, to re-turn in search of it.

the room for her wrap, or, worse still, to return in scarch of it.

To kneel while proposing is always a mistake, often a fatal one. On the whole, after mature reflection, the best position on such an occasion is for the woman to stand up near the man—if possible a little behind him, and with one hand on the back of his chair, so that should he say "yes," all is in readiness for an immediate circling of the waist.

A woman should never propose from a distance, two feet being the outside limit allowable, except in very special circumstances; nor with her gloves on; and never, on any account, should the man accept, must she brush the fringe from off his forchead to look into his eyes. Men have been known to refuse women after having accepted them for that sole reason, although they called it having doubts as to whether they cared enough for them.

Proposals in dimiy lighted conservatories should be avoided. In fact, as a general principle—"Avoid doing anything as described in books; be your own natural selves," There would not be so many futile proposals if they were made more simply.

THE LEAP YEAR PREROGATIVE of mankind are the wild "passions," which clasp the objects of their love in their arms and shower burning kisses on the tops of bent heads, regardless of the baldness, while incoherent words are poured forth, throuthe maze of which a man valuely tries catch the interrogation.

> The Hair as it is Seen. "Don't feel bad 'cause sister won't give you a lock of her bair," exclaimed a little boy to a young man who was paying attention to his sister. "Just you wait till she goes out and then I'll get a lock for you." So runs the little story which is going the rounds of the comic papers.

> But, like most funny things, there is a vein of truth running through it, or a vein of what might be true, if one were disposed to make it so, declares the New York Commer cial. All the latest advices from Paris that have come over during the week say that there will be a great abundance of false bair worn, and that it will be heaped on the head in such fashion that a woman will be obliged to remove part of her tresses in order to ac-commonate her head to the small bonnets which are now fashionable—and so the little boy might easily stea' his sister's hair when

> It is almost impossible to construct one of these elaborate colffures without the aid of the hairdresser at first. But, if one knows an obliging hairdresser, it is easy to find out how to put up the colffure the second time, and so avoid the trouble and expense of having it done each time the bair is

> The new confures are very obliging. They come in a great variety of designs, and there are styles to be worn on top of the head and ther styles to be pinned on the back of the

Thus, although the style of wearing a great deal of hair will be arbitrary, it will, never theless, be possible to conform to the stylby choosing the fashion which is most be

The Era of Big Girls. This is the era of the heavy weight athietic young woman, who walks abroad with the swinging tread of a grenadier shoulders erect, chest expanded and head held high, young woman who thinks nothing of a tenmile walk, and is altogether a new type of American independence, says the Boston Post.

She is the evolution of the modern college Higher education has done it all, and before we know it we shall have raised a race of Amazons, and the girls of Laselle and Wellesley will be challenging the boys of Yale and Harvard in rowing and racing and foot ball athletics

Prof. Bragdon of Laselle seminary is au thorsty for these facts: Since the opening of the seminary in September up to date forty-two young women have gained 6 pounds or over; three, 10 each; two, 16; one, 19; one, 20; one, 22, and the record-breaker has gained 23 pounds in a little over four months. The featherweight of them all weighs 81 pounds, the heaviest plump, 167, and they are healthiest set of girls in all New England. So much for calisthenics, athletics, physiology and hygiene in the curriculum of higher ogy and hygiene in the curriculum of higher education, for Laselle specializes health and avoirdupois even above Greek and Latin as important points of culture. It is to Laselle we must look to controvert all lingering prejudice of the debilitating effects of higher education. Only Prof. Bragdon must work carefully, or, as in the case of Lady Jane, there will be too much of them in the by and by

What to Teach a Daughter. Teach her that only must she love her father and mother, but honor them in word and deed, says a writer in the February Ladies' Home Journal.

That work is worthy always when it is vell cone. That the value of money is just the good it will do in life, but that she ought to know

and appreciate this value. That the man who wishes to marry ber is the one who tells her so and is willing to work for her, and not the one who whispers silly love speeches and forgets that men cease to be men when they have no object in

That her best confident is always her mother, and that no one sympathizes with her in her pleasures and joys as you do. That unless she shows courtesy to others she need never expect it from them, and that the best answer to rudeness is being

That when God made her body he intended that it should be clothed properly and mod-estly, and when she neglects herself she is insulting Him who made her. Teach her to think well before she says no

or yes, but to mean it when she does.

Teach her that her own room is her nest,

and that to make it sweet and attractive is a duty as well as a pleasure. Teach her that if she can sing or read or draw, or give pleasure in any way by her accomplishments, she is selfish and unkind if she does not do this gladly.

Teach her to be a woman—self-respecting, honest, loving and kind, and then you will

have a daughter who will be a pleasure to you always, and whose days will be long and loyous in the land which the Lord hath given Her Most Interesting Age. The question was recently discussed by an artist, an author, and a woman of society, says the Young Ladies' Bazar. The artist said he did not like to paint the portraits of those between the age of 25 and 40 years.

Before 25 the face has an expectancy which charms. It is looking forward with joyous freshness and hope, and it is full of puzzling promises. At 40 years the character is ormed, and the lines of the countenance are stronger in the painter's study; but in intervening years the face has lost its expectancy, is apt to be indifferent, and has no particular

The author differed; he liked to study women between the ages of 30 and 40. They had then the experience of the world and the joyouaness of youth. In those years they were brightest and most interesting.

The society woman thought that it was impossible to give general answers to the question, as individual women differ in regard to the most utractive age. Some are most the most attractive age. Some are most charming at 60 years, while others have passed their prime at 20. At 30 or upward the best nature of a woman will show to every advantage, but probably the balance of opinion turns in favor of from 18 to 25. Taking everything into consideration, the sest answer would be that women are always

interesting to the friends who love them.

Awkward Corners. Any decorator, any home-maker will tell you that the corners of rooms are the greatest problem in trying to get the right sort of rtistic and livable look. It is not the sides or the ends of the drawing room, or the center of the dining room that perplexes; it is the corners. And yet it is precisely the corner that is capable of the utmost effect of cosiness-it is the corner that is the synonym for comfort. And yet neither the decorator nor the home maker has yet discovered its possibilities. If they had, the market would e full of furniture designed especially for

be full of furniture designed especially for corners instead of offering as it does, only an occasional piece. Where space is a desideratum, and in most rooms it is, furniture made to fit the corners is exceedingly to be desired, because corners are nearly always waste room. Why, for instance, should there not be for bed rooms, dressing tables and wardrobes in triangular shape and artistic designs? Observant women have noticed that whenever a guest sees a corner divan in the drawing room, with plenty of pillows, he or she is sure to steer straight for it (an absolute test of comfort), and so that corner is getting the of comfort), and so that corner is getting the attention it should have. Rich Women's Idle Hours. Philadelphia Record: "How do wealthy

tion propounded to me by a young friend few days ago. "Do you think they really have any idle timef" I said in repty. "Oh, yes," my questioner repited. "I am

women spend their idle hours!" was a ques

I remembered the query some days after, and having occasion to call upon some wealthy women of the exclusive set, I inquired as to their idle hour indulgences. One woman informed me that she made all her own underwear, which upon seeing, I found showed evidence of an accomplished needle; another lady said she painted; another was [Copyrighted, 1892]

THE PATTI WALTZ SONG

Composed by J. N. Pattison and Dedicated to Mme. Patti-To Be Sung by the Diva as an Encore During Her Present Concert Tour of This Country.



iterature, and before I got through I came to the conclusion that wealthy women were as industrious, considering the many social calls upon them, as the working woman.

The Betrothed Pair in England. The conduct of the betrothed pair during their engagement is a subject upon which many differ. American mammas are apt to be somewhat more lenient in their views of the liberty to be allowed than are the English, says the Philadelphia Times. With the latter, no young lady is allowed to dine alone with her finance; there must be a servant present. No young lady must visit in the family of her finance, unless he has a mother to receive her. Nor is she allowed to go to the theater alone with him, or to travel under his escort; to stop at the same hotel, or to relax one of those rigid rules which a severe chaperon would enforce; and it must be al-

As for the e.gagement ring modern fashion prescribes a diamond solitaire, which can range in price from \$250 to \$2,000. The matentation is a secret between the ongaged pair.

Just See Me Break It. "A reminiscence comes to my mind," writes Justin McCarthy in a volume of "Recollec-tions of Parliament," about American visitions of Parliament," about American visi-tors to the House of Commons. "The Ameri-can girl has no respect for musty traditions. Some years ago we used to be permitted to take ladies into the library, but the rule was strict that they must not be allowed to sit down there. I was once escorting a young American married woman through the various rooms of the library, and I mentioned to her as a matter of more or less interestto her, as a matter of more or less interest-ing fact, that it was against the rules for a woman to sit down there.
"'Is that really a law of the place?' she asked, with wide opened and innocent eyes.
"'The very law,' I answered.
"'The plant, and she calmy, 'just see me

"'Then,' said she calmly, 'just see me break it!' and she drew a chair and reso-iutely sat down at the table."

Bridal Fancies. Old Rhymes. Married in white, you have chosen all right; Married in gray, you will go far away; Married in black, you will wish yourself

Married in red, you will wish yourself married in green, ashamed to be seen;
Married in blue, he will always be true;
Married in pearl, you will live in a whirl;
Married in yellow, ashamed of your fellow; Married in brown, you will live out of town Married in pink, your spirit will sink.

Married in

Honey for the Ladies. One difference between men and women is that the men think that women are angels and the women know they are. A stylish morning gown is of heliotrope and white Pekin; fichu in the "Madame Ro-

and" style; sleeves of guipure.

For evening wear pale creamy primrose yellow gloves of softest suede, are just now preferred to chose of any other tint. The hand kerchief genteel and modish is a square of finest linen, hemstitched in a nar-row hem and edged with Valenciennes lace. When a man makes a lot of good resolu-tions he will do better not to say anything about them to his wife. Then when he fails

Rough effects will continue to be very popular among the dress goods to be used this spring, but not to the exclusion of the fine smooth surfaced cloths and other woollens that was that very many women wear.

then she will not say anything about

A fresh and dressy appearance can be im-parted to a black net, grenadine, or silk even-ing dress that has seen service by putting

two or three satin ruches near the edgescarlet, mauve, or any shade preferred. Among other fancies in decerating the

lace flounce, more or less wide, round the shoulders. This frill resembles the old style bertha worn round low-necked corsages. Style and service, elegance and economy join hands in most harmonious wedlock in the black silk gown which, once the dis-tinguishing garb of the goutility, after a considerable perisd of desuctade has again been restored to favor.

The old-fashioned point applique, which our grandmothers loved, is revived in laces. It is not the hand made lace of olden times, but a lace made by machinery, and one so perfect in mesh and figure that it would take an expert to recognize the difference. The new veilings are mostly spotted,

dots either of silk, chenille or composition gummed on tulle. Colored spots are often seen, but besides danger to the evesight, the effect on the wearer is not pleasant, making her look as if she had been tattooed. Satin, it is said, is one of the "coming" materials. Black satin hats and bonnets,

wraps, and gowns are decliedly fashionable abroad. At the same time they are ex-tremely trying, and to many women exceed-A trimming much in favor in demi-dress

is a narrow buillonne of velvet, four inches at most, placed at the extreme edge of the skirt. This makes a dressy finish, while also giving support to and helping to keep the skirt in place. The newest skirt decoration is a soft scarf of silk or velvet twisted together with a gimp of jet, or for evening a chain of flowers. The

twist is put on the extreme edge of the skirt, and is usually of a contrasting color.

Whenever the smart girl takes her morn ing walks abroad in her coat of wool or fur she wears a coat of homespun or tweed and a silk blouse which is delightfully comfort-able to walk in, saves the wear and tear of her handsomer gown, and looks very pretty where she throws back her coat in shop or

New cambries which come in the popular Pompadour and Maria Antoinette designs, and in Dubarry rose, Sevres blue, and delicate green tints are made up effectively with a yoke, belt and band on the skirt of rows of white lace beading overhanded together.

Handsome evening diesses in princess form are made of thick silks in Nile green, Persian mauve, etc., these with the corsage cut low over a guimpe of silk fulle and fastened under the arm. The dresses are simply trimmed with fringed ruches of the silk, but not the wide ruches lately so peopler. wide ruches lately so popular.

The low crowned beinets which look eccentrically small before; they are trimmed, but which become airy creations of grace and beauty, are still to be worn. The brims are in flat saucer shape and the crowns are hardly larger than low teacups. Hats are also exceedingly small. An especial novelty of this season is the Ublan hat, copied from the four cornered hat worn by the German trooper.

trooper.

In Austria women are employed as hod carriers and get 20 cents a day for it. Americans will read this and think how superior they are; but in America a great many married women act as hod carriers bringing up the coal, and don't get a cent a day for it beyond their board and clothes.

Fur was never a more popular trimming yond their board and clothes.

Fur was never a more popular trimming than at present. It is sold by the furlong—almost by the mile—and it is added as a gar—

almost by the mile—and it is added as a garniture to every possible sort of garment.
Fur is always fashionable. Like rich lace, it
gives distinction to any and every toilet, and
the faculty with which it can be turned to
account is one of its chief merits.

Vells are at present going through a process of evolution which results in putting
upon the market a great variety of styles.
For large hats the heavy dots and coarse

meshes are well worn, and half a yard of veiling is none too much to buy for an ordinary round hat. A yard is required for broad-brimmed hats to cover the face and wrinkle down becomingly below the chin. Yellow and white are more fashionable at the moment than any single color or combina tion of other colors. All the varied shades are popular. Golden yellow, primrose, but-

all find special favor. The first importations of spring millinery show no noteworthy change in shape or ma terial. Plain Milan straws continue to be the standard bonnet for general wear. For more elaborate occasions fancy bonnets will be used which are made up by the milliner of lace and ornamental straw braids of various kinds, which come by the yard or piece for the purpose. A profusion of lace is the prediction of every one who has any knowledge

tercup, new gold, orange, chamois, maize, Spanish, daffodil, jonquil, lemon—one and

of the bonnet to come. The fashionable fads of the hour are numerous, and they indicate a wide range of ingenuity on the part of men who invent them. One of the more stricing fads is a device called the Browning muff. It is a book of poems (Browning, of course) done up in calf, with an opening for the tinger tip, between the leaves, which opening is lines with warm, fleece like wool. On the leather cover is a quotation from the book in girt letters.

FEBRUARY.

Louise Chandler Moulton, in Lippincott's. This month is the shortest month of the year But 'tis long enough for Death: Five years ago, in the wild rainfail, She yielded up her breath.

Five years ago, and never the same Is the world since that dead day; Shall I find her again, when the wild rains fall, And I go on my lonesome way?

ometime, somewhere, at end of the dark Shall I catch the light of a smile, and know I have reached my goal at last, Though the path be blind meanwhile?

The light of a smile will kindle the dark,—
I shall breathe a new life's breath:
This month is the shortest month of the year,
Yet 'tis long enough for Death. All That Is Needed.

In our physical needs we want the best of anything required, and we want all that is required to be done promptly and surely, and those in pain, especially, will find all that is needed in what is herein recommended. Mr. T. J. Murphy, 61 Debevoice place, Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "Having here affilied with sciential statements." ing been afflicted with sciatic rheumatism for some time past and finding no relief, I tried St. Jacobs Oil, which I found very efficacious."—Miss Clara Alcott, Mahwah, N. J., writes: "I bruised my limb and it became greatly swollen and stiff. I used two became greatly swellen and stiff. I used two bottles of a patent liniment which did not relieve me. A physician was called who ordered the limb to be poulticed, and he gave me medicine internally, without benefit. I then got a bettle of St. Jacobs Oll, which cured me. It acted like magic."—Mr. Lorenzo Buck, Bancroft, Shiawassee county, Mich., says: "I had a chronic rheumatism for years contracted during the war. After Mich., says: "I had a chronic rheumatism for years, contracted during the war. After sitting or lying down, at times, I could not get up, from stiffness and pains. At work my strength would give out, then I would pass through a sick-ness of several weeks. I had to walk with a cane and was at one time so iil I could not lie down without terrible pains in back and limbs. I tried St. Jacobs Oil; next morning got up out of bed without assistance. Today I'm a new man and walk without a cane.

A had boy up town tore the sign, "Fur nished Rooms," off the front of a Ridge ave nue house and hung it on a gate of a come-tery further up the street.

A TALE OF WOE.

Sample of the Goods Turned Out at th Sloux Falls Divorce Factory. The latest consignment of down-east narital linen laundried in the Sioux Falls divorce mills was exposed to public gaze last week. It illustrates the folly

of entering into the wedded state as commercial transaction. Mrs. Ellen Pollock was once a servan in the family of Millionaire Pollock in New York. She captivated young Eddie

Pollock, and despite the furious opposi tion of the family they were married. During the trial of Pollock's suit for

divorce, the servant of the millionaire and the wife of the heir told one of the most piteous stories ever related within the walls of the court room. She told how Eddie came rushing into

their apartments one morning in New York, declaring that his father had discoved that they were married and would disinherit him. He said he would rather tie than stand the abuse of his father. "One day," said Mrs. Pollock, "Eddie came to me with his cousin and told me that all was at an end; that his father would give me \$10,000 if I would consent to a divorce, but I refused. They wanted our child. Finally I thought that Annie would get better care in their hands, so I allowed her to go to the Poilock home at Nyack, N. Y. I became discouraged, and went to Eddie's father and told him wanted my baby; that life seemed to be useless and barren with went to without the little one. 'You can out the little one. 'You can go to hell before you can get the child,' was the response of the millionaire. I then saw Eddie and pleaded with him for Annie, but he refused. Then I went to a lawyer, and it was two months before I got Annie back. Then she was found in an orphan asylum. She was dressed in rags, and the poor thing had bruises all over her. In January, 1890, I called on Eddie's father. He said to me: 'If you don't give my son cause for a divorce I'll fix you.' I told him I would die first. I was ejected from my rooms because I had ro money. I went to Nyack to see my husband and see if he would not do something. They were living in their big summer residence. It was a beautiful house and had a handsome park. I knocked at the door and the servant told me to go away. I told him I wanted to see my husband. An officer was called by the lackey and I was thrown into a cab. He knocked me against the wheels, and Annie, who was along with me, cried: 'Man, man, don't kill mamma!' We spent that night in prison, and the police in the morning turned me adrift alone, penniless and friendless in the big city have been true to my husband, but his father, who believes he is above me, and

VanHouten's Cocos-The standard of

that because I worked for him as servant

I am unfit to be the wife of his son, causes all the trouble. I had just money

enough to come to Sioux Falls to fight for my name and rights, and unless I get

help I do not know how I will get back An offer was made to Mrs. Pollock of \$12,000 if she would withdraw her ap-

pearance in the case but she refused.

## AT THE SHRINE OF LA DIVA

Songs of Adoration from the Critics to Madame Patti.

HER CONCERT TOUR A TRIUMPHAL MARCH

The Metropolitan Opera House in New York Not Big Enough to Hold Her Admirers-Greeted with a Crush at Philaoelphia.

Madam Adelina Patti Nicolini is fairly launched upon her American concert tour, and as usual it is a triumphal march. The prestige and the alturements of grand opera are wanting, but it seems to make no differ ence at her performances. Patti is enshrined in the hearts of Americans, who will pay her their greatest homage, as expressed by the mighty deliar, for even so little as a simple song. The critics who attended her first concert

in New York analyzed her every note to discover, if possible, whether relentless time had marred a tone, but the diva's art baffled them. It is true that some suspected a weak note or two in her upper register, but other critics equally as keen found no flaw

But while these learned gentlemen may amicably differ about an infinitesimal shading in a tone, they all agree in paying to the great songstress the tribute of devoted adoration, and the following extracts from their comments are put in evidence :

New York in Love with la Diva-

Adelina Patti's voice may not be as perfect as it was a score of years ago: her figure may not have retained its girlish suppleness and her complexion may have lost the soft peachblow tint of vigorous youth, say the New York Recorder, but of her marvelous hold upon the people of this metropolis there can not be the shadow of a doubt.

For weeks we have seen Mossrs. Abbey and Grau trying to fill the Metropoutan opera house by presenting the choicest gems of Italian opera sung by the ablest singers of the earth, and they have not yet accomplished the feat. Even "Don Giovanni," with the superb cast including Lassaile, Edouard de Reszke, Kalisch, Lehmann, Albani and Van Zandt, could not stop all the gaps in the tlers of boxes or fill all the vacaucies in the various stalls. But when it is an nounced that Patti will sing Arditi's "Sesaran rose," with a probability of "Home, Sweet Home," and "A Mue From Edinboro Town," as encores, to conclude with a duo and an aria from "La Traviata," public interest in the performance is at once so travelled the stall of the performance is at once so travelled the stall of the terest in the performance is at once so tro-mendously aroused that hundreds of people are turned away from the great opera house absolutely unable to squeeze within its

doors.

Is it because there is more music in one note of Patti's voice than in all the brilliant aggregation of the Abbey-Grau company?

Our critics will answer in the negative. Is it because our musical education is still so incomplate as to make us prefer "Home incomplete as to make us prefer "Home Sweet Home," as sung by Patti, to "Don Giovanni," rendered by that imposing array of artists? Our operageers will say no. What then is the secret? Only this: We crush ourselves into the utmost discomfort, out that we love much less but they we less not that we love music less, but that we love

Patti more,
She Compromises With Father Time. Madam Patti received an ovation, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. The house was filled to overflowing. When she came tripping on the stage, dressed in a beautifut white silk gown with pink epaulettes, her throat encircled with diamonds, there was a spontaneous purst of enthusiasm. She looked remarkably youthful, more so than on the lock last appearance here two years are. Her her last appearance here two years ago. Her figure is gradually rounding out, but though the girlish grace is gone, she is still a re

markably nandsome woman in face and figure, and as active as over.

But the voice, ah yes, that is what everyone wants to know about, and they are easily informed. What she sings she sings almost as well as ever. The quality is atmost as pure as ever; the technique is as faultless. Somewhat of the old-time brilliancy is lacking, but Madam is careful to concea trace of age. She is no magician. She can-not turn the clock of time backward, so she compromises with Father Time. She cuts off a little of her upper register, but keeps the tone quality.

Probably there was not one of the thou-sands who struggled last night through the crowds got squeezed until breath was almost gone, tramped on until the cry of pain could scarcely be suppressed, and pulled to and fro until clothes were nearly rulned—not one, probably, but felt repaid by her singing "Home, Sweet Home." The "Lucia" number was full of sparkle and galety. She was ber was full of sparke and galety. Sue was in happy mood, and appeared even girlish. In the "Semiramide" number, so familiar from her frequent singing, she displayed her art more, and the rich tones held the great

audience spell-bound.

The Same Arch Way. The one and only Patti has once more raised her melodious voice and thrilled the upper lyric heavens in the presence of an enormous house in the Metropolitan opera house, says Joe Howard in a dispatch to the Hoston Globe. The occasion resolved itself into a demonstration and the demonstration days loved.

into a demonstration and the demonstration developed into a furore.

It makes no difference whether she has red hair or black. Last season she had red, and did well, this soason she has black and does better. When she comes to say farewell, five or ten years from now, she may have a peagreen wig for all the people care, so long as her voice rotains any resemblance to that of the olden time, and she can still recall the words of "Home, Sweet Home."

Patti has not aged one individual wrinkle so far as the public in general and Mary Scott Rowland, her pet manipulator, knows. She looks exactly as she did twenty years ago. It would be foily to say she looks as she did thirty-five years ago, for then she was very young and as bright as a dollar, with the never failing beauty of youth, and her animal spirits were keyed up to upper Gmerning, noon and night. morning, noon and night.

Her matrimonial experience have toned her down a trille, and her stomacher is possibly a little more conspicuous, but she has the same arch way, the same marvellous the same arch way, the same marvellous tone, the same unserring certainty, the same intuitional faculty of persuading the audience that of all assemblages she ever saw, the one before which she at the present time appears is chiefest and best and dearest in her mind.

La Bella Adelina Coquetted. The public, the huge, insatiable public, who had been hungering to hear and see Patti, took the matter in their own hands, and resistance, poutings or deprecatory shrugs were of no avail, says the New York Recorder. She had to sing—the public had come for herself alone and would accept no musical sops (or soporifies) to Cerberus in the shape of tepors, paritones, bassos or altos.

Well, La Bella Adelina was good humored Well, La Bella Adelina was good humored enough—in fact, she coquetted a bit with her admirers before she would gratify them; but when, after her first solo, she advanced to the footlights and the orchestra began the familiar bars of "Home, Sweet Home," a rear went up and everybody settled himself comfortably, for they knew they would get a musical rem.

Mme. Patti's art is as supreme as ever, her scales are so many diamonds flashing in the

Mme. Patti's art is as supreme as ever, her scales are so many diamonds flashing in the sunlight, her voice has not lost its fullness or richness. It seems to have gained in volume in the lower register; perhaps a certain hardness and dryness in her upper notes is all that tells the ear that Adelina Patti is no longer a child in frocks warbling before a delighted audience just before the war times.

She sang the Donizetti aria with consummate art. Her trill would cause a nightingale to blush with envy, and her staccate and runs are as delicate and birdike as one can imagne. The "Home, Sweet Home" was sung with exquisite feeling and color, and ingent were the result. was sung with exquisito feeling and color, and urgent were the recalls. At last, overcome by the enthusiasm of the audience, Patti sang in an arch manner, "Coming Through the Rye" to a phantomlike plano

ecompaniment.

Her vocal method is something so maddenlagly simple, that, with her gift of eternal youth, there is no reason to doubt that the next generation will see and hear this extra rdinary woman, the greatest singer since Catalini, and also the last of a vanished