

THE LEAP YEAR PREROGATIVE

Shall the Girls Exercise in the Usual Mannish Mode.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE WED AND WON

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

Shall girls propose?

The traditional question is again undergoing discussion, but the conclusions arrived at come no nearer a satisfactory solution of the problem than in leap years past. In the east, where the gentle sex predominate, man is their legitimate prey, but in the west, where the conditions are reversed, eligible bachelors can deliberately pick their fates and serenely await their admirer's approach.

There's the rub. Marriageable women, according to the matrimonial oracle of the Philadelphia Press, want to be won by wooing. They like the process. Is it possible that only unmarried women wish to be wooed? 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."

The Era of Big Girls. This is the era of the heavy weight athletic young woman, who walks abroad with her chest expanded and head held high, a young woman who thinks nothing of a temerarious walk, and is altogether a new type of American independence, says the Boston Post.

Higher education has done it all, and before we know it we shall have a new 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. Dragoon of Laselle Seminary is authority for these facts: Since the opening of the academy, the number of girls who have gained 10 pounds or over; three, 10; two, 10; one, 10; one, 20; one, 22, and the record-breaker has gained 30 pounds in a little over four months. The featherweight of them all weighs 81 pounds, the heaviest plump, 107, and they are as healthy as the proverbial horse.

What to Teach a Daughter. Teach her that only man the 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 well done. That the value of money is just the good it will do in life, but that she ought to know and appreciate the value of money.

By appealing to her reason. It is much less like to gain his bliss than by appealing to her reason.

When a woman goes to a house with the intention of proposing, get her never forget to leave her cloak in the hall, for should an occasion arise for the woman to stand up near the man—if possible a little behind him, and with one hand on the door, she can say that she should say "yes," all in readiness for an immediate circling of the waist.

of mankind are the wild "passions," which clasp the objects of their love in their arms and shower kisses on their cheeks, and bent heads, regardless of the baldness, while incoherent words are poured forth, through the maze of which a man vainly tries to catch the interrogation.

"Don't feel that your sister won't give you a young man who was paying attention to his sister. 'Just you wait till she goes out and then I'll get a look 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 Commercial.

The new coiffures are very obliging. They come in a great variety of designs, and are styled to be worn on top of the head and other styles to be pinned on the back of the head.

She is the evolution of the modern college. Higher education has done it all, and before we know it we shall have a new 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.

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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.

Musical score for 'The Patti Waltz Song' with lyrics in Italian and English. The lyrics describe a young man's admiration for the diva Patti.

A TALE OF WOE

Sample of the Goods Turned Out at the Sioux Falls Divorce Factory. The latest consignment of down-east marital linen is advertised in the Sioux Falls divorce mills was exposed to public gaze last week. It illustrates the folly of entering into the wedded state as a commercial transaction.

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 Philadelphia.

Madam Adelina Patti Nicolini is fairly launched upon her American concert tour, and as usual it is a triumphal march. The prestige and the attentions of grand opera are waiting, but it seems to make no difference at her performances. Patti is overshadowed by the masses of Americans, who will pay her their greatest homage as expressed by the mighty dollar, 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 rollicking time had married 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 there.

But while these learned gentlemen may amicably offer 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 peach-blow 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 Messrs. Abbey and Grau trying to fill the Metropolitan on a 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 Lassalle, Edouard de Reszke, Kallisch, and others, has failed to fill the boxes or fill all the vacancies in the various stalls.

Madam Patti received an ovation, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. The house was filled to overflowing. When she tripped on the stage, dressed in a beautiful white silk gown with pink epaulettes, her throat encircled by a magnificent necklace, a spontaneous burst of enthusiasm. She looked remarkably youthful, more so than on her last appearance in the metropolis, though her figure is gradually rounding out.

It makes no difference whether she has red hair or black. Last season she had red, and did not mind it. This season she has black, and she does not mind it. When she comes to say farewell, or ten years from now, she may have a few grey hairs, but she will retain the same quality of her voice, and she can still recall the words of "Home, Sweet Home."

The public, the huge, available public, who had been hungering to see the diva, Patti, took the matter in their own hands, and resistance, puttings 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 substitutes. Cerberus in the shape of tapers, carillons, bassos or altos.