"GOD HELP US, WHAT CAN WE DO?"

"He Hates Charity," Says Mrs. English of Her Dying Son, but "They're Starving Like the Many."

Journal Relief Wagons Drive Distress from Homes Where Pride Leaves It to the Neighbors to Point the Way.

Mrs. Dermody, in Bed with a Broken Leg, Sets a Touching Example of Charity by Sharing Her Attic Room with Another.

Journal's Fund for Relief of the Poor.

E. and F. Barshow	1.00
No Name	.50
No Name	3.25
F. Balzer	1.53
Employes Monopol Tobacco Company	3.30
In the Name of Jesus	20.00
Color Art Department of Journal	20.75
Mrs. H. S., Brooklyn	2.00
G. E. P. H.	1.00
C. Vey Holman, Holman Oaks, Rockland, Me	100.00
J. E. Fitzgerald, D. D. S., Chester, Pa	5.00
L. A. Howell, Perth Amboy	1.00
W. H. Dieckmann, New York City	1.00
A Reader, Brooklyn	1.00
Mrs. F. E. Clapham	1.00
Mrs. C. W. Ryan	1.00
W. B. M. Jordan, New York City	10.00
Rob's Sister, New York City	5.00
A Mite of the Poor	1.00
D. H., Brooklyn	2.00
W. P. C., Schroalenburg, N. J	1.00
Sylvan and Madeline Solomon	1.00
D. A. R., New York City	1.00
Mrs. Wm. Valentine, Whitestone, L. I.	1.00
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Charles E. Borden	5.00
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Ex-Police Commissioner John McClave	5.00
W. H. Robertson	1.00
J. B. Brophy	2.00
Julius Raisch	1.00
Machinist of Eureka Fire Hose Company	1.50
John Swinton	2.00
H. Anderson, waiter, Gilsey House	1.00
A New York Philanthropist	$1,000.00
Bradley Martin, N. Y. City	10.00
Anna Held	100.00
Rosa Klingenstein, Jersey City	1.00
N. M., Brooklyn	1.00
Amelia Bingham in Wall Street	48.00
Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson, N. Y. City	5.00
W. M. H., N. Y. City	3.00
Mary A. O'Reilly, N. Y. City	5.00
H. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.	1.00
J. A. C., N. Y. City	1.00
G. D. J., N. Y. City	.50
C. W., N. Y. City	2.00
Blanche Walsh, in Wall Street	29.54
E. S. J., N. Y. City	1.00
P.	5.00
A Poor Cuban	2.00
W. D. L.	2.00
Bay Ridge	2.00
Mrs. R. Loercher	2.00
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Redmond, Kerr & Co.	100.00
F. C. A., N. Y. City	5.00
Employes of A. Schroeder's Sons, 32 Rose street	15.00
Ludwig Baumann & Co., 8th avenue and 35th st	25.00
Blank, N. Y. City	5.00
Miss H. K., Greenpoint	1.00
Viola Van Noort, Paterson, N. J	1.00
Eddie Price, N. Y. City	.50
R. A. Morrison, Brooklyn	5.00
Your Constant Reader	1.00
C. H. G., Tenth Precinct	1.00
Given in the Name of Our Lord	2.00
A Bryanite of Long Island	1.00
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H. — R., N. Y. City	2.00
L. A. Rockwell, N. Y. City	2.00
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Rutherford, N. J	5.00
A. L. B., N. Y. City	.50
H. Lincoursky, N. Y. City	1.00
William K. Astor, N. Y. City	5.00
S. L. Clockran, New Brighton	1.00
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L. A. P., N. Y. City	1.00
M. Schlesinger, Worcester, Mass	2.00
F. W., N. Y. City	20.00
A. H. Hummel, N. Y. City	25.00
Smypathizer	9.00
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E. E. W., New York	5.00
Albert E. Beth, New York	5.00
364 Lenox Avenue	5.00
G. C., New York	2.00
X. Y. Z., New York	2.00
S. Rosenbaum	2.00
Charity Box	1.50
Five Employes McLean Mill, Passaic	1.25
Free Silver	1.00
Rudolph Block	1.00
J. L. D., New York	1.00
H. A. P., New York	1.00
Edwin W., Brooklyn	1.00
F. Co.	1.00
George Ahlhous, Hoboken	1.00
J. B.	1.00
F. Marriott, Brooklyn	1.00
L. G. C., New York	1.10
Leroy, Brooklyn	.50
J. S. Klipper, N. Y. City	3.00
Mrs. S. M. Caslin	2.00
A. H. Kaffenburgh, N. Y. City	2.00
Washington, D. C.	.10
Fladnssah Lodge No. 8, N. O. F. L.	10.00
S. Amdursky, N. Y.	5.00
Jim Daily	2.00
Custom House Employe	1.00
Mrs. C. Schenck's Sunday School Class, Easthampton, L. I.	3.00
Aaron Lloyd, Belleville, N. J.	5.00
C. H. Hammond	5.00
Two Commercial Travellers	2.00
H. E. H., Brooklyn, N. Y.	7.10
Crippled Writer	2.50
A., Jersey City, N. J.	10.00
George F. Moore, N. Y. City	10.00
J. P. W. Mitchell	5.00
Oscar M. Lipton	10.00
W. C.	1.00
E. N., N. Y. City	5.00
John W. Cocks	3.00
Little Robert B., Brooklyn	.50
J. D., N. Y. City	1.00
E. O. Evans	5.00
A Baltimore Silverite	5.00
Welcome	1.00
Employes of A. Hefner	12.00
E. Thomas	2.00
From a Poor Man	.25
A Carpenter	2.00
Johnnies on the Spot	1.00
F. K.	1.00
Mary Scott Rowland	5.00
J. Tabor, New York	5.00
Collected by C. Ehler, Brooklyn	3.25
Frank E. Fulton, Kingston, N. Y.	1.00
Ruth and May Jennette, Bayonne, N. J.	.26
Henrietta, N. Y. City	1.00
W. DeV., Brooklyn	1.00
Minnie Dupree	10.00
Emma Mae	1.00
Agnes Kellar, 6 years old	10.00
Dunston & Kennelly, City	25.00
C. C. Shayne	25.00
Episcopalian, Harlem	1.00
Joseph Vogel	1.00
N. M.	.30
E. Myer, Arlington, N. J.	5.00
Billy Madden, Yonkers	1.00
Steve O'Donnell, Yonkers	1.00
H. J. B., Whitestone, N. Y.	5.00
P. Scanlan, Jr., Jersey City	1.00
G. A. L., Brooklyn	1.00
A. Irwin, Brooklyn	1.00
THE JOURNAL	1,000.00
Total	$3,043.48

THE HOME OF MRS. FINKELSTEIN NO 53 SUFFOLK ST.

ONE OF THE MANY HOMES FROM WHICH THE JOURNAL DROVE THE FEAR OF STARVATION.

Millie Featherstone kept one eye on the muffins and the other on the curling tongs. It was important that the muffins should be hot enough and the curling tongs not too hot.

These two considerations which were uppermost in Millie Featherstone's mind, were based on two distinct facts, closely related to one another. In the first place, Emma Featherstone was hungry—very hungry. Hence the muffins. In the second place, she was—like most people who are hungry—inclined to be melancholy. Hence the curling tongs.

Lest Millie Featherstone's judgment be impugned, let it be explained that she would probably not have selected muffins as a remedy for her sister-in-law's hunger if she had been able to spend more than a nickel for food. Of the ten cents that she had owned at the time of her arrival, the other five had gone to pay for three bundles of kindling wood at the nearest grocery.

A Woman's Stimulus.

As to the other feature of Millie's ministrations to the invalid—well, a woman is the best judge. And there are women who say that when they have "the blues," and have no particular care what may become of them, there is nothing braces them up so quickly and restores their interest in life so completely as to be roused up to have their hair curled and look as pretty as they can. Which is why Millie Featherstone kept one eye on the muffins, which are filling, and the other on the curling tongs, which are stimulating.

And now let it be told how badly Emma Featherstone needed something stimulating and something filling.

It is just six months ago since she and William Featherstone were married. The bride was twenty, and as dainty a mixture of womanhood and girlhood as can be found in that hot-bed of beauty as well as poverty—the East Side.

The bridegroom was a few years older—a manly, industrious fellow, who adored his fragile little dark-eyed sweetheart, and had saved enough money out of his wages in a Williamsburg sugar refinery to furnish a flat to serve as a home for his wife.

And a sweet little nome she deemed it in those first days of happiness. There were a bedroom, the tiniest of kitchens and a room that was banquet hall, salon, boudoir, picture gallery and a great many other things combined. It contained a sofa in red plush, a cane chair all gilded over, a brass table with an onyx top and other strictly modern and fashionabe articles that are highly prized east of Third avenue. Moreover, the portieres were of chenille, and there were some striking oleographs and crayon portraits of William and Emma Featherstone upon the walls.

How Trouble Came.

One day the oleographs and the portieres lost their charm to Emma, and even the glided chair failed to console her. William had allowed his hand to become tangled in a piece of machinery and had been carried home in a faiuting condition. There were many weeks of nursing and of surgical consultations, and at last an important bone was cut out of William Featherstone's right hand, leaving him a cripple so far as work in the sugar refinery was concerned.

When Millie Featherstone dropped in to cheer up her brother's wife yesterday the first thing she noticed was that the gilded chair had gone. So had the oleographs. So had the chenille portieres. So had many other things, even to the pots and pans. And when Millie looked into the wardrobe she found that every one of her sister-in-law's dresses had gone, too. It was true that the crayon portraits of William and Emma still stared from the wall, but then, pawnbrokers will not lend money on such works of art.

Emma Featherstone, dressed in an old wrapper, was rocking herself to and fro by the empty stove. There was a frightened look in her eyes, and a bluish transparency about her cheeks which alarmed the helpful Millie, accustomed as she was to the symptoms of starvation, cold and hopelessness. She did not stop to ask questions, but hastened out to buy kindling wood and built a fire. Coal was out of the question, and so was meat. Muffins, toasted over the kindlings, occurred to her as being the next best thing. And the blaze of the wood, in conjunction with the little woman's air of neglect and dejection, suggested the curling tongs.

Emma Featherstone's coiffure was almost completed, and the clustering ringlets round her temples had given her a girlish, confiding look at the time when the Journal relief wagon No. 2 arrived at the house, and one of the now famous bundles of necessaries was carried up to the Featherstone apartments.

And, strange to say, Emma Featherstone when she was made to realize what had been done for her by those who have time to think of the sufferings of others disarranged more than one pretty curl by throwing her apron over her head and sobbing like a child. Millie sniffled, too, but she tried to hide it by throwing some of the coal that had been brought in with the provisions on top of her kindlings and putting on a kettle of water to make some coffee.

William Featherstone, who had been out looking vainly for work, came home while a feast was in progress. He rubbed his eyes at first, and then——

But there are some emotions which are better left undescribed, and the gratitude of a starving man is one of them.

It would be worth the while of any person who has never been hungry to see the reception accorded to the wagons in the more crowded quarters of the East Side. They are besieged by throngs of white-faced women and children and men who clamor more like wolves than like humans. Their cry is, "Bread! Bread!" They run in front of the horses and clamber on the revolving wheels, risking death for a loaf.

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Only the First Stages.

But that is merely a symptom of starvation in the first degree, and there is so much starvation in the second and last degrees that the wagons are sent out upon definite routes of life saving, and cannot pause longer than for the distribution of a few loaves to the more needy and weakly among the crowds in the streets.

Wagon No. 1, for example, carried succor yesterday to more cases of urgency than could be told of adequately in a page of the Journal. Any one who knows anything at all about the East Side will gather that these cases were clustered in the very vitals of the tenement section, by glancing at these addresses, where food, money and fuel were hailed as actual salvation from a lingering death: No. 170 Forsyth street, No. 53 Suffolk street (basement), No. 43 Clinton street, No. 430 Grand street, No. 681 Water street. These are only a few—just enough to show where Wagon No. 1 was employed during a part of the day.

Of course, Cherry street we have always with us. Wagon No. 3, which was here, there and everywhere, became a familiar object in Cherry street yesterday. And the man who worked in connection with wagon No. 3 witnessed many strange sights. None of them was quite as strange as that which presented itself at No. 56, on one floor of which lives Thomas English and his mother.

Thomas English is fifty-six, and his mother—well, goodness knows how old she may be. The neighbors, who were not so poor but what they could think of their comrades in misery, had told the Journal that the Englishes were in need of food if it was worth while to keep them alive.

"But they're awful proud, and would never ask for a thing in the world," was added.

The old woman opened the door in response to a knock. There was a strange light in her eyes, and an open razor in her hand. It was rather startling. But when the visitor's eyes had grown accustomed to the gloom of the rooms an explanation was found for the razor. A man was sitting up in the bed, with one side of his face shaven clean, and the other side was covered with lather. On the clean side burned a bright crimson spot. His knees were drawn up to his chin, and the meagre coverlet could not hide the fact that they were woefully sharp, like the twin peaks of Mount Ararat. His feautres were peaked and his eyes seemed to flame from the depths of two dark caverns.

"That is my son," said the old woman shortly. "I am just shaving him, because he does not feel very well to-day and he likes to look neat."

All the neighborhood knows that Thomas English, who is over fifty years old, is dying of consumption. For years he has not been "feeling very well," but he always imagines he is getting better. His old mother knows the truth. She warned her visitor to speak in whispers as he began to tell her his errand, but it was no use.

"What is that?" came a sharp, rasping voice from the bed. "Whose bundle is that, mother? I hope nobody thinks we need"——

The protest was interrupted by a fit of coughing. Mrs. English ran to her son's side, and supported his forehead with her hand until the fit had passed. He was so weak then that he could say no more.

"He hates the very idea of charity," whispered the old woman, hurriedly, as she returned to her visitor's side. "But God help us! What can starving folks do? It is bad enough to see my boy dying, without seeing him starve and shiver as well. Thank you, oh! thank you kindly, and all the good people who helped in this charity."

Almost in the same words did Mrs. Kinkelstein, who lives at No. 53 Suffolk street, in the basement, express her gratitude for the supplies delivered to her. It was a miserable little family, including a very old woman and little children, who had been crying aloud for bread.

Standing on the stoop of a big tenement at No. 150 Cherry street, when the Journal wagon drove up, was a little, thin woman, with scant, white hair and a wan face, creased with many lines. On her feet she wore a pair of great, heavy boots, worn once, and nearly worn out, by a man twice her size.

Those in charge of the wagon, attracted by her appearance, questioned her, and offered her money for coal and some bread and other provisions. She sobbed softly, but refused to accept help.

"God knows," she said, "I need it. God knows I need it. But I cannot take it when there are others suffering more than I. This little woman"—pointing to a forlorn figure by her side—"is young and strong. I know she has had no fire for herself and her three fatherless babies for two days and nights. She is willing to work, but she can get no work to do. It would do me more good if you would give the stuff to her. Her name is Mrs. Sanguinetti, and badly off as I am, she is worse."

Existence On Almost Nothing.

Mrs. Ryan was the name of this woman. Investigation showed that, with three grandchildren, she lives in two rooms in the tenement. One of the children—a girl twelve years old—works in a West Side factory for $3 a week. The rooms cost $6 a month. After the rent is paid this little old woman has $1.50 a week left for food, fuel and clothes for her children, and out of this she manages to help her neighbors poorer than herself.

For more than two months she has been keeping the family of Mrs. Sanguinetti when the latter has been unable to work. The girl who supports the family wears a pair of tan shoes that offer poor protection for her tender feet, though they are well patched and mended by the poor little grandmother.

Another instance of self-sacrifice came to light in the case of Mrs. Dermody, who lives on the top floor of a dark, towering tenement at No. 56 Cherry street. For two months she has been in bed, suffering with a broken leg. She adopted her sister's child five years ago, and it might be imagined that the care of the child would be enough for her resources. But she has gone further. Last Summer she took into her neat, meagrely furnished home a Mrs. McNally, a woman fifty years old, without a relative in the world. All through the Winter these women have been existing, stinting themselves for the sake of the child. Mrs. McNally is actually barefoot.

The mere statement that Mrs. Emma Nolan lives in an attic at No. 74 Morton street conveys but the shade of an idea of what her existence is there. When she was married to John Nolan, fourteen years ago, she had a cheerful heart, full of resolute courage.

Now her attic room is as somre and cramped as a grave. The gabled roof slants cruelly low, almost meeting the floor at one extremity. In that room, which nightly shelters four souls, there is nothing to furnish warmth of stove. When there is oil in the room Mrs. Nolan is able to cook a chance meal and to fight against the cold air which comes down through the broken skylight and into the crevices of the wooden walls.

There is one bed almost devoid of bedding. Her two children, girls, aged ten and twelve, sleep on the floor. On entering the apartment, it is at first difficult to see any spare room on the floor, where these two children might repose. This is due to the extreme darkness of the place. As the eyes become accustomed to the density, two little apertures are disclosed to view, running back behind the bed and shuttered down immediately beneath the lowest part of the ceiling. They are each the length of a small human body, and are supplied with a number of folded blankets. It is upon these that Nellie and Mary Nolan are compelled by poverty every night to seek rest. On hands and knees they crawl to their improvised beds and try to forget their privations and hunger in sleep.

Home Became Poorer and Poorer.

Mrs. Nolan is a woman of thirty-five years. Her husband is sickly and unable to do any hard work. At one time he drove a truck, but had to give that up because the labor was too much for his strength. What light work he can now get he takes, but it is so little that the rent of the small dungeon of a room cannot be met. When he married Mrs. Nolan he had money ahead and had a commodious home, all of which went when his health gave way. A year after the marriage poverty knocked at the door, and it has been knocking ever since. It drove the family from one quarter to another, finally landing them in their present deplorable abode. Nellie Nolan, the elder daughter, worked in a laundry for $2.50 a week for some time. She had to quit because the firm cut down expenses. Mary Nolan is threatened with some serious ailment. Her face is terribly swollen, and when a charity doctor called yesterday he warned Mrs. Nolan to keep her as much as possible indoors.

Mrs. Nolan never asked for charity in her life. Her neighbors sent the Journal word that she should be supplied with food; that she was on the verge of starvation, and that she was suffering from cold.

"I will have to confess," she said to a representative of the Journal Charity Fund, who visited her, "that we do need food and that we do need warmth. I cannot get any work to do. I am willing to labor night and day, but I find no one to employ me. I would not care so much if I alone suffered. I am worried about my husband and the children. Could you not get me work?"

Mrs. Nolan was supplied with a share of groceries and a little money for oil for her stove. She is the poorest of the poor; the most deserving of the deserving.

FAMILY WAS STARVING.

Wife and Four Children of Former Policeman McManus Found Cold and Hungry.

Policeman Michael J. McManus, of the Oak Street Station, deserted his wife and four children at their home, No. 337 East Twenty-first street, December 20. On January 13 McManus was dismissed from the force for intoxication and neglect of duty. On Thursday evening Agent Butcher, of the Gerry Society, found Mrs. Mary McManus, the policeman's wife, and her four children, utterly destitute, cold and starving. The mother had disposed of everything to raise money for food.

Butcher took them all to the society's rooms, where they were warmed, fed, and on Friday were fitted out with comfortable clothing. Yesterday morning Magistrate Brann, in the Yorkville Police Court, committed the children to the care of the Missionary Sisters of St. Francis. The mother seemed quite cherrful. She said she had secured employment in a tobacco factory at Twenty-seventh street and Third avenue.

WIFE DIED OF A BROKEN HEART.

Fainted When Told of Her Husband's Arrest, and Never Recovered.

MARRIED BUT A SHORT TIME.

Met Patrick Mullick Nine Months Ago in Mount Vernon and Became His Wife.

Pretty Catherine Ellard is dead. Friends and neighbors who knew her story say she died of a broken heart. The attending physician says death was due to nervous prostration, brought on by much worry.

Catherine was born in Dublin, Ireland, twenty-two years ago. She came to America at the age of seventeen with a sister, Gertrude, to seek a wealthy married sister, with whom she was going to live. After a vain search for her sister she went to Mount Vernon. There, after spending all her savings, she obtained work at Judge Isaac N. Mills's Corcoran Manor residence. Her accommodating ways and lady-like manners made her a great favorite with the Judge's famil. Nine months ago she met young Patrick Mullick. Although he had no steady trade, Catherine admired Patrick's good looks and fell in love with him. After a brief courtship the couple was married.

Everything went well for a short time until Patrick began to drink and abuse his bride. Womanlike, she tried to reform her wayward husband, but he continued to go to the bad. He associated with evil company, and finally, on January 20, the end came. On that day Patrick was arrested by the Mount Vernon police, charged with committing burglary in the country residences of W. R. Lewis, on South Third avenue, and Samuel White's house, on Chester Hill, the night before. When Mullick was taken into custody, he denied his guilt, but, subsequently broke down, and admitted he had robbed both places. He told Chief of Police Foley he stole to buy presents for his wife. Judge Schatz sent him to White Plains Jail to await the action of the Grand Jury.

As soon as Mullick's wife heard of his arrest, she exclaimed, "O God, let me die; I knew it would come to this!" and passed into a dead faint. Since then she has constantly brooded over Patrick's arrest. Friday she complained of feeling ill, and on Saturday morning she died with her husband's photograph clasped to her breast.

CONGRESS OF MOTHERS.

Programme of the National Convention, Beginning Wednesday in the Arlington Hotel, Washington.

Washington, Jan. 30.—The programme for the National Congress of Mothers, to be held at the Arlington Hotel February 17, 18 and 19, is announced as follows:

Wednesday morning, 10 o'clock—Prayer, Rev. W. H. Milburn; address of welcome, Mrs. Theodore W. Birney, Washington, D. C.; response, Mrs. Mary Love Dickinson, New York City; reception by Mrs. Cleveland at the White House.

Wednesday afternoon, 2:30 o'clock—"Mother and Child of the Primitive World," Frank Hamilton Cushing, Washington, D. C.; (a) "Mothers of the Submerged World," (b) "Day Nurseries," Mrs. Lucy S. Bainbridge, New York City; "What the Kindergarten Means to Mothers," Miss Amalie Hofer, Chicago; "Parental Reverence as Taught in the Hebrew Homes," Mrs. Rebekah Kohut, New York City.

Wednesday evening, 8 o'clock—"Mothers and Schools," Mrs. W. F. Crafts, Washington, D. C.; "The Value of Music in the Development of Character," Rev. W. A. Bartlett, Lowell, Mass.

Thursday morning, 10:30 o'clock—Devotional, Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth, New York City; Dietetics, Mrs. Louise M. Hogan, Germantown, Pa.; "Mother's Relation to the Sound Physical Development of Her Child," Mrs. Jenness Miller, Washington, D. C.; "Reproduction and Natural Law," Mrs. Alice Lee Moque, Washington, D. C.; "The Moral Responsibility of Women in Heredity," Mrs. Helen M. Gardner, Boston, Mass.

Thursday afternoon, 2:30 o'clock—"The Mother's Greatest Needs," Miss Frances Newton, Chicago, Ill.; "Plain Grounds," Miss Constance Mackenzie, Philadelphia, Pa.; "Some Practical Results of Child Study," Dr. G. Stanley Hall, Worcester, Mass.

Thursday evening, 8 o'clock—"Reading Courses for Mothers," Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, New York City; presentation of resolutions, Press Committee Women Friends, Baltimore, Md.; "How to Guard Our Youth Against Bad Literature," Anthony Comstock, New York City.

Friday morning, 10:30 o'clock—Devotional, Mrs. H. A. Stimson, New York City; "Heredity," Mrs. W. H. Felton, Cartersville, N. C.; "Physical Culture," Miss Julia King, Boston, Mass.; "Character Building versus Education," Mrs. Ellen Richardson, Boston, Mass.; "National Training School for Women," Mrs. Sallie A. Cotton, Oakland, N. C.

Friday afternoon, 2:30 o'clock—"Nature Studies in the Home," Miss Anna A. Schryver, Ann Arbor, Mich.; "Importance of Bringing the Youth in Touch with Great Literature," Hamilton Mabie, New York City; "Stories," Dr. Walter L. Hervey, New York City.

Friday evening, 8 o'clock—"How Shall the Nation Secure Educated Mothers?" Mrs. Stanton Blatch, New York City. Club organization: (a) "Need of Organization," (b) "How Organize?" Mrs. Ellen M. Henrotin, Chicago, Ill.

Inaugural Ball Tickets Ready.

Washington, Jan. 30.—The Inaugural Committee announces to-day that the tickets for the inaugural ball are now ready for distribution. The price of each ticket is $5. Orders by mail will be filled in the order of receipt.

The social butterfly is really not so much an idler after all. She works hard. She keeps late hours. She manages a household—plans entertainment for her guests—superintends the buying of furniture, the making of dresses, the ordering of dinner; is worried by her social duties, by servants, by a thousand things, and with it all she must perform the duties of wifehood and motherhood. Is it so very wonderful that her health fails? It fails as other women's health fails. The beginning is some slight derangement of functions peculiarly feminine. From the beginning the progress of disease is swift and appalling, unless it is quickly checked. The frightful prevalence of "female weakness," over thirty years ago caused the invention of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is a sure, permanent cure for the ills common to women. It is equally valuable in keeping women well. Taken during the expectant period it greatly lessens and sometimes entirely eliminates the pain and danger of child-birth.

GOOD COMPLEXION

comes from good digestion and good health, and these often come from the cure of constipation by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

J. B. Stone, Esq., of 23 Marshall Street, Hartford, Ct., writes: "Dr. Pierce's Pellets, were recommended by a neighbor who thinks there is nothing like them. I am subject to acidity of the stomach and indigestion. As soon as I feel it, or have eaten too heartily, I take a 'Pellet;' or if I find that my dinner or supper does not act right I take one pill. A good many pills that I have taken cause an unpleasant feeling all the next day, or a weak 'gone' feeling that the 'Pellets' do not cause. They seem to straighten me out all through the system without tearing me up."

The South

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