

## New York Jottings.

THE new venture of the Duke of Marlborough, that of going into the coal and iron business, will, if he should succeed in securing the necessary capital, go a great way towards raising him in the estimation of conscientious people. There are eccentric individuals in this world who would prefer to shake the patrician hand of his grace grimy with coal dust, than sparkling with diamonds paid for with the Hammersley millions. Unfortunately for the nobleman's project, the duchess does not look upon it with sufficient favor to encourage and further the scheme with any of her wealth. The reason for this may be a lack of faith in the ultimate success of the affair, but I rather think her diffidence in the matter is more due to the fact that neither she nor her dual husband are overburdened with a superfluous amount of spare cash at the present moment. Be that as it may, the duke has gone to London for the express purpose of influencing English capital into the enterprise, and I have not the slightest doubt that he will succeed in so doing, in which case he will be able to turn his literary talents to account by writing circulars and price lists and mailing them to McAllister's 400, who would of course, prefer dealing with The Marlborough Coal and Kindling Wood Co. (Limited) to any plebeian concern in the business.

THOSE who know Chicago are often amused at the airs of superiority which the North Side people assume over those of the south and west divisions of the city, and the same spirit is carried with them even when abroad. A resident of Dearborn avenue, one of the sweetest and most dignified of women, while viewing the interior of the Cathedral at Milan, for instance, was approached most courteously by an gentleman of fine appearance, who, hat in hand, began: "I beg your pardon, madame, but are you not an American?" The reply was in the affirmative, and the question followed: "And do you not live in Chicago?" Again she answered "yes," while with quiet persistency her interlocutor asked: "And may I know in what part of the city?" I can quite imagine the air of satisfaction with which she answered "The North Side." "Ah, Madame, do you not live near Lincoln Park?" This was too much, and yet human nature—feminine human nature, at least—could not resist saying that her home was in that favored locality.

Her indignation knew no bounds, and a little red spot began to burn on either cheek when the fascinating stranger, in a low and impressive voice, murmured seductively, "Near the lower or upper end of the park?" Nervous, and yet half phased with his audacity, she tried to steady her voice while she said, "the upper end," and fancy, if you will, the self-control required of her to turn quietly and calmly and walk away in all the dignity she could command as she heard, in a soft and musical tone, "I only wanted to know—because—I keep the banana stand at the lower end of the park, and I hoped Madame might remember me as she drives past."

A SOMEWHAT revolutionary change has come over the spirit of clubdom of late with reference to the time-honored antagonistic attitude toward the fair sex. A few years ago the idea of admitting a woman to any of the privileges of the club-house would have caused the indictment of the guilty clubman for heresy. The change has been gradual, although the announcements of conversion now fall thick and fast. The admission of ladies to the monthly art-receptions at the Union League was a notable step forward in this respect, as was also the annual ladies' day at the D. K. E. The cards subsequently issued to ladies for the monthly receptions at the New York and Manhattan Athletic Clubs were another gain for femininity, to whom the walls of clubdom had been theretofore a sealed book. Gradually in this way the fair sex seems to have, upon one pretext or another, gotten a peep within the confines of almost every club in town. The Abline Club and the Southern Society are among those which

have but recently concluded to extend to ladies during certain stipulated hours the courtesies of the club-house. The Union Club, when its new extension is completed, is, I am informed, to make a special rule for the admission of ladies to its limits, and the Union League, had it rented the adjoining property, would have brought forward the idea of admitting the fair sex, when properly credentialed, to the annex. At the Lawyer's Club, to the other privileges is added the delights of a marble bath, if the ladies desire to lave as guests of the club.

THE new Montauk Club house of Brooklyn has been especially built with a view of setting apart certain portions of the edifice for the use of the wives and female relatives of members. The Hamilton Club already opens its doors to the ladies, and now the iron-bound rule of the conservative Brooklyn Club is, I am told, to be set aside and a series of "Ladies Days" will occur during the coming season. It looks altogether as if the masculine halo of mystery so long dominant in clubdom was to be swept entirely away.

WHEN it leaves the discussion of politics the New York Sun is wise, witty, interesting, and a credit to the venerable genius that presides over its destinies. On Tuesday Mr. Dana, or one of his sagacious lieutenants, put forward an effective and suggestive editorial on the subject of a woman's privilege to leave her husband when life with him became intolerable and she could lift herself to a nobler plane by getting away from his society. That a man of Mr. Dana's power of reasoning should concede a woman's right to preserve her self-respect and her happiness by refusing to submit to a tyranny or a love that oppressed her is no surprise to me, and he is to be praised for having presented in his newspaper a dispassionate and gentle explanation of the divorce question as it confronts us to-day, in which he tacitly admits that not only do the church and state draw the lines too close about wives, but that it is eminently proper that people unhappily wedded should exert themselves to overleap these lines and gain their freedom.

It would be one of the most absorbing and gratifying essays that has appeared in the columns of a daily newspaper during many years if Mr. Dana would explicitly, and with greater personal assertion, discuss at length the question of divorce in New York. From his recent article it is seen that he is aware of a sentiment arising and beginning to flourish here, that points to a radical change in the general position taken by the people upon the subject of martial laws. His newspaper says:

THOUGH the church was never bitterer than now in its denunciation of divorce for any cause, or for any cause save one, social sentiment, as expressed by the conduct of the leaders of fashion is tolerant of divorce obtained by women simply to repair "an error in being married." Yet the sentiment which rules fashionable society is the sentiment of women, usually so much under the influence of the church, and always distinguished for their conservatism.

A MAN of eloquence, culture and wisdom, such as Mr. Dana is, might well have gone on to argue the question of how far the church is wrong in condemning women to abide by a mistake, through every species of physical and spiritual torture, and how far the people are right in rebelling against its edict. We must all know of cases where life is reduced to a revolting slavery because the slave has not the courage to oppose the pitiless command of the church; and we likewise have seen a fiendish bondage lifted and a soul saved because someone concerned had the bravery and moral sense to defy the conservative regulations by which matrimonial misery is enforced in this locality. Because a despicable, cowardly, incompetent and offensive man may prevent a wife from divorcing herself from the yoke he imposes on her, it would be well if Charles A. Dana, and men of his judgment, would attack the shame of it, and endeavor to bring it into the light of a greater philosophy than we yet recognize.