

tion, the work of each year being reported at the annual congress. For instance, the last report of the committee on science contains the account of a great many difficult surgical operations performed by lady surgeons, the effect being to show that the work in this line has been as well done as when performed by men. Out of 291 surgical operations of a difficult nature performed on women, as reported to the committee, 271 were performed by women surgeons, and with equal care and success to those performed by men. Sanitary regulations for schools also receive attention, and in this year's report Denver stands superior to all others reported in the good condition of school buildings. Thus the work of women in all parts of the country is reported and noted. It is a distinctive feature of the organization that it is not identified with any special movement, but is for the general improvement of the condition of the fair sex, by inciting them to individual efforts for their own intellectual development.

Mrs. Howland followed in a few pertinent remarks on temperance. She announced herself as a prohibitionist, because she believed that every path of life should be made as safe as is possible to all. She spoke of the social influence of young ladies, both in their homes and other association. Advised the young ladies to be careful and not tempt the young men to be partakers of strong drink by offering the social glass, and thought they had a great deal more influence for good than they were aware of, if they would but use it aright.

Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell was the closing speaker. She was educated at Oberlin College, Ohio, and was there ordained a minister of the orthodox Congregational church. It was in 1846 that she first began her career as a public speaker. Last evening she gave a history of the development of the cause of woman during the past 40 years; the change for the better being brought about by women acting in their sphere as individuals. Into whatever branch of science or art they had ventured, they had been attended with as much success as men, and exhibited the intellectual power they possessed. There was much yet to be done, and the future, as the past, would show woman possessed ability to make her successful in all the higher paths of life.

EDISON IN LONDON.

"Come along," said Colonel Gouraud to our representative at the Mansion House yesterday afternoon. "Come along and get into the cab with me. He is going all the way to Arlington Street, and you can have him to yourself."

The cab, a four wheeler, was standing outside the private entrance to the Mansion House, and Mr. Edison was standing in the hallway with his hat on and a cigar in his mouth. Mrs. Edison and her sister and Mrs. Gouraud got into one cab. Mr. Edison and the *Pall Mall Gazette* representative got into the other.

"Queer climate this," said Edison, as much by way of beginning conversation as anything; "but I suppose the Londoners are so accustomed to it they don't care; they look upon it as a regular thing."

"Oh, we do have fine weather sometimes."

"Well, it's so very seldom that when it comes you tell the whole world about it. I'll give you credit for one thing," said the electrician as he bowed along Victoria Street; "you have the finest roadways in the world, but then you have had a thousand years to make them. That reminds me of the story of the American millionaire and the gardener at Oxford. The American said he would like to get a fine lawn, such as he saw in Oxford, at his own home, and he gave the gardener a five-pound note to tell him how it was done. The gardener took the money, and then said: 'It wants to be mowed every day for 900 years, sir.'"

"Riding alongside this great genius," continues our representative, "I could not but be struck with the modest, unassuming affability of his manner. Not a particle of swagger, not a hint of the power that exists behind those wonderfully keen gray eyes."

"He isn't a bit like an American," said two or three gentlemen to me; "at least, not like the received idea of what an American is. He has none of the bounce and self-assertiveness, and at the same time he is smartness itself and nothing escapes those eyes." These are the words of Lord Brassey and Mr. James S. Forbes.

"Look at those shops," said Mr. Edison, as we passed along, peering through the rain-spattered windows of the growler, "all lighted with gas. Fearfully unhealthy and badly ventilated. I tell you, sir, electric lighting has got to come in England as everywhere else. Why, Berlin is almost all lighted with electricity. Dearer than gas? Yes, when it is done in a small way. Londoners have to thank Chamberlain for not having electricity. But there is a new act now, and electric lighting has received the impetus it required. Gas will always be the basis from which cost of lighting will be reckoned; a man who is going to light his building asks himself first how much will it cost him to light with gas, and then by electricity. Well, if it should cost 50 per cent more he will go in for gas, but if it is only 5 or 10 per cent more he will use electricity, because of the manifest advantages. Heat from the electric light? Yes, but very little. It takes fourteen electric lights to produce the heat of one gas burner. And look at the difference in the illumination."

"By the way, I'm not a bit surprised," he went on, changing his subject without any effort, although reproducing the current of his thoughts, "that so many German and French children have to wear spectacles. Why, look, they will spend \$1000 to furnish a big room in the most luxurious and antique fashion, and then use two paltry

little candles to look at it with. It's enough to ruin any one's eyes. The funniest thing in Paris is the announcement in some of the hotels, 'This floor is lighted by gas.' The other floor is not lighted at all, and you have to find your own candles!"

As we were passing along the Thames embankment, Edison was loud in its praise, and of the fine buildings which have been and are being erected upon it. Then again his thoughts took a strange turn, and he referred to the poor of London.

"I suppose it would be impossible to overstate the degree of their wretchedness," he said, "and yet the same thing exists in all very large cities. I was taken by a friend to see some of the worst dens of infamy in Paris, but there are just the same in New York. And they exist in places where you would never look for them."

"What a lot of clubs you have in London," he went on, as I drew his attention to the National Liberal and then to the Constitutional; "bachelors in this country live half the time in clubs, don't they?" "Well, they pass a good deal of their time in them anyway." "Hello, this is Trafalgar Square, isn't it? Ah, that's where the riots were." And then noticing that the fountains were playing, his eyes twinkled and he said: "That's a dead give away; it's no use trying to fool one that this is fine weather or hot."

He was much pleased when I pointed out to him the house in Northumberland avenue where Colonel Gouraud has established the phonograph headquarters, and which he has called Edison house. I fancy he did not know it before, and he took it as a great compliment. Again I was forcibly struck by the similarity of the man's mind.

"I don't care much for the English cab," he said; "I like the French ones best. The two wheeled ones—hansoms, do they call them? I don't like at all."

Something he had to say about everything we passed, and his memory is remarkable.

"You are the first newspaper man I ever told about my endeavors to get electricity direct from coal," he said. "That was in Philadelphia during the electrical exhibition there in 1884. I haven't given that up yet. I'm still working at it and I shall get it one day. But up to the present I am not able to do it satisfactorily. There is no reason why it shouldn't be done, though."

Here our cab drew up in Arlington Street and as we jumped out Sir John Pender, I think it was, who had been in the first cab, said to me, "Well, have you pumped him dry?"

As I was about to make reply Edison said quickly, "No, no; I'm an automatic self-acting pump; I did the talking myself."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

EYES THAT FASCINATE YOU.

There are eyes and eyes, just as