THE MISSION OF THE JEWS

GERMS OF OUR FREE INSTITUTIONS IN THE HEBRAIC SYSTEM.

Principles Which Many Believe Were Enunciated by Christ Found in the Law Books of the Jews.

Brooklyn Eagle.

Following is the sermon of the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, delivered at Plymouth Church Sunday night, in continuation of the supplemental series on the "Bible as Literature:"

"Eighteen and more centuries ago there dwelt in a province of Rome a very peculiar people. They were called in their literature 'a peculiar people.' They were peculiar in their religion, in their public and political institutions, in their industrial and social order, in their ethical ideas, in their literature. Everywhere else there were images of the deity or deities and substantially everywhere else there was a belief in a multiplicity of deities. This peculiar people believed in only one God, and had no image or statue anywhere representing Him—neither in the temple, nor in synagogue, nor in private home, although it is true they had at one time believed in many gods. They did not believe that He dwelt in any one particular place; they believed in Him as a universal presence, ruling, governing all nature and all the nations of the earth. Their worship in one respect conformed to the worship of the nations round about—they had an elaborate system of sacrifices, but these sacrifices were all offered at one place, in one holy temple in their sacred city; they could not be offered anywhere else. And while they were in form analogous to the sacrifices of pagan nations, they were in spirit quite different. They did not take their value from the cost of the things sacrificed; they were expressions of a real, living experience. The sacrifices were divided into three general classes—representing penitence, gratitude and consecration or service. Thus, the sacrifices which in the pagan nations about represented endeavor to appease the wrath of an angry god, in this nation, which had borrowed sacrifices from the pagans about, but had borrowed them without evil quality, represented experiences that are high and pure and noble.

"But their worship was by no means confined to sacrifices, nor chiefly manifested through them; in every town and village was a religious house (we call it a church, they called it a synagogue); in these synagogues they assembled every seventh day of the week for worship, and here their worship was carried on without sacrifices. In these synagogues, also, they had no image or idol of their God, nothing to represent Him. Where the idol or image of a pagan temple would have stood there stood certain rolls containing their sacred literature. These rolls were the most sacred thing in the synagogue, as the altar where the sacrifices were offered and the ark where the law was stored was the most sacred thing in the temple. Thus the law, represented by an ark, stood for that which was sacred in the temple, and the law and the prophets, represented in books, stood for that which was sacred in the synagogue.

SIMPLE WORSHIP.

"In these synagogues the worship was more simple than it is in most modern churches. There was one man who superintended the worship that it might be kept in order; but he was like the president of a free assembly, and any one under his general direction might ascend the pulpit and speak to the people; any one might offer prayer, in public or in private, leading the congregation or praying by himself. There was in the synagogue no priesthood, no body of men standing between the worshipers and God. In that respect the worship was quite unlike that at Jerusalem, and it was quite unlike all worship in pagan temples.

"Thus in their conception of God as spirit, all-pervasive and all governing; in their conception of God as spirit, not possible to be represented by any idol or image; in their worship as the expression of a spiritual experience and in the form of their worship in their ordinary gathering places this people was indeed peculiar.

"But they were peculiar not only in their religious institutions and their religious ideas; they were equally peculiar in their political constitution. It is true that the old political constitution of the nation had been broken down, partly by foreign oppression, partly by domestic corruption. At the time of which I am speaking—the time when Christ was born—this political constitution lay in ruins. We must go back to their literature to learn what it was in its ideal; and we find its ideal as embodied in their ancient literature essentially a republican constitution. In the east—and this people belonged to the east—up to that time and even up to the present time all power was concentrated in a single head. He was the father of his people; he was the commander-in-chief of his people, who were an organized army. All power was vested in him. He was the legislature; he was the executive; he was the judiciary. That is practically at the present day the constitution of Turkey, and theoretically, as well as practically, that of Russia.

"Ages before any other people had established the differentiation between these three departments these people had established it in their national constitution. They had executive powers lodged in one head, representative powers lodged in a council or assembly and judicial powers lodged in judges. Originally their executive was an intelligent choice of the people, though probably not formally chosen, but very soon he became an hereditary monarch, though then he was surrounded with constitutional limitations; he was at no time in Jewish history an absolute monarch.

"In the first century, at the time of which I am speaking, there was no king. Rome had conquered Judea and the Jews were under the control of the Romans; but the high priests had inherited something of the old king's power and the legislative assembly still continued to exist. It was known as the sanhedrim, or council of seventy. It met in Jerusalem and was vested with whatever legislative powers the Roman government allowed the Jewish people still to exercise. Judges exercised judicial functions as they do with us. And as in some of our states the senate exercises certain judicial functions so this sanhedrim, or council of seventy, exercised judicial functions; but in the earlier history these judges had been quite independent of both king and legislature, and that they were not without real effective power in curbing the authority of a despotic king is evident from the story of Ahab and Naboth. When Ahab, who was perhaps the most despotic king who ever sat upon the throne of Israel, desired to get possession of a piece of property which belonged to a poor peasant he could not get it without first corrupting the court and securing a sentence of death upon the peasant whose property he coveted.

A SELF-GOVERNING PEOPLE.

"This peculiar people possessed a local self-government. Even in the time of Christ their government was more distributed than it is to-day in republican France. Elders in every village administered the local government in so far as the Roman authorities allowed it to be exercised at all by the Jews, and in its earliest history it is very clear that the nation was divided into tribes, with different territorial allotments, each tribe having a certain sovereignty of its own, analogous to the sovereignty exercised by a state in the United States of America. This people, with a spiritual conception of God and with a spiritual worship of a spiritual God, possessed the germ of free institutions. From them we have borrowed in very large measure our own principles of free government.

"Their industrial and social organization was quite as unique as their religious and their political organization. There was no aristocracy in this nation. There was no concentration of land. There was no caste of any kind. There was, it is true, a priesthood; but this priesthood was dependent upon the voluntary contributions of the people, and was not allowed to own lands in the commonwealth—certainly they were not according to the ideal constitution of Israel. Slavery, it is true, had been allowed, but it had been surrounded by such restrictions that it had gradually died out. There was comparatively little slavery left among the Israelites in the time of Christ. It was not indigenous to the soil; it did not fit the constitution and habits of this strange people. In Rome half the people were slaves, and of the other half the great majority lived in pauperism. In Palestine, within the limits of this peculiar people, there were very few slaves. And while there was a great deal of pauperism it was due far more to the great taxes imposed by Rome than to anything in the institutions or constitutions of the Israelites.

"Down to our own time society has been divided into two great classes. Within the present century in England there were three, and only three, vocations into which a man of noble blood could enter with honor. He could be a soldier, a priest or a politician. He could not be a mechanic, or a merchant, or a farmer. He could drive his horses over the farmer's fields hunting foxes, but he could not drive a plow horse, turning the sod up that wheat might be produced; he could walk the decks of a man-of-war as a midshipman, but he could not drive a nail in the making of a man-of-war; he could draw his sword with the one hand and hold a torch in the other that he might destroy property, but he could not, as a merchant, help to distribute wealth. But in this peculiar people of which I am speaking there was no soldiery as a profession. The rulers were, to a very considerable extent, elected by the people and representatives of them. On the other hand, industry was so honored that by a law of this peculiar people every father was required to teach his son some handicraft. The son need not pursue it; he might become a teacher, he might become a man of literature, but he must be able to earn his livelihood by his hand if he would comply not only with the traditional law, but with the actual custom of the nation. Thus, Paul was taught to make tents or tent cloth, although his life was from the very beginning given up to that of religious teaching. Industry was honored; slavery was discouraged; war was discountenanced; a standing army was unknown; a priesthood represented the people; the rulers, in a measure, represented the people; landed aristocracy there was none; class and caste there were none. In other words, this peculiar people were in an eminent degree, probably never before nor since equaled in the history of the world until the time of the American Republic, a human brotherhood.

HIGH IDEALS.

"With these peculiar institutions—religious, political, social—they also possessed remarkably high ideals. Their ethical conceptions of right and wrong, as embodied in their literature, shine out with wonderful brilliancy as compared with the ethical ideals of other peoples of the times from which they had come, and even as compared with those of Greece and Rome. In the temple of Diana at Ephesus it is said there were a thousand professional prostitutes engaged in the service of religion. One of the Roman moralists declared that drunkenness was disgraceful except in the feast of the gods. And Socrates himself affirmed that lying was legitimate for the good of the people and by public officials. Some of our public officials seem to have learned a lesson from Socrates. This peculiar people knew nothing of any such departure from high conceptions. It is true that, practically and personally, they did fall from their ideals, but the ideals always shone out bright in their literature. The fundamental constitution of their state was summed up in those ten commandments, which have come down through the ages, and still are regarded to-day in our Christian churches as an ideal of human life; reverence for God, respect for person, for property, for purity, for reputation—these were wrought into the very foundation on which the whole fabric of Israelitish society was built. As an illustration of the noble conceptions expressed in this Hebrew literature let us read from the fifteenth psalm the ideal of a child of Jehovah; of Him who is worthy to dwell with Jehovah:

"'He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart. He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor. In whose eyes a vile person is condemned; but he honoreth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not. He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved.'

"This ethical ideal of this peculiar people was summed up in two commandments to be found in their ancient law books. The first summed up the whole obligation to Jehovah: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and soul and strength.' All reverence, all fear, all worship, all loyalty, all duty, all sacrifice, a prayer, was summed up in that one law of love toward Jehovah, and the duty of man to his fellow man was similarly summed up by another ideal: 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' These two commands, which many men seem to think were issued by Christ in the first century, were really borrowed by Christ from the law books of the Jewish people existing some centuries before Christ.

THEIR GREAT HEROES.

"These ethical ideas of this peculiar people were embodied also and represented in a very remarkable series of heroes. Every nation has its great men and it has often idealized its great men. We do not know how much of Ulysses is history and how much poetry; we do not know how much of Job, or of David, or of Moses is history and how much is the ideal of a later time; but it is not necessary to inquire. A nation is measured by its embodied ideals as well as by its actual personalities, and these great heroes of Jewish history, historic personages certainly, the great central facts of whose lives are as well established as the great central facts of any lives as ancient, however they may have been idealized, presented remarkable illustrations of characteristically unique life. Moses, the great statesman, represented righteousness. To do right, that was to be wise according to the statesmanship of the great statesman of Jewish history. Joshua, its great captain, represented conscience. Howsoever we may look with condemnation on the bloody campaigns of the Israelites against the Canaanites; however we may shrink with horror from the commands which they thought God addressed to them to exterminate an idolatrous, corrupt and licentious people; if we read the stories of those campaigns without prejudice, we must see that they differ from campaigns of mere conquest and robbery, that, as compared with our own campaigns against the Indians, as compared with many of the military operations of Great Britain in India and in southern Africa, they were righteous in this; that they were the expressions of a strong, noble indignation against a corrupt, idolatrous, licentious, cruel people, and not the mere expression of greed and grasping avarice. David is recognized in Jewish history as the great singer. That he sang the great proportion of the psalms that have borne his name I do not think, and I have said so; but he represents in Jewish history the spirit of lyric song and that that spirit was pre-eminently religious penitence, because God had been wronged; sorrow because he was exiled from God thanksgiving and joy, because God was good. Isaiah—the second Isaiah—represented the hope of this peculiar people, not merely a hope of temporal deliverance, not merely a hope of national grandeur, but a hope of moral service, a hope of becoming a light for the illumination of the world and an emancipator of other nations. For in its original significance this message, 'The spirit of the Lord God is upon me,' is a message uttered by the prophet as and for the whole nation; it is the nation which is to give sight to the blind, healing to the sick, rescue to the oppressed and Christ comes that He may fulfill this hope of Israel. For this nation had a hope and that is, perhaps that most unique fact in all its unique history. It worshiped a spiritual God; it worshiped by a spiritual worship; its constitutions were those of a free people; its social and industrial organization was that of a brotherhood. But above all these was its hope. Its face was perpetually turned toward the future. It looked not back, as Rome and Greece looked, for its golden age, but forward. It is certainly true that some of the so-called prophecies in the Old Testament have been too literally interpreted by Christian teachers; that men have been too anxious to find a reference to Jesus Christ in every one of them, and have found them sometimes where they do not exist; that they have turned the most extraordinary antagonisms to Christ into types of Him; that they have, for example, taken Solomon, a pagan of the pagans, a wholly adulterous monarch, as a type of Christ, the unselfish, the pure, the self-sacrificing. But, making all due allowance for misconstructions and misinterpretations, for reading between the lines and into the scripture what is not there, nothing is more certain than that this whole nation marched with its face toward the future, that it always expected something better in the future than it experienced in the present, and in this respect it was peculiar in that time, whatever we may think of it to-day. As compared with the people of India, as compared with the people of ancient Egypt, this people, whose faces were toward the future, were in their anticipations and expectations unique and our anticipations and expectations that have filled us with the spirit of progress, because the spirit of hope, have been inherited, as I think, from this peculiar people.

A HOPE THAT FAILED.

"They looked also, at least in their ideals, not merely for a national deliverance, not merely for a national prosperity, they looked to themselves to become the inaugurators of a new reign upon the earth—what they called the kingdom of God. And yet this people have not fulfilled the promise of their early days. They are scattered all over the globe. They no longer seem to us a unique people; they no longer seem to us a people whom we are to follow or from whom we are to learn. But in their overthrow and their dispersion they illustrate also their message and mission. It was because they ceased to understand it, it was because they refused to carry it to its completion and fruition, it was because even in their piety they grew selfish, and even in their religion they grew narrow-minded, because they would have all this for themselves, and because they looked with despising on others—it was for this reason, as Christ Himself tells us, that the message was taken from them and given unto others. The life was in the nation. It was the life of reverence to God; it was the life of the worship of a spiritual God; it was the life of human brotherhood; it was the life of industry and honest dealing; it was the life of hope and expectation, and this life was so strong that when the nation would grow no longer, the nation itself was broken asunder, as a seed is broken asunder, and all that is in it that has life bursts out of the seed and leaves its integument to perish in the ground; as the shell is broken when it can hold the bird no longer, and the shell is left scattered in fragments on the ground, that the bird may come forth to carry on the life. Like a vineyard, said Christ, is this divine message: the servants refuse to give its fruit to the owner; therefore, the vineyard has been taken from them and given to another people who will bring forth the fruits therefrom. Such, in very rapid sketch, was this peculiar people. Peculiar in their conception of God as spirit; peculiar in their natural and simple worship of Him; peculiar in their several political constitutions; peculiar in their fraternal, industrial and social order; peculiar in their high ethical ideals; peculiar in the character of the heroes who marked their history; peculiar in their anticipation of a great and noble future.

"The Bible is the literature of this peculiar people. This is what makes the Bible sacred—that it is the expression of the life of a people who had been intrusted with a great life. It is not merely a collection of separate books, it is not merely a collection of stories, tales, narrative, traditions, psalm, hymns; it is not merely the utterance of three or four or a dozen or sixty great men entrusted with specific messages, it is the interpretation of the life of a nation, born of God and growing toward God. It remains to trace on next Sunday evening the spiritual contents of these books as we have already examined them externally. What I wish to point out to-night is this: Every nation has its message, as every man has his message; every nation its mission, as every man his mission. If we may say that the mission of America is to teach human brotherhood, if we may say that the mission of Germany is to teach individual liberty, and was voiced by Luther; if we may say that the mission of Rome was to teach organization and law, and was interpreted by Justinian; if we may say that the mission of Greece was to teach truth and the adaptation of man to truth and the possibility of man's understanding truth, and was interpreted by Socrates; then we may say that the mission of Israel was to teach what we may call religion—the life of God among men; a God who is spirit, a God whose spirit dwells with the children of men, a God who rules and governs and uplifts and inspires and directs, a God who can be pleased only by ethical ideals realized, not by sacrifices nor multiplied services; a God who incarnates Himself in human life and comes to the complete manifestation of Himself in the one life of splendid fulfillment of prophecy, from whom all Christian history flows out. The conception of inspiration and revelation that God has chosen fifty or sixty men, whom He has inspired, through whom He has revealed, here a fragment and there a fragment, does not seem to me one-half so grand as the conception of a nation, born, trained and educated that it may know that God is in His world and that through its prophets and its teachers may teach the human race that God is in His world. It is not merely the Bible that is inspired; it is not merely the Bible that contains a revelation. A book is a material thing. In strictness of speech, a material thing cannot be inspired; in strictness of speech, a material thing cannot contain a revelation. The inspiration was in the hearts of the men who wrote these books; the revelation was in the teaching of the men who wrote the books; and these men who were inspired and were the recipients and the imparters of a revelation were themselves the expressions of a great race chosen by God to be the harbingers of the kingdom of God on the earth. This was the mission and message of Israel.'"

MOTHER GOOSE CONTENTION.

The Fleet Family Routed, Horse, Foot and Dragoons.

W. H. Whitmore, in Boston Transcript.

In view of the articles printed by you in regard to the Mother Goose myth, I refuse to play the part of Daniel Pratt of Prattville. I simply repeat as a student of literature that there is no Mother Goose myth outside of Boston. The name Mother Goose came into the English language in 1729 as a translation from the French, when Perrault's beautiful "Fairy Tales" were first printed in London. As to Mother Goose's Melodies, no one has seen a copy earlier than 1780, when Carnan & Newbery, of London, owned them.

I defy the entire Eliot family to produce one line of writing to prove a word of their alleged family traditions. I deny all their stories about John Fleet or his mother-in-law, and challenge them to produce a line about Elizabeth Goose, except from the public records. I deny that the Fleet broadside of 1719 ever existed; I challenge proof that Mr. Crowninshield ever said that he had seen the document. I call for any proof that any one in America ever saw or heard of Mother Goose's Melodies until Isaiah Thomas reprinted, about 1787, Newbery's collection under that name. I ask for a citation of any rhyme attributed to Mother Goose before that date, from the writings of any American.

I did not wait until John F. Eliot's death to challenge his story. I did oppose it in print in 1873, and his reply is in the New England Historical and Genealogical Register for 1873. I talked with him repeatedly, and came to the conclusion that he had a mania on this subject and that his story grew as he repeated it.

The facts are as above stated, and will so remain until someone produces new evidence.

I regret exceedingly, Mr. Editor, that you prefer to treat this matter jocosely. In my view, Boston is disgraced by the repetition of these fables, which lead strangers to think we are in earnest. Every English writer ridicules the story and asks if we can be serious. The story was born in 1860 in a letter from John F. Eliot. Unhappily, it was taken up by William A. Wheeler and added to by the charms of his practiced pen. Then, in 1891, Mr. Oscar F. Adams, in his "Dear Old Story Tellers," repeated the yarn, with more literary slush, or, as you would say, with more details of this beautiful myth; and last year Miss McManus repeats it, though she has the grace to say that I had proved the story to be false.

I do not understand your position. Do you believe Mrs. Elizabeth (Goose) Fleet to have been even unconsciously the real collector and setter-forth of these melodies? If not, why do you talk about a beautiful myth, and call it "ours?" The whole fable is less than forty years old. It is a ridiculous provincialism. Why do you give it circulation?

In short, I stand by the facts I have printed, and I insist upon proofs before I will revise my opinion or will consider the Eliot family traditions to be of the slightest value. Remember that the melodies as printed in England contained not only the nursery rhymes, but also the lullabys of Shakspeare, being songs from his plays. Do you suppose that Mrs. Elizabeth Vergoose prepared these? The rhymes were annotated with burlesque notes in the style of Swift and Pope. Did she do this literary work?

In fact, the whole collection is one that could only have been made in London by some practiced writer with a large knowledge of literature. Mrs. Vergoose was born in Charlestown in 1665, being the daughter of William Foster, and her mother, Ann Brackenbury, was an infant when brought to this country. Where did Miss Foster acquire this wonderful knowledge of English folklore?

As a genealogist of forty years' experience I know the utter worthlessness of family traditions. If the descendants of Thomas Fleet find any consolation in holding privately to their tradition, no one will object. But the case is different when this tradition, unsupported by a single word of outside evidence, is brought forward to be accepted as history in contradiction of well-established facts.

As I printed all the facts in 1892 in a book published here, I need not repeat my proofs. It was a bit of solid bibliography and was accepted as such in England. What is there on the other side? Or, I may say, where is the difference between a myth of thirty years' growth and a bold, bad, unblushing falsehood?

Sunday in Scotland.

Pall Mall Gazette.

Just now public feeling in the west of Scotland is stirred to its depths by a proposal to run a steamer on the Clyde on Sundays, and efforts are being made to get the authorities at the different piers to close these against the persons who propose desecrating the "Sawbath." The Dunoon commissioners have intimated to the secretary of the Sunday Steamboat Association that they are not willing to open the pier there on Sunday, and at other places the same attitude is being adopted. But it seems that the lawyers question whether the piers can legally be closed against any steamer, even on Sunday.

Objection to a Paper.

The Philistine.

We read too much. We have no time to think. How can men meditate who take a daily paper, four weeklies and six monthly magazines? You subscribe for 'em and you've got to read 'em or else conscience will smite you for being a spendthrift. "I've just canceled my subscription to the Outlook," said George Dudley Seymour to me the other day.

"Why, don't you like it?" I asked.

"Certainly, the paper is all right, but it came every Friday with such damnable regularity."

VAN ZANDT IS HONORED

AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA MADE OFFICER IN FRENCH ACADEMY.

Hissed in Paris, but Afterwards the Plucky Operatic Singer Met with Great Success.

New York Herald.

Marie Van Zandt an officer of the Academy! The American prima donna, who was repeatedly hissed by a mob of Parisians a few years ago, nominated by the French governor for this high honor! It is really quite a romance that we hear from across the water. But then the entire career of this young American girl who captured critical and capricious Paris and held her own in the face of all opposition is itself a romance. We heard Miss Van Zandt in this country early in the present decade, and we highly honored her. She sang here and in Chicago, and her pure light soprano voice and pleasing personality charmed us. She was applauded and feted. She was entertained by such persons as Mr. J. W. Mackay and Mrs. Jordan L. Mott. Then she went back to Paris to gather fresh laurels, and finally to win the honor here accorded.

Only once before this visit of the season of 1891-2 was Miss Van Zandt heard publicly in America. It was the first time she had ever sung in public, and she was then a little girl. It was at a May festival in Rutland, Vt., in 1873. She led a chorus of three hundred little girls, singing the solo parts in a childish voice of singular sweetness and power. But no one then, even her talented mother, thought she had it in her to chain the operatic world of Paris.

Miss Van Zandt's mother was Mme. Van Zandt, the prima donna of former generations, so she gets her voice by inheritance. Her grandfather was Signor Blitz, who once enjoyed great fame as a prestidigitateur and necromancer. The older among us will remember both. Marie was born in 1866. In the thirty-one years of her life she has accumulated a large fortune.

She was born in New York, and when a mere baby showed a wonderful aptitude for song. Her mother took her to Europe when she was six years old, and she has only returned twice—once when she made her first public appearance at the Rutland May festival, and again when she scored her triumph in 1891.

HER SUCCESSES.

When she was seven years old she was a great favorite with Patti. The famous singer greatly enjoyed her little attempts at singing and her wise professional sayings. She would put the little girl on top of the piano, and, herself playing the accompaniment, would make her sing the shadow song from "Dinorah." Marie would struggle bravely through the complicated thrills and quavers, and Patti would fairly shriek with laughter at her efforts. But she encouraged the child, nevertheless, though she doubtless never predicted her successful future.

When she was only seventeen years old she made her debut. It was at Turin, and she appeared as Zerlina in "Don Giovanni." Her success was immediate and satisfying. Her second appearance was under circumstances that might well have the nerves and capabilities of an old and experienced singer. Gerster was suddenly ill and Col. Mapleson was at his wits' end. He came to Miss Van Zandt two hours before the curtain rose and asked her to sing Amina. She knew it perfectly, but it must be remembered that she had never but once before sung in grand opera. She hesitated. Mapleson pleaded. She consented, and her success was greater than before.

This proved her not only a capable and popular singer, but a woman of will, that great prize of the operatic manager, one who can be depended upon in an emergency. The exploit led immediately to an invitation to join Carvalho's Company in Russia. She accepted, and from that moment her fortune was assured. For five years she worked very diligently. She sang with success in all the capitals of Europe. Nothing was too difficult or too laborious for her to attempt.

It was on the night of Nov. 9, 1894, that she was first hissed in Paris. Carvalho was giving grand opera in the Opera Comique. She had been well received in Paris before. Neither she nor her manager had any reason to expect the outbreak. Miss Van Zandt, as she proved afterward in court, was sick. She really should not have appeared. But she did not wish to disappoint Carvalho and the public, and she sang. The opera was the "Barber of Seville." She struggled through the first act, but tottered and staggered in the second in vain attempt to go on. Then she left the stage.

Persons in the audience assumed that she was intoxicated and began to hiss her vigorously. There was a great outcry. Carvalho sent his manager upon the stage to explain. The audience would not listen. Excitement ran high, and the next morning several newspapers denounced her savagely and openly accused her of intoxication.

THE PARISIAN SCANDAL.

The scandal was telegraphed over Europe. Miss Van Zandt and her mother vigorously denied the accusation and the prima donna's physician offered substantial proof. It was in vain. Certain journalists continued their denunciations, and Miss Van Zandt promptly sued them. She did not sing in Paris again at that time. The company left for other cities, and it was not until the following March that she was again billed to appear before a Paris audience. The opera was "Lakme." The scene was again the Opera Comique.

But the journalists and critics whom she had defied and sued were ready for her. They had gathered in great force in the opera house. When she appeared they attempted to hiss her down. They were scattered all over the house. The excitement was prodigious. A large part of the audience arose and protested, but the hissing was not to be stopped that way.

The police were called in and the curtain rung down. A number of the disturbers were put out, and when quiet was at last restored a police official appeared before the curtain and asked the audience if they wished the performance to go on. A great shout was the reply.

So the opera went on with plucky Miss Van Zandt. They gave her a great reception then, trying to offset the earlier insult. It was not the end of the hissing. On two later occasions there were minor disturbances. The affair took another turn now, and the later hissing was in large part a defiance of Carvalho, who had publicly denied the public's old-time right to hiss.

Newspaper columns were filled with the discussion. Once a noisy crowd gathered to demand the resignation of Carvalho. Miss Van Zandt said in an interview:

"They seem to have taken a hatred of everything foreign, and especially American. The cry is protection against American products, beginning with pork and ending with poor me."

But she faced it out this time, and now she has her best revenge in the honor just given her. Besides, few opera singers have so long held the continued favor of fickle Paris.

When she came here in 1891, referring to this unfortunate episode in her life, she said that her best successes were made after leaving Paris. It was after this affair, in London, St. Petersburg and Madrid, that she felt she had reached the highest success of her life. But she went back to Paris, and has more than held her own. Her chief successes have been as Zerlina in "Don Giovanni" and in "Fra Diavolo," Ophelia, Dinorah, Lakme, Amina and Cherubino.

Like many others, Miss Van Zandt has her superstitions. When she visited America she brought with her as a lucky token the cravat with which a French soldier had hanged himself near Paris. Her dressmaker's husband was a policeman, and had cut the unfortunate suicide down, preserving the cravat for Miss Van Zandt.

The Trials of Teachers.

Harper's Bazar.

Is there any other class on which the community makes demands so severe as in case of teachers, public or private? No physician is expected to cure all his patients. There comes a time when every one of them, no matter how carefully tended, passes beyond his reach. No lawyer saves all his clients; no clergyman or revivalist exhibits an unbroken phalanx of saints. Yet the teacher, who constantly has to compete with the influence of the streets, often with that of the home, is expected in his five or six hours a day to accomplish more than all the sources of evil can undo, and to bring out all his pupils blameless and complete—soul, body and grammar. Madame Roland once defined marriage as an institution where one person was expected to provide happiness for two, but a school is an institution where one person is expected to provide joy, peace and the multiplication table for at least forty. Surely this is a cruel requirement. No maxim is more formidable than that German proverb, brought home many years ago by Horace Mann, "As is the teacher, so is the school." It would be quite as true to say, "As are the parents, so is the school," or, "As are the grandparents, so is the school," since these relatives created the brain cells and the moral fiber of each set of pupils, and the teacher takes these ingredients and makes the best he can of them.

Take the simple test of language. A speaker of the United States House of Representatives, not now living, once said to me in his own sacred desk, "I ought to have went to that lecture." He had been reared in the public schools, and had all his life been editor, public speaker or office holder, yet with this grammatical—or ungrammatical—result. I have heard an eminent professor of English say to his own pupils in the recitation room, many years since, "I have spoke of." These sins against good grammatical morals do not prove that these distinguished persons had not attended good schools or paid attention to the instruction; they simply showed that other influences had counterbalanced these. Probably these influences were in the home. As a rule, the child of a well-taught mother, even if never going to school, will speak better English than the child of an ungrammatical mother going to school steadily up to the age of fifteen. Why, then, lay all the blame for errors upon the unfortunate teacher?

DEDICATION OF GRANT'S TOMB

To Take Place on the Seventy-Fifth Anniversary of His Birth.

Philadelphia Times.

In Riverside Park, the pride of New York, and probably the most beautiful and picturesque spot along the Hudson river, will be witnessed, on Tuesday, April 27, one of the greatest civic and military displays in the history of the world. The demonstration on land will be accentuated by a naval display on the river, 130 feet below, the like of which has seldom been seen in any part of the world.

On that day, the seventy-fifth anniversary of the birth of Ulysses S. Grant, the magnificent new mausoleum erected to perpetuate the memory of the great Union general will be dedicated. The New York Legislature has designated it to be a State holiday, and, by the plans which now are under way, it will be a national holiday as well, in fact if not in law.

It has taken twelve years to bring about the erection of a tomb for the soldier-statesman that would be accepted as a fitting acknowledgment of a nation's debt to a nation's hero. The magnificence of the pile on which the finishing touches are now being put in Riverside Park is a sufficient answer to the cynical. One Republic, in one instance at least, has proved itself not ungrateful, and all the world is expected to bear witness to the consummation of the proof six weeks from next Tuesday.

It is expected that President McKinley, Vice President Hobart, Speaker Reed, the Governor of every State in the Union, the representatives of every foreign nation at Washington, the United States Senate, the House of Representatives, the State Legislatures and the heads of the principal public organizations of every character in the United States will participate in the dedicatory ceremonies. New York will give herself up entirely to the event. All business will be suspended, and for days the completion of arrangements for the great affair will be uppermost. The federal troops, the National Guard from a score of States, the North Atlantic squadron, together with many vessels from the navies of foreign nations, will join in the demonstration. Already those in charge feel safe in saying that more than a quarter of a million men, including thousands of the soldiers who followed Grant to victory thirty-two years ago, will seek places in the parade. There will, it is believed, be several hundred thousand people at the dedication, to accommodate whom, it fortunately happens, ample standing room is available about the tomb.

The new Grant tomb has been erected at a cost of $600,000. It faces to the south and stands directly in front of the temporary brick tomb in which the remains of General Grant were placed nearly twelve years ago. The new structure is of granite, so light in tone that in a strong sunlight it is not distinguishable from marble. Architecturally it presents the features of treatment found in the Pantheon in Rome and in the tomb of Napoleon at Les Invalides, Paris. The structure, it is declared by critics, will bear favorable comparison with the tombhouse of Napoleon or that of any other modern warrior or statesman.

The body of the tomb is a square structure of the Grecian Doric order. It is ninety feet across. The entrance is protected by a portico, formed of double lines of columns, approached by steps seventy feet wide. The three other sides of the tomb are columinated and have curtain walls, perforated with square openings on the line of the capitals of the columns. This square portion finishes with a cornice and parapet above, at a height from grade of seventy-two feet, receiving a circular cupola of the Ionic order, seventy feet in diameter, surmounted with a pyramid top, terminating at a height of 150 feet above the grave and 280 above the mean high water of the Hudson river.

In front of the entrance will be a huge equestrian statue of General Grant, while above the Doric columns will be equestrian statues of Sherman and other generals who commanded divisions of the Union army under Grant. The interior of the tomb is cruciform in plan, seventy-six feet at the greatest dimension, the four corners being piers of masonry connected at the top by coffered arches, the crowns of which are sixty feet from the floor level. On these arches rests an open circular gallery, of forty feet inner diameter, culminating in a paneled dome 105 feet above the floor level. The transition between squares, on the circular dome form pendentives, which are decorated in high relief sculpture, being emblematical of the birth, military and civil life and death of Grant.

The body of the general will lie in a red porphyry sarcophagus, placed in a crypt directly beneath the center of the dome and a few feet below the main floor of the tomb. The crypt can be reached by a stairway placed in the northern arm of the cross, giving the public access to a passage encircling the space dedicated to the sarcophagus, which space is surrounded by square columns, supporting panelled marble ceilings and entablatures, opening through the principal floor and protected by a parapet, giving a clear opening to the top of the dome and an unobstructed view of the sarcophagus from the main and gallery floors.

That part of the interior which is within reach of visitors is of polished marble, to prevent marking or vandalism. Above this, to a height of thirty feet, is cut marble. The arches and dome also were originally intended to be of marble, but the expense involved was so great cement was substituted.

The question of expense was the constant enemy with which the Grant Monument Commission had to contend. The movement for the erection of a substantial monument in General Grant's honor took shape early in 1886, when a committee was appointed, various plans for raising money were adopted and designs for the proposed tomb were submitted. The receipts were small, and the project came to a standstill in 1887. It was revived during the next year and the fund was increased to $140,000 in 1890.

In 1891 began the determined effort to carry the project through, under the lead of General Horace Porter, of New York. All of the business, social and political interests of the city were appealed to, art collections were sold for the benefit of the fund, college men gave entertainments and war allegories were given in its aid. Ministers preached on the subject from their pulpits, and, as a result, the success of the project became assured. The corner-stone was laid by President Harrison on April 26, 1892, since which time the work has gone steadily forward without interruption.

Street Etiquette.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

There is no attention so useless and annoying, offered by a well-meaning young man to a woman, as that of steering her about the public highways by her elbows. At night a man always offers his feminine companion his arm—his left arm, invariably. When walking with two women at night he offers only one his arm, and that to the elder of the couple. By daylight he never offers his arm at all, unless the lady is old and infirm, really in need of it, and never must he venture to put his hand under the elbow and so rather push than aid her along.

This is a stupid, ungraceful custom, and not in the least an assistance; it is also a familiarity, though it is not intended as such, and at any time, when walking with a woman, it is a superfluous and annoying attention to seize or touch her elbow as she comes to a puddle or a street crossing. A courteous man will always place a lady on the inside of the street, that is nearest the house line, keep step with her, moderate his pace to hers, lift his hat when she bows, whether he knows her friend or not, let her pass before him upstairs and into any vehicle. This same man will never presume to retain his pipe, cigarette or cigar when he walks in public with a woman, nor should he ask her permission to make a light and smoke in her presence on the street. At the same time he must not swing his cane or umbrella about and wear his hands in his pockets, though he need not, if he meets and talks to a woman in public, keep his hat in his hand.

It is etiquette, when a gentleman meets a lady on the street and wishes to speak to her at length, for him to turn out of his own course and walk beside her without bringing her to a halt to listen to him. As he comes up he lifts his hat, asks permission to join her, resumes his hat instantly and lifts it again when he leaves her. If she arrives at her door and he lingers there for a few words he need not stand bareheaded. When bowing in the street he lifts his hat a few inches and inclines his head, and he invariably waits for her to recognize him first, unless they are good friends of long acquaintance. Then the recognition is spontaneous on both sides. No man, when walking with a lady, should stop to speak with an acquaintance of his own or ask another person to join them, though the other person may be his own sister or mother.

Should he accompany a lady to her own door, or to the house where she may be going to pay a call, he walks up the steps of the house and does not leave her until the door is opened and she passes in. In case it is a shop she is bound for, he leaves her at the door and does not presume to enter, however much he may wish, unless he intends at least simulating a purchase, or she asks his company further. If she wishes to enter a public conveyance it is in best taste for him to remain, signal it for her, see her safely on the platform of the car or close her cab door, and then lifting his hat pass on.

It is never kind nor graceful for a woman to demur or try to force on a man her money if he offers to pay her car fare, neither is it good form, when she is walking with a friend and a gentleman joins her, to refrain from making an introduction between them. The woman so introduced to a man need not afterward recognize him, nor need he expect her to. On the street, when a man joins a woman, if walking with her only a couple of blocks, she can assuredly expect him to relieve her of any parcels, books, etc., she may be carrying should they in the least seem to inconvenience her. If a man joins a woman on the street, and his company is disagreeable, as well as unwished for, she need only quietly ask to be excused, and he will see at once her desire and leave.

There is, on the whole, though, no clearer exposition of a careless, extravagant and untidy character made in public than by the woman who permits her skirts to trail unlifted through the dust, mud or grime of the city streets. A well-bred woman invariably knows how or learns the art of lifting and holding aloft her dainty petticoats. With equal care she always refrains, if possible, from cutting even her deadliest enemy in public. In case she nears a person she prefers not to bow to, she refrains from bowing at them. By keeping her glance persistently out of their direction she avoids but does not actually deny recognition.

STORY OF THE "NINETY AND NINE."

Sankey Tells of the Small Chance Beginning of the Famous Song.

New York Sun.

The story of the "Ninety and Nine" illustrates aptly how great an effect may grow out of a small cause, and what surprising power may be exerted in the world by even so trifling a thing as a hymn tune. The other day, just before his departure for California, Mr. Sankey talked for an hour or more about the "Ninety and Nine," and could have gone on, no doubt, for hours longer without exhausting the memories and anecdotes connected with this most remarkable revival song. The "Ninety and Nine" is already of man's age, for it came into the world in the fall of 1873, a few months after Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey began their first revival campaign in England. For three months the evangelists had been laboring in Scotland, and were just leaving Glasgow for Edinburgh when a trifling incident occurred which resulted in the birth of this famous hymn.

As the evangelists were waiting for their train at the Glasgow station, Mr. Sankey purchased a copy of the Christian Age and Light, a penny religious newspaper which he had never heard of, but thought he would glance over on the journey. This newspaper he laid carelessly on the seat of the railway carriage, paying no further heed to it till they were some distance on the way, when want of occupation made him take it up and begin turning its pages. Mr. Moody meantime was busy in his corner of the carriage with his correspondence.

As Mr. Sankey read he came upon some little verses tucked away at the bottom of a column, and published anonymously. It is doubtful if he would have noticed the verses at all had not the first two lines caught his eye, but they had strength in them, and so he read on:

"There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold."

So it began, and Mr. Sankey followed down the lines, while the express for Edinburgh rushed on at sixty miles an hour.

"Hurrah!" cried Mr. Sankey, bringing his hand down on his knee in characteristic enthusiasm. "I've found the hymn I've been looking for for years."

"Yes?" said Mr. Moody, "what is it?"

"It's about a sheep."

"A sheep?"

"Yes, a sheep that was lost on the mountains and carried home by the shepherd."

"H'm, h'm," said Mr. Moody, not paying much attention; "read it."

Mr. Sankey did read it, and he put feeling into his words, for the beauty of the verses impressed him, but when he looked up he saw that Mr. Moody had heard nothing of the reading, being lost in his letters.

"All right," said Mr. Sankey to himself, "he'll hear that hymn later on," and cutting out the verses from the paper he put them away carefully for future use.

A few days after this the evangelists held a revival meeting in Edinburgh at the Free Assembly Hall. Mr. Moody spoke most eloquently on the Good Shepherd, and then followed an address by Dr. Horatius Bonar, the author of "I Heard the Voice of Jesus say Come Unto Me and Rest." As Dr. Bonar finished there came over the meeting that stillness which indicates deep spiritual feeling. Bending down from his pulpit toward Mr. Sankey, who sat at his right by the little melodeon, Mr. Moody said:

"Mr. Sankey, have you anything to sing on this subject as a solo?"

Mr. Sankey hesitated. He could think of nothing directly on the subject except the Twenty-third Psalm, which had already been sung three times that day by the congregation. They must have something else. Like a flash it came to him, "Sing the song you found on the train." But his second thought was, "How can I sing a hymn without a tune?" Meanwhile the audience was waiting in silence. "Sing the hymn you found on the train," came the thought again, this time imperatively. Mr. Sankey opened his little scrapbook of solos, found the newspaper slip, laid it before him on the rack of the melodeon and then struck a full chord and began to sing. What notes he sang he did not know nor what chords he played; he took no heed of harmony nor of the laws of musical progression. Somehow he got through the first stanza. And then he paused and played some chords on the melodeon, waiting to begin the second stanza. The thought came to him, "Can I sing the second stanza as I did the first; can I remember the notes?" and he concentrated his mind once more for the effort and began to sing again. And so he went through the five stanzas, and the audience sat still as death until he finished with the last glad shout:

"And the angels echoed around the throne,
Rejoice! for the Lord brings back His own!"

When it was all over Mr. Moody came down from the pulpit and, resting a hand on Mr. Sankey's shoulder, looked with wonder at the newspaper clipping. "My dear friend," he said, "where did you get that song; I never heard anything like it."

"That," said Mr. Sankey, "is the hymn I read you on the train, the one you didn't hear."

And thus the tune of the "Ninety and Nine" was born into the world, a tune which has gone around the world. As it was sung that day in Edinburgh by inspiration, so it has been written down in the hymn books, and so it has been sung in the many languages, and no note or chord of it has been changed, nor would Mr. Sankey consent to the slightest change, not to please all the musical critics in the world.

"The critics say they can see nothing in the tune of the 'Ninety and Nine,'" said Mr. Sankey, smiling. "They can't account for its success. That is because critics, with their rules and theories, make no allowance for inspiration of the soul."

It is interesting to note that in the great gathering which thrilled at this first singing of the "Ninety and Nine" was a woman back in one of the galleries, who was made happy by the singing of these words, since she recognized in them the verses written three years before by her sister, who had since died. And after the service she tried to speak to Mr. Sankey and thank him for what he had done, but the crush of people was too great, and it was only on receiving a letter from this woman that the evangelists came to know of this incident and learned the name of the author of the hymn. That name is Elizabeth C. Clephane.

After the first success of the "Ninety and Nine" there came many requests to publish the hymn, but Mr. Sankey did not consent to this for a long time, thinking to get better results by keeping it exclusively for their meetings, especially as they were going into a part of Scotland where the words would be particularly appreciated. And many a time during subsequent months he had the satisfaction of seeing in the great open-air gatherings which they held grizzled, weather-beaten shepherds, men of the mountains, who had come from long distances with their staves and rough clothes, standing there with tears rolling down their cheeks as they listened to the song story of the shepherd and the lost sheep. That appealed to them as nothing else could.

Oddly enough, the name by which the hymn is now known is not the one originally given to it by Mr. Sankey, who preferred to call it "The Lost Sheep." But for some reason the opening words were the ones that took Mr. Moody's fancy, and in giving out the hymn he would always say: "Mr. Sankey will now sing the 'Ninety and Nine.'" Several times Mr. Sankey reminded Mr. Moody that the song was about the lost sheep, and not about the ninety and nine that were safe in the fold, but Mr. Moody would only smile and say: "Never mind, the 'Ninety and Nine' is a good name," and so at last Mr. Sankey had to change the name and it became what it is to-day.

SNAKES OF THE ORINOCO.

An American's Interesting Hunt on the Great River.

G. R. O'Reilly, in a lecture before the Linnaean Society at its annual meeting in the American Museum of Natural History of New York, told of "Snake Hunting in the Orinoco Delta." In describing his adventures in the inundated forests of the great South American river, he said:

"Passing around a bend of the channel on one occasion we saw before us, at some distance ahead, what appeared to be a low, flat island. For some reason—I believe it was to get a bird we had shot—the boat was stopped under the branches of a tree. When we attempted to go on again the low, flat island was abreast of us. It was floating down to the sea—a real floating island, with vines and bushes in flower growing on it. It had also tracts of luxuriant grass, and around its edges grew masses of water lilies and lotos bloomed and flourished. High in the center of it was the prostrate trunk of an old tree which had flourished as a sapling perhaps hundreds of years ago in some far-away valley near the Andes. Now it was a worm-eaten, spongy log, the backbone of a floating island, and on top of it, like an angel on some little spot of heaven afloat, a white egret stood, tall and stork-like. We looked to see some huge anaconda or other great snake coiled perhaps near her, taking his sun bath, but we were disappointed in this. However, we saw a snake—a lora (Ahaetulla liocerca)—among the branches of a bush. His back was of a most brilliant green, along his sides was a stripe of gold and beneath he was a pearly-whitish and gray. But he glided off at our approach and we could not follow him, for it is impossible to walk on these floating islands without sinking through. We also saw a long macheta, an orange-and-green snake, coiled on the lotos leaves by the edge, but he, too, glided away.

"In the whole journey to Buja we passed probably more than fifty of these floating islands, some of them as large as a city block, some only a few yards in extent. Some were moving, some were anchored to the branches, ready to go further up or down with the next moving of the flood or tide, for the tide runs up an immense way in the Delta.

"During the journey we got two snakes. Their capture was somewhat amusing. I saw one coiled in a branch over the water, low enough down to be reached by hand. He was a tree boa (Xiphosoma hortulana), yellow in color and six feet long. The Indians protested loudly against fetching up the boat beneath him, for they, like the people of Trinidad, firmly believe this species to be especially deadly. They said that if he should drop into the boat they would jump out into the water. I pulled my long knife and swore I would cut them to mincemeat if they did not hold their ground, snake in the boat or no. Didn't they know I could master such little snakes easily? Otherwise would I have the daring to come so far to hunt the gigantic anaconda? They drew up the boat under the branch, apprehensive of both snake and knife. 'Steady, now,' said I, 'and don't topple me over.' The snake was sleeping. A little shake of the branch awoke him, and he stuck out his head to see what disturbed him. Holding my left hand out before him I threatened him with it, and he put his head further out, getting ready to bite it. But meanwhile my right hand was slowly, very slowly, coming up beneath him. He was occupied with the threatening left hand until the gently approaching right gripped him around the throat. He was dropped into a bag and tied up securely, to the great astonishment of the Indians, who thought I had caught him by magic.

"Soon afterward we spied another snake of the same kind coiled in the branches twenty feet above us. The Indians now believed in my magic, and said no more about jumping into the water. To get this snake I cut two long saplings of twenty feet each. A boy from Trinidad held one and I held the other. With a sharp poke I awoke the snake, and then held my pole steady at the outer end of the branch. The boy tapped him gently and continuously on the tail, forcing him toward my motionless pole. I now held the pole, with the snake coiled around it, out from the branch, so that he could not escape. By making the boy tap him now from the head of the pole he was forced to climb downward. I remained perfectly motionless until he came within reaching distance, when my hand flew out and astonished him by gripping his neck. He went into the bag, too, and we went on again without seeing any more snakes till we got to Buja.

"After a vain search for anacondas at Buja I went out to seek for other snakes. In one of the Indians' provisions patches, lying coiled on the grass, we saw a very long macheta or cutlass snake, so called because the males are often so thin that their backbone almost sticks through the skin. Now, this macheta, or Herpetodryas carinatus, is perhaps the swiftest snake in the world, and is equally at home in the water or in the trees or on land. It takes a sprinter to catch him, and the fellow was nearly eight feet long and shot away like an arrow before I could steal close enough to seize him. A patch of thick grass fully two feet tall grew near-by, and into that he had gone, for after looking around in every direction for some minutes I at last saw his head at the distance of twenty or thirty yards off raised above its tops looking at me.

"I tried to get closer to him, but the moment he noticed my approach, down he dropped his head, and when I came to the spot he was nowhere to be seen. On looking around again I saw him with his head up in another place above the grass, so that in every case he must have raised himself perpendicularly to a height of two or three feet. As I again approached he again disappeared and began peeping up in another place, and these tactics of hide and seek we played together for nearly an hour. At last he put his head no more over the grass tops. Looking around elsewhere I espied him gazing down at me from the top of a moderate-sized tree. By a judicious pelting with rotten sticks I and the boy managed to chase him into a low cassava bush, and here I cornered and caught him, but even then more by strategy than quickness. After this we got more tree boas, some of the beautiful and graceful loras and yet another macheta. Anacondas I heard of, but never saw.

"Thus I found, after a stay in a region said to be swarming with them, that my old maxim in regard to snakes held true, i. e., the big snake and the most of the snakes are further away over the river or over the mountain, always a day's journey off. All stories we hear of numbers of anacondas draping the trees by the river's edge are either entirely imaginary or founded upon the seeing of two or three of the snakes together on some chance occasion."

PLANNING A CRUSADE.

Women Resolve to Put Themselves on an Equality with Man.

Chicago Post.

After the president of the Woman's Progressive Association had rapped for order—about fifteen minutes after—the talking and whispering ceased and she was able to make herself heard.

"Ladies," she said, "we are gathered here to-day to discuss a matter that is of great importance to all of us—a matter which, I may say, is bound to have a great effect upon the advancement of our sex along those lines which our most progressive women have marked out for us."

"Hear! hear!" exclaimed the secretary, feeling that it was proper that she should lead off with some appropriate remark; and as soon as about half the ladies in the room had looked around to see where, and had recovered themselves amid blushes and confusion, there was a chorus of "Hears!"

"You may have noticed, ladies," continued the president, "that in spite of the great progress we have made in many directions, in spite of the fact that some of us have adopted bifureated garments for more or less occasional use, in spite of the fact that we wear vests and men's neckties, collars and hats, in spite even of the independence we so persistently claim, man still has a great advantage over us some ways."

"No! no!" cried a score of voices.

"It is true," asserted the president angrily. "You may try to deny it, because it is humiliating to admit it; but it is true, and you know it is true. Is there one of you who gets as prompt and satisfactory service in a restaurant as a man?"

There was a dead silence as she paused for a reply.

"Is there one of you who gets as prompt and satisfactory service in a hotel as a man?"

Again there was a silence.

"Is there one of you," she persisted, "who will deny that when she travels with her husband she is twice as well cared for in the Pullman cars as when she travels alone? Is not the porter twice as attentive, and doesn't she fare better in the dining car?"

Another pause and more silence.

"Something must be done," continued the president at length, "to bring about that ideal condition of equality that we have foolishly been trying to convince ourselves had been reached. At first I thought we might take some steps to put ourselves on a level with the men in such matters, but that would be breaking away from those little economies that our sex has cultivated so long, and I fear some of us would find it impossible. It only remains, then, to put men on a level with us, and our only hope of doing that is to secure the passage of a law prohibiting the vicious habit of 'tipping' waiters, porters and servants of all descriptions. All those in favor of such a law will say 'Aye!' opposed, 'No.' The ayes have it, and we may consider the matter settled. It is now in order for some one to move that the ice-cream be served."