MODJESKA IN A NEW PLAY.

"MISTRESS BETTY," THE LATEST COMEDY BY CLYDE FITCH.

John Drew, the Mugger, Is Now Accused of Being also a Gagger—Some Freshly Imported Entertainers at Koster & Bial's—The Theatrical Bills of the Week

Helena Modjeska enacted an actress at the Garrick Theatre last night. The rôle was in "Mistress Betty," a new comedy by Clyde Fitch. The *Betty Singleton* thus introduced was shown first as a favorite player and last as a woman dying in poverty and neglect. The vanities, frivolities, and luxuries of her heyday were followed by the contrasting sadness of old age in desolate insanity. At the first she was shown on the brilliant occasion of her farewell performance on the stage, admired and adulated by titled personages of the Georgian period in London, and just married to a fashionable duke. At the last she was seen in a demented state, imagining that she was again enjoying that ovation, while really she was on her death couch. The scheme of the piece was so similar to that of "Beau Brummell," of which Mr. Fitch was or was not the sole author (according as we take his word or Richard Mansfield's) that it seemed as though the author had undertaken to substantiate his disputed claim to the older work by means of as good a new one of the same kind. Considered as evidence that "Beau Brummell" might have been the unaided achievement of Mr. Fitch, "Mistress Betty" is almost convincing, if not quite conclusive.

The manner of composition is much the same in the two pieces. The merits are alike, and so are their limits. The old comedy gloss is on both works in the same degree, the cleverness of the talk is of equal grade, and the lack of genuine heartiness is similarly a fault. The emotion never rings true in either, the expedients of the action never lose a theatric quality to become truly dramatic, and, though much of the matter is praiseworthy, it never becomes powerfully effectual.

If *Mistress Betty* were, like *Beau Brummell*, an amusing and engrossing character, as fortunate an outcome might be recorded now for Mme. Modjeska as was Mr. Mansfield's five years ago. But *Betty* is not a singular creature, as the *Beau* was, nor are her doings very diverting or very thrilling.

She loves and marries a man who has no serious regard for her. Unhappiness and separation result. But the wrecking of the woman's life, while it had been depicted with a quite correct method by the author, and was illustrated with careful facility by the actress, did not make any deep impression upon last night's audience.

There was applause for Mme. Modjeska's art, and probably there was a feeling that Mr. Fitch had written a rather good play, but there was not much laughter for the few brief jovial passages and few tears for the long stretches of sorrowfulness. "Mistress Betty" was not emphatic in either failure or success.

John Drew was guilty of the artistic crime of mugging in "That Imprudent Young Couple." That is to say, he made wry faces. One of the mugs that he pulled was particularly and peculiarly criminal in a comedian usually light and genteel. It consisted of drawing his mouth and moustache away up behind his nose and rolling his eyes over that exceedingly manifest organ. Mr. Drew's face may be beautiful in repose or in undemonstrative use—it may be, for opinions of personal beauty are ever diverse—but nobody could see that grimace without poignant regret. It was as hideously exaggerated as a Grecian mask of Momus. The newspapers at once convicted Mr. Drew of mugging and punished him with effective reprimand. He repented, reformed, and was forgiven when, in "Christopher, Jr.," he didn't do so any more. But now it appears that he also committed the equally deplorable stage crime of gagging. The following is the indictment:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* There is no such line in "That Imprudent Young Couple" as the reply, "How careless!" to the butler's statement that he had lost his wife. If Mr. Drew spoke such a line it was an interpolation, and in violation of a clause of my contract which permits no change in business or text without my consent. Yours very truly,

HENRY GUY CARLETON.

As Mr. Drew did say, in response to the butler's remark that he had lost his wife, "How careless!" and as the response was an interpolation of his own, there is no room to doubt him guilty of gagging. The act imputed to him led THE SUN to blame the author for the use of the stale old joke. Apology is hereby made to Mr. Carleton; but as for Mr. Drew, he gets nothing except the chance to purge himself by humble confession and contrition.

The drift of the current plays has only ripples of news here and there. "The Great Diamond Robbery" at the American will have a change of detectives to-morrow night, when the place of William H. Thompson in the company will be taken by Frederick Bond. One reason for Mr. Thompson being set aside, though continued on a salary (he is engaged for the season) is the hoarseness of his voice, but it is said that he is insubordinate, too. So far as the relative abilities of the two actors in a versatile part is concerned, it is a toss-up between them. The cast of "The Capitol" at the Standard is altered by the substitution of Lizzie Hudson Collier, always an agreeable and sincere actress, for Mary Shaw, who has gone into Joseph Jefferson's company. A sightly section of the audience at the Fifth Avenue on Monday night was composed of girls from Sargent's and Wheatcroft's schools of acting, who had been invited to see Nat C. Goodwin in "David Garrick" and "Lend Me Five Shillings." They seemed much inclined to make a pet of Annie Russell, the naïve heroine of the comedy.

The shift of plays at the week stands sends "A Social Highwayman" to the Harlem Opera House before the edge is at all worn off its downtown success, and before the Hollands or others in the company have lost any of the zest of their triumph. "The Black Crook" is at the Grand Opera House with an almost completely new outfit of ballet and specialties, with fresh spangles on its scanty clothes, and its scenery shining brightly. A revival of "Mavourneen" at the Fourteenth Street, where it was originally performed, demonstrates that Chauncey Olcott has gained much in proficiency as an Irish comedian, while holding his own as an Irish balladist. "A Ride for Life" runs its locomotive through one of its railway scenes at the People's, and in various other ways renders sleep impossible and wide-awake excitement imperative in that Bowery theatre. "Rory of the Hill" is a popular Irish drama at the Columbus, with James C. Hoadley as the chief exponent of Irish wit, bravery, sentiment, and melody. Brooklyn has "Trilby" at the Park, and Roland Reed in "The Politician" at the Columbia.

The continuances are "Christopher, Jr.," at the Empire, "The Prisoner of Zenda" at the Lyceum, "The Chieftain" at Abbey's, "Fleur de Lis" at Palmer's, "The Sporting Duchess" at the Academy of Music, "The Gay Parisians" at Hoyt's, "Hansel and Gretel" at Daly's, "Pudd'nhead Wilson" at the Herald Square, "The Widow Jones" at the Bijou, and German plays at the Irving Place. The Monday starts were those of "His Excellency" at the Broadway and "The Cricket on the Hearth" at the Garden.

The competition in specialties from abroad is sharp, and no less than three of our variety theatres are this week according to folk from across the Atlantic their first chances at American audiences. At Proctor's Pleasure Palace the newcomers are the Carlos, two musical entertainers of eccentric manners and make-up, one of whom gets himself up to look like Johann Strauss, the famous composer of waltzes, and imitates his peculiarities. The best of the other numbers are but recently from over seas, and include the Zalva's difficult wire-walking, the George Lockhart elephants, Mlle. Polaire, and Billie Barlow.

At Keith's Union Square an American début was made by Sirron and Simpkins, burlesque magicians. Their specialty is entirely in pantomime, and consists of clever sleight-of-hand tricks by one of the two, which the other promptly solves to observers by seeming blundering. As a trick is performed the magician sends the apparatus to his partner, who at once handles it in a way to show how the trick is done and now easily. Stack and Milton, a very muscular pair of athletes, are new performers in vaudeville, and the Judge brothers and Alcide Capitaine are other skilled acrobats in the bill. George H. Wood is the joker that gets his name into big types.

George Fortesque, for years the comic fat woman of "Evangeline," makes up for his specialty at Proctor's Twenty-third Street like a girl of sixteen or seven years. The get-up includes white frocks, pink stockings, and blond curls, and this youthful attire, coupled with his huge size and his deep bass voice, afford an odd contrast. His companion is Richard German, who manages to look somewhat like Anton Seidl. Hughey Dougherty and Redding and Stanton are other leaders here.

Koster's leading specialists are Gus Hill, Lew Dockstader, and Eugenie Petrusca, and Leslie's Girls are an unusual feature. At Miner's Bowery O'Neill and Sutherland, and Granjan and Nye are conspicuous. Bunth and Rudd and Carr and Jordan are in like prominence at Miner's Eighth Avenue. All men who visit Huber's Fourteenth Street Museum are entitled to free shaves at the hands of the women barbers, whose contest is the chief feature of this week's show. Kerslake's pig circus is showing at Huber's Eighth Avenue Museum, and Denny Lyons, a boxer, is the first specialist of its variety show. A figure of Dr. Parkhurst, in a characteristic attitude of denunciation, has just been accorded a conspicuous position in the Eden Musée's wax display.

Of the three new specialties introduced into Koster & Bial's performances this week, two are done by performers not seen here before, and a third, by the Edoardos, is a new caricature sketch by a troupe of Frenchmen who were here two seasons ago. Their new offering is a song in French, accompanied by a grotesque dance, in which the four look and act as like jumping-jacks as human beings well can. Attired in white suits, with big black hats and tremendous shiny cavalry boots, they look as if they had stepped out of a French comic weekly, but their grotesqueness is not particularly diverting. The Bale troupe of bicyclists, however, perform feats that are novel and difficult, and which need no translation or diagram of explanation to be appreciated. There are four of them, and one bicyle does for the lot, unless a "wheel" of child's size, from which the clown of the party shows what he knows about "headers" and other falls, be counted as second. The wheel is of the old-fashioned high sort, and is ridden by a muscular chap who looks the athlete in every inch of him. After a few turns alone, the woman of the four mounts to his shoulders, and he wheels her about while she stands upon her head upon his shoulders, while she lies balanced across one of his arms, and while he holds her up straight at arm's length with her feet uppermost. Then he wheels around in small circles with the woman standing on his shoulders, the boy of the party above her standing on her shoulders. As the diameter of the circles lessen and becomes so small that the machine threatens to topple over, the three riders jump, timing their leaps so that all three strike the stage together. It is while the man stands still upon his machine that the tricks are done that seem most difficult. Nearly all the feats of balancing that are done while the rider is circling around the stage are repeated while he keeps the front wheel cranked and motionless so far as progress is concerned. One thing that shows how complete his control is, is a somersault by the woman from the shoulders of the clown, who stands on the floor, to the shoulders of the rider on his motionless wheel. The nervousness that foreign specialists exhibit in their first performance here was not apparent in these river-acrobats on Monday night, and it would have been fatal to their best tricks. It was left for a portly man in dress suit, not a performer, but plainly the troupe's manager, to show that their first American essay meant much. His unwieldy figure had been seen at the beginning of the specialty, but had attracted no notice, as he seemed to be directing the others, and as men of his figure often accompany stage athletes and contortionists of both sexes. But at the end of the specialty's first number he took a chance to see how it pleased the audience, and the fat man promptly found that he'd something to do on the stage, and did it with an expressive smile of satisfaction. For the rest of the specialty he could hardly bear to keep out of sight, but stood in the wings, beaming delightedly on his charges and their observers by turns. To him it was plainly an important first night.

FRYING AS A FINE ART.

Mrs. Rorer Demonstrates the Proper Use of the Frying Pan.

Mrs. Rorer's cooking lecture yesterday was a veritable festival of the frying pan—that implement said to be the national emblem of American cooks—for everything was fried, and there were lots of things: queen fritters, raglets, bouchées, banana fritters, apple fritters, East Indian fritters, and then out of the same batter, éclairs, cream puffs, and French doughnuts.

A woman present had eaten at San Marcello, Italy, fried squash blossoms, said to be the apotheosis of fried batter achievements, and when Mrs. Rorer told her class that the kind of batter she was mixing at the moment would do for at least a hundred different things, this woman wanted to know if it could serve for the efflorescences of the squash rind. A demonstration was not possible for obvious reasons, but there was every reason to believe the experiment would prove successful.

Two kinds of batter were shown, one cooked and the other crude until plunged like the early Christian martyrs, into boiling oil.

The "cooked" variety was a novelty to every woman present, and they asked as many questions as though the occasion had been a guessing match (a woman always asks questions before she "guesses").

This is what they saw done in the way of preparation: Two ounces of butter and a half a pint of water were put on to boil in a saucepan. When it bubbled and began to rise half a pint of flour was gradually sifted in. It was allowed to cook a minute to get quite smooth, then set off to cool, when a very important part of the process followed. Four eggs had to be added to that paste, but doing so proved by no means the simple proceeding apparently indicated by the statement. Those eggs were introduced gradually, according to the hen's plan of production, viz., one at a time. After each had been dropped in straight from the shell the wooden batter spoon began to fly until the mixture in its agitation fairly "clucked" over the achievement.

Mrs. Rorer told her pupils that the beating is really half the battle.

She illustrated how it should be done, with long, swinging, telling strokes—like the easy stride of a pedestrian, rather than the spasmodic little jerks where the hand is cramped.

To the question was asked "if batter, like mayonnaise, must always be stirred the same way?" The instructor smiled. "For the same reason, yes. But I should not hesitate to stir both in various directions, because I should see that each had the proper amount of stirring before I quit done. That is the important consideration. The reason stirring in one direction is recommended is because the air, which has to be beaten in, so to speak, enters more regularly and evenly if one direction is followed. It winds in with the strands you stir. This is not, remember, like a preparation containing yeast or baking powder. It is only light with the little air bubbles beaten in."

"East Indian fritters" were stirred full of grated cocoanut and slices of pineapples dipped into the mixture, and delicately browned.

Bouchée's proved to be little baskets cooked on the outside of a mould, ready to be filled with sweetbreads creamed, oysters, mushrooms, chicken, lobster, or some sweet. Éclairs—the schoolgirl's delight—were baked in rows on sheets of paper, and looking little "twin fritters" came out in pairs, ready to hold a big strawberry apiece.

ENTERED THROUGH THE SCUTTLE.

Four Houses Robbed in Succession—The Thieves Arrested.

About dusk on Saturday Mrs. Mary Cooper, a boarder at 237 West Thirty-fourth street, saw a young man entering the house through the scuttle. Mrs. Cooper screamed for help. The man went back to the roof, and he had disappeared when a searching party went hunting for him.

He had taken refuge down the scuttle of the adjoining house of Mrs. Ida Richardson, where he stole $75 worth of clothing and jewelry. After giving his pursuers plenty of time to tire of looking for him he left the house the way he entered it.

He, or the man who is known to have been with him, also entered through the scuttles Mrs. Donnelly's house, at 251, and Mrs. Ray's house, at 267 West Thirty-fourth street. Some clothing was stolen in the first, and $110 worth of jewelry in the second.

The description furnished by Mrs. Cooper of the man she had seen seemed to fit Charles Wilson, 25 years old, a mechanical dentist of 260 West Thirty-fourth street. Wilson is employed by Dr. Hackett of Thirty-fourth street and Eighth avenue. When arrested on Monday night he denied at first that he knew anything about the Thirty-fourth street burglaries. Then he confessed and implicated Edward W. Flannagan, 20 years old, of 303 West Twenty-seventh street. Wilson was locked up and Flannagan was arrested later in the evening on Eighth avenue, near Twenty-fifth street. In his room was found the stolen property, with the exception of a suit of clothes, an overcoat, and three razors. The pawn tickets for them were found in the room.

Both prisoners were arraigned before Magistrate Wentworth in Jefferson Market Court yesterday morning, and held in $1,300 bail each.

Flannagan is a son of the late ex-Coroner Flannagan. He has always been wayward, and recently, it is said, he went to his mother's home, and through spite broke a valuable mirror.

Ex-Police Justices Will Keep at It.

Reverses in the courts have not disheartened the old Police Justices who were removed from office on July 1, and they will meet their counsel at the office of Noah Davis to-morrow to lay plans for getting from the courts a positive decision whether or not the Legislature was constitutionally empowered to legislate them out of office.

Hannigan Sane and to Be Tried.

The report of the Lunacy Commission appointed to inquire into the sanity of David F. Hannigan, who shot his sister's alleged betrayer, Solomon H. Mann, was filed with Justice Ingraham in the Oyer and Terminer yesterday morning. The Commission declares Hannigan to be of sound mind and competent to stand trial. The trial will be called on Oct. 24.

SOCIAL PURITY CONGRESS.

WORK OF THOSE ENGAGED IN RESCUING THE FALLEN.

Paper by Julia Ward Howe and an Address by Mrs. Edholm on the Extent of the Social Evil—Miss Willard Speaks of the Bicycle as an Agent in Reform.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 15.—The attendance at today's Social Purity Congress was large. The delegates were from almost every State in the Union. The speakers were applauded vigorously and considerable enthusiasm was manifested. This was especially the case when Miss Willard of the W. C. T. U. addressed the meeting. There were several men speakers, chiefly clergymen, but the greatest interest was shown when the women speakers gave their views. The meeting is held to protest against the adoption of laws in any of the States legalizing vice by licensing it.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who was to have made an address upon "Moral Equality Between the Sexes," was not able to be present, but her paper was read by President Powell. In it Mrs. Howe said:

"The relations of sex are either the crown of society or its ruin. Families are the wealth of States, and the ideal family life is one which we Americans especially need to cultivate. Let the romance of our youths look forward to married life on a plan of mutual dignity and equality. In my view the sense of equality is a most important condition in marriage and the surest guarantee of its soundness. Do what you will, inferiority of ability will involve as its sequence inferiority of moral responsibility. The interests committed to the keeping of women are too momentous to be intrusted by any man to his inferior.

"Philosophy and poetry in our days have appeared as apologists of an evil which has come to us from the barbarous past, but which has no apology in the civilized present. The entertainment of the old, unequal hypothesis of morality has often seemed to me like the building of an arch, in which one side should be sound in strength, while the other should be built of unknown material. For one side you fit and smooth the stone carefully, for the other you take such material as comes to hand. How will such an arch stand? But if we bestow equal care upon the two sides of the arch, then the keystone, Duty, will fit in and our social fabric will stand so firmly that countless generations shall not cause it to move or fall."

Emily Blackwell, M. D., of the Woman's Medical College, New York, spoke upon the responsibilities of women in regard to questions of public morality. She said:

"There is pressing work to be done by women who feel the importance of the subject to diffuse knowledge among women in general and to make them realize that most of their existing social disadvantages grow out of the want of moral responsibility among men. We want to make them realize that the only way for women to deal with prostitution is:

First, to endeavor to limit the demand by upholding the equality of moral obligation.

Secondly, to engage the widespread efforts of women to the best form of rescue work—preventive work. Girls' clubs, friendly and protective societies, college settlements, employment societies—everything that brings aid, support, and companionship to those most exposed to temptation—is the best rescue work.

Thirdly, to abolish resolutely any direct or indirect recognition of those who live as the agents of vice and have a trade interest in spreading it.

Mrs. Charlton Edholm, superintendent of press work of the World's W. C. T. U., delivered an address on "Traffic in Girls and Florence Crittenton Missions." She told of the horrors suffered by thousands of young girls lured into infamy. She described her slumming experiences in many cities in her work of rescuing the fallen. Mrs. Edholm asserted that of the 230,000 erring girls in the country over half have been snared and bought and sold into their lives of sin.

"Their average life is five years," she added. "Forty-six thousand are carted out to the Potter's Field every year. Over a hundred American homes have to be desolated every day to recruit the ranks of shame. Isn't it time that somebody is trying to save these girls from falling into these dens of infamy? Twenty million Christians can rescue 230,000 erring girls or surely the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ is a failure.

"Men go out into the country districts and bring these girls into our cities, a mock marriage is often performed, and the girl is taken into these haunts of shame, believing she is going to a boarding house. One man, who was recently converted, told me had gone through the marriage ceremony with twenty girls and every time sold the girl into a house of prostitution.

"The cursed wine rooms are sending more girls to hell than anything else. Just as long as we have the traffic in drink we will have the traffic in girls. Do you think it is time we were leaving our fancy work and the making pies and cakes and trying to save our boys and girls? It comes home to you fathers, too. It will be no excuse when you are asked what you did to keep your boy out of the saloons to reply that America should have free trade, and that in talking for that you did not have time to protect your offspring."

The feature of the afternoon session of the Congress was the appearance and address of Miss Frances E. Willard, the leader of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of America. She was received with applause and the Chautauqua salute. The order of business was suspended, and she was invited to address the congress. In her address Miss Willard said that she had read accounts of last night's meeting, and thought of what good and pure things the Purity Alliance was spreading out for all to read. She added:

"We dare not to tell what we are thinking. The bringing out of ideas and putting them all in a common stock that will build up a stalwart cause will win for your society and movement universal good will. We did not dare to speak of these things once. It is just ten years since I first felt I could mildly say something about it. The chivalry of one man, William Stead of England, did most to aid us in this work."

Miss Willard then gave a brief history of the work accomplished by the W. C. T. U., and cited the fact that there are to-day 471 colleges and universities in this country which admit, and only about 40 which exclude, women. This was pointed out as an indication of a broadening of views so necessary for education and purification.

The bicycle, Miss Willard said, is one of the greatest allies of social purity. The rode one in England. In Chicago saloon keepers and theatrical managers are cursing the bicycle because the young folk are riding out into the country and not patronizing their resorts.

Mrs. William H. Whitney of the National Scientific Family Culture Institute of Boston read a paper by Helen H. Gardener on "Heredity and Ethics," and then made an address herself on "The Relation of the Sexes," which she said began with children. They should, she said, be educated in a proper way, and the differences between the sexes should be taught in school, and children should not be stopped in their study of anatomy just at a point which is of such vital importance. "We should have no more false modesty, but we should work upon this subject open handed and face to face."

Mrs. Dora Webb, Superintendent of the Ohio Social Purity Department, W. C. T. U., read a paper on organized prostitution and how to deal with it. In the absence of Samuel C. Blackwell of New York, his wife, the Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell, read his paper on "The Municipality and Vice." Anna Rice Powell, the Corresponding Secretary, read a historical paper on the Alliance and its work.

Theodore Roosevelt, President of the New York Board of Police Commissioners, sent a letter, which was read by President Powell. He was sorry that he would be unable to address the congress.

"You are entirely at liberty," he said, "to quote that I reaffirm in the most hearty manner what I said before. I will not have one law for men and one for women; they shall be treated exactly alike, so far as I am concerned."

At the night session Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt of Boston, around-the-world W. C. T. U. missionary, read a paper upon temperance and purity. Martha Schofield of Aiken, S. C., spoke upon her work among the colored people of the South, taking for her subject "Slavery's Legacy of Impurity."

Dr. A. H. Lewis of Plainfield, N. J., one of the Vice-Presidents of the American Purity Alliance, made an address upon the sacredness of fatherhood, and Mrs. A. L. Prindle of the Florence Crittenton Mission, New York, talked about rescue work.

City Censured for Hendry's Death.

At the inquest yesterday in the case of Policeman Hendry, who died in the Hudson Street Hospital as the result of a fall over the balusters of the stairs in the Oak street station, the jury rendered the following verdict:

"We find that death was due to rupture of the liver, caused by accidentally falling over the balustrade of the Oak street station, while ascending the stairs on the 8th of October, 1895, and we censure the authorities for not having said balustrade constructed of sufficient height to prevent such accidents."

Charged with Infanticide.

Elizabeth Burger, aged 25 years, is a prisoner in her father's house, at 580 East 153d street. She is charged with infanticide. She is not married. The body of her child was found in an outhouse. It was born alive. The mother was not bad, but intentionally caused its death. When the case was reported to the police a guard was placed over the girl, as she was too weak to be removed from the house.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

"There are now 200 golf clubs in the United States," said a golf enthusiast yesterday, "and there are almost two dozen within as many miles from New York. Golf has come to stay because it is the best game ever invented. It does not require two elevens or two nines, it does not necessitate violent exercise, it does afford play for the brain as well as the body, and two men can play it; indeed, one man can play it by himself, either with his own ball against a previous record or with two balls, one against the other. Played for centuries in Scotland, it has been in abeyance elsewhere because only in Scotland have the playgrounds been kept up. The grounds are not trifles in considering the cost of arranging for the game. One club near New York has bought 250 acres of land and has spent $50,000 upon the land and the club house. But even then very poor land will do, and the cost, divided among all the members of a club, is very small, after all."

"I shall be very much surprised if Mr. John D. Rockefeller builds a magnificent mansion," said a man who knows him very well. "If he does, it will be the first sign of a taste for display that he has ever given. He is modest and quiet in all his ways, in his dress, his mode of travelling, and in every way; in fact, beyond having made grand gifts of money for educational purposes, he has never allowed his money to attract attention. He is a typical Baptist, and that Church is a very democratic society. One of the most interesting things about Mr. Rockefeller is that he has never ordered any one in his employ to do anything. He always says it 'would please me if you would,' or 'if you don't mind, I'd like.' Even when he asks an office boy to get him a newspaper, he says, 'If you are not busy, won't you get me THE SUN.'"

News of still another great washout in the bluff at Long Branch makes the friends of that place fear that very soon the whole long line of hotels facing the sea must be pulled down or moved back, as was done with the Brighton Beach Hotel some years ago. Where there were great lawns and a wide road and a bluff promenade no longer ago than the days of James Fisk's splendor, there is now only a narrow road and a little space in front of the hotels. Nothing yet devised has held back the sea. It rises in its wrath and literally bites out many tons of the bluff at a time as if it were a hungry demon and these were its mouthfuls. And this it does over and over again each winter.

In all the bicycle riding schools and in the semi-dark up-town dwelling streets innumerable women take nightly lessons upon the bicycle. But though it seems as if this is no different from what has long been going on, there is a difference. I, is in the way the women dress for taking these lessons. They have made the machine far easier to learn by adopting bicycle costumes before they begin. It was their long skirts, forever in their way and in the way of the gearing, that gave them serious, persistent trouble, and falls and bruises as well. Now they wear short skirts and leggings and learn easily. They go to that expense because they regard the wheel as a fixed institution, no longer experimental. The same women who now store their wheels in the great schools and depots near Central Park keep their riding clothes in lockers there and are provided with baths, dressing rooms, and all the needed conveniences.

A bachelor who went into a large grocery house up town the other day ordered a considerable bill of goods and then discovered that he had not money enough to pay for them. The clerk said he would send the goods just the same. The bachelor said, "No, there will be no one there to pay for them. Tear up your memorandum, and I will come in on my way up town and renew the order." Nevertheless, the goods were sent, and all the bachelor had to do when he called was to pay for them. He was surprised, for he had never dealt at the store, but when he told his experience to a business friend he was still more surprised to learn that his name and commercial standing were published, and accessible to the cashier. "You must rate well, or you would not have got served as you did," said the friend. "How did they get your name? Oh, they've got every one's name. If you ever dealt with a tailor or had an account in any shop in town, he never asked for accommodation for a week, your name is on the list which is furnished by a retailers' association which is established for that purpose."

The grandmammas who used to say that little girls and young women must not rest their hands on their hips "because that's what washerwomen do," must be discouraged nowadays when most girls so frequently assume that position. The explanation of the growth of the habit is said to be that this is the "rest posture" in the calisthenics, health movements, and Delsartian exercises that are taught in the young ladies' schools. Between each two movements this resting of the hands on the hips is inserted by, and it will be hard to all to characterize it as indecorous any longer.

A house on Fifth avenue between Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh streets is now being torn to pieces as if it were to be altered into a store. If so, it will not mark another stride of trade upward in Fifth avenue, for there have been stores on that same block for years. Above Forty-seventh street the avenue still resists invasion by trade, though below that street there is not a single block, even down as far as Madison square, that has not some stores upon it. On the other hand, the side streets close to the avenue are all changing their character. Business is creeping into the blocks between Fifth and Sixth avenues above Thirty-fourth street so fast that it is a safe prediction that soon every block south of Forty-second street will hold some business places.

In the great outlay which George Vanderbilt is making at Biltmore, in North Carolina, the young millionaire has entertained a more serious purpose than is generally known. A great deal has been written about the enormous house, with its library, chapel, scores of bedrooms, and the army of servants which will be required to keep it up, but not every one knows that Mr. Vanderbilt intends to make his estate a Mecca for all those who are seriously interested in the study of forestry, scientific farming, and horticulture. He has land enough to carry out any scheme of this sort, no matter how big it may be, as he can go forty miles in a direct line from his own door without passing the confines of his domain. He proposes, therefore, to create a neighborhood of his own on this vast property, which includes, among other cultivated and uncultivated tracts, one forest alone of more than 100,000 acres. He will build a village containing houses, stores, and a picturesque inn, and apartments will be rented to all properly accredited students who desire to avail themselves of the facilities offered there for the study of the sciences which are his hobby. The farm will be conducted after the most approved scientific fashion, and forestry, which is almost unknown in America, and will become in a few years a science of the greatest importance to us, will be carried on experimentally and practically to an extent never before attempted in this country. Mr. Vanderbilt has just returned to New York from Biltmore, where he has been spending the summer in a completed wing of his great mansion. He expects to have the house finished in time for a Christmas house warming, the guests at which will be chiefly members of his family. Edgar Poe wrote a story once about a man whose income was so large that landscape gardening was the only hobby that could make any serious inroads on it, and it may be that it was this story that gave Mr. Vanderbilt his idea.

Any one who supposes that prices on the east side are cheaper than elsewhere can be convinced of the contrary by observing the placards of the fruit sellers there. Their charges are from 25 to 100 per cent. higher than those of the venders in the region of lower Broadway, and their wares are, if anything, of poorer quality. Where a Park row push cart man charges 6 and 8 cents a pound for California grapes, the Essex street dealer demands 10 and 12 cents. The east sider, however, will sell in much smaller quantity, and one cent's worth is a frequent order, the vendor carefully clipping his bunch grape by grape to make up the required weight. Peaches, too, sell for almost double their rightful price, while apples of the better variety bring from 25 to 50 per cent. more than the quoted price in other localities. One exception there is to high fruit prices on the east side. It is furnished by the Long Island fruit growers, who send their wagons over the ferries direct to the east side streets and sell their produce at the fair prices. The push cart man look upon these dealers as intruders and curse the men as they pass by, but dare not show their resentment more forcibly, because the carmen are, as a rule, sturdy fellows, with whom it would be ill meddling.

The woman who whipped out a pistol while she was riding a bicycle, and who shot a dog that was grabbing at her skirts, was engaged in advertising herself by riding around town; nevertheless what she did to the dog got her the sympathy and admiration of many a wheelwoman. Annoyance by dogs is not a great or frequent evil here in New York, but every man and woman who has made a run in the suburbs knows that it is an almost unbearable nuisance. A woman has enough to manage when astride a wheel without being driven out of half her senses by the attacks of open-mouthed dogs following her, and appearing to give her the option of losing a chunk of flesh or taking a header when the cur gets between the wheels.

THE BRIDGE CABLE STOPS.

A TEST OF THE "IMPROVEMENTS" OF THE BROOKLYN TERMINAL.

Thousands of Men, Women, and Children Pour Into It, and the Struggling Mass While Imprisoned There Affords Rare Sport to the Banging Platform Sluggers.

If anything were needed to call attention to those bad qualities of the new Brooklyn terminal of the bridge which had escaped the attention of exasperated passengers, it was a breakdown of the bridge cable which occurred during the rush hours yesterday morning. Twenty thousand people fought their way through the swinging doors into the depot, and once inside became a part of the struggling, swearing, fighting mob of men, women, and children.

The sluggers, as the platform men and policemen are facetiously called by humorous Brooklynites, were in their glory, and they knocked and banged the unfortunate citizens around as though they were so many ninepins. Occasionally they formed a flying wedge, and with roars of laughter went sailing into a tightly packed mass of people who couldn't move if they wanted to. The ostensible object of all this was to form a passage, but it usually resulted only in shrieks of agony from the people who had to withstand the attack. Sometimes there were women in front, but that never made the slightest difference. These keepers of the peace have about as much regard for a woman as they have for a man, which is none at all, and anybody who happened to be in their way had to suffer.

The ticket sellers, whose occupation has in the past always deprived them of the fun attaching to a breakdown, had an inning yesterday, too. In their capacious offices they sold tickets when the platforms and staircases were so packed with people that no one could move backward or forward, and the ticket choppers varied the monotony of their lives by letting all people who could squeeze up to their boxes pass through to join the crowd on the stairs and platform and help make the blockade a little more secure. The management of the bridge was never so well shown before. All the petty officials, choppers, platform men, policemen, gripmen, and conductors were monarchs of the particular spots where they happened to be, and each one gave different orders, so that the jam and mixup became worse and worse every minute.

It was undoubtedly the worst blockade the bridge has had in years, and while it served to bring out strongly the glaring faults of the new terminal station, it will not, in all probability, have any good results, as the Commissioners seem to be already satisfied with the mishapen, barn-like structure they have palmed off on the people.

Had the break occurred one hour earlier than it did it is hard to tell what might have happened. The worst of the rush hours was over when the cable stopped, but it is hard to imagine anything worse than the blockade as it was, though if it had occurred between 8 and 9 o'clock it might have meant a long list of injured people.

According to Superintendent Martin, the bridge cable was examined on Monday night by an inspector, who reported that it was in first-class condition and in no danger of breaking down. The name of their inspector Mr. Martin declines to tell. Assistant Engineer Smith detected something wrong with the cable at about 9:15 o'clock yesterday morning, and at 9:30 o'clock he ordered the engines to shut down. An examination revealed an unravelling in the splice of the cable. The end of a strand had worked out. The discovery of this was made as the cable passed over the flywheel. Then it was that the engines were shut down.

This, of course, stopped half a dozen trains at different points of the bridge. The passengers on these trains didn't know what had happened, and most of them, being anxious to get to business, wanted to climb out to the roadway and finish the trip on foot. This, however, the guards would not permit, and on some trains these dignitaries, in order to make sure that no one got away, forced everybody inside and then shut the doors. From the Brooklyn end engines were sent out, and these worked for about half an hour clearing the tracks. Then trains of four cars each were started from the Brooklyn end.

In the mean time the crowds on the platforms had become struggling masses of humanity and the scenes described above were repeated. The long tunnel-like galleries leading from the elevated roads were packed with people who couldn't go backward or forward, while below on the ground floor was another similar mass.

The real fun came when the management started trains over by engines. These trains ran back and forth on one track and started at intervals of twelve minutes. The rush to get standing room in the cars was tremendous. Hats, canes, and umbrellas were lost in the jam, and torn and buttonless coats ceased to be a novelty. In the old terminal the crowd could have been handled much more easily. Everything about the new gold-brick depot tended to increase the confusion.

In the mean time thousands of people were crossing on the promenade and riding over on wagons. Truck drivers made small fortunes carrying people over at a nickel a head, while owners of all sorts of vehicles carried passengers at that price. It took an hour and a quarter to repair the damage to the cable, and then cars were started once more, but by that time most of the people had got over to this city.

Engineer Smith, in explaining the accident to a reporter, said that the break was occasioned by a telltale. This is an 18-inch steel bar, so adjusted that the cable passes under it as close to it as it can without touching. The slightest irregularity in the cable will hit this bar and cause it to turn.

By the time the engines were stopped the injured portion of the cable had reached the Brooklyn end of the south track, and it was to this spot that a gang of workmen went to repair it. A cable is supposed to last four or five hundred days, but this one was put in place on Jan. 1 last. It is expected to last until the middle of next year. Engineer Smith said yesterday that it was still in good condition, and that the only reason it broke down was because the splicing had not been carefully done.

CIGAR BOX WOOD RUNNING SHORT.

Both Sides in Cuba Have Interfered with the Supply.

There promises to be a sharp rise in the price of Spanish cedar within a few days on account of the limited supply in this country and the inability of the dealers to secure more from Cuba. The insurgents' leaders have forbidden the cutting of more cedar, and the Spanish authorities have made it almost impossible for the dealers to market the wood that is already cut by seizing the tugboats used to tow the trees down the rivers to the coast.

A few days ago the Spanish officers took a large tug owned by the William Wicke Company of this city and converted it into a cruiser for patrol duty on the coast. After taking the tug the officials notified the firm of its action, and said it would pay for the use of the boat. As the firm will be unable to get the cedar it has already cut to market without the tug, it will be much inconvenienced by the Government's action. Several other tugboats owned by other firms have been taken in a like manner by the Government.

The Spanish cedar market has already been affected by the Cuban revolt, and the market price of the wood has advanced fifty per cent. during the last two months. The stock on hand has run low, and further advances are expected by the trade before November. The wood is used largely in cigar boxes, for which it has no equal.

MUSEUM OF ART BEQUESTS.

The Renwick Paintings and Mr. Warden's China Monkeys.

At the next meeting of the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which will be held this month, there is to be considered, besides the Renwick bequest of paintings, a bequest of china under the will of William Warden, a former New Yorker, who died in London last summer. Mr. Warden was a member of the A. T. Stewart firm, Stewart, Warden & Fox. Little is known by Gen. di Cesnola, director of the museum, about the Warden bequest, but it is understood to be a collection of monkeys in china which Mr. Warden has been getting together for several years. He offers it to the Metropolitan Museum on condition that the collection be kept together and bear his name. The museum trustees will probably want a report from a commission which has examined the collection, the director says, before taking any action on the bequest.

Married Young; Too Young Their Parents Think.

ORANGE, Oct. 15.—It has just leaked out that Thomas Vincent, aged 18 years, son of George Vincent of Ward street, this city, and Miss Anna Jacobus, a girl of sixteen summers, daughter of Horace Jacobus of Beaver street, West Orange, were married a week ago to-day. Young Vincent says that the Rev. Mr. Parry, pastor of the Caldwell Baptist Church, married them. Although Vincent claims to be able to support a wife, the parents of both parties have decreed that the couple shall not live together for at least another year.

Standard Gas Company Hauled Up.

The Health Board has ordered the President of the Standard Gas Company to appear at its next meeting. Chemist Martin reported that the works of the company, at 115th street and East River, are a nuisance because of "inefficient management and lack of knowledge on the part of those in control of the works."

THE DURRANT TRIAL.

Its Postponement Till Next Monday—Miss Cunningham's Sensation.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Oct. 15.—Owing to the illness of Attorney Eugene Deuprey, the Durrant trial went over till next Monday. The Judge did not like to grant the continuance, but as there was no question of Deuprey's condition he relaxed his rule. He gave notice, however, that he would insist upon the case going on on Monday, no matter what the condition of the lawyer for the defence.

Deuprey is threatened with paralysis, and his friends fear he will not again appear in the case. He is an able criminal lawyer, perhaps the ablest now in practice in California, and his breakdown is regretted