BETTER LET THEM PERISH?

INDIA'S DYING MILLIONS THE VICTIMS OF NATURE.

So Some of England's Social Philosophers Argue with Regard to the Plague and Famine—New Theory About Great Epidemics—Prof. Dewar's New Discoveries.

LONDON, Jan. 29.—It was inevitable, perhaps, that the double scourge which has turned all eyes of pity toward India should also have revived public discussion of that pitiless topic, "the survival of the fittest." It is a cold and relentless philosophy—but no more so than nature herself—which is questioning the ultimate wisdom of serious interference with the natural calamities which are devastating the most populous sections of the British Empire. The debate which has begun in the English press has been suggested by such obvious queries as these: What part do these great epidemics and periodical famines play in the economy of nature? Are they, after all, the unmitigated evil which they appear to be at close quarters? Was Darwin right or wrong in making these great natural visitations the basis of his theory of natural selection—a theory which holds a most important place in the evolution of the human race?

Cold logic, unsoftened by any considerations of human sympathy, has led some debaters of these questions to conclusions which are much more creditable to their heads than to their hearts. It is not, however, in any spirit of uncharitableness that the discussion has gone on. Now that the popular heart has been touched, the outpouring of English gold for the benefit of the perishing millions of fellow subjects of the Queen-Empress makes one of the sublimest spectacles in the history of humanitarianism. The English people are entitled therefore to discuss some of the deeper social questions involved in the calamity without exposing themselves to the charge of shirking a duty of charity. The subject has also been forced upon their attention in another way. The anti-British press in Germany has recently attempted to hold the British authorities in India responsible both for the ravages of the famine in the interior and for the spread of the plague in Bombay. These charges have been denied with a good deal of heat and indignation. But the defenders of British rule have proved too much. The *Times*, for instance, said a day or two ago upon this point:

"It is due to British rule and to nothing else that the famine has not made itself felt until so late a period, and that, notwithstanding an immense increase of the population, it is now being fought with success. It needs no inquiry to tell us that the vast populations of agricultural India live up very closely to the limits of subsistence. That follows from their immemorial habits, their traditions, and their modes of thought. In fighting as we do the consequences of these things we are trying a gigantic experiment which our own success makes more formidable each time that a deficient rainfall stops the food supply. We are insensibly substituting prudential checks for the natural ones which we have removed. This is proved by the improvement in the general condition of the population notwithstanding its increase in numbers. But the process is a slow one, and the future of our Indian empire cannot be regarded from an economical standpoint without grave anxiety."

The population of India, as Lord George Hamilton remarked in Parliament the other day, has increased during the past twenty years by no less than fifty millions. A small portion of this was by annexation, but by far the larger part was within the old area. At that rate of increase, as the *Times* observes, the day is not far distant when all the resources of the British Empire will not suffice to cope with a succession of bad seasons and a failure of rains over an extended area. It is argued further that the excellence of British rule—the unprecedented security to life which it has supplied—has chiefly contributed to this condition of over-population. In other words, British government in India has been far too good. It has brought about an abnormal condition which only a great double cataclysm of nature can set right. And now Great Britain and the charitable world at large are doing their utmost to thwart nature in her necessary and inevitable process.

This cold-blooded conclusion is shocking to every human sensibility, but how is it to be escaped from, say the casuists. It is a view which may, perhaps, be adopted with equanimity when it includes only the distant and impersonal millions of India, but how about it when it is applied to the teeming thousands in the East End of London, on the east side in New York and in the slums of Chicago?

The plague, although it is far less serious in the number of victims which it has thus far claimed than its brother curse, the famine, just now obtains the larger share of public attention. The reason is obvious—it is a direct menace to the world at large, and its seat is in the coast city of Bombay, which is now a suburb of Europe, instead of being hidden in the unknown interior. The bacteriologists and other modern enemies of this once omnipotent destroyer are rapidly bringing the resources of science to bear against him. Encouraging, but, I fear, premature, news of success on the side of modern knowledge has already been sent out, but in the mean time a historical study of the great scourge has suggested an interesting theory. It is said in general terms that the plague is a dirt disease. This, which a London writer says on the subject, is at all events interesting:

"The dirt question in relation to the plague is one of the things that are still obscure. Roughly speaking, the plague has ravaged Europe from the beginning of the Christian era, at intervals of 200 or 300 years. It has thus had long intervals of quiescence. Was there no dirt then to promote its spread? Why, of course there was plenty of it, but the plague came not; and the reason must have been that during these intervals some unknown conditions requisite for its propagation were absent. When I say that medical science still knows little that is essential about the plague I mean that it knows nothing about these mysterious conditions. There is the case of India, for instance. The plague is there now. Why was it not there five years ago, when all the visible conditions, dirt included, were the same? It may be said that the plague is always simmering somewhere in the East, like cholera, and I agree. But why does it simmer at some periods, and launch out on a career of devastation at others?

"As to the mysterious conditions, I know just as little as the most eminent bacteriologist, but I will hazard a guess as to one, which professional etiquette in his case might not allow him to do. I fancy that the principle of vaccination has a wider application than is commonly suspected, and that whole peoples, and even races, after suffering from some virulent epidemic, become proof against it for a time—inoculated, in fact. I have long suspected that the decrease in small-pox may be due not only to vaccination, but also to its having burnt itself out to some extent in Europe; because when the infection happens to be introduced into some savage tribe, where it was previously unknown, it rages with a fierceness to which the case-hardened European is a stranger. Now can it be that the plague in its successive outbreaks at long intervals burns itself out for the time being, and that the races of mankind have to accumulate what I may call fuel for the germ to feed upon? This would be an interesting point to clear up, the more so that it applies, in some degree, to all germ diseases. It is now 230 years since the plague last raged in England. Judging from historical record this would be rather a short interval for its reappearance, shorter, that is to say, than the average; but it could be due again."

This theory is accepted in part by several high authorities on the subject. It is a well-established fact that among the districts where the plague is always simmering are certain mountain villages of Persian, Kurdistan and many marshy settlements on the lower Euphrates. The bacillus of plague is a product or a normal inhabitant of those regions, but the inhabitants there by some process, still a mystery to medical science, have acquired a certain immunity from its effects. It is when this organism is conveyed to other localities that it sometimes shows a rate of multiplication and increase in virulence which occasions an epidemic.

One of the chief matters of concern in dealing with the present plague situation in India is the approaching annual pilgrimage to Mecca. This gathering of the faithful—the most ignorant and the most dirty of the faithful—is, as is well known, the most dangerous event of the year from a sanitary point of view. And yet its arbitrary prohibition would be a delicate and most dangerous undertaking. The faith of Mohammedans, as one writer points out, in the divine importance attaching to a pilgrimage to the holy shrine of the Prophet, and to the coveted title of "Hajl" which follows it, is blindly strong and fanatical; they believe, indeed, that the more difficulty encountered and the more devastation created, the more in proportion are the divine blessings to be realized. To tell some would-be "Hajls" that their pilgrimage to Mecca is likely to spread death throughout non-Mohammedan countries is to make them the more eager and determined to undertake it, since, in the opinion of the more ignorant, the Great Prophet's prophecy can only be consummated by the annihilation of all the "unfaithful."

The coöperation of the Sultan, of the Shah, and of the Ameer of Afghanistan would be almost essential to the successful prohibition of the Mecca pilgrimage, and it is extremely doubtful if this could be obtained even by strong diplomatic pressure. The attempt will probably be made, however.

Prof. Dewar made announcement at the Royal Institution on Friday last of some of the results of his past season's experiments with liquid oxygen and other low temperature investigations. Some of his deductions are of absorbing scientific and popular interest. The temperature of liquid oxygen, he explained, is constant at 182° Centigrade below zero. The unscientific mind naturally asks how it is possible to measure such incredible cold as these figures signify. It is commonly known, for instance, that it is difficult, if not impossible, to measure ordinary atmospheric temperature even with a spirit thermometer when it falls to minus 50° Fahr. or lower. Prof. Dewar pointed out two or three methods. The most remarkable is by means of a thermo-electric diagram prepared by Lord Kelvin and Prof. Tait. It has been found that, taking advantage of a recently discovered law of nature, extremely low temperatures may be measured by observations of high ones. There is an electric balance, roughly speaking, between a temperature 100° above freezing, for instance, and one 100° below freezing. The temperature of liquid oxygen may be determined by immersing one thermo-electric junction in a substance which is boiling at the temperature 182° Centigrade above zero, *i. e.*, freezing, and another in liquid oxygen itself. The two currents which are produced exactly balance each other.

Prof. Dewar performed an interesting experiment to show the answer to a question often asked him, namely: Suppose the earth were to be cooled to the temperature of space, what would be the depth of the ocean of liquid air to which the present atmosphere would be reduced? The homogeneous atmosphere of the earth, Prof. Dewar explained, was supposed to be equal to an envelope of air as we know it about five miles in thickness. In the lecture room, where the professor was speaking, hung a tube 52 feet long, that is to say, it was about 1-500th part as long as the atmosphere was high. If this tube were cooled so as to liquefy the air in it the amount of liquid produced, if multiplied by 500, would give the thickness of the ocean of liquefied air that would spread over the earth in the circumstances suggested. The experiment was tried, with the result that liquid air to the depth of about .8 of an inch accumulated at the bottom of the tube. In other words, when the earth freezes and all forms of life disappear, there will float above the present ocean of water, long since changed to ice, an ocean of liquid air thirty-three feet deep on the average.

Prof. Dewar, referring to the osmotic action of gaseous oxygen, proceeded to inquire whether the same action was observable at low temperatures, but said he was unable to find that liquid oxygen was able to wet or permeate a film of India rubber. Turning to some of the optical properties of oxygen he spoke of the lines seen at sunrise and sunset in the solar spectrum. These originated in our atmosphere, and some of the most characteristic of them were produced by oxygen. From the top of Mont Blanc some of them were not to be seen because the oxygen of the air did not make up a sufficient thickness to effect the absorption, and in the clear air of the Sahara they appeared with a particular elevation of the sun. The same effects could be imitated by passing light through oxygen at various pressures, and, more than that, liquid oxygen of equivalent thickness would show the same bands. It was remarkable that the same absorption was to be found when the substance was at a high temperature as a gas, when it was a liquid, and when it was at the lowest temperatures. Oxygen, again, was remarkable as an element that was magnetic as a gas, as a liquid, and perhaps as a solid. The measurements, particularly the accurate measurements which alone were valued in those days, of the various constants of liquid oxygen were exceedingly intricate and laborious. However, Dr. Fleming and himself had succeeded in determining the values of several, such as its magnetic permeability and susceptibility, &c. Its magnetic properties were illustrated by a striking experiment. A ball magnetic in air was shown to be apparently diamagnetic when immersed in liquid oxygen. In air a magnet attracted it, in the liquid the same magnet repelled it.

The military use of bicycles is a subject receiving an astonishing amount of attention just now in Continental war offices. Germany and France are the most active rivals in the competition, and some of the experiments which have recently been undertaken would seem absurd to all except bicycle enthusiasts of the extremest type. Imagine, for instance, equipping the infantry of an army corps with bicycles! And yet that is precisely the experiment which the French authorities are trying on a small scale. Cyclists have long been an important feature of French military equipment, but until recently their function has been chiefly to carry messages, or perhaps to make a flying observation sortie. Now it is suggested that they may be made of use as combatants, or, rather, that a section of French infantry might be equipped with portable bicycles.

An experimental company of sixty men has been formed by Capt. Gérard, who has invented for their use an ingenious bicycle, which folds in two by means of a hinge on the crossbar, so that when folded the two wheels are side by side, and the machines are readily portable on the men's backs. An English observer who has watched the experiments says that the cyclist company as at present organized consists of four sections, twelve men each, commanded by one sergeant and two corporals, thus making up a total of forty-eight rank and file, with four sergeants and eight corporals. The folding bicycle is provided with leather braces, to enable the men to carry it on their backs. The uniform is a blue jersey, a blue flannel belt, a loose cloth jacket, cut very like a pilot coat or an open Norfolk jacket, red trousers, close fitting from the knee, leggings, and ankle boots. These latter are the worst part of the equipment, and verify the proverb that the French soldier is the worst shod in Europe. The equipment consists of the regulation belt with three pouches, each containing forty rounds of ball cartridge. In the pouch carried at the back there is room provided for the pump and the usual tools. A canvas bag is also provided to hold a spare jersey. The armament consists of a Lebel rifle and bayonet. Two cycle-smiths are attached to the company. They ride a coupled bicycle and carry spare nuts, tires, air chambers, files, hammers, and other articles to repair the machines. A van is attached to the company containing a portable forge, a box of ammunition, and spare wheels, together with the men's knapsacks and officers' valises.

This company was tested at the manœuvres near Laon, and was used for reconnoitring, scouting, and advanced post duties. Thus, when it was thought necessary to occupy, at some distance from the main body, a given strategic point, the cycle company was despatched to take possession of it, and, thanks to the rapidity of its movements for scouting and reconnoitring duties, it is said to have been very serviceable. When the ground is impracticable, then the men fold their machines, strap them to their backs, clamber over steep wooded hills, and then, on regaining level ground, rig up their machines, and are once more on the wing. According to a Russian military writer, Gen. Piloutsinski, the bicycle is the ideal mount for mounted infantry, as the rapidity and continuity of its movements are not interfered with by the necessity of providing forage and water. According to this Russian authority the military cyclists ought to be able to travel at the rate of thirty to thirty-five versts an hour—the verst is about two-thirds of a mile.

The French are already at work upon the idea of providing light naphtha or electric motor carriages for the transportation of Maxim and Hotchkiss machine guns.

The work which is being done under the auspices of what is known as the Palestine Exploration Fund has recently led to several interesting discoveries. Excavations have been made on the south side of Jerusalem, the principal object being to discover the exact line of the old wall on that side of the ancient city. The search has led to the discovery of something quite different. The prophet Nehemiah, describing in the Old Testament the rebuilding of the walls of Jerusalem, says: "But the gate of the fountain repaired Shallun, the son of Colhozeh, the ruler of part of Mizpah; he built it, and covered it, and set up the doors thereof, the locks thereof, and the bars thereof, and the wall of the Pool of Siloam by the King's garden, and unto the stairs that go down from the City of David."

Dr. Bliss, who is in charge of the explorations, in a report just received announces that he has found the old stairs mentioned by the prophet Nehemiah. In a former report Dr. Bliss described an ancient gate he had come upon near the Pool of Siloam, and which was supposed to date from the time of the Empress Eudocia, but it no doubt was a later construction at or near to the same gate which had been repaired by Shallun. The stairs which have been come upon consist of no less than thirty-four large broad steps, and they descend down exactly to the pool; they indicate a line of communication with the Ophel ridge, which is a continuation of the Temple hill, and is accepted by most authorities as the site on which the Royal Palace of the Kings stood, and of course the "King's garden" would be on the same ridge. There may be more steps still to find as the explorations go on. As these steps also lead up to the Temple, they may have formed the "ascent" (1 Kings, x., 5), that so astonished the Queen of Sheba when she came to see Solomon about 992 B. C.

If one may turn complacently from a period 2,900 years distant in one direction to a time 150 years off in the future, it may be amusing, if not instructive, to read of the prophetic forecast which the Hon. W. P. Reeves, Agent-General for New Zealand, has given of the British empire in the middle of the twenty-first century. About the year 2050, he told a London audience this week, the British empire would not be extinct but flourishing enormously. Sections would be found all over the world, united in one friendly federated union. Local matters would be settled in local parliaments, but important questions would be discussed in the British Imperial Federation Council, which would have taken the place of our House of Commons. Unlike the latter, however, and notwithstanding the increased responsibility, it would consist of not more than 100 members. It would not always meet in England, but sometimes in different parts of the colonies, and now and again, as an honored privilege, in New Zealand. The present great question of the imperial defence would be settled, and ancient, barbarous, and bloody warfare would not be thought of by any sensible nation. The great military and naval powers of the Continent would be federated with us for the purposes of arbitration. By that time few nations would remain unfederated, so that those in the union would only require each to keep up a small military and naval power, so that taxpayers would not be burdened in this respect. International arbitration was a difficult matter to carry out, but just as clever men now devoted themselves to the science of warfare, they would then devote their time to the science of peace. There would also be courts of arbitration for internal matters, so that there would be no strikes or lockouts. The idea of one man being able to turn 1,000 others into the streets to starve, or of 1,000 leaving work because of a quarrel with the one, would never be dreamt of. There would be a far greater number of public servants. There would still be private enterprise and private exploitation, but a considerable number of the industries would be under State control. The empire would work upon socialistic principles, but not such as were now held by a certain extreme party. There would only be a few individualists, and a few would be kept in a museum.

The Hon. Mr. Reeves, on the whole, is less progressive and more patriotic than Mr. Bellamy.

There has long been a mysterious latent quarrel between the "Norwegian Meredith" and the "Norwegian Shakespeare," in other words, between Bjoernson and Ibsen. It is not known whether these eminent men quarrelled as fathers-in-law (the son of one married the daughter of the other) or as authors. At all events, the latest cause of difference has recently become public. Bjoernson is convinced that Ibsen's recent play, "John Gabriel Borkman," contains a series of personalities directed against himself. In the relations between the lawyer, *Hinkel*, and *Borkman* Bjoernson recognizes allusions to his dispute with the deceased Norwegian Minister, Richter. He also finds in the drama other veiled but bitter personal attacks upon him. It is said that Bjoernson at first determined to reply to his former friend in an open letter. Although he has been dissuaded from this, it is not improbable that ere long Bjoernson will take a relentless literary revenge.

The first ladies' international chess congress, which is to be one of the features of next summer's commemoration of the Queen's great reign, promises to be a successful innovation. The Ladies' Chess Club of London, which is now a flourishing organization, has charge of the arrangements. The club is in the third year of its existence and has more than one hundred members. Lady Newnes, wife of Sir George Newnes, M. P., himself a stanch devotee of the game, is President, and meetings are held regularly every Monday evening at the club house in Great Russell street for special play.

The club has played through its representatives during the present season fourteen matches with representatives of other well-known clubs in the Metropolitan Chess League, and of these the ladies have won six, lost six, and drawn two. Seventeen remain to be played before the close of the season.

The congress of lady chess players will be held at the Hotel Cecil during the last ten days in June. Six prizes are offered, the first of the value of $300 and the second $250. Two well-known American players, Mrs. Showalter and Mrs. Worrall, have promised to play, and cordial promises of coöperation have been received from some of the best woman players in Europe.

H. R. C.

Cigarmakers Find a New Grievance.

The Cigarmakers' Union found a new grievance yesterday, which will be considered at some of their meetings to-day. They have discovered that some members of the unions who are also employers in a small way are paying their employees non-union wages. At this time of the year numbers of cigarmakers who are out of work become manufacturers in a small way, and employ one journeyman if they have the trade. As a rule these small employers do not make as much money as if they were employees and working in one of the larger factories.

Knights Want to Restrict Immigration.

The Knights of Labor have put themselves on record in favor of the Lodge bill restricting immigration by an educational qualification. One of the general officers in a statement yesterday said, after approving of the bill:

"Until we can find work here in the United States for the two millions of men in enforced idleness we ought to allow no more immigrants to come, whether they can pass an educational test or not. The enforced idleness of labor cost the people of the United States a greater loss of wealth last year than the cost of the civil war."

RICH WOMEN STUDY LAW.

MRS. WERNER'S PRIVATE CLASS OF FIFTEEN WEALTHY GIRLS.

They Have No Idea of Being Admitted to the Bar but Want to Know How to Protect Their Property—Hard Work and Long Hours of One Woman Lawyer.

When a woman has, according to her own physician, the constitution of five women, and, in addition to that, possesses youth and brains and good looks, too, her life isn't going to be a commonplace one, you may be sure. Mrs. Mella Stanleyetta Titus Werner is a proof of that. Mrs. Werner has borne up under a good many burdens besides that name. Only a few months ago, when she was appointed to the receivership of a saloon, she had to submit to a good deal of public criticism by the Quakers, to whose society she belongs. But she wasn't disturbed by it. She wound up the affairs of the saloon and then she was made referee.

She likes to be referee. She says that it is almost as good as being an international arbitrator. She doesn't just know whether the other parties liked having her for a referee as much as she enjoyed being one, but she says that they appeared satisfied with her decision. They were men, and, as Mrs. Werner says, "you know how men are. All boo-woo-boo-woo! Rush and hurry! Now, I'm not that way. I'm in the habit of taking things deliberately; of going slowly—but getting there! And when I'm there, I haven't made mistakes that have to be rectified, either."

This may be true, but Mrs. Werner seems to have her own particular way of going slowly, and it isn't most people's idea of the thing. She gets up at 8 or 8:30 and spends her day at her desk, or rushing hither and thither to "look at some property." If she has time for dinner, she dines. If she doesn't have time, she goes without. Almost any woman would be worn out by such a day. But with Mrs. Werner it is not so. She goes out every night, with the exception of her own receiving nights and an occasional one which she devotes to some important work. She says she can work hard until 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning, then say good night to her papers, shut her desk, go to bed and promptly to sleep, and wake up at the usual time as fresh and eager for work as ever. One A. M. is her regular bedtime, and she says that even then she has more sleep than she needs. When some one asked whether she thought that other women could go on in the same way, Mrs. Werner shook her head dubiously.

"I don't think so," she said. "My physician has always said that I had the constitution of five women. You don't know under what difficulties I made a lawyer of myself. No man ever worked harder or against greater odds. I spent the daytime over my studies, and at night I took care of my father, who, through paralysis, had become mentally unbalanced. We had a man to take care of him, but the man couldn't control him. For three years I cared for him. I used to call that my night work. Then he died, and my mother fell ill. For two years I took care of her. Then my sister became an invalid, and I cared for her three years, until she died last April. All this time I have gone on, first with my studies, then with my practice and my lectures and private classes."

"What about these private classes?"

"Well, I have a private class of fifteen wealthy girls, girls who are rich in their own right, and who want to know how to protect their property. They are all under thirty. The youngest is about eighteen. Of course, they have no idea of being admitted to the bar and practising, but they must pass examinations which I shall give them, and they won't be easy examinations, either."

"Do older women show much desire to acquire a knowledge of how to manage property? Widows, for instance?"

Mrs. Werner smiled a peculiar smile.

"Well," she said, "several of them have cared enough about it to pay me $10 a half hour for instruction. You can judge for yourself whether they were anxious to learn. Of course, when I took them that way, I would condense almost a whole book into one half hour, taking the essential points only.

"What part of the work incident to your profession is the most disagreeable to you as a woman?"

"Going into court. I hate to do it, and never have up to the present time, but I have several cases now which will necessitate my going into court, because my clients are not willing that I should get another lawyer to plead for me."

"Are they cases in which women are concerned?"

"No. The first one is a suit by a man against another man—and a prominent lawyer, at that. I wanted it settled out of court, but it wasn't possible. I always try to keep a case out of litigation, and I have been pretty successful, especially in cases where parties wanted a divorce. I have kept the people out of court and persuaded them to give up the idea of a divorce and consent to a separation. Why? Because there were children. If I were married—but I am; I always forget it when I begin to talk about legal cases," and Mrs. Werner laughed heartily.

"A great many amusing incidents arise in the course of my practice," she resumed. "For instance, I sometimes have to collect bills from women who are socially very good friends of mine. I have one now which I haven't yet presented. I don't think that the woman would let me sue her for it, but I shall have to in case she doesn't pay. Wouldn't that be a situation? Two 'lady friends' in court as lawyer and defendant!"

Mrs. Werner has only one form of exercise, except that which comes with what she calls "rushing around" on business. She is an enthusiastic wheelwoman. Last summer she used to ride thirty-five miles a day, and this winter she put in four weeks' serious illness as a result. But that doesn't disturb her. She has a new wheel ready for spring, and she says she means to beat her record of last year. In the mean time she will go on making more and more women lawyers by the force of her example and her instruction. And the number of the disappointed will be very great, because few there are who have the constitution of five women added to youth, brains, and good looks.

MRS. HOFFMAN MARTIN IN TROUBLE

Arraigned on Two Charges in a Police Court Yesterday.

Mrs. Hoffman Martin, who caused the arrest of Actor E. J. Henley, and the postponement of the opening performance of "Cymbeline" at Wallack's, was a prisoner in Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday. She was arrested upon a warrant issued by Magistrate Deuel on Friday by request of Miss Helen A. Ralph, who keeps a boarding house at 22 West Twenty-seventh street. Mrs. Ralph alleges that Mrs. Martin left her house three days ago owing her $51, which she refused to pay. Mrs. Martin was also summoned to court by Actor Henley, who charges her with sending him threatening letters.

The actor's complaint was taken up first, and he put in evidence several letters received by him and his wife, in which Mrs. Martin wrote that it would be best for him to return $50 she had advanced him.

Magistrate Deuel held the prisoner in $300 bail to keep the peace with the actor.

She was held for examination to-morrow in the matter of Mrs. Ralph's charge. Mrs. Martin denied that she owed the money to Mrs. Ralph, or that she had ever meant to threaten Henley.

The $50 referred to in Mrs. Martin's letter to Henley was the cause of his arrest. She claimed that she had given him the money with the understanding that he was to be her leading man in the play of "Adele," which she was about to produce, but that he failed to keep his engagement, and joined the "Cymbeline" company. He was released when the case came up in court.

May Die as the Result of a Fight.

Between 7 and 8 o'clock on the morning of Feb. 2 Joseph Barbier, 35 years old, of 564 Grand street, Jersey City, and John Prendvill of 601 Grand street, employees in the Passaic Zinc Works in Communipaw avenue, got into a fight. Barbier was knocked down and his head struck against a stone or some other hard substance, causing a fracture of the skull. He was taken to St. Francis Hospital. The police were informed yesterday afternoon that Barbier was dying and Prendvill was taken into custody.

Champions of the Anti-Rubbish League.

Fifteen members of the Mount Morris Anti-Rubbish League, all members of Grammar School 34 and all less than 14 years old, were congratulated yesterday by Street Cleaning Commissioner Waring on the work they have done in aiding his department. Since Sept. 1, 1896, the league has sent over 3,000 complaints to the department, and Col. Waring presented to each a small silver badge and a certificate of honor. The Mount Morris League holds the record in the United Anti-Rubbish Leagues.

The Flag Upside Down.

Emil E. Datz, President of the City Hall Commissioners and Custodian of the new City Hall in Jersey City, was surprised about 9 o'clock yesterday morning to see a crowd gathering in front of the building and looking up toward the roof. Finally Mayor Wanser arrived and asked him what the provocation was for turning the flag upside down. Mr. Datz expressed his feelings in English and German, and then had the flag put right side up.

PICTURES AT THE WATER COLOR EXHIBITION.

There are more than five hundred pictures in the exhibition of the American Water Color Society at the Academy. Some new rules put in force by the Board of Control this year have had the effect of greatly lessening the number of pretty sketches that have been admitted at some other exhibitions, and the walls show a better average of thoughtful work than in former years. Of course, a sketch may be thoughtful work, and, though incomplete in one sense, a sketch in water color is often the most interesting kind of a water color to look at. But the sketch must be by a strong man. On the other hand, if a sketch by a mediocre artist is hardly worth looking at, a more serious work by the same hand is not much more attractive. The ideal exhibition would consist of sketches and complete works by the best painters. The present exhibition is not such a one. If it were it would not please half so many people. The water color show is a very popular exhibition. Hosts of visitors to the galleries would be disappointed if they found that the pretty little bits of landscape and the story-telling pictures, neatly and carefully if not over skilfully painted, had been kept out. Such visitors will find them this year, as before. They will find them next year, too, or if a time comes when they do not, there will be another show somewhere else where they will find them. The point is that the people want to see them, and when the people who want to see them now are dead there will be other people just like them. The Water Color Society will be wise to look out for this part of its clientèle and satisfy it. Meanwhile it can offer, as it does this year, plenty of pictures to interest that other public, the one that knows or thinks it knows a good deal about art and wants to see what its favorites have to show them, what new men are coming into recognition with work that is promising or so good as to place them at once with the best, what new fads have come up, if any; what, in short, are the purely artistic results to be found in the annual display.

Let it first be said that, taken altogether, the water color exhibition is so good that it ought to be seen by everybody who is interested in American art at all. The catalogue shows that a few well-known men do not contribute this year. There is nothing from Mr. Chase, Mr. Weir, Mr. Hassam, Mr. Blum, Mr. Homer, Mr. Tryon, or Mr. Horatio Walker. On the other hand, there are good representative pictures by such artists as H. Bolton Jones, F. C. Jones, W. T. Smedley, C. Morgan McIlhenney, J. Francis Murphy, F. S. Church, J. G. Brown, C. C. Curran, C. Harry Eaton, Charles W. Eaton, W. H. Drake, R. Swain Gifford, Percy Moran, Leon Moran, Thomas Moran, Leonard Ochtman, J. C. Nicoll, F. K. M. Rehn, E. M. Scott, William J. Whittemore, and others equally well known as regular exhibitors and clever water color painters. Their subjects and their work present the same interest they always do. This is what makes the water color exhibition. Then there are some other painters who exhibit pretty regularly and this year show something of more than passing interest. The names of three or four others who do the same are less familiar. Two or three years ago nobody knew the name of W. L. Lathrop. Last year he exhibited a remarkable little landscape. It was a mere bit of common American country. There was a road winding up a hill, some fields, a tree or two, and a sky. But it was so well done that the jury awarded the Evans prize to Mr. Lathrop for his picture and he became a marked man. This year he sends four pictures. They are all well worth looking at. Mr. Lathrop lives on a farm in Ohio, and he finds his subjects in his neighborhood. There must be a piece of woodland on or near the farm. Mr. Lathrop must love it. More than this, he knows how to look at it when he wants to paint it. In the "Edge of the Woods," No. 244, he has set his camp stool down among the bushes and dead leaves, where he can see the big trunks of the trees on his right standing like sentinels along the skirt of the forest, with their arms stretching out to those of their neighbors. At the end of the irregular line he can see a bit of distance. Directly before him in the foreground is an open space, ground that isn't fenced in nor ploughed, old ground with old grass growing on it. He looks up at the trees and marks a place on the trunk of the nearest one, just above the lowest of the wide-spreading branches. That is the top of the picture and that makes the composition. Then he paints everything that is in the "Edge of the Woods" and a great deal that other people do not see at all. He doesn't draw a single blade of grass nor a single twig as such. The great trunks and other important factors he gives with true proportion and outline. By doing it all in a sympathetic, closely observing, broadly comprehending way, with rather sombre, quiet color he succeeds in putting on his piece of paper the silence and bigness of the woods, the stillness of the gray atmosphere, and the unpretending but impressive picture made by nature on the mind of a man who knows how to see what her real beauty is. This is not a masterpiece like one of the big pictures by Corot or Rousseau. It is not dramatic nor "effective," nor particularly seductive as a composition; but it is a poetic interpretation of nature in the fullest sense, and any master of landscape painting would like it for what it is. Another picture by Mr. Lathrop, "Maples," No. 114, is as good as the "Edge of the Woods," though it is not quite so poetic. Here are big tree trunks again, and branches, and a patch of distance where some house roofs appear nestled in the foliage. The foreground consists of yellowish grass, and pale sunshine makes shadows under the trees. The motive is delightfully interpreted. Simplicity, directness, and sincerity mark the treatment. As in the other picture, facts are given truthfully, but with a mellow, tender touch. A third drawing, "Cornfield," No. 223, is somewhat more bold than these two, and though very good, is less interesting. Finally, there is "November Evening," No. 321. At first glance this might be thought to be the most poetic and the most sincere of the four pictures. An old gray barn at the right, a straggling farm road leading to flat fields beyond it, and a heavily clouded gray sky are the elements of the picture. The way the barn and the other things are painted shows the same artistic hand that did the trees and grass in "Edge of the Woods" and "Maples." The sky, too, is admirably done. But at the horizon there is a narrow streak of red, where the sun is supposed to be dropping below the horizon behind the thick veil of clouds, that neither harmonizes with the color scheme of the rest of the picture nor looks as if it were true. If it might be thought that the artist were not above perpetrating a bit of artistic trickery, one could easily explain the discordant red streak as an afterthought. The "November Evening" may not be a late afternoon study on a cloudy autumn day that was all gray—barn, sky, and everything else—and looked monotonous to the painter, who then made a concession to "sentiment" and put in the "last rays of the setting sun," but it looks like it. Then there is a patch of cloud not very far above the horizon that seems too white for so late an hour. Perhaps it is scarcely worth while to make conjectures, but if we take the picture as it stands for an effect of a November evening it is by no means so successful as the artist's other work, because it does not carry in every part of it as the other pictures do a sure and lasting impression of truth. It is fine, though, to make an old gray barn such a thing of beauty. It is so in this picture simply because a man with true artistic perception painted it with feeling.

There are several landscapes and sea pieces by Henry B. Snell in the exhibition. One at least must be singled out, because it is one of the best pieces of color in the galleries. It is "The Top of the Cliffs," No. 174. The picture is "an upright," that is, higher than it is wide, and the foreground, going about half way up the paper, is composed of wind-swept green turf that looks well trodden. A path winds toward the sea, which is seen lying below and beyond in a wide expanse. A shadow thrown across the bottom of the picture causes the eye to look higher. The sky, only a narrow strip of which appears at the top of the picture, is pale, whitish blue. But while the greens, both dark and light, are pleasantly warm, and the yellows and blues which crop out here and there in them are well managed, the charm of color in the picture is greatest in the sea. It lies glassy and mirror-like under the sky with two or three curvilinear patches on its surface, where wind puffs ruffle its placidity. Atmosphere and distance are well given, and the handling is entirely painter-like. The scene is studied from a naturalistic standpoint, and it is sincere and complete. The only thing in the work to find fault with is that it looks as if it were painted in some sort of a wax medium. This is hardly worth speaking of, unless one wants all water-color drawings to be in pure transparent wash. Perhaps the most fascinating water color work is done in this, the most simple way theoretically, but the most difficult in practice. This charming motive for a picture must have been found by Mr. Snell some September afternoon on the New England coast. Mr. Walter Palmer has found subjects up in this State near Albany, painting his landscapes when the ground is covered with snow. In the north gallery there is a beautiful picture by him, called "A Winter's Dawn" (No. 54). On the left rises a hillside, on the right there are hilltops further away, and between, down in a deep valley, a stream trickles through its icy borders. The wide slope of the snow-covered hill lying in shadow is given with a beautiful wash, but it isn't quite modelled enough. It hardly seems as real as the other parts of the scene. Otherwise the picture is really admirable. The frosty air, the morning light, the creaking of the snow almost, are perfectly rendered. Down in the valley the air fairly snaps with cold. The color scheme is very light and delicate, but there is substance and form in the rendering.

Mr. Ross Turner is an accomplished painter in water colors. He is as much at home with a bowl of water to dip his brushes into as most painters are with an oil cup. His work betrays no suggestion of *gêne* or unfamiliarity with the medium. He puts on body color when he wants to, not to better an unsuccessful wash, but to make it do what wash won't accomplish. His large composition, "The Golden Galleon," No. 428, is skilfully handled throughout. The big gilded ship with a poop as high as a house and great painted sails and with its enormous flag hanging over the stern is sailing slowly away from the spectator and dips its bow slightly as it is lifted by the swell of the sea. The sun is setting behind us and throws its fading light on the sails and stern. The long side of the vessel which we see foreshortened is in shadow. The glowing gilded carving and the flag are reflected in the water. This is a fine picturesque sort of subject. It is romantic and imposing. But it needs the clever art of Mr. Turner to make it effective. In placing the vessel, in drawing the big swell of the water, in leaving plenty of room at the right to show a good expanse of water, in putting the horizon in the right place, we perceive the completeness of the conception. Add to this that, if not very sensitively colored, the drawing is tinted with truthfulness, and that the large aspect of the scene is preserved through the dozen color factors that make up the picture, and it is easy to see why it is so attractive. Then, too, it is a remarkably good example of picture making. It is well composed, possesses handsome great lines, and tells at a glance what the artist has to say.

Mr. Albert Herter has a decorative sense both in line and in color that is noticeable in all his work. He is never realistic at the expense of pleasing effects. "The Peacocks," No. 234, shows a fine garden with trimmed trees, a terrace, and a balustrade. In this garden a lady with lovely Titian hair, a well-turned neck, and a long velvet gown of green, walks in stately fashion, holding high before her a jar of flowers. Three or four peacocks follow her, and one spreads his tail, showing all its shining eyes and threads of gold. This pretty mise en scène is painted with full, well-gradated, agreeable color. The drawing is capable and satisfying. So far it is well. But then, instead of there being something to find fault with, it remains to be said that the picture has still another merit. It is very completely carried out. It is pushed to a high degree of finish. It is not the best thing in the exhibition, but it is much the best thing of its kind, and its kind is too rare. Half a dozen pictures as pretty and as charming as "The Peacocks" would be very welcome in any exhibition, for it is a genuine pleasure to look at it as often as you like.

Mr. Abbey's contributions to the exhibitions of the Water Color Society have been many and excellent. When he lived in New York a few years ago a crowd generally gathered before his picture each year, for it was usually the star of the show. His single figure at this exhibition, "A Quiet Conscience," No. 279, is authoritative and makes its presence felt on the wall. A woman approaching middle age, in the English costume of a tradesman's wife about the seventeenth century, is walking calmly through a snow-covered village street, her folded hands holding her prayer book. There is a good deal of black and white, but it is well qualified. The woman's face excellently renders in expression the title given to the picture and the composition, like the movement of the figure, is soberly devised. The hands are not so well drawn as they might be, but one looks first at the face. This is another good example of successful picture making. Mr. Wiles, who by vote of the jury received the Evans prize this year, is a regular contributor to the exhibitions. No one knows better than he what can be done with pure washes and white paper. His pictures in water color are simplicity itself as regards method. The prize picture, "The Green Cushion," No. 235, is a pretty large sheet to be successfully treated with the kind of a subject he has chosen. There is a dark-green velvet lounge, a heap of green cushions, and a girl in a flowered frock with green ribbons lying upon them. Arms and neck are bare. It is an extremely good study but a haphazard composition. The color scheme is interesting and not unattractive. In oil the same artist might have given a more completely rounded rendering of the subject as it is, or in water color he might have given the figure itself with less obtrusive accessories and more charm. In the latter case we should have had the best part of the picture as a water color. However, take it as it is and it is full of good. Leaving out of the question the clever painting of the stuffs, the head and neck and arms are lightly and skilfully modelled, and the color is true at the right distance. The flesh would look like chalk beside the green cushions if the tints were not as positive as they are. The picture holds together and it is decorative as a color spot. Its chief merit, though, is the technical one of skill in handling a fickle medium.

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Arrived—SATURDAY, Feb. 6.

Ss New York, Passow, Southampton Jan. 30.
Ss Aller, Miroer, Bremen Jan. 26.
Ss Lassell, Trenaman, Rio Janeiro.
Ss Trinidad, Fraser, Bermuda.
Ss Guyandotte, Walker, Norfolk.
Ss Nueces, Risk, Galveston.
Ss Lampasas, Barstow, Galveston.
Ss Halifax, Pye, Boston.
Ss Lebanon, Robinson, Boston.
Ship Wm. H. Connor, Pendleton, Shanghai.
Ship Edenballymore, May, Port Elizabeth.
Bark Plymouth, Davidson, Dublin.
Bark Strathmuir, McDougall, Londonderry.
Bark Cap, Petersen, Bristol.

[For later arrivals see First Page.]

ARRIVED OUT.

Ss Fuerst Bismarck, from New York, at Gibraltar.
Ss La Bourgogne, from New York, at Havre.
Ss Tauric, from New York, at Liverpool.
Ss Norman Isles, from New York, at Shanghai.
Ss American, from New York, at Rotterdam.
Ss Troja, from New York, at St. Vincent.
Ss Decomyn, from New York, at Buenos Ayres.

SIGHTED.

Ss Radnorshire, from Japan and China for New York, passed Gibraltar.
Ss British Queen, from New York for Antwerp, off the Lizard.

SAILED FROM FOREIGN PORTS.

Ss St. Louis, from Southampton for New York.
Ss St. Irene, from Liverpool for New York.
Ss Mohican, from Swansea for New York.
Ss Bellena, from St. Lucia for New York.
Ss Dora Forster, from Genoa for New York.
Ss Rose Castle, from Port Natal for New York.

SAILED FROM DOMESTIC PORTS.

Ss Seminole, from Jacksonville for New York.
Ss Benefactor, from Philadelphia for New York.

OUTGOING STEAMSHIPS.

Sail Tuesday, Feb. 9.

	Mails Close.	Vessel Sails.
Aller, Bremen	7:00 A. M.	10:00 A. M.
Algonquin, Charleston		3:00 P. M.
City of Birmingham, Savannah		3:00 P. M.
Nomadic, Liverpool		12:00 M.
Sail Wednesday, Feb. 10.		
Majestic, Liverpool	9:00 A. M.	12:00 M.
St. Paul, Southampton	7:00 A. M.	10:00 A. M.
Kensington, Antwerp	9:00 A. M.	11:00 A. M.
Trinidad, Bermuda	8:00 A. M.	10:00 A. M.
Panama, Havana	11:00 A. M.	1:00 P. M.
Orizaba, Havana	1:00 P. M.	3:00 P. M.
Alliance, Colon	10:00 A. M.	12:00 M.
El Sol, New Orleans		3:00 P. M.
Lampasas, Galveston		3:00 P. M.
Sail Thursday, Feb. 11.		
Santiago, Nassau	1:00 P. M.	3:00 P. M.
La Grande Duchesse, Savannah		3:00 P. M.

INCOMING STEAMSHIPS.

Due To-Day.		
Jane Kelsall	Gibraltar	Jan. 16
Thingvalla	Copenhagen	Jan. 19
Albano	Hamburg	Jan. 20
Claverhill	Gibraltar	Jan. 19
Weimar	Bremen	Jan. 24
Tockwith	Shields	Jan. 21
Kaffir Prince	St. Lucia	Jan. 29
Newstead	Shields	Jan. 20
Columbia	Gibraltar	Jan. 30
Burgundia	Gibraltar	Jan. 30
Ardova	Shields	Jan. 22
Santiago	Nassau	Feb. 3
Algonquin	Jacksonville	Feb. 5
City of Birmingham	Savannah	Feb. 3
La Normandie	Havre	Jan. 30
Jersey City	Swansea	Jan. 23
Oregon	Gibraltar	Jan. 24
Due Monday, Feb. 8.		
Aurania	Liverpool	Jan. 30
Orpington	Swansea	Jan. 23
Venezuela	La Guayra	Feb. 2
El Norte	New Orleans	Feb. 3
Yucatan	Havana	Feb. 4
Creole	New Orleans	Feb. 3
Due Tuesday, Feb. 9.		
Westernland	Antwerp	Jan. 30
Furnessia	Glasgow	Jan. 28
Georgic	Liverpool	Jan. 29
Pawnee	Gibraltar	Jan. 25
Fontabelle	St. Thomas	Feb. 3
Seminole	Jacksonville	Feb. 6
Due Wednesday, Feb. 10.		
Havel	Bremen	Feb. 2
Palatia	Hamburg	Jan. 29
Manitoba	London	Jan. 29
Lalebam	Gibraltar	Jan. 26
Leona	Galveston	Feb. 3
Due Thursday, Feb. 11.		
Zaandam	Amsterdam	Jan. 24
Stuttgart	Bremen	Jan. 31
Lorenzo	Hull	Jan. 27
Valencia	Colon	Feb. 4
Ville de Bordeaux	Cape Haytien	Feb. 6
Due Friday, Feb. 12.		
Germanic	Liverpool	Feb. 3
America	London	Jan. 29
Ovenum	Lisbon	Jan. 25
Prins Maurits	Port-au-Prince	Feb. 6

Arrested for Striking a Cable Car Conductor

A man who said he was William F. Guion, 46 years old, a real estate dealer, was arrested at Twenty-eighth street and Broadway yesterday afternoon. He was charged with assaulting a conductor of the Broadway cable line. Guion boarded the car in an intoxicated condition at Twentieth street. The conductor attempted to put him off, and Guion broke an umbrella over his head. The prisoner said he was stopping at the Hoffman House.

Business Notices.

N. Clark, Restaurateur, 23d St.—Menus and estimates for receptions; rooms for dinners and suppers.

Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters cure colic, fever and ague, and indigestion.

MARRIED.

HAVEN—CRAM.—On Feb. 6, at Trinity Chapel, by the Rev. Dr. Vibbert, vicar, assisted by the Bishop of Missouri, J. Woodward Haven to Henriette Kathrine, daughter of the late Henry A. Cram.

DIED.

DE LACY.—On Friday, Feb. 5, Mary, daughter of Peter De Lacy.
Funeral from her late residence, 19 West 71st st., on Sunday, at 1:30 P. M. Kindly omit flowers.

DOOLEY.—On Feb. 6, at his residence, Woodlawn, New York city, Michael Dooley, aged 50 years, father of the Rev. John H. Dooley.
Funeral from residence at 9:30 A. M., Feb. 9, thence to St. Mary's Church, Williamsbridge, N. Y., where a solemn requiem mass will be offered for repose of his soul at 10:15 A. M. Relatives and friends of family respectfully invited. Western papers please copy.

HARWAY.—At Bayside, L. I., on Thursday, Feb. 4, Daisy E., daughter of Gertrude C. and John W. Harway, in the twenty-third year of her age.
Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend funeral services, at her late residence, Bayside, L. I., on Sunday, Feb. 7, at 3 P. M. Carriages in waiting on arrival of 2 P. M. train from L. I. City. Interment at the convenience of family.

KNOWER.—At Baltimore, Md., Edward C. Knower, United States Army Captain, retired, in his 58th year. Formerly Captain Fourth Heavy Artillery, New York State Volunteers.
Funeral 1 o'clock Monday, from 19 West 20th st., Baltimore, Md. New York State papers please copy.

MAURY.—At Alamo, Mexico, in the 40th year of his age, William Lewis, son of the late William Lewis and Anne Fontaine Maury.

PHELPS.—Suddenly, at his residence in Peekskill, N. Y., Feb. 6, 1897, Samuel Franklin Phelps.

RAFTERY.—On Thursday, Feb. 4, Margaret Raftery.
Funeral from her late residence, 23 Prescott place, Brooklyn, on Sunday, Feb. 7, at 2 P. M.

ROSS.—At the house of his daughter, on Friday, Feb. 5, William Ross, late of Hyde Park.
Funeral services will be held at 155 West 106th st., New York city, on Sunday, Feb. 7, at 1 P. M. Poughkeepsie papers please copy.

SCOTT.—On Saturday, Feb. 6, 1897, Charlotte Roos Scott, daughter of the late William Scott.
Funeral services at her late residence, 224 West 34th st., on Tuesday, Feb. 9, at 5 o'clock P. M.

SNEDECOR.—On Thursday, Feb. 4, John Snedecor, in his 65th year.
Funeral services at the Church of the Holy Communion, 20th st. and 6th av., at 1:30 Sunday afternoon, Feb. 7.

TAYLOR.—Suddenly, of heart failure, at his home, No. 47 West 73d st., on Feb. 4, 1897, Frederic Taylor, in his 60th year.
Funeral services at his late residence, 47 West 73d st., Monday, the 8th inst., at 9:30 A. M. Interment at Philadelphia.

VAN NEST.—At East Orange, N. J., on Saturday, Feb. 6, John R. Van Nest, in his 61st year.
Funeral services at his late residence, 19 Walnut st., on Tuesday, Feb. 9, on the arrival of the 10:10 train from Barclay and Christopher st. ferries.

WRIGHT.—On Feb. 4, after a short illness, Almira Lowerre, wife of William H. Wright.
Funeral at the Worth House, Hudson, Sunday at 3 o'clock.

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THE KENSICO CEMETERY.—Private station, Harlem Railroad, 43 minutes' ride from the Grand Central Depot. Office, 16 East 42d st.

Religious Notices.

AT SOUTH CHURCH, MADISON AV. AND 38TH ST., Rev. Roderick Terry, D. D., pastor.—Services at 11 A. M. and at 4 P. M.

SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE.—Sunday, Feb. 7, 1897, at 11:15 A. M., lecture by Mr. M. M. Mangasarian, at Carnegie Music Hall, corner of 57th st. and 7th av. Subject, "John Milton." All interested are invited.

TEMPLE EMANU-EL, 5th av. and 43d st.—To-day, 11 A. M., Dr. Joseph Silverman, lecture on "The Sacredness of Human Life and Its Relation to Suicide." The public is welcome.