CREED REVISION TO COME UP.

PRESBYTERIAN GENERAL ASSEMBLY MEETS THIS WEEK.

Disposition to Avoid the Issue—Discussion May Be Forced by McCormick Seminary Case—Candidates for Moderator—Will Meet in This City.

When the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church convenes in this city on Thursday next, important matters will come before it.

Year after year the Assembly has put off the discussion of disputed questions with the hope that strife over them would subside. It has sought to evade acute discussion of hotly disputed points of doctrine, creed and Church government, and the great subject of creed revision has dragged on year after year, with no real progress made. It has opposed inertia to agitation, with satisfaction to no one except the conservatives, who would have well-enough let alone.

At the approaching session the important topic of revision will come to the front again, through a report of the Committee on Revision; but so far as the opinions of New York clergymen could be gathered by a reporter, nobody in this town believes that there will be any sort of deliverance on the question of revision by this Assembly. It seems to be the general hope that prolonged discussion of the subject can be avoided, in conformity with the recent policy of the annual assemblies, which, as one clergyman put it tersely and ecclesiastically, has been irenic for some years.

But although the disposition to avoid the revision question is widespread, it is said that the question in its essentials is likely to be forced upon the Assembly's consideration in connection with an election to the faculty of McCormick Theological Seminary at Chicago. A contest over this election is threatened by a dissatisfied minority, and if it is started the whole question as to what a man may believe and have the approval of the governing body of the Church will almost of necessity be thrust to the fore.

This will involve the issue of the personality of Adam among other things. It will be remembered that Dr. Charles P. Fagnani of the Union Theological Seminary recently declared his conviction that it would be well if Adam were buried permanently. This was said in reference to the refusal of the New York Presbytery to license a candidate for the ministry who expressed his belief that Adam was a myth the story of him an allegory.

Something of the general feeling among clergymen here as to the probable attitude of the Assembly toward the topic may perhaps be indicated by quoting the words of three of the clergymen who were questioned on the subject.

Said one: "I do not think it probable that this Assembly will take part in any obsequies."

Said another: "Why, the other day they buried Dr. Birch with a Confession of Faith in his hands, as a passport to glory. It's got so now with some persons that the Confession is everything and the Bible nothing.

"And those men over at Union Seminary on the other hand, they think they've got reserved seats in Heaven and that nobody else is in line for Peter's favor. But Prof. McGiffert over there admits to-day that he wishes he had not published his book so soon, as, if he had waited, he would not have written what he did about the Fourth Gospel.

"Yet he wrote that only four years ago. What kind of leaders are those who ask us to follow them on a sure road, and then in four years acknowledge that they have spoken too hastily?

"What would any one think of a scientist who published his sure discovery and then had to take it all back? Isn't it better, or wouldn't it be better, to wait until the investigator had obtained his antitoxin before telling about it and asking people to trust to it?

"But revision won't be an important matter before this coming Assembly. Not much will be done about it. The disposition is to defer discussion of that topic."

And the third man sad, with reference to the McCormick case: "The question will be brought up as to whether the Assembly can approve the selection of a man who would cut away all the foundation of the Church. Mark you, I don't say 'all the foundation of Christianity,' although I might, but all the foundation of our Church. For I am in agreement with THE SUN, that without the Bible there is no Presbyterian Church.

"The Presbyterian Church is the only one that has ever stood out squarely against the Catholic Church. The Catholics stand squarely. They say: 'The Church is infallible, and the Church gives you the Bible.' But the Presbyterians say: 'The Church is fallible, but the Bible is the word of God.'

"Yet the Assembly's course has been of late years and will be this year, from all that I can see to pass over the question of what the Church is officially to believe. 'Let us brush this aside,' they say, 'as unprofitable discussion.'

"That was not the way in older days. Then men said 'I believe this' and other said 'No, no,' and they battled it out. They were honest then.

"But revision will receive small attention at this Assembly unless the McCormick case forces the general question up."

A fourth clergyman said that the question would be let pass if possible, because of the futility of discussion, as the Presbyterians all had the right to vote upon any recommendation the Assembly might adopt, and as without a majority of all the Presbyterians no change in the constitution of the church could be effected.

The McCormick Seminary case is that of the election of Dr. James S. Riggs of Auburn Seminary to the chair of New Testament Exegesis and Literature at Chicago, resigned by the Rev. Dr. David C. Marquis. The directors of the Chicago institution chose Dr. Riggs by a bare majority vote and against an opposition based upon Dr. Riggs's advocacy of the so-called new theology, which is the theology that includes the opinion that Adam and some other Old Testament characters are mythical or allegorical, that there are errors in the Bible, and that the evolutionary theory of creation is the correct one.

Thirty-six out of the forty directors of the McCormick Seminary, residents of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Missouri and Pennsylvania, attended the meeting at which Dr. Riggs was chosen, but the minority includes some of the wealthy and influential churchmen of those States, and they are the ones who are said to have announced a determination to carry the fight against the new theology into the General Assembly in this city, as the Assembly has the right to veto the appointment of Dr. Riggs or of any other professor at an institution under the Assembly's care.

Reports have come from Pittsburg and Philadelphia, among other places, that the battle over Dr. Riggs is likely to dwarf discussion of the report of the Creed Revision Committee, except in so far as some issues may be common to both.

Partly because of the delicate situations that are likely to arise in connection with these controversial questions, the selection of a Moderator for this Assembly is receiving considerable attention.

Until the death of the Rev. Dr. George Purves of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, there was no discussion as to the Moderatorship. The Moderator of the last General Assembly, the Rev. Dr. Minturn of California, who holds office until his successor is chosen, came from the Pacific Slope, and his two immediate predecessors came from New York. It is therefore the turn of the middle West to furnish the Moderator.

Now Dr. Purves came from that region by way of Princeton and in view of the fact that the Assembly is to hold its sessions in the Fifth Avenue Church there had been practically a unanimous agreement that Dr. Purves should be the next Moderator. With Dr. Purves's death the office was open to any one's candidacy.

The first candidate to appear in the field was the Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke of Princeton, formerly of the Brick Presbyterian Church. He was first formally put in nomination by the *Interior*, a religious periodical published in Chicago and therefore of the middle West. A New York clergyman remarked yesterday, what many a lay politician has found out, that "priority of this sort more often marks a boom that dies a bornin' than a boom that comes to glorious fruition in election."

Although Dr. van Dyke is "prominently mentioned" therefore, as a candidate, there was discoverable in a limited canvass very little confidence that he will be the successful candidate for the post. New York has other candidates—for Dr. van Dyke, although at Princeton, ranks as a New Yorker—and there are candidates from other cities, one of them the Rev. Dr. Holmes of Pittsburg, who has a considerable support for the office.

The other leading candidates from this city are the Rev. Dr. Howard Duffield of the First Church, and the Rev. Dr. D. Stuart Dodge, President of the Board of Home Missions. The Rev. Dr. Wilton Merle Smith, Moderator of the New York Presbytery and pastor of the Central Church, gave a dinner at the University Club a few nights ago at which both Dr. Duffield and Dr. van Dyke were guests, and both were bantered by their host and by other guests with reference to the honor possibly awaiting one of them.

Dr. Smith said that Dr. van Dyke had a bee in his bonnet, or otherwise felicitously hit off the Princeton professor's ambition for the high office of head of the General Assembly, and added that the pastor of the Old First was chasing the same elusive little thing with wings. Dr. van Dyke laughed, Dr. Duffield joined him, and everybody enjoyed the situation.

It is said, however, that there is a movement which has acquired considerable force looking to concerted action with the aim of inducing both Dr. van Dyke and Dr. Duffield to withdraw as candidates, so that New York can agree with a number of its neighbors in support of the Rev. Dr. D. Stuart Dodge.

Dr. Dodge is a brother of William E. Dodge. He is a man of means himself, and according to what is said about the city, his election as Moderator would have a beneficial effect on the varied forces in the church, bringing together many influential men, chiefly New Yorkers, who have been less actively interested in church progress of late years than when Dr. John Hall's church was a united congregation under Dr. Hall's energetic pastorate.

The Presbyterians, however, are a body of independent men, and until the Assembly convenes and has listened to the sermon and prayer of the retiring Moderator, Dr. Minturn, nothing can be said with any degree of certainty as to the result of the election for Moderator.

Aside from these matters and the usual questions of Church government and routine business, a subject of importance and wide interest which is to come up in the proceedings of the Assembly, is that of the movement which was inaugurated by the last General Assembly looking to the enlargement of the Church's work among the people.

Members of the committee appointed to further this movement have during the year visited all parts of the country. They have held conferences with pastors and church officers and sought to enlist them in a movement to carry the Church to the people since the people have not come in large enough numbers to the Church.

"The Church has been too much like a social club or a religious society, more or less exclusive," said one man interested in the new movement, "and the endeavor of the committee has been to induce pastors to hold tent meetings in some places, to go to the theatres, to go to any places where the people are, and to show the people the benefits of Christ's Gospel and teachings in all the walks of life. It is an evangelistic movement, but not a revival movement."

John H. Converse, head of the Baldwin Locomotive Works of Philadelphia, was appointed chairman of this committee last year, and he gave $25,000 for the prosecution of the work. Mr. Converse has announced that he will give a like sum for the work in the coming year, and this is one of the gratifying things the committee will be able to report to the Assembly. It will also report on the additions to the Church membership which have been in some measure brought about under the influences of the movement, and other points of progress.

WHY NEGRO MINSTRELSY DIED.

The Public Just Got Tired of It—Like Case in Other Forms of Amusement.

"One of the points in the discussion of the decline of negro minstrelsy that is never touched on," said a manager who at one time was much interested in this branch of amusement "is the matter of style in theatrical performances. Negro minstrelsy, after a long period of popularity, went out of style just as other kinds of theatrical performances have in the past and will continue to in the future. There are fewer traces of this burnt cork phase of theatrical art now left because it was an elementary kind of stage production in many ways, and when it went, there was nothing of it left worth holding onto.

"Experienced managers know that there is a distinct fashion in all forms of theatrical entertainments and that it is impossible to make the public recover its interest in a style that has begun to wane.

"I will give you some instances of this capriciousness of the public. Four or five years ago this town was daft over expensive, imported vaudeville. Two theatres devoted to that kind of a show made a great deal of money for a while, or at all events, took in very large receipts. Suddenly the public taste for this kind of entertainment was gratified, and the people refused to be dragged into these theatres. Nowadays there isn't a house of that kind in the city, and there are fewer devoted to any kind of vaudeville than there were four years ago. Vaudeville went out of fashion and that settled it.

"There are some other instances equally indicative of what may happen when the public decides that it has had enough. The Harrigan & Hart plays had at one time a great vogue, and it did not seem as if they could ever lose their popularity. But they began to pall on the public after a while and their day was at an end.

"The German farces at Daly's were the same sort of a case. For nearly ten years they were played with great success there. They were about as good at the end of that time as they had been at the beginning, and although some of the actors had left the company new ones were there to take their places. But these plays had gone out of style and there was absolutely no way of bringing the public in to see them. They can never, of course, be made popular again, whatever happens.

"This was also the fate of the French farces imported from Paris. They are as ingenious now in construction as they ever were and ought to be just as amusing. But they, too, have gone out of fashion. So have the burlesques of the English type imported by Lydia Thompson, the comic operas of the old conventional kind and English melodramas of the character once liked here.

"All these phases of theatrical performance lost their vogue. Of course, negro minstrelsy, after a certain time, also lost its novelty. The end of the thing had come. There was nothing more for the comedians to do and no new ones to do it. A few years ago the negro humor came back to the stage in a new form, in the cake walkers and real negro actors who suddenly became popular. But that was as near a revival of negro minstrelsy as there is likely to be.

"There may be something new that a manager will call negro minstrelsy, but it will not be in the least like the original thing. That has gone for good. And it went for the excellent reason that the public had had enough of it. It had its day like other kinds of amusement, and it is a fact of that business that nothing is ever revived to repeat its first success.

"I don't think that there is any particular cause for regret in the disappearance of negro minstrelsy, for it was not an especially high form of dramatic art. But it is always a surprise to me that so many persons who have the time to deplore the disappearance of negro minstrelsy never realize why it happened."

SOME PRIZE-RING PHILOSOPHY

CHUNKS OF IT WITH THE STORY OF M'CANN'S FIGHT.

The Old Pugilist's Golden Rule: "Remember the Punch That Put You Away, and the Next Time You See It Coming, Duck!"—The Easy Money of To-day and of the Past.

"I'm not complaining," said the old pugilist. "I had my day. It was a little longer than the average in this business, and I did save some of the dollars that came my way, though that wasn't the rule.

"So now I sit in the back row and feel contented most of the time. But when I read about the big fellows of the present shying at an offer of $40,000 for a few punches back and forth, I do regret these gray hairs.

"Easy money? We would have thought so twenty years ago. It would have been to the ringside on the run for ours. But what used to be a big dose of coin is now a small pill.

"We got little money that we didn't earn by taking and giving punches that meant black eyes, broken noses and tin ears. At that we were lucky if the lawyers didn't get the whole purse for keeping us out of jail for breaking the law as well as the other fellow's face.

"To be honest, though, once in a while—once in a great while—there was something doing on Easy street. Did I ever tell you about the time I went back to the old town where I was born? Well, it was almost a shame to take that money, but I'll confess, and that's more than some of the present-day fighters could do and keep out of jail.

"To begin with the first chapter, I broke away from home when I was a very small kid because there were lots of things I wanted to see. In seeing them I had to take and give plenty of hard knocks, and by the time I was 17 I knew how to take care of myself in a scrap and how to put the other fellow away if I could reach him.

"Then I got into the game for money. I didn't get the big end of it at first. Few of us do in this business or any other. But if a knockdown for the count don't break a man's nerve, he'll come back and get the goods some day.

"Remember the punch that put you away, and the next time you see it coming, duck!

"That was my golden rule, and I went to the head of the class. It's a good place to be. After you get a reputation life is softer. Swell clothes fit you, and you can wear diamonds without being suspected.

"When I got pretty far to the good, I decided to go back and see the old folks. I had the price of a fatted calf in every pocket, and the welcome was life size.

"The papers gave me as much space as they did the circus, and there was a handshaking bee on every corner when I went out for a walk. After a week of this I began to think of a few places I liked better, and I was ready to move along when I got an offer that looked too easy to be passed up.

"It's a poor town nowadays that hasn't got a saloon with a pugilist's name over the door, but in those days the scheme was new. A brewer fitted up the best place in town, stocked it and turned it over to me.

"But he kept a mortgage. And, of course, I sold only his beer. He was willing to let me make some money if he could make some at the same time. That was all right.

"Well, the moth and the flame scheme worked. The handshaking went on over the bar, and the money came in. All I did was to stand around and look pleasant, while the help stacked up the coin. A good many men would have been satisfied, but I wasn't.

"A respectable cat likes to catch her own mice.

"My muscles were getting rusty, so I fixed up a punching bag in the back room and gave a few exhibitions. Then I put in a small ring, and let some of the youngsters punch each other for the amusement of the crowd.

"Well, in a week that town was fight mad—not fighting mad. That came later. It was the worst case of sporting fever I ever saw.

"Sporting fever is a good deal worse than smallpox in some ways. It seldom kills a man, but it breaks a good many.

"The town was pretty tough in those days. There was the icehouse gang, the gas-house gang and the rollingmill gang, and several others that I have forgotten. The rivalry between them was about 100 in the shade.

"When their fights were transferred from the street corners and the back lots to the ring in my saloon the police were happy and the Coroner didn't have so much to do. I refereed all the goes, and when the scrappers got too free with the rules I put in a punch or two myself and straightened things out.

"A good referee has to know the rules; if he can illustrate them, so much the better.

"One night the rollingmill boys brought down a new one, and the way they flashed the limit of their pay envelopes tipped me off that they had been keeping the guy under cover for a killing. The gashouse crowd was feeling pretty strong on one of their own scrappers, and there was no trouble about getting them in the ring.

"The rollingmill man won in a walk, but he did it running. He went out of his corner at top speed, swinging both hands, and when one of them landed it was all over.

"Next night he whipped the icehouse champion the same way. After that I couldn't get anybody in town to meet him.

"Then I got my idea of picking up some easy money. One afternoon McCann came into the place.

" 'Would you like to put on the mitts with me?' I asked him.

" 'Sure,' he said, as cocky as if he was the real thing.

"I took him into the back room and locked the door. When I got through he had a black eye, a split lip, his nose was bleeding and he was hanging to the ropes to keep off the floor.

" 'Now, do you think you're a fighter?' I asked him.

" 'Sure,' he said, and he tried his best to stand up, but his legs were too wabbly.

" 'No, you're not,' said I, 'not yet. But I'll make a fighter of you.'

"I meant what I said then. He left the rolling mill and I paid him a salary to learn to box, which wasn't so generous as you might think offhand. I had my game like the brewer had the mortgage.

"The papers began to print pictures of McCann instead of me, but I didn't kick. They said I thought he would be a great fighter, and I didn't deny it. One of them hinted that he was making me hustle to hold my own in our practice bouts, which were all private. I didn't deny that either.

"If you don't tell all you know the other fellow will guess wrong sometimes.

"Then I wrote to New York and made a match for McCann. I picked out a third-rater, but one who had been long enough in the ring to make his name known. He was what we call a trial horse. A trial horse will win if he can, but if he can't he is tough enough to take a good beating, and is willing to take it twice a week for the small end of the purse.

"When I announced the purse I also announced that the fight would be held in the largest hall in the town, that the seats would be $2, $3 and $5, and that tickets were on sale at my place. The rush to get them promised success for me, and the town was sure that McCann couldn't lose.

"A man's friends can make a reputation for him before the fight, but he has to land the punch to keep it.

"The night of the fight came, and the hall was jammed. The money from the advance sale was in my safe and the money from the box office was in my pocket before I took McCann into the ring.

"When he crawled through the ropes he got a cheer that showed what the crowd thought of him. Varney, the New Yorker, was already in his corner. The referee, one of the best in the business, was on hand. He had been engaged as an evidence that everything was on the level.

"There are a few men in this business who are a guarantee of fair play and they're needed.

" 'Now, McCann,' I said as I was putting on his gloves, 'keep cool. If you remember one-tenth of the things I've told you and forget nine-tenths of what you learned at the rolling mill you'll win. But keep cool, whatever you do.'

" 'Sure,' said McCann.

"He did keep cool for one minute, while Varney was feeling him out. Then the New Yorker's left shot out straight and landed on McCann's nose.

"I knew what was coming, but I took a chance at safety play and shouted to him to keep cool. It was no use. The McCann blood was up, and it was the rollingmill style form his then.

"As Varney backed away McCann rushed, swinging his fists in the old way. The New Yorker stepped in cleverly and straightened him up with another jab on the nose, but he couldn't stop that rush if he had had on brass knuckles instead of four-ounce gloves.

"The second punch on the nose and the cheers of his friends had made a wild man of McCann. The two went bang against the ropes and through them into the laps of the people below, McCann on top. The house was up in the air, and my pull with the police was the only thing that stopped a raid.

"The fall either stunned McCann or sobered him some, I don't know which, but he allowed himself to be pulled up. Neither man was hurt. We got them back into the ring and called it an accident, though McCann might have been disqualified without any protest from me.

"That ended the first round, and during the one-minute rest the referee came over to our corner.

" 'Say,' he said to me, 'what kind of a wild Indian is this you're trying to push into the business. Do you want to make work for some undertaker friend of yours?

"I was too busy swearing at McCann just then to answer, and the bell rang for the second. It didn't last as long as the first.

"Another tap on the nose, another rush, and this time McCann picked up the New Yorker in his arms and tossed him over the ropes. It was all to the good as an exhibition of strength, but it didn't go under the rules laid down by a certain Marquis, and the referee gave the fight to the New Yorker. The crowd was so thick around the ring that Varney had landed on their heads and wasn't hurt.

"Of course, there was howl at the decision. The crowd had paid to see a fight, and they had seen about four minutes of rough-house. But it was easy money for me. Varney got $300, the referee got $100, the other expenses were about $300, and I got $2,300.

"McCann? Well, he got over his desire to be a ring fighter. I left town the next day, and I don't think the town was sorry.

"The public isn't always a good referee."

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CANTOR'S NOW A FISHERMAN.

Borough President Tries Trouting—Catches 29 and Loses Never a Fish.

Borough President Jacob A. Cantor caught twenty-nine trout during a recent afternoon, which is a feat any man may be proud of. He caught them with flies on a nine-foot rod that weighed six ounces, and, marvellous to relate of one unaccustomed to the sport, he did not lose a single fish; so Mr. Cantor won a reputation among men who know what skilful fly casting is. It happened in this way:

The Board of Estimate had finished its labors over the budget and the Board of Aldermen gave promise of doing nothing for several days except those things appertaining to individual benefit which is something the members can do very well without assistance. Mr. Cantor sat in his office looking at the tops of the budding trees in the park and visions of the country passed before him. Kit Clarke, fisherman and writer, came in.

"They are catching tubs of trout at Canadensis," said Clarke. "Just had a letter from a friend and I'm going up. Won't you come along?"

A smile passed over Mr. Cantor's face.

"When do you go?" he asked.

"Two o'clock to-morrow afternoon."

"Is there an earlier train?"

"Yes, there's one at 8 o'clock, but don't take that one, it's too early."

Ten minutes later Mr. Cantor was in a Broadway store buying a rod and fishing tackle. At 11:40 the next morning he climbed off a D., L. & W. train at Cresco station and began a drive of four miles to Spruce Cabin Inn.

Once in the valley of Canadensis, which is sheltered by ridges of the Pocono mountains, brooks were seen everywhere. They gurgled down the mountain sides and went southward, singing. Here and there they were clad in foam. Then their dress was a deep green, and again it was a placid brown. But whatever garment they wore they coaxed, with all the arts of a woman, the eager fisherman.

The Borough President could hardly wait for dinner. Early in the afternoon he was plodding over a forest road with hip boots, a wicker creel swinging from his shoulder and his rod nodding and bending before him. Down a stream he walked with the care of a man moving in a house of death. His leader was garnished with a Seth Green and a Queen and these he tossed in the riffles and drew them, with little jerky motions, across the breasts of quiet pools. But there were no rises.

Mr. Cantor dipped his fingers in the stream and found it cold. He sat down on a log and replaced the Queen with a coachman, a more sombre fly. Then down the stream he moved again. Nesting birds chattered on every side. Occasionally a gray squirrel ran up a tree and sitting on a branch chattered like a village gossip and told things about all of the other woodland creatures. It was splendid, but, said the new fisherman to himself:

"If I could only get a good strike now I'd——"

The surface of the pool was broken and a magnificent trout lunged upward and fell upon the Seth Green. Then the reel began to spin and the holder was filled with joy and fear. Every nerve in his body was thrilling with the dread that the beautiful victim would escape. The surface of the pool quivered with the struggle. Many times the fish was brought gently to the top, only to jump into the air, shake his head savagely and dart away again.

But at last he gave up the fight and was lifted tenderly out and laid upon a little knoll of moss. He was nine inches long and was as fine a specimen of the brook trout as ever was seen. Mr. Cantor says so.

That one catch made an angler of him. He had stepped into the brook a bit sceptical about the much-vaunted fighting qualities of the brook trout. That one fish convinced him that its praises had been poorly sung. When he got back to his desk in the City Hall on Monday there was a red glow on his cheeks that soon faded to a rich brown. Pretty soon he hopes to step into a mountain brook again and steal softly down its windings, luring to his reel the most beautiful and most plucky fish that nature nurses.

EAST SIDE'S MUSIC HUNGER.

MISSION WORK OF THE SCHOOL INTENDED TO SATISFY IT.

Music Lessons Are Given to Children at Very Low Rates—Good Accomplished Thereby—Children With Talent—Love of Music on the East Side.

There are advantages in living on the lower East Side of the town. For instance, violin and piano lessons may now be had over there from good teachers for 50 cents an hour and 25 cents a half hour, or if it is impossible to spend so large a sum as a quarter, a twelve-minute lesson is given for a dime.

This interesting fact was brought out the other day in a Madison avenue drawing room, where some of the people who help to support grand opera in this city were entertained for nearly two hours by a dozen or more pupils from a music school on the East Side—small performers, with unpronounceable names and born of Russian and Polish parents. Several well-known musicians were present, including Walter Damrosch and David Mannes.

Many of the women present aided in establishing the music school more than two years ago, and they were beaming with satisfaction at the result. They felt that to them belonged the glory of starting a music school unique in a way—a school to meet the needs of a dense East Side, foreign-born population, hungry for music, as it is sometimes, oftentimes, hungry for bread.

"How did your boy become a drunkard?" a poor German widow was asked not long ago by Mr. Hunter, head worker at the University Settlement. The reply was:

"My poor boy always loved music—loved it so well even when a child that he spent every spare moment in the saloons and dance halls or in any dive where there was a piano. In that way he learned to love liquor."

To-day there are many pianos in the tenement districts other than those found in the saloons and dance halls, and according to the projectors of the music school the number will go on increasing. Students of sociology declare that the evangelizing methods of fifty years ago won't answer to-day, especially for certain quarters of New York and that in many cases music brings about better results than tracts, Bibles and sermons.

Some, indeed, go so far as to say that a violin when put into the hand of a child who craves it will do more good to the child, his family and his neighbors than a shelf full of good books minus the violin. This declaration of course, they admit, applies more particularly to the foreign quarter known as the lower East Side, which is teeming with Russians, Poles, Austrians, Germans, Italians, representatives, in fact, of all the music-loving nations.

The music school workers say that they found this fact out for themselves long ago. The Russian, or the Pole, or the German of Delancy street and its neighborhood is, they affirm, peculiarly susceptible to music and not at all particular as to its quality. The hurdy-gurdy and the hand organ constitute the orchestra he knows best and one that he never fails to welcome with acclaim.

Wan faces brighten at its coming, quarrelsome voices soften, the babies laugh, the little ones dance. Young and old pour into the street or hang out of the windows, the poorest recklessly showering cents to prolong the entertainment. And when the musician moves along he always leaves an audience the better for his coming.

The aim of the music school which was started in the University Settlement building and now has temporary quarters at 95 Rivington street prior to soon taking possession of a building next to the University Settlement headquarters, is primarily to give these people music in their homes by teaching their children and to fit the children gifted with musical talent, as many of them are, to teach others.

"Already our labors are bearing fruit," said one of the school workers. "The emulation in this neighborhood to get a second-hand piano on the installment plan is quite astonishing and in some cases the advent of a piano on these terms in a tenement has resulted in awakening ambition, stimulating endeavor and keeping the man of the family and his spare nickels out of the saloon.

"Oh for a Carnegie!" she cried, "who would build us, not a free library, but a free music school, or who would give what would answer almost as well, a few dozen free scholarships every year. A scholarship, you know, costs only $60."

The present number of pupils taught at the school is 140, the daily attendance is about sixty, because no more can be properly taken care of, and there is a waiting list of nearly two hundred. The children range in age from 5 to 16 years.

The maximum charge for lessons is 50 cents an hour, and many lessons are given free to children who are too poor to pay, but who show an undoubted talent for music. Some pupils are allowed to practice free at the school, although a fee of four or five cents a half-hour for the privilege is the rule.

Only children who show eagerness and aptness to learn are kept on the rolls, for the reason that the aim of the teachers is to do the greatest good to the greatest number, and they do not want even a lesson to be wasted. Indeed, were it not that the staff of helpers includes thirteen teachers who give their services, the work of the school would have to be curtailed for lack of money.

A special feature of the school is the teaching of harmony to children almost as soon as they can read the notes. In other words, harmony is not made a separate study, optional with the pupil. In the choice of piano or of violin lessons candidates are allowed to follow their own bent, and, indeed, they generally present themselves, so the teachers declare, with their minds unalterably made up on that point.

Instead of looking upon practising as a drudgery—and this is one of the most surprising features of the work—these poor children anticipate it with a delight which would be quite mystifying to some other youthful piano players. For example, one little girl, aged 7, but scarcely as large as the average child of 5, who is learning to play the piano, will practise three hours at a stretch if not driven away. There is no piano in her home, therefore she haunts the school, and as she is looked upon as something of a prodigy, she is seldom turned away.

What is stranger still, this youthful artist is generally accompanied of an afternoon by two younger children, a brother and a sister, the older of whom is not yet 5, and for one or two hours, as the case may be, the two mites sit contentedly hand in hand on a hard wooden bench, listening apparently with rapture to the strumming of their elder.

"They are never known to murmur," says Miss Wagner, who is in charge of the school, "but, on the contrary, seem to get unfailing enjoyment out of the performance."

Clara—that is her name—began her lessons when she was 5 years old, and now she is studying harmony and ensemble work, never missing a chance to play with the orchestra of a dozen children, which is drilled once a month by Mr. Mannes.

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8,000 PHYSICIANS.
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STORIES OF GEN. EARLY.

Picturesque Ways—Why He Feared Death—Never Doffed Confederate Gray.

LYNCHBURG, Va., May 10.—Stories concerning the late Gen. Jubal A. Early are plentiful in this city, where for more than a quarter of a century he made his home.

He was a bachelor and for many years lived in a suite of rooms in a business block which he owned, attended by a negro known as Old Charles to every man, woman and child here. Charles died a few years ago and the arrangements for his funeral were made by Gen. Early. White friends of Gen. Early acted as pallbearers and the burial was made in the white cemetery. The services were conducted by a white minister. Not a negro was in attendance.

Gen. Early had such an antipathy for negroes that he would not allow Charles to drink in saloons kept by negroes or in which other negroes were allowed to drink. He always kept his servant well supplied with money, but told him he must drink where "gentlemen were served."

"Charles," the General is said to have remarked on several occasions, "if ever I hear of your drinking at a negro saloon or where negroes get drinks I will kill you, blank you."

Old Charles had a good deal of humor in his make-up. Once he found in the street a small brass medal with the head of Gen. Grant on one side. As an experiment he took it up to Gen. Early and asked him what he thought the thing was and whose likeness it bore.

The General eyed the medal closely, saying it was difficult to tell whom it resembled. Then he began to get red in the face and Charles started to edge toward the door.

"Can't tell you, Charles, who it is. Just hand me my stick, there, Charles," said Gen. Early, arising.

Charles gave him the stick and dashed out of the door just as the cane struck the frame. Charles found the medal in the ashes in the fireplace a day or two later.

A niece of Gen. Early married an officer of the United States Army several years ago, and among the first invitations sent out was one to the General. It was received with about the same composure that a mad bull shows when he sees a red flag. If he ever again spoke to this niece no one here recalls it.

Several years after the war Gen. Early wrote an article on some battle in which he had taken part, and Gen. William Mahone took exception to some of his statements. An acrimonious correspondence ensued, winding up with a challenge from Gen. Early to fight a duel. He proposed that they should go into a room, lock the door, throw the key out of the window and let the door be opened the next day. Some one taunted Gen. Early about his proposition, saying that he did not believe that Gen. Early was in earnest in wanting to fight Gen. Mahone.

"Well, let him accept," was his reply. "I prefer to have a room where we will not be bothered. Shotguns, double-barrelled, loaded to the muzzle, with a table dividing us, is the choice of weapons I suggested."

Those who knew the General say there is not the least doubt that he meant exactly what he said.

Gen. Early was a close friend of the late Charles W. Button, for years editor of the *Lynchburg Virginian*. Mr. Button was a man of deep religious convictions, and was never known to use an oath.

He often talked with Gen. Early upon religious matters. Gen. Early listened with profound attention, but it was evident that what was said made no impression upon him. After Mr. Button had been arguing with the General one day in the summer while seated in the editorial rooms, Gen. Early turned to Mr. Button and said:

"Charles, I have only one fear at dying. I know that I am not a Christian, but there is something worse than death."

Mr. Button slowly asked the General what he meant. Gen. Early began to straighten himself up and called Mr. Button to a window.

"See that," he said, pointing at a poet going down the street. "The only reason that I have to fear death is that that—poet will write some graveyard poetry about me."

On one occasion an old Confederate soldier applied to Gen. Early for assistance in a pecuniary way. The old General recognized the man as a soldier who had belonged to his command, and began to ply him with questions, all of which the applicant answered promptly, and, as he believed, to the satisfaction of the General.

"Now, William," said Gen. Early at last, "I want to ask you a final question. Is it true that you have become a Republican, and have taken the stump in the support of the so-called principles of that party? Tell me the truth."

The man looked Gen. Early in the eye for a moment and replied that he was a Republican, and had always been one—even when serving under him in the army. He assured the General that he had not changed a particle.

"That is a blank lie," was the opening remark of the General in rejoinder. "Any Confederate soldier who served under me can get a part of the last crust I possess, on one condition. If he was a good soldier, he was opposed to everything the Republican party ever advocated. No man who fought with me will ever go hungry. But you either surrendered before or after the war, and I will see you so deep in hell before I will ever give you a cent that you would not reach the bottom under six thousand years. Get out of here, and if you ever speak to me again there will be trouble. I will shoot you if ever you dare come into my presence. Now, get."

Gen. Early never doffed the Confederate gray. He wore it winter and summer. His hat was a big white slouch of the finest texture. His beard was snowy white, and he was a familiar figure on the streets at all times.

TIMBER IN CHINA.

Largely Denuded of Trees Though Naturally Rich in Them.

Consul Miller writes from China that he believes the future demand for Pacific coast lumber in that country will be both large and permanent. All who read books descriptive of China are impressed with the fact that in that country, where every acre that will produce food is needed for that purpose, most of the land has been cleared of trees to make room for more farms and gardens. East China is nearly denuded. Consul Miller says that for more than 1,000 miles up the great valley of the Yangtse there is practically no timber in sight. Plains, hills and mountains are absolutely bare of forests except where, here and there, a few trees have been carefully preserved. Some timber is found on the Min River south of the Yangtse, but it is mostly a young growth of poor pine. North of the great river there is very little timber. The west of China contains many forests, which as yet have not been utilized to any large extent.

A great majority of the houses are built of mud and bricks, while in south China a large amount of bamboo is used. More wood is consumed for coffins than in any other way. It is estimated that over 8,000,000,000 feet of lumber from four to ten inches thick are annually made into coffins. The next largest use for lumber is for boats. No other country begins to have so many boats, for the vast coast line, the rivers and canals teem with large and small craft, which are said to number some millions.

A considerable quantity of timber is brought into China from Corea by Chinese junks which sail along the coast and up the rivers. Most of it consists of fir and soft pine logs. Japan also supplies China with a large amount of timber. Enormous quantities of wooden buckets and small wooden tubs are used in every district of China. The country in proportion to population has smaller timber resources than any other land in the world outside of the polar regions and as the demand for timber increases, particularly with the building of railroads, which will need to import large quantities of ties, there would seem to be an excellent future for our Pacific Coast in supplying China with the important commodity it lacks.

MAKES DYSPEPTICS

PHYSICAL AND MENTAL WRECKS

That the use of so-called digestive ferments as a cure for dyspepsia has made thousands of men and women total wrecks mentally and physically, is shown by the medical and the daily press, deaths and suicides from dyspepsia being announced in almost every issue.

The cause of this is very easily understood when you know that pepsin, pancreatin and other drugs of which all dyspepsia cures are composed, **do not** and **cannot** digest food in the stomach, but, instead, decompose and convert it into a putrid mass.

This decomposition of food relieves the diseased stomach from the trouble of digesting it, but decomposition destroys all the life-giving properties of food. The muscles receive no strength, the brain and nerves no nourishment, the stomach, bowels, kidneys and liver become poisoned and the result is death.

Flatulency, gastritis, indigestion, and pain are only symptoms of diseased digestive organs and not diseases themselves. To relieve these symptoms with so-called digestive ferments only endangers your life. The diseased organs themselves **must be restored to health** before a permanent cure can be effected.

Just at present there is but one remedy known (MI-O-NA) that does not contain digestive ferments or that does not act upon the food at all.

MI-O-NA heals and cures the digestive organs themselves and when these are in perfect condition they digest the food properly and extract from it all the nourishment which is required to make pure blood, solid flesh, strong muscles, steady nerves and an active brain.

By taking one tablet after each meal for a few days all symptoms of the disease will disappear.

MI-O-NA is sold by
HEGEMAN & CO., 196 Broadway.
J. MILHAU'S SON, 183 Broadway.
WILLIAM WILSON, 152 Broadway, Wall and Broadway, Forty-second and Broadway.
WILLIAM B. RIKER & SON CO., 373 Sixth Ave.
A. L. GOLDWATER, 2671 Third Ave., 236 Willis Ave., 582 Willis Ave.
BOLTON DRUG CO., 264 to 270 Fulton St., 456 Fulton St., 273 to 275 Flatbush Ave., 227 Columbia St., Summer Ave. and Putnam, Brooklyn.
R. BURKHARDT, 1241 Broadway, Brooklyn.
KALISH PHARMACY, 23d St. and Fourth Ave.

MILK IS SOLD TOO CHEAPLY.

VIEW OF AN EXPERT IN HYGIENE WITH FIGURES TO BACK IT.

Farmer's Profit Five or Six Cents a Cow for Each Day and Out of That How Is He to Provide Ice in Summer to Keep the Milk Cool?—The Bacteria in Milk.

In his article on "The Problem of a Pure Milk Supply" in the May *Forum*, Dr. H. D. Chapin presents a number of facts in regard to this article of food which are of public interest and which he hopes will tend to awaken people to the study of a subject which is of no little importance. That there is danger in milk that is not put on the market under the proper conditions he does not deny. In fact he says that within a few years no less than fifty typhoid fever epidemics have been traced directly to milk. Scarlet fever and diptheria likewise have been transmitted from milk. In summer the high death rate from intestinal diseases among infants is largely due to the effect of improperly prepared milk.

One reason why so much of the milk supply is impure, Dr. Chapin says, is because it is sold at too small a price. A high authority has calculated that it takes one and six-tenths cents worth of food to produce a quart of milk, and the best cow will only produce under the most favorable circumstances, about eleven quarts of milk a day.

With milk retailing in New York at from three and a half to five cents a quart in the grocery stores, the farmer receives from one and eight-tenths to two and a quarter cents a quart for it, giving him a profit of a fraction of a cent a quart or five or six cents a day for each cow.

According to Dr. Chapin, the chief danger of contracting disease from milk comes from uncleanliness in the care of the cow and failure to keep the milk sufficiently cool. Milk should be kept at a temperature of about 45 degrees, and in warm weather this is impossible without ice. With a profit of only a fraction of a cent a quart, it is obvious that the farmer has no margin on which to do this, to say nothing of the extra care and attention essential to keeping his cow in proper condition. This is not a matter that can be reached by legislation, and Dr. Chapin argues that the only way to reach it is for people to pay a fair price for their milk.

More than 200 different kinds of bacteria have been found in milk. In the popular mind the mere mention of bacteria suggests disease. The mere presence of bacteria in milk, however, is no sign that it is unwholesome. The majority of the bacteria in milk are not only harmless, but of great value in practical dairying. The delicate flavor of new butter and fine cheese is due to bacteria growing in the milk. It is not the mere number of bacteria in milk, it is their character which is important.

The harmful bacteria found in milk are roughly divided into two kinds—the putrefactine and the pathogenic, or disease-producing. The putrefactine bacteria are the result of dirt and various kinds of filth coming in contact with the milk. The disease-breeding bacteria do not usually come from the cow, but through secondary contamination. The milker himself may convey it or the water used in washing the dairy utensils may come from a polluted well or stream.

When the milk is kept at body temperature the bacteria grow with great rapidity. In six hours every single germ may produce 3,800 more. If the milk is rapidly cooled to below 45 degrees Fahrenheit the growth of bacteria is hardly perceptible; hence it may be noticed that in summer fresh milk, improperly handled, sours in a few hours while in winter it will keep for days. Of the many kinds of bacteria getting into milk, the conditions are generally most favorable for the growth of the varieties which cause souring, and these tend to kill off the other kinds. As to the milk brought here, Dr. Chapin says:

"In a city like New York, which uses in the borough of Manhattan and The Bronx, 1,250,000 quarts daily, the milk business is chiefly divided into two branches, one branch selling as cheaply as possible in bulk to restaurants, grocery stores &c., and the other selling direct to families.

"The dealers who sell in bulk, at wholesale, take from any source any milk that will pass the legal limit, namely, 3 per cent. fat and 12 per cent. solids; while the dealers with a family trade usually have bottling stations out in the country, where they buy their milk from the farmers, bottle it and pack it in ice before shipping to the city.

"This milk is good, a great deal of it being all that could be desired, and, in fact, much better than the supply of many villages and some cities. These milk dealers pay from three to four cents a quart to the farmers, who can take care of their stables and cows and make a living at these prices."

In conclusion Dr. Chapin says that while many people are frightened by alarmist reports into giving up a nutritious and valuable food, yet all that is needed is public education as to the value of good food and willingness to pay for it. Honest and conscientious producers will thus be encouraged to supply the best article