

DO WE ABUSE OUR HUSBANDS?

MRS. HILLIS'S TALK THAT STIRRED UP THE SUFFRAGETTES.

Had No Intention to Offend Them, but Holds to What She Said—Old Time Helpmate and Wife of To-day—Are We Becoming a Nation of Widows?

Mrs. Newell Dwight Hillis, wife of the pastor of Plymouth Church in Brooklyn, made an address before the Emma Willard Association the other day which stirred up the suffragettes. Mrs. Hillis said that the women of this country are in the habit of sending their husbands out to slave and struggle while they sit at home as parasites in silk. It seemed to Mrs. Hillis that we are becoming a nation of widows so far as the women are concerned.

Mrs. Hillis said yesterday that she had no intention of offending the suffragettes, but she was positive that everything she had told the Emma Willards was true. Mrs. Hillis thought it was about time that the women of the United States woke up to the fact that they weren't doing their duty by their husbands or their families.

"The unprecedented advance both in material prosperity and in mechanical inventions has revolutionized the status of women as house workers and home builders," said Mrs. Hillis. "When there were no sewing machines or ready made clothing or prepared breakfast foods or gas stoves or ovens or bakeries, women had to stay at home and do a large part of the house work, cooking and sewing with their own hands. There were no kindergartens, and children—for there were children in American families in those days—had to be taken care of and taught by their own mothers. Girls learned how to sew and to do housework."

Now all this is changed. It is as cheap and much easier to buy ready made clothing as to make it at home, and the long quiet hours when mother and daughter sat together uninterrupted by telephones have passed away. There is nothing in our modern life that can make up to our daughters for the loss of those quiet hours. I little wonder that American girls are high strung and nervous and afraid frequently on the verge of hysteria.

She is a rare woman in these days who knows how to cook well enough to be willing to risk the humiliation of family criticism. Women telephone for things nowadays. They do not go to their own house in becoming rarer and rarer, and yet it has always been regarded as one of the bulwarks of our national character. American women have never before existed in the history of the world women who had such freedom and responsibility as the American women.

A few privileged people belonging to the nobility of England, or living during the old regime in France, attained a luxury and social position, but never has the great middle class, to which most of us women belong, if we will confess it, been in the possession of such abundance with so little demand for personal return as have our American women. It is not true of the men. Intense competition has made their life harder. The widow is terribly in evidence in our cities. It is an anomaly that there should be such an uneven division of labor and responsibility. It is anomalous that the clerical class should be so much in evidence in these practical matters. It is a question as to whether it is the old basis of chivalry was frailty and dependence. The spirit of protection sprang up because women needed protection. She is self-reliant and self-sufficient. The six foot captain of the basketball team laughs outright at the slender youth who would protect her. The business woman can even her own living and would be beholden to no one. If there is more or less of the masculine in this, it is a question as to whether it recognizes and treats it as such? The attitude of our women is unprecedented.

"Should women undertake to share men's business responsibilities? Not at all. The competition only increases his difficulties. Shall we go back to home made clothing and simpler living? We cannot. The men wouldn't have it. It is for women to find their way and fall into it. There are national movements—religious, charitable and the like—in which women may do fine work quietly. The club idea has been overdone. Some one recently proposed a club which should represent the organization of more women's clubs. Certainly the woman who is a member of a dozen of our clubs is indulging in club intoxication and should have a retreat provided for her.

"But the club woman is more to be desired than the woman who reads and luxuriates in degenerated into idleness and display. The woman who can find no better use for her wealth than to carry it about on her back. It is for the woman who is bored by staying at home, by serious study, or by hearing of the loss and the burden of the other half. She must be able to keep her mouth shut, and the American husband pays the bill. She is too numerous. It seems unfair.

"Here is a suggestion for women's work. Every year sees increasing care—intelligent, thoughtful care—bestowed upon unfortunate human beings. This work is peculiarly fitting for women. The tenderest, the sympathy and the tact for which she is credited, in that measure she is qualified for this delicate work. Our country is a definite part of our life work women who come in time to make some proper return to the State for the good they are receiving, and they would do a great deal toward making man's lot easier."

NO WEDDING.

Instead of That, Arrest for Prospective Bridegroom With Violent Threats.

Harry Schwartz and Molly Chasen were to have been married last night. Instead Molly had Harry arrested and called the wedding off. Schwartz lives at 138 Monroe street and Miss Chasen lives at 134 1/2. Last August they became engaged and three weeks ago invitations for a large wedding were issued.

At about 5 o'clock yesterday morning Schwartz called upon his fiancée, but was told that he would have to wait until a more respectable hour, so he sat down on the doorstep and waited until noon when Miss Chasen told him she said "Harry, you are a faker. You're not on the level and you can send out postal cards and tell everybody that I'm not going to marry you." Whereupon Schwartz went away.

He returned later in the day and met Miss Chasen's brother. He told him that he had been arrested and had thrown carbolic acid in the girl's face if she talked like that. The brother was frightened and so was his sister when she heard that he had thrown carbolic acid in his sister's face. The police found a bottle of acid in his coat pocket.

In the night court Magistrate Krotel said Schwartz must furnish a bond of \$100 to assure his good behavior during the next six months. He couldn't do that last night so he was locked up.

Carmen Melis in "Tosca" Again.

An extra performance of "Tosca," as sung last Friday night with Mme. Carmen Melis in the title role, will be given at the Manhattan Opera House next Thursday evening.

Wearing Pearls All Night

Because it has been said that pearls are benefited by being worn, it is not a warrant for wearing a pearl necklace about the throat all day and all night as some people do at present. It is true that pearls may be injured by being locked in a safe for years without ever being worn at all, but the advice "Wear your pearls" does not mean wear them continuously. The ordinary use of a pearl necklace for all occasions when pearls are appropriate will not harm them, but ceaseless contact with the skin night and day will result in injury to the pearls.

Marcus & Co. will be glad to give advice upon the proper care and preservation of pearls.

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WEDS GIRL HIS RIVAL SUEDE. Defeated Aspirant for Her Hand Wants \$20,000 for Breach of Promise.

NEWBURGH, Mass., Nov. 28.—Miss Orthilia Wales Knapp, one of the richest and most beautiful young women of this city, who was made the defendant in a breach of promise suit brought by Howard E. Smith, a former Dartmouth athlete, is the bride of James J. Healy, also an athlete and for many years a rival of Smith.

Healy and Miss Knapp were married in Montreal on June 17. The wedding secret was revealed to-day by a mutual friend, who had given his word not to tell it until five months after the wedding.

Relatives of the couple say the marriage had their sanction. The present Mrs. Healy about a year ago was sued by Jake Smith for \$20,000 heart balm. He declared she had broken her promise to marry him, and that she had led to do this by her people, who objected to him because he was poor.

Smith and Healy went to college, the former to Dartmouth and the latter to Yale. Both won fame as track athletes. Smith captained the Dartmouth track team of 1905. Healy developed into a hurdler and sprinter. Throughout his course at Dartmouth Smith often visited Miss Knapp at her home in Newburyport. About two years ago, however, the romance struck a serious snag. Capt. James O. Knapp, the girl's father, who amassed a fortune in the shipping business, raised objections to Smith's suit. He declared, it is said, that he did not favor Smith because he would not settle down in some steady line of employment. Healy sought revenge through the courts. He filed a suit for damages, which has not yet been settled.

Healy, following the lifting of his rival, became a frequent caller at the Knapp home. Shortly after the bringing of the suit an announcement was made of the engagement of the Yale man and the girl. Healy, after notifying their parents, left this city on June 18 last and went to Montreal, where they were married the next day. Harry Sayward, according to the young man's story, at one time, was best man, and Mrs. Sayward attended the bride.

THE CHRISTYS MAY MAKE UP.

Friends Seek to Bring About a Reconciliation, and Christy is Willing.

ZANESVILLE, Ohio, Nov. 28.—Mrs. Christy is making a fool of herself through the newspapers. I wish she would say nothing to them, for she will only get against her. Personally I don't care three whoops what my wife says or does. But I want her to act at least fairly to herself when she talks to the press and that is what she is certainly not doing.

Asked if he would either appeal to her or consent to a reconciliation, Mr. Christy said that that rested entirely with Mrs. Christy. "I will make a reconciliation if she wants it," he said. "I love her and I know that she loves me, and the only difference of any magnitude between us is her family which has made it always unbearable for me. She listens to them and not to me. However, my attorneys have told me to keep my mouth shut and I expect I had better follow their advice." Whereupon the artist said nothing more.

FIVE PRIESTS TO CELEBRATE.

Brooklyn Clergy Who Will Reach the 25th Ordination Anniversary on Dec. 20.

Five Brooklyn priests will celebrate on the same date, Monday, December 20, the twenty-fifth anniversary of their ordination. Already preparations are under way for fitting recognition of the silver jubilee. All these priests are natives of the Emerald Isle or of Irish descent. This discovery led a prominent Catholic layman of the diocese to make a suggestion for suitable gifts to them. He said: "Go to the Sub-Treasury in Wall street and get a brand new twenty dollar gold piece and five bright green crisp new one dollar bills. The glistening gold in the sunburst and of the fifty, and in the bright green of the bills there will gleam the color which, with the gold, will complete the color scheme shown in the banner carrying the inscription Erin go bragh."

The five priests who are to have their silver jubilee are the Rev. John O'Hara, pastor of St. Matthew's Church, in Utica avenue; the Rev. James McAteer, pastor of Our Lady of Mercy Church, Schermerhorn street; the Rev. Charles H. O'Dougherty, associate pastor of St. Ambrose Church, 46th and Tompkins avenues; the Rev. M. J. Tierney, pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Windsor terrace; and the Rev. John Fitzgerald, pastor of St. Stephen's Church, in Hilda street.

Among the passengers by the White Star liner Baltic, in yesterday from Liverpool and Queenstown, were Lady Evans, who is the widow of Sir Francis H. Evans and who will spend the Christmas holidays with her son, Jocelyn Evans, in this city; Dr. and Mrs. G. E. Bruere, R. A. Roberts, an actor who plays many parts and brings thirteen tons of scenery, according to the press agent; Frederick McClinton, Mr. and Mrs. Lashwood, Mrs. H. T. Noyes and J. G. Falls.

Arrivals by the French liner La Touraine, from Havre: Don Alejandro Huguette, Count de Colmar, who is bringing her son here to finish his education, and Boyd Wells, pianist.

NEW MUSIC BY A RUSSIAN

NOTHING REVOLUTIONARY IN WORK BY RACHMANINOFF.

But His Third Piano Concerto, as Played by the Composer With the New York Symphony Orchestra, Succeeds Because of Its Real Sincerity.

The latest European composer to entrust to an American conductor and orchestra the launching of an important musical work upon the uncertain tides of public appreciation is Sergei Rachmaninoff. This Russian visitor chose yesterday afternoon's concert of the New York Symphony Society, under Walter Damrosch's direction, for the initial performance of his third concerto for piano, and he played the solo part himself.

The large audience at the New Theatre, which had already listened to Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, and was afterward to hear two shorter pieces of orchestral music, received the concerto with attention and when it was finished there was hearty applause, which persisted until the composer had come forward half a dozen times to bow his thanks and gratification. Perhaps some auditors wanted to hear Mr. Rachmaninoff play his popular prelude in C sharp minor, but he did not do so. It was evident, however, that after making allowance for the ingratiating influence of the composer's personality, there was genuine interest in this new music.

Perhaps the chief factor in this interest was the obvious sincerity and expressiveness of what Mr. Rachmaninoff had to say in the score. The concerto was too long and it lacked rhythmic and harmonic contrast between the two themes of the first movement and between this opening allegro and the second movement, all of which the composer has called an intermezzo. But in spite of these conditions and of the absence of digital display for its own sake, which usually wins easy and not very valuable applause, there was an influential quality in the work. Its opening theme, in D minor, tinged with melancholy of the sort typical in late years of a good deal of Russian music. This is the melancholy of inactivity, of what may be resignation or submission or distrust of one's own powers, and it does not rise, as did Tchaikowsky's, to the pitch of surging passion or high tragedy.

The present day composers have been charged before now with failing to reflect in their music the depth of the national feeling under the stress of recurrent periods of political and social unrest. Rachmaninoff has been looked to among the younger men as likeliest after Glazounoff to attain a broad nationalism of idea and expression. He has not done so in this concerto unless the outside world is laboring under a delusion as to what real Russia is. He has avoided, on the other hand, the artificial elevation of officialdom despite his recent elevation to an important post in the musical department of what is equivalent in St. Petersburg to a national bureau of the fine arts.

The new concerto then may be taken as a purely personal utterance of the composer, and it has at times the character of an impromptu, so unstudied and informal is its musical speech and so prone to repetition. Rachmaninoff writes in modern orchestral language and has been influenced, naturally enough, by Tchaikowsky, but he is not an extremist. His themes are clearly marked and are based upon harmonic progressions that have been generally accepted. The D minor melodic idea, to which reference has been made, is subjected to intelligent development, and so is his Russian folk theme. In this first movement there is a long passage for piano alone, interrupted feebly by a phrase of woodwind, which is a bold and a really vigorous flourish that strikes a note of breadth and power.

The same mood of honesty and simplicity and the single pursuit of musical beauty, without desire to baffle or astonish, dominated Mr. Rachmaninoff's playing. The orchestra here is unable to reach the touch that holds the creative and his execution was sufficiently facile to meet his intent. The joyous melody played, completed the afternoon's doings.

It is pleasant to record the marked improvement of the acoustic conditions, produced by boxing in the stage with tight walls and a ceiling, which sent the tone out into the auditorium instead of allowing it to be lost in the files.

NEWS OF PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Five More Performances of "Antony and Cleopatra"—Harry Lauder to Travel.

Only five more performances of "Antony and Cleopatra" will be given at the New Theatre. The first of these will be at special matinees. The regular dates are Thursday afternoon, December 2; Friday evening, December 3; Tuesday afternoon, December 7; Monday afternoon, December 13, and Monday evening, December 13. The extra matinees come on Tuesday, December 7, and Monday, December 13. "The Nigger," Edward Sheldon's new play, will have its first performance of "The School for Scandal" announced for Thursday evening, December 16.

Florence Roberts will begin rehearsals this week in preparation for a tour which will take her as far west as the Pacific coast. The three plays in which she will appear are "The Transformation," a new drama by Rupert Hughes, "The Nigger," by Martha Morton, and "The School for Scandal," by F. A. G. Fagin. If "The Transformation" proves successful Miss Roberts will use it for her spring season at a Shubert theatre in December. Under the Messrs. Shubert have engaged Marguerite Clark and Robert Dempster for "The King of Adonia." Miss Clark will appear as the Princess and Mr. Dempster as the King.

A tour for Harry Lauder as far west as the Pacific coast has been arranged. From the West End Theatre in this city he will go to Philadelphia, Buffalo, Toronto, Rochester, Syracuse and Albany. He will be seen in the theatres of William Morris and the Shuberts and in convention halls.

George Lashwood, an English vaudeville entertainer, arrived in New York yesterday and will appear at the Plaza Music Hall on December 6 under the management of William Morris. Lashwood tells stories and sings songs. He is a very droll person, which leads the manager to remark: "While King Edward is considered to be the monitor of fashion in Europe he has on several occasions copied Lashwood's ideas."

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

The wife of a Jerseyman was advertising for a serving maid. The Jerseyman is an editor and his wife has learned the habit of cutting out unnecessary words. This is the way the advertisement read: "Wanted, a white, semi-green maid-servant."

"Splitting a five dollar bill with a waiter when you reach a hotel and promising him the other piece when you leave if well served is a poor game," said a veteran waiter in one of New York's hotels who read it in THE SUN. "A Western man tried it on me once and it made me sore. I took pains to serve him poorly, showing that I did not care whether he was or not. I refused to give him the other half. I had him sized up for a cheap skate, so I pointed out to him that the piece he had was no good. He said he would buy it from me for \$2. He thought deeply a minute and declined. Then I offered to sell my half for \$3. Somehow or other this happened to him and he bought it for \$2.50. I'll bet he hasn't stopped figuring out yet whether he won or lost. One thing he's sure of, he didn't tip the waiter."

The family doctor is disappearing so rapidly that one might think he would be sensitive about it. But that he can still joke about the preponderance of the specialists was shown by the remark of a husband who said: "I heard of a woman who was very proud of her family doctor," he said, "and was urging a friend to employ him. Why? The doctor's family name is elevated and he added as a final recommendation. 'He can tell you right away which is the best specialist to call in whenever you are ill. He knows all of them by name and doesn't keep you waiting for a second to tell you just the one you need.'"

"So you see that is what the family physician has become here in New York," he concluded, "only the walking directory of the specialists."

The most interesting thing in New York to the stranger depends upon the view of the point taken. An old lady from a rural district had just finished the first week of her first visit to the city when her nephew inquired: "Well, Aunt Kate, what is the most interesting thing you have seen?" "Do you know," was the unexpected response, "I just can't get over those nice, long slanting clothes we see every place. They're so elevated and so convenient I'm going to have John get the little pulleys and put one on the kitchen window so I can just stand inside and hang out all my wash instead of traipsing around in the wet grass."

A young man at the door of an East Sixty-ninth street was inquiring the meaning of the Hebrew symbolism from the door tender. "What is that piece of stone up in front with the letters cut in it?" he asked. "That's the Ten Commandments," he was told.

And what is that red lamp which hangs in front of the table? Does that mean that front is there?" "Sure," replied the door tender. "But only if the red lamp means fire. Only if it is there. The rest of 'em mean fire escapes."

A railroad contractor who has just finished a construction job in Wyoming told this anecdote at the Hardware Club recently: "One of my foremen gathered his men together at the section house one morning and said: 'Boys, I've got a tough proposition on hand and I want men who can handle it. I've got a job for you. The gang that tackles the work will have to sweat like blazes before sundown, besides being liable to stiff backs for a week after sundown. I want volunteers.'"

"To the amazed delight of the foreman all but eight of the men stepped out of line. 'Guess you'll find us on the job, but I don't want to be a volunteer,' said the volunteers. 'We didn't come up here to play baseball or casino. What's doing?'"

"In short of men to dig post holes," replied the foreman grinning. "You don't get the job. As I said, I want 'men,' but I don't want good ones, and I'll use those who didn't volunteer. It was times like these that I wish I was a citizen in these diggings, and I'm much obliged."

When the Navy Department adopted gray as the color for all of the vessels of the fleet, even the names of the ships, which are in raised letters, were painted gray. While the battleships were lying in the North River for the Hudson-Fulton celebration the letters were painted black and with a glass it was easy to identify the various vessels from the shore. The names of the British ships here at the same time were in gilt. The Rhode Island, Connecticut, Ohio and Nebraska are now in the Brooklyn navy yard fitting out for winter cruising and they steam away the names upon their sterns will appear in gold letters. In fact in the future the names of all vessels of the navy will be gilt.

An auction sale of pawnbrokers' goods having been advertised for that day the queer little man with miserly habits set out for the sale soon after breakfast. "Always attends those things, doesn't he?" said the pert young man. "yet he never buys anything." "He buys, but he doesn't bring the stuff home," said the gray headed man. "There is a man who maintains in his modest way a queer charity. He hasn't much money to give away, but what little he has he gives to people who are unable to do better goods they have pawned. All pawnbrokers' sales are haunted by men and women who hope to get one last look at stuff that once was theirs. The old man has been through the mill himself—lost something belonging to his wife once and has never got over it. He can spot the soft-headed unfortunates in the crowd of the crowd. When he can buy the trinket that the other fellow would sell his soul for, or either makes him a present of it or else sells it for the few cents the poor devil can afford to pay. And that is his charity."

On the walls of a temporary home for immigrant girls is the sign in several languages: "The Lord's Prayer taught in English."

"Why is that the first thing they learn in our language?" a visitor asked. "Because it frequently helps to get them a situation," said the matron. "Even in this city of darkness there are many families so old fashioned that they wish to family prayers at which the servants are expected to be present. It is the custom in these families to repeat the Lord's Prayer in English. It is so conducive to harmony and all speak the same language. Very often persons in need of help put that question about the girl's introduction. 'Can she say the Lord's Prayer in English?' If she can make a brave enough attempt to justify our saying 'Yes,' she stands just that much better chance of getting a position."

Up at Van Cortlandt Park, where the golf course is open to the public, there are many complaints about young men who hang around in the rough spots and out of bounds and steal golf balls played up by some one behind a hill. Two golfers yesterday had an experience with a new kind of golf ball thief. That was a large white dog, which came upon a friendly way, and when he beheld a ball at the hole and when he saw the ball was hit he caught it up in his mouth and ran away. It took two caddies, the two players and two iron clubs to rescue a badly chewed ball from the dog.

Apra Beha, Cautler, Moll Flanders, Aphrodite Golden Ass. Any book. P. R. A. T. 34 1/2

GROVER CLEVELAND.

Goldwin Smith's Tribute to the Late President of the United States.

ITHACA, Nov. 28.—A historian's estimate of President Cleveland is contained in a short statement by Goldwin Smith in the current number of the Cornell Era. He says: "It is pleasant to all that a monument is to be erected to the memory of Grover Cleveland. For glory won by dazzling achievements homage is always easily obtained. But that which claims our homage in the case of Grover Cleveland is public duty with nothing dazzling about it, precisely, faithfully, and despite all opposition and deauration, unwaveringly performed."

"Some years ago I was at Princeton for the reopening of the University. The ceremony was followed by a public meeting in a large hall filled by an audience partly academic, but principally lay, to hear an address on general politics from Grover Cleveland. The address was written; it was wise rather than striking; it was not well delivered, but the feeling of the meeting for the man could not be mistaken. Heartfelt homage was evidently being paid to one regarded as an embodiment of public spirit, integrity and wisdom. There could not be a happier omen for the State."

Memorial Exercises of the Flock to Which Grover Cleveland's Father Ministered.—MONTCLAIR, N. J., Nov. 28.—Hundreds attended the opening exercises to-day to commemorate the 125th anniversary of the Presbyterian Church at Caldwell, of which the Rev. Richard F. Cleveland, father of the late Grover Cleveland, was at one time pastor. The Rev. Dr. Francis Brown, president of Union Theological Seminary, delivered a sermon this morning.

To-night was "forefathers' night." The Rev. Charles Henry of Brooklyn, who was pastor of the church from 1890 to 1891, and the Rev. Nelson B. Chester, the present pastor, gave biographical sketches of the ministers who had occupied the pulpit since the death of the late pastor. Stereopticon portraits of some of the early workers of the church were shown.

Regarding the Rev. Richard F. Cleveland the father of Grover Cleveland, it was said that he was installed pastor of the church in 1834, just before the Rev. Stephen Grover Cleveland, in honor of the Rev. Stephen Grover.

The Rev. Nelson B. Chester, the present pastor of the church, has been in charge for ten years. He is a graduate of Harvard College and Union Seminary. The Caldwell pastorate is his third charge. The membership of the church has increased 225 during his pastorate. The anniversary services will continue through the week.

Costa-coaches Stops Corrida. MEXICO CITY, Nov. 28.—Bullfighting has been prohibited in the town of Coahuila and the adjacent district upon the Isthmus of Tehuantepec.

Harper's Books—Beasley's Christmas Party

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

It wasn't a party at all as one understands such things, and yet a more interesting group of people were never invited anywhere before. And the story is just as unusual as the party—a story that only Booth Tarkington could have written. It is woven of filmy laceries of fancy, of delicately tinted imaginations, of fine enchantments, and yet it overflows with the vigor and strength and virility of life as it is to-day. To tell of it further would be unfair—but a little crippled boy and a politician and—but nobody can tell a story like this but one man.

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