THE CONCERTS OF ONE DAY

WALTER DAMROSCH GIVES TWO NOVELTIES.

Another New Work by an English Composer Played by the Symphony Society Also 2 Novelties by the Venerable Saint-Saëns, and It Is a Good One Too.

Frederick Delius's "Brigg Fair" was the novelty of the second Sunday concert of the Symphony Society at the New Theatre yesterday afternoon. It was made known to the musical world in January, 1908, and aroused some attention in England. It has been a sufferer from much careless and disjointed critical comment. This is neither the time nor the place for an exhaustive commentary. This country is not yet sufficiently acquainted with it to estimate it properly.

But that Gascon critic, John Runciman, has perhaps written more bravely of Delius than most others have, and his most pungent remark is that this composer takes composition very seriously. He is relentless in his rejection of everything commonplace and he has no desire to please blandly any other modern. Runciman thinks this is due to the fact that he is a self-taught musician and that his early life, remote, unfriended, solitary, was the nursery of profound self-communion.

Hence, according to Runciman, Delius has his own idiom even in a world of art which threatens to become nothing but idiom. He has set his foot upon the Wagner platform, stepped over to that of Debussy and from that station laid out the plan of his own style. One hears him playing with whole tone progressions and with the acrid counterpoint of the plangent school, yet one perceives that he holds fast to orchestral language, that he respects the dignity of instrumentation and that he loves transparency of utterance.

"Brigg Fair" is not the sort of thing the old ballad leads you to expect. You may have read tales of the merry fair times and the rollicking of the boors and the clumsy love making and the fighting and the dancing and all that, but it is none of these that appealed to the imagination of Delius.

Somehow he felt a secret sorrow for the departed era and for the sweet simplicity of bucolic life in the days that he had not lost. So he took an old tune—perhaps the girl used to sing it—in an ancient mode and wove it into rhapsodic variations, very dour, very depressing and yet withal couched in an orchestral language full of sensuous charm. It left you wondering what the lover in the old ballad would have thought of it. As for the girl ("merrily was her heart," the song says) she would doubtless have wept salt tears and wondered what she had done to deserve it.

This rhapsody was exquisitely performed by the orchestra, which had already been heard in a remarkably finished delivery of Goldmark's "Rustic Wedding" symphony. This melodious composition has not been played so well in this town since Arthur Nikisch conducted it in the old Chickering Hall. The last orchestral number on the list was a new march, entitled "Occident and Orient," by the Veteran Saint-Saëns. Such a seventy-five-year-old wizard he is!

There are no secret imaginings and no strange programmes about this music. The hearer is compelled to know just what he is after, and when he writes "Occident and Orient" over his score and then builds a composition out of two themes, one redolent of western Europe and the other exuding exotic strains that might inspire the almees of Luxor, we know that all is as it should be. We sit back and enjoy the wizard's perfect command of the machinery of his art and say to ourselves, "Blessed be France and savoir faire." He has not much to say, but how well he says it!

The soloist of the concert was Mme. Louise Homer of the Metropolitan Opera House, who made her first appearance here since her recent visit to Paris in company with her associate artists. She sang first "Che faro," from Gluck's "Orfeo," an air in which she was heard to advantage in the opera last season, and afterward "Gerichter Gott," from Wagner's "Rienzi." Mrs. Homer was in good voice and found the acoustics of the New Theatre entirely favorable to her tones. The audience was very friendly.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Conductor Franz Arens Receives Tributes From His Hearers.

The Society of the People's Symphony Concerts had cause for an afternoon of rejoicing yesterday at Carnegie Hall, when it opened its eleventh season of four concerts with a tenth anniversary programme. Franz X. Arens, orchestral conductor of these concerts, began in 1900 what proved to be for some time an almost solitary struggle in trying to give on a large scale the best music to the working classes at wage earners' prices, and this in Cooper Union with a poorly equipped orchestra.

To-day Mr. Arens finds his concerts one of the orchestral forces in this city to be reckoned with; they take their turn in occupying Carnegie Hall, and the audiences, large from the start, fill the auditorium.

The musical programme yesterday included Hadley's "In Bohemia" overture, Dvorak's "New World" symphony, the Air for Lulu" aria from Verdi's "La Traviata" and well sung by the soprano, Beatrice Bowman, Beethoven's "Leonore" overture No. 3 and a march from "Josalin" Grieg.

The president of the society, S. Mallet-Prevost, made a fitting anniversary address and stated that in the past the orchestra had played to an aggregate of nearly 200,000 persons. He said: "Never has any great reform been achieved unless its roots reached down among the masses of the people. As this has been true in politics so it has been true in art. Art always has been and always will be an expression of the life of the people. If America is to produce great composers, if she is to have a national music of its own, this can only be by developing in the masses of our people that love of music which shall permeate the nation as a whole and which shall seek to express national emotions, national aspirations and national ideals in a distinctively national school of music."

The audience was at all times cordial and especially when a book was presented to Mr. Arens in which had been bound letters from the people written to him on the occasion and which was accompanied by a gold mounted baton to "Franz Arens, Director, People's Symphony Concerts. From the people, in grateful remembrance of his work. Tenth anniversary, November 6, 1910."

News of Plays and Players.

"The Lily," David Belasco's production, with Blanche O'Neil and Charles Cartwright in the lead, begins an engagement of two weeks at the Lyric Theatre this evening.

Rehearsals for Percy Mackaye's tragedy, "The Scarecrow," which will be produced in November 14, Edmund Breese in the star and the title rôle will be played by Frank Reicher, general stage director for Henry B. Harris. The play will be produced the Monday before Christmas.

The American Music Hall is to celebrate its anniversary next week by presenting twenty-two acts at every performance.

Weedon Grossmith, the actor-manager of London, arrived in New York last evening with his London company of players to begin an engagement this evening at Daly's Thirty-ninth Street Theatre in R. C. Carton's farce "Mr Preedy and the Countess."

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

It is the clubs which have now begun to complain bitterly about the effects of that combination which has already interfered with business so much, the week end out of town and the automobile.

"Saturday and Sunday used to be the two most profitable days in the week in nearly every club," said the steward in one of the most fashionable clubs on the avenue, "but that has not been true since the automobiles made trips out of town so attractive and so easy. Now our members begin to go away on Fridays and it's Monday night before we begin to get them back again. That means that all the bar and restaurant business that we could formerly count on is lost.

"If this lasted only during the summer and fall months it might not be so noticeable, but it keeps up the whole year around. When the country houses are closed in the winter there is the trip to some hotel or some country club. So the New York clubs have come to look upon their Saturday to Monday profits as a thing of the past."

A very newly married man just back from his honeymoon revealed a secret to a group of friends one night recently.

"You know I was very suspicious of my best man and the ushers," said he, "and I was cock sure they were going to put over some horseplay, so to be on the safe side I packed my trunk myself on the morning of the wedding and shipped it off to the Grand Central Station. When it came time to dress for the big event in the evening I got all rigged out and then looked in the closet for my shoes. They weren't there nor anywhere else. I had packed them in that trunk and they were in the baggage room five miles away. The stores were all closed. It was just an hour before the ceremony. Nothing to it. I borrowed our coachman's best patent leathers and was married in those."

"There aren't any better weather forecasters than vagrants," said a veteran clerk in the Jefferson Market court the other day. He was looking at the bedraggled men and women waiting to be committed to the workhouse for the winter one morning after the recent cold rains.

"We're in for cold weather now. I can tell it by the number who are here asking to be sent away. The first cold snap brought in some, but it is the old timers who are coming in now.

"That man" and he pointed to a shabbily dressed person who had just asked Magistrate Freschi to send him away for the winter "has been here for two years that I can remember, and he doesn't come before the cold weather is about to begin. These men spend a good deal of the time in the open air on park benches and get to know weather conditions. When the old timers begin to show up it is a safe bet that we are in for settled cold weather."

A mob of women fought to get into a pay as you enter car. Said one woman in the rear of the procession:

"What is that conductor saying all the time?"

"I couldn't make out," said the other. "Step lively, I presume."

"No, it isn't that. Listen. There it goes again."

"Get your change ready, wasn't it?"

"No, I don't think so."

Then they pressed up close enough to distinguish words and heard him adjure women passengers to "Look out for your hobble skirts, ladies; look out for your hobble skirts."

"Fresh thing!" said the women.

"A good telephone manner seems to be one of the necessary things nowadays in a housemaid, butler or nurse," said the manager of an employment bureau. "In the homes of doctors, dentists and clergymen this is especially noticeable, and I'm usually under strict orders when looking for some one for such a place to have a telephone conversation precede the personal interview. If the voice and manner are good the applicant is told to come to the house to see if an arrangement can be made, but if the telephone conversation is a failure the deal is entirely off. The wives of these professional men say that so many telephones are received each day that a good telephone manner is absolutely necessary for any one employed in the house. Incidentally I'm often surprised at the pleasing telephone manner an otherwise commonplace person may have acquired."

Into the immigrant homes there come girls occasionally who have only to let down their hair to insure a kind of hero worship from the other girls.

"It is not the hair they now have that makes them so interesting, but the hair they once had," said the matron of a Hungarian home. "They have sold their hair and have come to America on the proceeds. Contrary to general belief marketable hair is not clipped close all over the head. The hair for commerce is cut from the centre of the head and enough of the front and back hair is left to dress over the shorn spot. It is when the girl who has sold her hair lets down the remnants that the girls with scraggy locks form an admiration society. If she still has her hair they would not become nearly so enthusiastic. The money she has exchanged it for surrounds her with a brighter halo."

Said the new waiter:

"There's a woman at the phone trying to tell how old she is. Thirty-five, I think she said."

"Wants to come here to dinner, I guess," said the proprietor. "Tell her it is all right. She can come."

Then he went on to say that over the telephone some women are not afraid to tell their age.

"Confidences of that kind are imparted to us every day," he said. "They are telephoned in by women who have heard that women without an escort are not permitted to dine here. Even if they do play a lone hand they like to eat out once in a while where there is something going on, but rather than take chances of a public rebuff they telephone down to find out if they will be admitted. First thing they tell is their age. The figures mentioned run all the way from thirty to fifty. Apparently they hope to convince us that at that age women have become pretty sedate and are desirable guests."

MR. MACMILLEN'S RECITAL.

The Young American Violinist Heard at Carnegie Hall.

Francis MacMillen, a young American violinist who has been heard here before, gave a recital last night at Carnegie Hall. His programme comprised Wieniawski's concerto in D minor, the Bach "Chaconne," Saint-Saëns's introduction and rondo capriccioso and some other pieces, including Paganini's "Moise" fantasy for the G strings. Gino Aubert was the accompanist. Mr. MacMillen preserves the salient characteristics of his art, which are already known to observers of violin playing.

He is fond of dash and incisiveness of style and he attacks rapid passages with dauntless courage. But he is still prone to slide his fingers over the strings so that cantabile passages whine and high positions sought in a hurry are often not found. It is regrettable but true that this young player as yet shows no signs of sitting down to a profound attitude toward his difficult art. He has a real talent, but he does not take it as seriously as he should. He is very popular in London.

PITTSBURG WOMEN WILL VOTE

ALL READY FOR THE GREAT PRACTICE ELECTION TO-DAY.

Polls Will Be Open on Time, Judges and Clerks Have Been Named, Ballots Are Ready and Every Public Automobile in the City Has Been Hired for the Day.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 6.—The women of Pittsburg will cast their votes for the next Governor of Pennsylvania to-morrow, and they hope by their choice to show their husbands, sons and brothers to-morrow night what they should do in their real voting on Tuesday.

Never have the clubwomen of Pittsburg been more in earnest than they are in this mock election, nor will the election be conducted along milk and water lines either. The fair ones have some bank rolls and will begin to spend money at daybreak.

While it is not likely there will be any open buying or selling of votes there will be "inducements" of certain kinds offered to get the vote out, automobile rides, &c., for example. A canvass of the city garages this evening shows that every public automobile has been engaged for to-morrow. Almost every clubwoman interested in the election has at least one automobile of her own, and if the day is fair the vote promises to be something worth counting.

There will be two polling places in the city. The main poll will be opened at 7 A. M. in the great banking rooms formerly occupied by the American Deposit and Trust Company in the downtown district. This banking institution recently merged with another and the entire floor has been rented as a polling place by the rich clubwomen. A hall in the East End has been rented for the East End women. The main or downtown poll will accommodate all the river residence suburbs as well.

Late to-night names of officers and the poll workers for the main polling place were announced. The list, which comprises the names of women known in society throughout the country, is as follows:

Judges of Election, Miss Mary Bakewell, Mrs. Alice Parker and Mrs. H. C. Shaw, Jr.

Tellers, Mrs. Frank Roessing, Mrs. Edward Schover, Mrs. Grace Stranahan, Mrs. Alice Kimball, Mrs. Hannah Patterson and Miss Adele Shaw.

Clerks, Watchers, &c.—Misses Rachel Miller, Florence Harper, Katharyn Worcester, Mrs. Frank Irish, Mrs. Cornelius Scully, Mrs. W. I. Walters, Mrs. William B. Howard, Miss Euphemia Bakewell, Miss Margaret Whitehead, Mrs. A. W. Smith, Miss Charlotte Pendleton, Mrs. Margaret Weislander, Mrs. J. T. Dick, Mrs. Katharine Simmons, Mrs. Florence Hamilton, Mrs. Philips Thompson, Miss Emmaline Pitt, Miss Pearl Ellis, Mrs. William Schover, Mrs. Julian Kennedy, Mrs. John G. McCutcheon and Mrs. J. H. Hillman.

"The women of Pittsburg desire to put themselves on record once for all in the matter of Governorship elections," said Miss Mary Bakewell, who will be chief judge at the downtown election and who has just finished an exhaustive examination of political conditions in Europe. "We will conduct an election as it should be conducted. We have already spent much money getting our ballots printed and in other campaign expenses and we expect to have a very busy day.

"Yes, we will make a special effort to get out the vote at the lunch hour. We will have automobiles to carry the ladies from department stores and from schools to vote and we will take them back to their places of work as soon as they have voted.

"The women of Pittsburg feel very keenly the importance of this election and we hope by showing our male friends and relatives that we are in earnest to have some influence on their votes the next day, and in addition it is well for us to get acquainted with the way of voting, for probably it will not be long until we have the privilege of casting a really and truly vote at the polls, the same as husbands, fathers and big brothers."

THE RECIPROCITY PARLEY.

Many Interested Parties Gather at Ottawa Material for Taft.

OTTAWA, Nov. 6.—The arrival of Henry M. Hoyt, Solicitor of the Department of State of the United States, and Charles M. Pepper from Washington for the purpose of negotiating a reciprocity treaty with Canada has been followed by an advance guard of special representatives of interests likely to be affected. Foremost among these is a small army of promoters of new Canadian paper mill enterprises and railway promoters having "paper" charters for projected railways which if built would become the owners of large tracts of timber lands granted to them by way of subsidies for new railway construction and in turn offered to prospective builders of paper mills in Canada.

Representatives of United States paper makers are also flocking in. Ottawa and the revisionists and Canada standpatters are in evidence on every hand. John Norris of the American Newspaper Publishers Association is here and will remain here for some time. Other Canadian manufacturers are loudly objecting to any sort of reciprocity, while from the Canadian West comes a distinct demand for lower duties on American agricultural machinery.

The real work of the commissioners begins to-morrow. The commissioners have brought a complete clerical force with them and it is understood that their work will last for several weeks. The preliminary work will be directed to providing material for President Taft's message to Congress in December.

NEW ORGAN FOR ST. LUKE'S.

A Memorial Window Also Dedicated Bishops Greer and Whitehead Speak.

St. Luke's Episcopal Church, Convent avenue and 141st street, the Rev. G. A. Oldham, rector, celebrated the ninetieth anniversary of its founding yesterday and dedicated a new organ that cost $17,000, together with a window which is a memorial of the late rector, the Rev. Dr. John T. Patey.

Bishop Greer preached the sermon in the morning, and there were in the chancel besides the rector the Revs. H. L. Taylor and Livingston R. Schuyler. At night Bishop Whitehead of Pittsburg, the Rev. Dr. W. T. Manning and the Rev. Dr. E. M. Stires made brief addresses.

The organ is given in memory of John Pennington, Robert Sickles, Emma Pennington and Caroline B. Sickles by Mrs. William C. Lester and Mrs. Frederick I. Simpson. The window is a large one in the south transept and was put in with funds given by the congregation. The subject is "The Good Shepherd."

Henry L. Burnett, Jr., in Bellevue.

Henry L. Burnett, Jr., 27 years old, son of former United States District Attorney Henry L. Burnett, was admitted temporarily to the psychopathic ward of Bellevue Hospital yesterday upon the recommendation of Dr. Frederick Coerr of 16 Central Park West. Mr. Burnett is an automobile salesman and lives at 7 East Twelfth street. He had a nervous breakdown about two weeks ago.

Samuel Mortimer Parker Found.

The whereabouts of Samuel Mortimer Parker, whose failure to return from a stroll on Saturday morning sent his family to the police for aid in finding him, was known yesterday afternoon at his home, at 27 West Ninety-seventh street. Last August Mr. Parker went away from home in similar fashion, but was found the next morning.

TO FLY IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Guarantee Raised to $100,000 Wrights Probably Won't Enter.

According to a telegram received by Israel Ludlow yesterday the proposed aviation meet to be held in San Francisco from November 23 to December 2 is assured. Mr. Ludlow said the fund will be raised from $70,000 to $100,000. With this amount he believes it will be possible to take a pick of the aviators to the Pacific coast. He has conferred with several airmen who are willing to go, and some have agreed to sign contracts.

Among those approached yesterday were Grahame-White, Hamilton and Moisant. It was said that it is hardly probable that the Wrights will take part. Wilbur Wright, who demanded a guarantee of $15,000 above prize money for the appearance of his aviators in recognition of what he and his brother Orville have done for the science, refused to accept the sum under conditions offered by the aviators, who ask that it be put in trust and paid only in case the Wrights sustain their patent claims. They say that to pay the money under any other conditions would be an acknowledgment of infringement on the Wright patent. Wilbur Wright said if the aviators put that construction on his proposal he would raise the $15,000 to $50,000, as he considered that the use of his patents would be worth that amount.

Another telegram was received from Los Angeles, where money has been raised for a meet. It invited the aviators to give an exhibition on their own responsibility and take the profits. Mr. Ludlow said the airmen probably would form a company and run the meet cooperatively. He thought they might organize a circuit of tournaments and wind up in New Orleans for Mardi Gras.

There was no flying at Belmont Park yesterday. It was said that August Belmont had left instructions that no more flights be made without his sanction. Nobody seemed to know the exact cause of the order. It was said that Grahame-White had made a flight on Saturday afternoon in violation of the order. Capt. Baldwin flew two laps of the course at Hempstead Plain yesterday.

LITTLE FLYING AT BALTIMORE.

Latham and Drexel Give Exhibitions Ticket Sellers Arrested.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 6.—Again the contests scheduled for the aviation meet at Halethorpe were postponed to-day owing to the non-arrival of the machines which were undergoing repairs.

A crowd of over 12,000 people waited expectantly for the aerial navigators to try for records, but only Latham and Drexel materialized, the latter putting in an appearance near sundown. It was decided early this afternoon to have only exhibition flights.

The wind was blowing dangerously near twenty-five miles an hour and the county police were assembled at the gates, presumably to arrest anybody that took part in the meet, so there was much uncertainty as to whether there would be any flying.

Latham started to entertain the crowd. The aviator rose slowly and at a sharp angle to the height of 500 feet and made several circuits of the course.

He executed several interesting evolutions and then sammed across the course in front of the grand stand and alighted. He was in the air twelve minutes.

Later he started again for an altitude flight. The wind had calmed down some, but it was quite cool. He went up 2,373 feet and when he came down was stiff from the cold. Just about twilight J. Armstrong Drexel arrived at the grounds. He shot straight upward like a rocket, never stopping until he reached 3,335 feet. He came down as fast as he ascended. When he alighted he said he could have gone higher but for the intense cold. This concluded the exhibition.

The Governor had instructed the county police to arrest anyone violating the law. They arrested four ticket sellers and took them to a magistrate at Mount Washington, who held them in $100 bail each for working on Sunday. When they were taken away the management filled their places with four others. These were also arrested, whereupon the original quartet resumed business. Then the police gave up.

Marshal Gorsuch arrested Col. Joyce, the chairman of the meet, and was escorting him from the grounds when the Colonel gave his word of honor that he would appear at any time he was wanted. He was released.

JACK JOHNSON SPEAKS FOR DIX.

Has a Hard Time Finding a Mission Talks of Brownsville Affair.

The McManus, John Carey, James J. Hagan, well known all in political circles, and Edward E. Lee, known in San Juan Hill as the "Colored Croker," sat side by side on the platform of a Methodist mission for negroes at 263 West Sixty-second street last night waiting for Jack Johnson. Jack was on his way in a taxicab from the Hotel Marshall in Fifty-third street but it has been some time since he visited a Methodist mission, and he was not just sure that he remembered the address.

"Turn her loose," he said to the chauffeur "an' go down around San Juan Hill way. When you see a Methodist mission for colored folks you stop. That's where we're going."

The chauffeur went across Fifty-ninth street. No sign of the mission. Then he went down to the West Side Y. M. C. A. on Fifty-seventh street. Then he turned and went north, halting at every place that had a light and a piano. Finally as he was going past Sixty-second street a small colored boy ran alongside the machine.

"Is you Jack Johnson, boss?" he asked, his eyes bulging.

"Sure," said the hero good naturedly.

"Well, they's lookin' for you 'round de corner. I'll show you," and he hopped on the running board.

Thus escorted Johnson arrived. The McManus and his fellow orators were evidently relieved at his appearance. He spoke to the audience on politics. It was about time, he said, that the negro had a fair chance.

"You see me," he said. "Well, I been travelling first class for some time now wherever I go. The rest of you folks ought to be travelling first class too. Maybe you'll do it if Mr. Stimson is elected, but I don't think so. We all know whose man this Mr. Stimson is and we all know how Mr. Roosevelt didn't give us colored folks a fair chance in the Brownsville affair. If you all want to stand any show at all of travelling like I do you take my advice and vote for Mr. Dix."

There was considerable applause when he finished and made his way through the crowd to his taxicab. He said he knew the way home all right, and thus disappointed about fifty small boys who were hanging about the entrance waiting for him.

AGED WOMAN FALLS TO DEATH.

Plunges Four Stories From Roof of Her Home—Impaled on Fence.

Helen M. Post, 80 years old, fell from the roof of the four story apartment house at 161 Willoughby avenue, Brooklyn, yesterday noon and was killed instantly. Her body was impaled on the iron picket fence in front of the house.

Mrs. Post was the widow of Charles H. Post, a commission merchant. She lived with her son, Charles H. Post, an advertising manager, on the third floor of the house. It was her custom to seek fresh air on the roof. Her son believes she was stricken with a fainting fit while standing near the edge of the roof. The family were attending church services at the time.

"Let us dwell in Peace" says Evans Ale

to the rest of the meal, and man benefits by the agreement.

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YOUNG DAYS OF THE REPUBLIC

JOLLY TIMES FOR THE IRRESPONSIBLE IN LISBON.

Man With a Gun Who Arrested His Chief Creditor "Suspicious Persons" Who Showed Up Where Police Were Hiding Not Benign Republicanism at First.

PARIS, Oct. 31.—We were leaving Lisbon, writes M. Ludovic Nadeau, with impressions entirely favorable to the new republic when at the station something unusual occurred. We found there the Minister of a foreign Power looking for a compatriot newspaper man to entrust the diplomatic valise to him, evidently distrusting the ordinary means of communication and preferring to hand over his papers to a fellow countryman rather than to the Portuguese post.

And that reminded us how the republic, even some time after its proclamation, when order was practically restored, had intercepted code despatches addressed by certain foreign diplomats to their Governments and had even told these diplomats that they must hand over their codes to the censors.

There was all along a strange contrast between the personal kindliness of every new Minister toward the members of the foreign press and the severity of the censorship, the chiefs of which remained unknown to us. Nothing stopped us entering any Ministry, and the provisional occupants of these high places welcomed us heartily with charming courtesy and were always ready with perfectly sincere, open declarations, some of which went beyond the bounds of prudence.

But at the telegraph office a Minotaur was on the watch who seemed to feed on the articles of special correspondents. All of which gave us more than once the impression that the provisional government was perhaps only an illusory government; was it not possible that behind this little group of idealists and philosophers some kind of committee of union and progress was sitting in secret?

Nevertheless some of the hours we spent at Lisbon were not without a special interest of their own. While M. Bernardino Machado, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, received me and portrayed to me the future destinies of the new republic I saw lying on an armchair a relic of the old régime, a magnificent portfolio of morocco leather, all gold and red, on which one could read the words "Ministerio de Negocios Estrangeiros Assignatura Real." As we talked a crowd of good republicans came to congratulate the Minister, most of them civil servants, all loyal royalists the day before. To all Machado have a hearty welcome, embracing them and slapping them on the back in the true Portuguese fashion.

In the antechamber all the time servants were furiously scratching the Braganza arms from the windows and for fear of being taken for monarchists bowed to the ground before their new masters.

For several days at Lisbon anybody who carried a gun could give himself the pleasure of arresting a man without a gun. One joyous man about town, suddenly converted to republicanism, proved his new convictions by taking his carbine and going to arrest the most troublesome of his creditors.

At the convent of the Italian Sisters of Saint Dorothy a band of populares, carrying arms took their revenge for not finding the dynamite there they expected by devouring the whole supply of preserves and jams made by the nuns.

The police of the old régime had decided that a policy of self-concealment was best for them during the disturbances and none was more keen to track out their hiding places than the man who formerly went in fear of arrest. So it happened that many a policeman was arrested and taken to the revolutionary headquarters by malefactors who were pretending to be pure populares.

The north was the most monarchist and clerical part of the country. In the town of Braga were stationed the Eighth Regiment, whose royalist sympathies passed as being beyond suspicion, and an ultra royalist prefect. When the republic was proclaimed at Lisbon the provisional Government sent a delegate to Braga. He, by name Manuel Monteiro, called upon the prefect and summoned him to give up the place in his favor.

"Never in the world!" said the royalist. "Here I am, here I stay."

"You can't stay because I've come!"

"You can't come because I stay."

"But I am the new prefect."

"There's not going to be a new prefect kindly get!"

"But I am the prefect of the republic!"

"There's only one prefect in Braga, and that's me!"

Thereupon Monteiro withdrew in great perplexity, for the Eighth Infantry had not yet shown its opinions and the royalist prefect evidently had firm belief in its loyalty.

The Eighth Infantry discussed the matter. A choice had to be made, they must either shout "Vive la Republique!" or march to Lisbon and fall on the republican regiments.

"What! Go and get our heads smashed! Never in this world!" the soldiers cried. "We would sacrifice our lives willingly if our country was being attacked by a foreign foe, but to get killed for the monarchy! The game's not worth the candle! So 'Vive la Republique!'"

And they began to tear the royal crowns from their uniforms and to burn the King's standards. A little later the republican prefect, escorted by a detachment of the Eighth Infantry, drove out the royalist prefect by force. The latter fled hastily and the republic ruled at Braga.

Would Establish Whipping Post in Washington for Wife Beaters.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 6.—Major Richard Sylvester, superintendent of the District of Columbia police, is in favor of the establishment of a whipping post for the punishment of wife beaters and pocket book snatchers.

"When the question was widely discussed several years ago," said Major Sylvester, "Judge Kimball of the police court and myself favored the establishment of the whipping post for certain offenders. I favored it for wife beaters and pocketbook snatchers and I have not changed my mind about it. My opinion is that it would act as a deterrent and that it would seldom have to be put in use."

INSTRUCTION.

Musical

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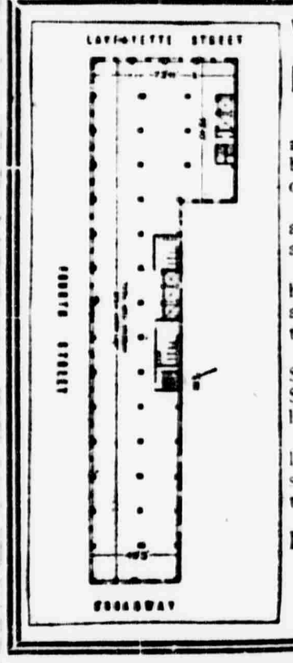
The Human Mind

when considering any specific subject, is apt to connect some famous name with it. This habit is especially marked when applied to musical matters. Thus a Symphony immediately suggests the name of Beethoven. Opera the name of Wagner, a Rhapsody the name of Liszt; and a Piano unconsciously suggests the name of Steinway. Hence these appellations are almost synonymous.



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