Mabel Herbert Urner.

THE MARRIED LIFE OF HELEN AND WARREN

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

Originator of "Their Married Life," Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," "The Woman Alone," Etc.

Warren's Appetite Is Not Appeased by the Meager Portions of a Tea-Room Dinner.

(Copyright, 1916.)

This series is a continuation of "Their Married Life," produced by Mabel Herbert Urner for four years. "The Married Life of Helen and Warren," appearing exclusively in this paper, is the only series now being written by Mabel Herbert Urner.

"Combination tea room and antique shop, eh? Well, that don't sound like real food," objected Warren.

"Oh, they serve an awfully good dinner," enthused Mrs. Stevens; "the most delicious waffles and Maryland chicken—and everything so dainty."

"May be dainty all right, but do you get enough to eat?"

"Dear, do let's go," pleaded Helen. "I'd love to see the old furniture."

"Shall we try it?" Mr. Stevens slowed down the car.

"Oh, all right," Warren assented. "We can go somewhere afterward and fill up."

A half-hour's drive through the snow-swirled streets and they drew up before an old-fashioned red brick house, with a white colonial doorway. A quaint iron lantern lit the swinging sign "Ye Olde Cock Inn."

The door was opened by an auburn-haired, artistic-type woman in an enveloping "studio" apron, whom Mrs. Stevens introduced as Miss Trailor.

"One of the maids left this morning," she explained, ushering them into the wide hall, "so I'm helping with the dinner."

"That's the younger sister," whispered Mrs. Stevens, as they took off their wraps. "She's very clever—she was an interior decorator before they opened this place. Come through this way. I want you to see some of the furniture. After dinner we'll go through the rooms upstairs."

Both the hall and large front room were furnished in antiques—each piece ticketed in plain figures.

"Oh, yes, they're high," admitted Mrs. Stevens, as Helen exclaimed at an $85 tag on a small pie-crust table. "But they get their prices. Miss Trailor says they can't get the stuff as fast as they can sell it."

In the dining room, a wide brick fireplace with its glowing log contributed to the "old-time" atmosphere. The candle-lighted tables, the rag-carpet rugs, the gray walls and white woodwork, the flower-painted chairs and the long mahogany sideboard were all strictly "Colonial."

"Isn't this the most attractive room?" praised Mrs. Stevens, as Miss Trailor led them to a table by the fireplace. "Oh, that's another china closet? That's not the one you had when I was here last?"

"No, we sold that. We just got this from an old house in Salem. Isn't it a beauty? Will you be too warm here? Perhaps you'd rather sit back?"

"Oh, no, it's jolly by the fire," approved Mr. Stevens.

The tables were bare except for two linen strips laid crosswise, which brought the linen under each plate. The cock, the sign of the inn, was everywhere—on the linen strips, the paper napkins and the borders of the white muslin curtains. Even the salt cellars were china cocks.

"Can we get anything to drink—that's what I'd like to know," demanded Warren, whose interest was in the food and not the furnishings.

"Why, dear, of course not," rebuked Helen. "Not at a tea room."

"I'm not so sure about that," objected Mr. Stevens. "They may have it on the quiet." Then as the white-frilled colored girl served their relish, "Could we get such a thing as a cocktail here"

"I dunno, suh," with a grin. "I'll ask Miss Trailor."

"That means we'll get it," chuckled Warren. "Huh, what do you call this mouthful?" staring at the mayonnaised morsel on a lettuce leaf.

"Oh, it's delicious!" Helen nibbled at it with an oyster fork. "There're shrimps in it and sardines, and——"

"Not enough of that dab to tell what's in it."

"You won't mind drinking your cocktail from a teacup, will you?" smiled Miss Trailor, appearing with four cups on a tray. "We haven't any license—and we have to be so very careful."

"Booze in a teacup," grinned Warren. "What do you know about that, Stevens? That's why these women are so keen on tea rooms."

The soup was a thin consomme, served in artistic shallow blue bowls scantily half full. This was followed by tiny oyster timbales. The hot soda biscuits were delicious, but hardly larger than a quarter, and the dainty butter balls were infinitesimal.

The Maryland fried chicken was passed by Miss Trailor herself. As each piece was suggestively mounted on a corn fritter, none of them had the courage to take more than one.

"What'd you say this dinner was?" demanded Warren, scraping off the white sauce and exposing the diminutiveness of a second joint.

"Dollar and a quarter," laughed Mr. Stevens. "Not over-hearty, is it?"

"About enough for a convalescent canary. When we get through here we'll go down to Jack's Chop House and have a good thick sirloin."

"Wouldn't be a bad scheme in a place of this kind to order two dinners apiece. Like the man who ordered ten dollars' worth of——"

"Oh, we've heard that ham-and-egg story," snapped Mrs. Stevens, annoyed at their criticism of the place.

"Well, they've got their nerve to ask a dollar and a quarter for this. But they can put over anything on women if they throw in enough of this 'quaint atmosphere' bunk."

Helen could see that Mrs. Stevens was really provoked at Warren's comments. Having discovered the place, she was prejudiced in its favor.

However, in spite of the meager portions, before they had finished every table was taken—mostly by women alone.

"Well, that dinner'll do for a hors-d'oeuvre," observed Warren, when they rose. "Now we'll go down to Jack's and have a real——"

"Sh-sh, dear, don't! You're offending Mrs. Stevens!"

Passing out, they paused by the sideboard to examine the display of brass candlesticks old china and Sheffield—all for sale.

"Now we're going up to look at the furniture," announced Mrs. Stevens. "You and Henry are so critical—you'd better wait down here."

The stairway, with the old-fashioned white-painted banisters, led up to a broad center hall. From this opened out the large square bedrooms, all furnished in old furniture—conspicuously ticketed.

"They've some lovely things," glowed Mrs. Stevens, examining a homespun spread on a wide four-poster. "Isn't this a good way to show them?"

"Oh, here's a sampler!" as they went into the next room. "But it's not a fine one—only the alphabet." Helen scrutinized the framed bit of needlework that hung over a slope-top desk. "It's not priced either."

"This is what I want for our hall," admiring an old convex mirror.

They had made the tour of the rooms, and were going down, when they met Miss Trailor on the stairs.

"I was just coming up to show you around. Did you see everything?"

"Oh, yes, it's all so attractively displayed," extolled Mrs. Stevens.

"Have you any other samplers?" Helen asked, turning back. "I saw that framed one—but it's rather coarse. Have you anything better?"

"Samplers!" sharply. "Where did you see a sampler?"

"Why, in one of the rooms—hanging over a desk."

"In which room?" insisted Miss Trailor, fairly biting her words.

"At the end of the hall, I think," puzzled at her manner.

"The only sampler up there is in my private office. Nothing in that room is for sale!" icily. "That sampler was made by my grandmother."

"Oh, I—I presumed everything was for sale," stammered Helen.

"You call that a coarse sampler, do you? Well, every one who knows anything about samplers says it's an exceptionally fine one. I'd advise you to reserve your criticisms for something you're more familiar with."

"I'm certainly very sorry I spoke of it!"

Her face aflame, Helen brushed by to the hall rack, where Mrs. Stevens was disentangling their wraps.

A hastily adjusted veil hid her burning color. It was not until they were in the car that she gave way to her leaping indignation.

"Oh, she was too insolent for words! Did you hear what she said?"

"No, but I saw something was wrong." Mrs. Stevens leaned forward anxiously.

Her voice trembling with resentment, Helen rehearsed the scene.

"I hope you haven't offended her," coldly. "I go there so often for tea, and she's always been particularly pleasant."

"Well she was particularly UN-pleasant to me! I don't care whether I've offended her or not."

"Oh, of course, if you feel that way——"

"Why, she was insulting!" persisted Helen excitedly. "She even——"

"What are you two rowing about?" broke in Mr. Stevens.

"Hold up there," Warren was peering down the snow-clouded street. "Aren't we going somewhere to finish up?"

"I think we'd better go home," announced Mrs. Stevens distantly.

An awkward silence followed this chilling remark.

"Then we'll get out here and take the subway," suggested Warren. "No use dragging you people so far out of your way."

"Oh, see here, Curtis, we can't have that—we'll take you home."

But Warren was insistent. Even Mr. Stevens' anxious cordiality could not conceal his wife's aloofness, and when the car drew up at the next subway kiosk the constraint of the parting was over them all.

"That was a cheerful party," scowled Warren as they dived into the subway. "Why the deuce did you have to blow about that blooming sampler?"

"Well, if Mrs. Stevens wishes to take that attitude, she can," quivered Helen, goaded by the injustice of it all. "That woman was deliberately insulting. How was I to know it was her grandmother's sampler?"

"Huh, guess it was the only genuine thing in the place—that's why she was sore. She's got that joint fixed up for the sucker trade, all right. Some nerve to charge that price for that dinner, and then try to plant you with a lot of 'antiques' made in Grand Rapids."

THOUSAND BABES GIVEN BLESSING

Father McGiveney Conducts Impressive Service at Holy Trinity Catholic Church.

ENDS MISSION SERVICES

Many Converts Are Received and 300 Men and Boys Join Holy Name Society.

One of the most impressive services every held in a Washington church was conducted yesterday afternoon at the Holy Trinity Catholic Church, Thirty-sixth and O streets northwest, when more than 1,000 babies, ranging from 1 to 4 years in age, were given the Blessing of the Babies at a Baby's Mission. The blessing was conferred by Rev. Frank McGiveney, S. J., in the presence of a congregation which was so great that many were obliged to stand inside the sanctuary and in the rear of the edifice.

The Baby's Mission was held in conjunction with that for men and women, which has been conducted at the church during the past week, and which came to a close last night.

Many Converts Received.

Services were held all day yesterday, beginning at 6 a. m. and ending with a service for men at 7:30 o'clock in the evening. At the service for men more than 1,200 were present. Rev. John Walsh, S. J., preached the sermon, taking as his subject "Perseverance." He spoke of how Christ persevered in His purpose to die for the sins of the world when He was tempted on earth, and urged his hearers to take the life of the Saviour as an example and to persevere in their efforts to lead a Christian life. While the congregation renewed its baptismal vows, the church was darkened and as each man knelt and repeated his vow, he held a burning candle in his hand.

During the week many converts were received into the church and more than 300 men and boys joined the Holy Name Society, of which John Hadley Doyle is president.

Next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock Cardinal Gibbons will be present to administer confirmation to a large class, and in the evening at 7:30 o'clock a solemn reception will be held to the new members of the Holy Name Society.

STOCK MARKET NOT AFFECTED BY BAD NEWS

What May Be Expected of It When Constructive Efforts Begin Again?

New York, Jan. 23.—If the foundation of the market is good enough to resist the combinaton of bad news and a bear drive aimed at the weakest point, how sound is it likely to prove when constructive efforts begin again, asks a writer in the Odd Lot Review.

That is the question which a study of the trend of the past week must bring up in the mind of any thoughtful observer. Just when the progress of this bull market is going to be resumed at the old rate, it is more difficult to say.

Liquidation coming in on scientific terms from abroad will act as something of a brake.

Politics and the desire of a number of prominent Republicans that the country this year be not so prosperous as to forget the ancient theory that true prosperity can't be attained without the G. O. P., will act as another brake.

However, we don't think the brakes are going to stop the progress of the market vehicle. There are still many sections of the country which are just beginning to feel real prosperity. The danger of a crazy boom, one which would turn into a boomerang, has been averted. Appreciation that the security market in the good rails and the unexploited industrials offers the sanest place for the employment of surplus cash, is steadily growing. The underlying momentum is too great to allow anything, even a Presidential year, to stop this bull market for long.

SHAKESPEARIAN CLUB PLANS CELEBRATION

Society People Will Honor Memory of Bard of Avon on Anniversary of Birthday.

Plans for a Shakespearian festival for Washington, to celebrate the birthday of the Bard of Avon, will be considered at the next meeting of Washington society people and members of the Shakespearian Club in the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Shepherd, 1925 Biltmore street, Sunday afternoon. It is expected that definite plans for such a festival in the spring will be formulated at this meeting and the idea will be brought up for frequent discussion at the Sunday afternoon teas, musicales, and receptions of the club.

Mrs. Archibald Gracie was hostess to the club members in her home on Sixteenth street yesterday afternoon. Selections from Shakespeare were enacted by Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Shepherd, both of whom have appeared on the legitimate stage, Mr. Shepherd as R. D. MacLean and his wife as Odette Tyler. Between sixty and seventy people were present, army and navy people being prominent among those who attended.

WOOLEN MARKET OUTLOOK.

Why Bearish Reports Not to Be Hastily Accepted.

New York, Jan. 23.—The American Woolen Company has bought the Globe Woolen Mills of Utica, N. Y. The price was $250,000. The Globe mills have an international reputation.

American Woolen preferred sold down to 93 within the past week. There have been some bearish reports concerning earnings with the British embargo on wool as the foundation, says the Odd Lot Review, that the American Woolen Company is engaged in turning out cloths for uniforms for the British and French forces. We believe the company was provided in advance with the necessary materials. American Woolen preferred anywhere in the nineties we consider a good investment.

BAND CONCERT PROGRAM

By the United States Marine Band orchestra this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at the barracks. William H. Santelmann, leader.

March, "Grand March 'The President.'" Tregina

Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor" Nicolai

Italian serenade, "Lola" ..... Friedemann

Music de Ballet, "Henry the Eighth" (a) Entrance of the Clans, (b) Scotch idyl, (c) Dance of the Gypsies, (d) Jig, Finale Saint-Saens

Pizzicato polka and valse lente from ballet "Sylvia." Delibes

Grand scenes from "Aida" ..... Verdi

Marine's hymn, "The Halls of Montezuma." "The Star Spangled Banner."

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor's Weekly Letter From London

By MRS. T. P. O'CONNOR,

(Wife of the Great Irish Agitator and Member of the British House of Commons), Author of "My Beloved South," "I Myself," "Dog Stars," Etc.

(Copyright, 1916, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Ever since my arrival in London I have been devoured with regret at not having brought one of the many pretty chic little afternoon frocks which were displayed in the various shop windows on Fifth avenue. My subconscious mind told me what to do but the admonitory voice was drowned by the oft-repeated phrase, "Things are so much cheaper abroad; get nothing here." Long accepted theories die hard, but at last I have learned my lesson and being one of the few people in the world who profit by experience the next time I am in New York I shall buy clothes.

The ready-made gowns are quite as expensive here and they lack both the originality and style of the New York creations. Blouses, too, are better in cut and shape there, more seductively charming, and they are cheaper in price. Woolen materials and garments are of course—as this is the great country for woolen manufactures—better here. "Jerseys," a prettier name than "sweaters," are of very excellent quality for a guinea, and long, heavy, warm coats are thirty shillings up to five pounds. But, on the whole, taking one thing with another, a woman of moderate income can dress as cheaply and more smartly in America than in either France or England.

The essential things in fashions are the same the world over, but small differences are individual to the country. For example, the fashions in shoes here are exactly opposite to those worn in America. There the toes are pointed and the vamps long, giving the feet a slender appearance. Here the toes are a round square—and I am not Irish either—and the vamps are so short as to be scarcely more than a tip on the shoe. There is a good and sufficient reason for this. With the short dresses now worn effort must be made to apparently lessen the size of what shopkeepers comprehensively designate as "footwear." It appeared to me when I first looked at the feet of Englishwomen that they had grown smaller during my two years' absence in America. But what my family call my "gimlet" eye soon discovered the happy deceit of the shoemaker.

Many women wear on the street velvet slippers, with velvet ribbon lacing their insteps. This was the fashion in France two years ago. The smarter women wear short dresses, but on the whole English women look both unfashionable and sad. Many of the great families are in mourning and many more know for a melancholy certainty that they will be before the war is over.

Why have sensible, intelligent women submitted to the absurd mode of today? Surely the creator of the fashion must have entertained a grudge against the entire sex when he bobbed off their skirts, made the tall appear short, the slender appear broad, and revealed to the whole world not only ugly feet, but ugly ankles and legs.

The story is told of a witty Englishman, a young lord serving with his majesty's forces, who has returned from the front becomingly wounded. That is to say, his face is pale, but whole, and he has the usual complement of arms and legs. A persevering damsel of very high degree has been pursuing him and a mutual good-hearted friend—a thin but nevertheless amiable widow—thinking to help the young lady said, "Clara Vere de Vere has beautiful feet."

"Yes," said the officer, "but her knees are not so pretty!"

And thus does fashion mar the making of marchionesses! If Clara Vere de Vere had worn long flowing robes and only shown her pretty feet who knows what might have happened?

There are many wounded officers at home on leave from the front, among them Rosita's husband, a major, who has been at the Dardanelles, and is one among a number of four or five who have survived out of one hundred and twenty-five officers serving with a regiment in Gallipoli. Rosita is young, as pretty as a peach, gay, fascinating, coquettish, and as good as gold, a devoted wife and mother, and an Englishwoman in patriotism, although her mother is a Spanish grandee, her father an American gentleman and she herself was born in the Argentine. She has lived all her life in England and her son is a fair-haired, blue-eyed Saxon, like his fine, brave father, who has spent the afternoon with me, talking as simply of duty and death as I would speak of the weather. He has been invalided home from severe blood poisoning. Rosita is hoping—so am I—that it will develop into something chronic.

"I would rather fight the Germans any day than the Turks," he said. "The Germans are good fighters, they are apt marksmen, but they may get in a funk; There is always a chance of that; the Turks never."

"Why?" I asked. "What makes them so fearless?"

"Fatalism partly. They are the surest fatalists on earth, and they are wonderfully fit; no nerves at all. They recover from dreadful wounds, but we give them exactly the same attention that we do to our own wounded."

"Isn't it rather wonderful that you are alive?" I asked. "There was such slaughter at the Dardanelles. How do you account for it?"

The young major smiled and his eyes softened: "Rosita says'—it is so often with him—"that it was a French prayer I carried in my pocket. I'm not pious, but maybe it was. I've had a lot of them struck off and Rosita's sending them to chaps I know. Such a lot are gone," he added with a sigh. "My two greatest pals have died, from the results of wounds in the last two days."

"How," I asked, "did you get blood poisoning?"

"Dead and decaying bodies in that hot climate—dead men should be buried at once—attract thousands of flies, they are everywhere and in everything. Just before an engagement, when gulping my tea, I didn't look and drank some by mistake."

"Some?" As the darkies say, "I felt splimmey splammey."

"Oh, not many," he said cheerfully. "It was just at dawn and I thought they were tea leaves in the bottom of my cup. I can't even yet take a cup of tea. It upsets me."

"I hope you killed a lot of Turks that morning," I said.

"I hope so, but I'm only certain of one. I did pot him; and I got his identification disk—a square of metal holding his name and place of abode on a bit of parchment—and his water bottle, made of cowhide. The strap was soaked in blood."

"I know," I said, "Rosita showed those gruesome relics to me. They ought to make cowhide bottles in my native state, Texas. We have plenty of cowhide there although I haven't myself the least desire to drink from a cowhide bottle."

"You haven't? They are capital for keeping the water cool, capital," said the major.

"And what else happened that day?" I asked.

"Before I drank the flies my fever had already begun. We were in the thick of the fight. Men were dropping like ninepins when my captain said to me: 'Major, you oughtn't to be here; you look awfully dicky.' And then a bullet hissed through the poor chap's eye and came out at the back of his head. He lived for about half an hour. I bound up his head and stayed by him. He knew he was done for. Finally a sergeant came along, such a fine fellow he was—I never saw a better soldier—and said, 'He's gone, major, don't you see?' He stooped and covered Butler's face, and as he rose a bullet shot him through the head, and he dropped like a stone on Butler. And man after man fell around me. I had to step over half a dozen to lead my men and yet—here I am!"

"I sincerely hope that you won't get well," I said heartily, "and that here you will stay. Have you observed, by the way, the luck of the House of Commons—only six or eight of the men who joined the army have been killed? Is it that God of Battles protects them, or are they recruiting in the north, south, east and west at home? Or seeing, what is going on in Boulogne? It's pretty safe there, isn't it? Or does kissing go by favor?"

The major reproved me for being satirical at the expense of his country and was noncommittal.

"If," I said, "I had the making of the laws of a country I should send king or president, cabinet and parliament or congress to the front. And after they had all been killed the regular army could then fight if it wanted to."

"You've been reading Tolstoy," said the major, smiling. "That's what he says, with the difference that if the members of the government had to fight there would be no wars."

He lifted himself from his chair. I could see that his movements were weak and stiff, like an old man's. And his face looked sad and set. He has indeed been seeing "red hell."

It is small wonder that, with soldiers giving such graphic descriptions of the real war, Zeppelin raids, even with the serious loss of human life they entail, seem of no great importance. A great military personage is reported as saying: "After all, the Zeppelins never kill anybody whom one knows."

The question arises: Can snobs be witty or can wits be snobs? I suppose they can. Personally I prefer them separate. At any rate, London is utterly unintimidated by the raids. Ladies are even knitting very wide, long, bright-colored scarfs and calling them "Zepp shawls." I wouldn't be in the least surprised to see ticketed in any of the London shop windows "Zepp coats" and "Zepp caps." I have a sense of humor, but it is not strong enough to find any amusement in Zeppelins, nor do I feel like affectionately calling them "Zepps."

How marvelously in England secrets are kept! In this great city, where four raids have taken place, the inhabitants (except those who have been wounded or maimed, or the relatives of those killed) know little or nothing of what has taken place. The morning after a raid men get up at the usual hour and go to their offices or places of business. Children start off for school, women for shopping or to market. Friends drop in to tea in the afternoon, every one is calm and collected; the only difference being that the day following a Zeppelin raid enlistment is brisk and successful.

Trafalgar Square is practically given up to the business of recruiting. Yesterday, on my way to the memorial service for Edith Cavell at St. Paul's I saw a number of fine young men among the four British lions at the base of Nelson's column. They were waiting to join his majesty's forces. Not only the cathedral was crowded, but the streets for a long distance were filled with a dense mass of sad and silent people. I never saw such a respectful crowd. A fainting woman, overcome with emotion, was being carried down the steps by Australian soldiers just as I ascended them. A company of women in khaki, the Women's Volunteer Corps, was drawn up within the square formed by the police. They marched well and looked determined and soldierly in their uniforms. They wore strong, brown boots, puttees, short-skirt tunics and slouch hats. The lord mayor's carriage of blue and gold, drawn by four horses, with coachman and footman in blue and gold-laced liveries, powdered heads and three-cornered hats waited with the royal carriage of scarlet and gold at the foot of the steps before the main.

Inside the scene was great and impressive. The seats under the dome had been reserved for seven hundred nurses, who all wore their distinctive uniforms, but altogether there were quite two thousand of them among the congregation—women who had come from Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool and other towns to give silent tribute to their noble sister. Many of their faces looked tender and courageous, as if they, too, might, if the time came, die for principle. In the prayer from the burial service, no matter what words escaped those many people gathered together, the name of Edith Cavell, in the slightly raised voice of the priest, penetrated to every ear and thrilled every heart.

It is difficult to analyze the motives of men concerned in a great tragedy, but my own opinion is that Edith Cavell was put to death for the Red Badge of Courage. If she had lied and trembled and faltered and fainted and collapsed and been carried out of that German court in the arms of a lusty soldier she would have been saved. But she did none of these things. She made no appeal to that almost obsolete word "chivalry," nor to manliness, nor to sex. In that hour of her supreme triumph, she stood a noble human being, the equal of any man in honor, in truth, in courage. She demonstrated with her life—all she had to give—that women have the right and the force of character to demand justice and freedom for their sex.

The Cologne Gazette says: "Miss Cavell in her actions displayed a thoroughly masculine force of mind and decision. It was therefore her just due if she was treated like a man." Her woman's usefulness, her helpfulness, her pure life and strong full hands, her tenderness, her unselfishness in this dread hour were all obliterated by her "masculine force of mind and decision." These were her unpardonable sins. She was shot on account of them in the dead of night. All men who set up and keep alive the false ideal of woman, so afraid, untruthful and cowardly that she must not be trusted with her liberty, have contributed their quota to the death of this blameless heroine.

The only consolation in the martyrdom of Edith Cavell lies in its ennobling influence upon the world. She has made women proud to be women. And God give them courage to strive more ardently than ever for "masculine force and decision," so that, if the time comes, they may die like—brave women!

BETTY O'CONNOR.
(Mrs. T. P. O'Connor.)

MINISTER TELLS OF OUR DEBT TO JEWS

Rev. Hugh T. Stevenson Says in Every Crisis the Jew Has Been Loyal to Our Nation.

"What We Owe to the Jews" was the topic of an address by Rev. Hugh T. Stevenson, pastor of the Bethany Baptist Church, who addressed the congregation last evening in the church at Second street and Rhode Island avenue. Rev. Mr. Stevenson said that we owed the beginnings of our church to the Jews, Jesus, the Saviour, was a Jew, the Scriptures were of Jewish origin, and the first society of Christians were at first Jews.

Our country, he said, owed democracy, discovery and patriotism to the Jew. "In every crisis in which the Jew has been called, he has been loyal to our nation," said Rev. Mr. Stevenson.

The Jew has also played a great part in building up civilization, in the arts, sciences, music and philosophy.

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HUNGARIANS OPENLY DEMAND PEACE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.

Count Karolyi. The speech, when the censor forbade it to circulate, was mimeographed and hundreds of copies distributed throughout the country, and one of these was brought to England by the American.

"More important even than what Karolyi said," this man told me, "was the way it was received. Count Tisza, leader of the government, was forced to adjourn the sittings, but peace demonstrations took place daily from that time until I left Budapest. The terrible cost of food, which is more than double that of 1912, is responsible for the disgust of the people, whose fiery patriotism of a year ago has vanished now that the Russian danger has been eliminated.

"They feel that, having destroyed Serbia, they have attained the object of the war, and that further fighting is simply done to aid Prussia, which they detest. 'The Prussians are pigs,' a member of the Hungarian Parliament told me, 'but they can fight. The Austrians are a decayed race, worthless in battle. Our troops have done all the fighting for Vienna, and we will not continue indefinitely just to please Tisza, who toadies to the Hapsburg court and has no regard for the good of his own country.'"

"Do you think the Hungarians may secede from Austria and try to make a separate peace?" I asked.

Threaten Secession.

"That is openly discussed and favored by the lower classes," the American said, "and influential people, while more guarded in their talk, often hinted to me that, unless Hungary's wishes were met, secession would take place even before the death of the aged King-Emperor.

"The Independence party makes no bones about its intention to proclaim Hungary an independent country at the death of Franz Josef. They do not recognize that the Austrian crown prince has any claim on the Hungarian throne. Naturally, with such issues at stake, rumors that Franz Josef is ill constantly circulate in Hungary, but I cannot tell what there is in them, for important people have assured me on 'positive information' that the Emperor was dying, and that he was never better in his life. When he does die, the leader of the secession movement will be Count Michael Karolyi, whose war record has made him extremely popular. He joined the army as a private and fought until invalided home."

The following are some of the main points in Count Karolyi's suppressed peace speech:

Serbia Punished.

"We have won everything that we wished to win in this war. We have saved Hungary from invasion, we have saved the monarchy. Neither the Emperor-King nor our allies can demand anything more from the Hungarian nation, whose sons saved the integrity of his kingdoms for the Emperor-King. The Hungarian army has brought the war to its present phase, and has a right to ask compensation. What did we want when we went to war? To punish Serbia for the murder of the archduke and his consort. This we have done. We desired no territorial conquests, but fought to save our own country from partition among our enemies. This we have undeniably achieved. And so we have finished our part in the war, and now demand that the political unity of the Hungarian nation be recognized, that economic freedom be granted us, and that, more than all, peace be restored.

"After seventeen months of war we are in a position to offer peace. We have beaten the Serbians and occupied their country, although we contemplated only a punitive expedition, and have defeated all our other enemies, so we would not be humiliated in making the first move to stop devastation and wholesale slaughter.

"I feel justified in asking the government to redeem its promise to speak about peace after we have secured victory, and demand that it take the necessary steps to secure peace.

"The government has committed many crimes and blunders in the war, and has hidden behind the censorship as behind a screen, so that the Independence party feels justified in demanding that the government do its duty and make peace, or resign. The resignations of governments do not interfere with warlike operations, as governments have been falling elsewhere one after the other, and we do not accept the statement that the resignation of the government would affect the conduct of the war. Should the government lack the moral strength to comply with the wishes of the nation and make peace, it can do nothing but resign."

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NATIONAL TONIGHT, 8:15. MATS. WED. & SAT. COHAN AND HARRIS Present It Pays to Advertise. Kept New York Laughing One Solid Year. TONIGHT—Benefit Working Boys' Home. Next Week—JULIAN ELTINGE. Seats Thursday.

BURTON HOLMES Tomorrow 4:30 PANAMA PACIFIC EXPOSITION Prices, 50c, 75c, $1.00. Immediate Care of the Wounded at French Firing Line. FRENCH FLOTILLA BENEFIT.

THURSDAY 4:30 o'Clock MME. CALVE. Loraine Wyman, Gallieo Gasparri, Carlos Salzedo, Orchestra of 35. Artists Participating in Benefit at Metropolitan Opera House. Tickets, 50c to $2.50. T. Arthur Smith, 1306 G St.

FRIDAY 4:30 o'Clock EIGHTH CONCERT—TEN-STAR SERIES. Julia Culp. The Matchless Lieder Singer. With COENRAAD V. BOS at the Piano. TICKETS, $2.00, $1.50, $1.00, 75c. T. ARTHUR SMITH, 1306 G St.

SECOND SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT. THURSDAY FEB. 3 PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA. Society of N. Y. JOSEF STRANSKY, Conductor. Soloist—HAROLD BAUER—Pianist.

BELASCO—Tonight, 8:20. 50c to $2.00. MAT. WEDNESDAY, 25c to $1.00. First Performance of Wm. Elliott's Production. THE GREATEST NATION. By Marian Crighton and Wm. Elliott, with Elaborate Scenery and Costumes by Joseph Urban. An Unusually Interesting Play with Unusually Beautiful Settings and Unusually Strong Cast, Including: William Elliott, Mme. Yorska, Olive Wyndham and others.

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POLI'S. TONIGHT, 8:15. MATS. DAILY EXCEPT MONDAYS, 25c. 25 50 .75 "THE LAW OF THE LAND" With A. H. VAN BUREN. Next Week—"The Dummy."

LOEW'S COLUMBIA. Continuous 10:30 A. M. to 11 P. M. Mon., Tues., Wed., Jan. 24, 25, 26. BLANCHE SWEET IN THE RAGAMUFFIN. Thurs., Fri., and Sat. Dustin Farnum in "THE CALL OF THE CUMBERLANDS." Morning, Afternoon, 10, 15c. Night, 10, 15, 25c.

BIJOU Burlesque. 9th and Pa. Ave. N. W. ALL THIS WEEK. HELD OVER TO MEET POPULAR DEMAND. PRINCESS TEXICO. PEER OF ALL DANCERS. And CHARLES EAGAN, the Singing Pugilist. With a Big Company in "THE MASQUE," and Chorus of 20 Pretty Girls with Well-filled Stockings. DAILY MATINEE, 2:15. NIGHTS, 8:15.

NEW-YORK-DAY-BY-DAY.

O-O-McINTYRE.

Special Correspondent of The Washington Herald.

New York, Jan. 23.—Twenty-two typewriters, chauffeured by as many chic young girls, are clicking away at a Presidential boom with feverish activity down at 175 Broadway. The sudden excitement is due to the only prominent New York Republican who has come out openly for the Presidency.

He is none other than Henry D. Estabrook, lawyer, orator and the man to whom much credit was given for the election of McKinley in 1896. Mr. Estabrook has a mailing list of 200,000 names and he is keeping the nation from Penobscot to Coronado acquainted with his speeches, personality, principles and availability.

The publicity end of the campaign is in charge of C. S. Watts, long a prominent Washington newspaper correspondent. There are stacks of press clippings to testify to the solemn consideration accorded the boom in Western and Middle Western States.

Mr. Estabrook was reared in Nebraska, where, says a pamphlet entitled "Henry D. Estabrook, the New Leader," he developed "the vigor of the wind-swept prairies." He practiced law in Nebraska and in Wisconsin and one of his chief supporters is Ormsby McHarg.

Mr. Estabrook is 61 years old, and at least one member of the Republican National Committee, Ralph H. Cameron, of Arizona, is for him. He says: "There is genuine inspiration and hope in Mr. Estabrook's candidacy." He is said to be very popular in New York.

Selwyns, the firm that produces as many dinners as plays, are now fixing up a dinner to "Pink" Hayes, whoever he is. They appear to be trying to make him really famous by sending out heralds regarding the dinner at Healy's at which Hayes will be sacrificed. The Selwyns backed the Irvin Cobb banquet to win, and it did, and they have now acquired the habit.

The chief feature of the invitations is a set of warnings against giving Frank O'Malley, the treasurer of the dinner, any money. He is the famous "O'Malley, of the Sun," and the last of the old guard on that paper.

The tale is told of a prominent young married man—so rich, oh, so very rich—who was in a Fifth avenue shop the other day buying a pearl necklace. His wife came in and when he saw her he gurgled: "Is that you, dear? I was just selecting a necklace for your birthday and now you've spoiled it."

"Necklace?" said the young matron tapping her foot menacingly. "It is quite strange you would buy me a birthday present in February when my birthday is in November."

The clerk who was uninhabited from the neck up butted in with a silly smile: "And this is the beautiful young lady you told me about?" As this is the second time the young man has been caught with the goods, he is now led to believe that he married the Pinkerton family.

Down at Midland Beach a poster informs the populace that whoever is caught taking suits or towels "will be persecuted to the full extend of the law." They don't care what they do down there.

In order to recover from the effects of an overdose of royalties, Irving Berlin, the boy composer, has hurried away from Broadway to French Lick Springs, where he will remain until summer. Young Berlin came from the famous "Nigger Mike" Salter's resort in Chinatown, and is the son of a cantor. He has made so much money during the past few years that three apartment houses were purchased by him in one week.

Every song he writes gets over with the public, despite the fact that he never took a music lesson in his life. Not long ago his