TANGIER TRIED THEIR SOLES

Forty Way-Worn Infidels Led Across the Rough Road to Arabic Bliss.

SULTRY SEARCH FOR COOLING SHADE

Way Beset by the Bloody Bandersnatch and the Wild Whang Whee—And They Didn't Do a Thing to the Man from Erie.

CARAVAN after caravan arrived Friday and early Friday night, drawn to the oasis of Tangier temple Ancient Arabic Order, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, the pronunciamento of Illustrious Potentate Edgar Allen being the magnet which did the "drawing work," for therein it recited that an hour after the muezzin had chanted his call to prayers from the topmost porch of the mosque, and in honor of El Geeyamah, the feast of the resurrection of souls, a gorgeous procession of the Sayd Ahmadoo'l Bedawee of Toonta would be held in the oasis. It was as the dawning of the new year for those called upon to preside over the destinies of the temple for the next twelve months, and the illustrious sheiks and ancient seers of the oasis determined to make it the crowning event in the history of Tangier, the White. And they failed not in their laudable ambition to outstrip anything that has ever been done in the way of entertainment of both initiates and novices of the ancient order, which is as old as the corner stone of the temple of Mohammed, and which was founded by the Mohammedan kalif, Alee, the cousin-german and son-in-law of Mohammed, in the year of the hegira 25 (A. D., 656).

Many there were in the visiting caravans who had reached the apex of earthly greatness and, filled with years and honor, were welcomed by their less illustrious brethren with that due deference that betokens the attainment of the riches of learning, that great wisdom which is the heritage of those who believe in the book of the prophets, Mohammed, amongst whom highest sate.

AND THEY COME IN DROVES.

From far off Islam, nigh unto the Golden Gate, came representatives to honor the feast of Roomadan; from El Jebel, the city of the Mormons, and Lu Lu, which is adjacent to the river Delaware, in the state of Penn, and Zuhrah, which has been torn asunder on account of the Hayward murder trial. El Kahir, which is in the Hawkeye state, sent her most noted alchemists and medicine makers, while the caintly capital of the Antelope state, named after a martyred president, and known to the faithful as Sesostris temple, sent an half hundred players on the tam tams and the iron castanets that the sister Temple Tangier might not feel the slight that one body sometimes puts upon another, dwellers in the same commonwealth. And there were other temples represented so that when the faithful had made their grand salaams to the illustrious ruler upon this memorable occasion there were nearly 500 be-fezzed and tiger-clawed nobles of the Mystic Shrine gathered together under the date palms and among the tents of pilgrims who had camped for the night in the oasis of Tangier en route upon their annual pilgrimage to Mecca.

Tangier. The name itself, brings visions of beauty and picturesqueness, and nothing could have been more beautiful than the arrangement of the Masonic temple on Friday night when nearly forty novices were shown the glories of the ancient mysticism and the ancient Moghreb faith, as exemplified through the teachings of the nobility of the Mystic Shrine. While 98 per cent of those inhaling the odors of long since forgotten woods as they burned in the rude camp vessels, were born far away from the tents of the Arabs, there was not one who could be suspected of an impartiality for what they saw and heard within the holy of holies.

And then there were sounds of little African flutes, and the beating of strange instruments, surmounted with heads of camel skins, cleaned of their hair, and rude winds and reeds with bellows attachment, which suggested bag pipes, played by a man who was very tall, clothed in kilts, and who marched at the head of the Arab zouaves.

The new ritual, which was the attraction to distant oases, proved to be a vast improvement upon that which preceded it, and the universal acclaims which marked its completion, showed that the officers had not labored in vain, the work falling upon Edgar Allen, illustrious potentate; Lewis M. Rheem, illustrious chief rabban; William T. Robinson, illustrious assistant rabban; Rev. Thomas J. Mackay, illustrious high priest and prophet; Henry Hardy, illustrious oriental guide; William E. Rhoades, illustrious treasurer; Louis E. Wettling, illustrious recorder; Charles S. Huntington, illustrious first ceremonial master; John E. Simpson, illustrious second ceremonial master; Walter J. Colvin, illustrious director; Charles S. Potter, illustrious marshal; Louis F. de Lorimier, illustrious captain of the guard; Henry Newell, illustrious outer guard; Robert Carleton, illustrious alchemist; John N. Westberg, illustrious alchemist.

And for the Arab patrol a word of praise is deserved, for they added much to the picturesqueness of the occasion, the members participating being David W. Van Cott, captain; Frank S. Brownlee, first lieutenant; Edward F. Cornish, Rene C. Baughman, Charles H. Mullin, Jerome K. Coulter, Edward Haney, Harry G. Counsman, Albert E. Pike, John H. Butler, Robert J. Dinning, Marcus L. Parrotte, Harlan P. Devalon, William S. Balduff, Edwin R. Perfect, Michael O. Maul, Victor P. Musselman, Oscar R. Allen, Napoleon B. Apple, Eugene S. Seaver.

An absolutely new feature of the work was the introduction of music throughout the various ceremonies of initiation, a feature that won high commendation from the nobility assembled, Clinton N. Powell, Joseph F. Barton, Dr. R. W. Bailey and R. W. Breckenridge constituting the quartet, with Ira O. Rhoades accompanist. The program of music rendered was: "Onward Men of Tangier," arranged by Sullivan; a beautiful prayer by Harrett, "Allah Hear the Arab's Vow," arranged by Pierson; a wonderfully effective duet sung by R. W. Bailey and R. W. Breckenridge, "Hope Beyond," by White; "All Crimes Shall Cease," by Rosewig.

The novices to cross the hot sands of the desert and to finally take rest underneath the palms and by the well of Zem Zem, which forever flows, were: Rev. N. M. Kuhns, John H. White, Dr. W. H. Christie, George McKay White, Walter B. Stark, George F. Clough, Carl Benson, Charles Nelson, Rev. S. Wright Butler, George S. Wedgewood, Frank C. Condon, William B. Whiteham, William Hay, John W. Vail and J. H. McConnell, Omaha; J. P. Stephenson, William S. Wilkins, James T. Bell, William Cartwright Estep, Medlard Duquette, E. M. Brown, Andrew McMillen, I. M. Treynor and John W. Palmer, Council Bluffs; A. C. Hull, E. L. Mathews, William Fried, George F. Wolz and L. B. Smith, Fremont; Dr. Lewis L. Baher, Imogene, Ia.; Ira Thomas and James W. Hohnquist, Oakland; J. L. Smith and Samuel B. Scholz, Villisca, Ia.; Francis M. Rublee, Broken Bow; James W. Zink, St. Paul; John S. Kirving, O'Neill; Charles A. Barnes, Ainsworth; Perry A. Lyons, Fort Omaha.

After the ancient ceremony of escorting the postulants to the tents of the rulers through countless dangers which beset the pathway of the unregenerated, a banquet followed, which, in its completeness and good fellowship, has not been equaled in Omaha, the set speech program being as follows: Opening Remarks, Potentate Edgar Allen; "Prefatory," Noble H. C. Akin, toastmaster; "Our Guests," Noble T. J. Mackay; "Our Sister Jurisdiction, Sesostris Temple," Potentate J. H. Mauritius of Sesostris temple; "Infidel Spies," Noble Geiger of Cedar Rapids, Ia.; "The Mystic Shrine," Noble Ralph W. Breckenridge; "Enigma, or What is It?" Noble L. M. Rheem; "Novices," Noble S. Wright Butler; "The Drama of the Shrine," Noble Edgar C. Snyder.

HELD ON TO THE ROPE.

About 2 o'clock Saturday morning a gentleman wandered into the editorial rooms of The Bee, with his clothing torn, his face badly scratched and bruised, and his left arm in a sling. He inquired for the office of the chief of police. He said he was a stranger in town, and had important information to communicate. Upon being pressed to tell his story, he inquired what the three-story brick building was just the other side of the new postoffice building. He was told it was the Masonic temple. He replied that maybe it was, but that there was one of the hardest gangs located there that he ever got tangled up with. After considerable questioning, he gave the reporter the following story:

"My name is Marcus W. Simmons of 403 Grand avenue, Erie, Pa. I came out to this country to visit relatives, and, having to stop in Omaha for a day or two, I started Friday night to take a stroll through the north part of town. As I was passing the building I spoke of, I heard music coming from the upper part of the building. I asked a gentleman what was going on up there. He said he did not know, but it was some kind of a show. I went up to the third story of the building, and was met at the door by a little, short man, with a long sword and a red velvet suit on, who told me to hurry in and take hold of the end of the rope. I saw a long line of men carrying a long string of two-inch rope. I took hold of the rope and followed along, although I did not know what it was. The men seemed to be under the leadership of a tall man, whom I after learned was named Potter. He was dressed in something that looked like a mother hubbard dress, with the funniest looking hat on I ever saw in my life. There were a lot of soldiers, with a kind of zouave uniform on that seemed to be helping this man Potter. They took us into a large room that was perfectly dark.

HERE'S WHERE THEY GOT HIM.

"It took quite a while to get into the room, as the fellows inside didn't seem to think that we had any business there. When we finally got in a man whispered to me that all I had to do was to hold onto that rope. In a minute or so they turned on the lights and it was the prettiest sight I ever saw in my life. There were about 600 men sitting in the seats in the gallery and around the edges of the room. The first thing they had was a lot of music and it was the most beautiful singing that I ever listened to in my life. Then they had an exhibition drill by the soldiers, then a fellow that was all dressed up in clothes, like a king wears, commenced to make some disturbances about the way things were going on. I didn't catch exactly what he said, for about that time they commenced to march us and they marched us around the room about fifty times and finally told us we must be obligated. They gave us an obligation in which we promised that we would never tell anybody anything and we promised to help everybody on the face of the earth and to kill our wives and relations and everybody else just the minute we got the word from the man that sat upon the throne, and we promised that we would sign every subscription paper for any kind of suffering that came along. Then there was a whole lot of other things we promised, that I forget, because about the middle of it I got scared and told a fellow that was standing there that I thought I'd go. He told me to shut up and listen to what the Grand Razoo was saying. Then they stood us all up in a row and asked us if we had any word to send to our folks. A whole lot of them told what they wanted sent to their folks and I wrote a telegram to my wife and told her I was well and hoped she was the same.

DIDN'T DO A THING TO HIM.

"Then they put blinders on us so we couldn't see a thing and turned us over to a little bald-headed fellow that wore spectacles and a full dress suit and I think they called him Green or Bean or Rheem or something of that kind, and I have been looking for him for the last two hours and when I meet him gore is going to flow sure. He grabbed a hold of me by the arm and asked me if I could pray. I told him I could a little bit, and he said these exercises that we were about to go through were the solemnest things that anybody ever heard tell of, and that I must be prepared to pray on a minute's notice. Then he took me and set me down on a cake of ice, put a pan of hot coals in my lap, and a sort of a crown with a lot of

wire nails driven through it on my head, then gave me a couple of hot bricks to hold in my hand, and he told me that this was to test my powers of endurance, and if I flinched that I was liable to be shot. He kept me there about fifteen minutes, and told me how nice it was to be good and noble and true. He took me by the arm and marched me around over a lot of ladders and other contraptions that I couldn't see, then laid me down on a board and strapped a lot of iron things all over me, and then sung out 'Let her go,' and I went sailing right up to the ceiling and stuck right fast to it. I found out afterward that this was done by magnetism. While I was sticking to the ceiling another fellow commenced to talk, and said that this was to illustrate the way that Mohammed's coffin was suspended in mid-air, and was to teach me the solemn lesson that 'I should never forget what I learned at Sunday school.' In about a second, it seemed to me, I heard a kind of a gong sound and a flute blow, and then the magnets let go, and I started to fall. They caught me in a great big blanket and tossed me until I got so dizzy that I fainted. As soon as I came to I told them that I wanted to go home, but that little bald-headed fellow took me by the arm and told me not to be discouraged, that I was most through, and then they put me through a whole lot of things that I could not tell you about if I tried.

HE WANTED TO GO HOME.

"Then about that time they marched us out into another room, and took the blinders off of us and brought us back into the big room, and gave us a whole lot of grips and pass words, and told us they hoped we would never forget what we learned there tonight, and for us to hurry up and get hold of some other fellows that we could get to join, so we could get even, and then they said we could go to a banquet, and just as we were getting in line a little slight fellow that was dressed in a light green coat with yellow and red pants on, that I found out they called Huntington (and I have got it in for him, too), came walking down the line, shaking hands with all the fellows that went in with me and telling them how good he felt to see us made nobles of the Mystic Shrine, and when he came to me, shook hands, and told me the same thing. I told him I did not belong to the Mystic Shrine, that I was a Methodist, although I attended the Presbyterian church the most, and then he looked at me about a minute and commenced to yell 'Spy! Sieze him!' and a whole lot of them soldiers made a rush for me and the man that looked like a king, I think they called him Allen, said there was no use talking, that I would have to die and he told them after they had killed me to be sure and say nothing about it to nobody, but to drop me down the old well and empty in about six barrels of quick lime.

MADE A BREAK FOR LIBERTY.

"Just then I saw a chance to get away and I started to run. They all took after me and knocked me down two or three times and kicked me, but I finally got to the head of the stairs and threw myself down; that is where I hurt my arm; I don't know whether it is sprained or broke. As soon as I struck the sidewalk I commenced to yell 'murder' and three or four felows ran up and asked me what was the matter and I commenced to tell them. They laughed, and one of them said that he would give $100 if he could get a jag like I had. I crawled and walked down here to find the chief of police, because I am going to prosecute those fellows and the gang ought to be broken up entirely. I have been walking this building for the last hour and a half, but I cannot find the chief's office. I want to see him before I go to bed." The reporter told Mr. Simmons that this was not the city hall and directed him to the office of the chief of police. Investigation shows that Mr. Simmons is quite a prominent lather merchant of Erie, Pa., and is determined to obtain redress from Tangier temple of the Order of the Mystic Shrine through the courts.

AT SEA IN THE GREAT STORM.

Rescued Captain Tells Some Graphic Incidents of the Atlantic Blizzard.

NORFOLK, Va., March 9.—Captain Norton of the wrecked schooner John H. Moore, who arrived on the George L. Dixon, tells a graphic story of the wreck of his vessel and the heroic effort made to rescue the men. He says: "The Moore sailed from Brunswick, Ga., January 29, for Philadelphia, and when a few miles north of Hatteras encountered tempestuous weather, which continued until all hands were rescued on February 16. The suffering of the crew was intense, the weather being bitterly cold and provisions short. On the morning of the 15th of February the Moore spoke the schooner John H. Cannon, which lost a man in attempting to rescue us. In finding that they could not get a boat to us on account of the heavy wind and sea, the Moore put a hawser out astern with an oil bag attached to the buoy. The Cannon lay to until after dark trying to pick it up, and finding that it was impossible to reach it had to sail away. During the night signals of distress were set and the George L. Dixon was spoken, which lay to until morning, by which time the sea had somewhat gone down. We were then taken off in a boat from the vessel. The Moore was in a sinking condition when the captain and mate left her. During the blizzard all the men were more or less frozen. On the rescuing schooner George L. Dixon, William Smith, a native of Sweden, was washed overboard and lost. Two others were badly injured, one having his arm broken. The mate, Archie McKindon, was washed through the scuppers twice, the first time going feet first and bringing up at the arm pits, the second time going clear through. He caught hold of the boom pennant, however, which was hanging overboard, and pulled himself back on deck."

TWO ACTRESSES WERE DISABLED.

Miss Myer and Miss Russell of Roland Reed's Company Badly Injured.

ATLANTA, March 9.—Roland Reed and the injured members of his company, who were in the fatal wreck at Scotland yesterday, have been sleeping under opiates at the Hotel Aragon all day. Miss Myer's injuries may be of an internal and serious character. She is quite ill, and it is now a matter of grave doubt as to whether she will be able to appear with Mr. Dudolph's opening. Miss Russell, while not seriously hurt, was painfully injured. A glass cut her arm and necessitated the taking of ten stitches, and ether had to be administered during the operation. She is suffering considerably. An effort will be made to get the actors in condition to appear at the Grand on Wednesday night, but it is highly probable that neither Miss Russell nor Miss Myer will be able to appear.

WOMEN NEED NOT TELL THEIR AGE.

In Registering for Municipal Elections an Exact Statement is Unnecessary.

TOPEKA, March 9.—It is officially decided by a statement today showing general concurrence of lawyers that in registering for municipal elections women are not required to state their exact age, but will comply with the law by simply stating that they are "over 21." The subject has been thoroughly agitated here this week, and women's meetings have discussed the question in its various bearings. A pertinent fact was developed by the discovery that a well known citizen of the male persuasion refused to state his age, but said he was "over 21." He was given a certificate, and the women say the commissioner of elections has himself thus established the precedent.

May Mean an Assignment.

ELYRIA, O., March 9.—A notice of the dissolution of the partnership of G. A. Budd & Co. was published here today, which the attorney of the firm states is virtually an assignment. The liabilities are given at $250,000, with assets about one-half the amount. The firm is one of the largest hide and pelt commission companies in the country. The partners are H. E. Mussey and G. A. Budd, both of whom live here. Albert Johnson, the president of the Citizens bank of Oberlin, has been placed in charge of the firm's affairs. Mr. Budd, when seen here today, knew nothing about the assignment, and denied the report. He said the firm had had some financial trouble recently, which had been fixed up.

Doorkeeper Suddenly Went Insane.

INDIANAPOLIS, March 9.—James Bryer of Logansport, one of the doorkeepers of the lower house of the legislature, went insane while attending to his duties today. He was seen on the floor early, talking in an incoherent manner. All his talk was about the "four retainers" who had been instrumental by their votes as members of the house in retaining an employe who had been brought up for a misdemeanor. Bryer was looking after the doors in the gallery Thursday night when the exciting scene in the house over the custodian bill took place. He will be removed to his home at Logansport, where he was formerly editor of the Logansport Journal.

Mines Proved Unprofitable

MILWAUKEE, March 9. — Receivers Charles F. Rand and Howard Morris of the Penoke and Gogebic Consolidated Mining company have secured an order from Judge Bunn of the United States court permitting them to surrender the leases of the Colby, Palms, Comet and Superior mines to the fee owners, retaining only the Tilden mine of the group known the country over as the Consolidated mines. The order was entered on a petition of the receivers alleging that the mines could not be worked with profit.

Torn to Pieces by Wild Beasts

HUNTINGTON, W. Va., March 9.—Yesterday afternion Rev. Elijah Teller, who lives on Pigeon creek, Logan county, left his home for a short walk down the creek. As he did not return in due time, his folks went in search of him. This morning pieces of his body were found scattered along the road and it is thought he was attacked by wild animals and torn to pieces.

Robbers Were Frightened Away.

NEW CARLISLE, March 9.—An attempt was made last night to rob the Service bank here. An explosion roused a watchman and others and the robbers were frightened off. They stole a horse and a buggy and escaped, after a series of shots. They failed to open the second door of the vault and received no booty.

Quarrel Over Land Ends in Murder.

WICHITA, Kan., March 9.—News is received here of a double murder which occurred six miles from Newkirk, Okl., today. In a dispute over a land claim Cyrus Cowan shot and instantly killed Burt and Willie Coleman, brothers, aged respectively 22 and 16 years. Cowan later surrendered.

Machinery May Cause a Strike.

LONDON, March 9.—Owing to the complicated dispute as to the use of machinery and other matters, the members of the National Federation of Boot Manufacturers has notified the operatives to stop work on March 16. This action affects 200,000 employes throughout the country.

Gave the Court a New Lease of Life.

SANTA FE, N. M., March 9.—A dispatch from Washington says that a proviso in the legislative appropriation bill extends the life of the United States court of private land claims two years from December 31, 1895. The business before the court is too great to be disposed of this year.

Cornell Will Not Play Professionals.

ITHACA, N. Y., March 9.—The game between Cornell and the New York Giants has been declared off, mainly because the faculty is opposed to the team playing with professional clubs, except on the home grounds, and also because it was difficult to arrange a satisfactory date.

S. P. MORSE DRY GOODS 6

Cloak Dept-

We are showing a full line of New Spring Capes

All Wool Spring Capes, blue and tan

Only $2.48 Each

$3.75, $5.00, $6.50, $9.00 and $10.00.

Imported pattern garments, no two alike, exclusive style, will be on exhibition in our Cloak Parlors.

Our Rob Roy Cape,

all in one piece, no seams, lined throughout with silk, is a bargain at

$12.00

We have also received a full line of Misses' new Spring Capes sizes 12, 14, 16 and 18, at

$1.50, $2.75, $3.75 $5.00 and $6.50.

Childrens' new Spring Jackets, sizes 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12, in red, blue and tan at

$1.98, $3.00, $4.00, $5.00 $6.50 and $7.50.

Goddard Seperate Shirts, 5 yds wide, made of Novelty Cloths; Serges and Crepons, at

$6, $8, $10 and $12.

We have also a full line of Shirt Waists ranging in price from **50c** to **$1.50.**

Come and See Them.

S. P. MORSE DRY GOODS 6

New Wash Goods . .

Silk striped French Ginghams, the latest styles, at 38c yard, worth 50c.

Madras Cloth, stripes, dots, etc., worth 25c, go tomorrow at 15c.

Jaconets, in many handsome styles, cut to 12½c tomorrow.

Extra fine quality of Dimities, in dainty designs, at 8c yard.

Full line of the best Percales at 10c.

Fine Scotch Ginghams, 18c, regular 25c goods.

Fine Sateens, 20c quality, 12½c.

The latest styles in Princess Duck Suitings at 10c.

Fancy figured striped Ginghams, 25c quality for 15c.

A new line of the best grade Outing Flannels at 10c.

Notions

Hooks and Eyes	5c
Linen Thread	6c
Hairpins, in box	5c and 10c
Safety Pins	3c and 5c
Puritan Pins	5c
Darning Cotton	1c and 3c
Yard length Whalebone, 2 for 25c.	15c
Crochet Cotton	4c
Tapes, 2 for	5c
Basting Thread	5c
Bone Hairpins, 2 for	5c
Toilet Sets, comb, brush and glass,	$1.00, $1.15, $1.50
Talcum Powder	9c
Kid Curlers	8c and 12c

S. P. MORSE DRY GOODS 6

New Silks.

Each day new patterns—new weaves—new beauties—just as flowers burst into view over night in a June garden—We speak of but three, but there are more—so many that to mention them would be bewildering.

Gros de Londres—the dainty beauties, in small fancy figures, the latest weaves in black; you know them to be $1.50 quality when you see them, but we start them at..... **$1.00**

46-inch Chiffons—in black and white and all colors, $1.25 is cheap enough, but we do even better..... **$1.00**

All the dark colored Plaid Surahs—worth up to $1 a yard, go tomorrow for..... **49c**

Gloves.

We have just received an entirely new line of all sizes in 4-button Glace Gloves, in English reds, browns, tans and black, that go on sale tomorrow at..... **$1.50**

Butterick's Patterns.

For the convenience of the ladies we have moved this department down to the ladies' reception parlors, where we will show Butterick's March Patterns—The Fashion Sheets and The Delineator, the best fashion magazine published. Subscribers to the Delineator will receive the new monthly fashion plates by mail as soon as published. Come in and subscribe for the Delineator. It's only $1.00 a year.

S. P. MORSE DRY GOODS 6

Dress Goods

New Black Mohair Novelties, 42 inches wide, tomorrow only..... **37½c**

Extra Fine New Imported Novelties, in black, tomorrow... **69c**

40-inch new Novelty Suiting at 35c.

A handsome line of 40-inch Novelties, in checks and mixtures, all new and splendid values, at 37½c.

46-inch English and Storm Serges, extra fine quality, at 45c.

New Henriettas, in black and all colors, very fine, 40-inch goods, at 45c.

Another lot of 46-inch Henriettas, in black and colors, that is way below price at 59c.

China . . . Department

We are closing out this department, as we will not have room for it when our new goods arrive. We are giving some of our best bargains here.

Imitation cut glass Salad Bowls, former price 30c, now	15c
Imitation cut glass Salad Bowls, former price 50c, now	20c
English glass Salad Dishes, former price 75c, now	25c
Finger Bowls, former price 25c, now	10c
Spoon Holders, former price 20c, now	9c
Vases, former price 20c, now	9c
Plain Tumblers, former price 5c, now	2½c
China Bone Plates, former price 25c, now	18c
China Bread Plates, former price 25c, now	15c
China Dinner Plates, former price 35c, now	20c

All of our large stock of fancy China, also Toilet ware, will be sold at the cost of production.

S. P. MORSE DRY GOODS 6

RECOVERING FROM THE GRIP

England Showing Better Signs of Activity in Social Life.

BLACKBALLING OF SIR CECIL RHODES

Clubdom Given a Good Topic for Consideration by the Resignation of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Fife.

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LONDON, March 9.—The weather and epidemic of influenza have been moderating recently, although thousands of houses are still without water as a result of frozen pipes, and many thousands of people are suffering from the prevailing malady. The present epidemic of influenza has been felt more severely in London than in any part of the country, and the death rate has risen during the past week from 21 per 1,000, the normal rate, to 38.5 per 1,000, a remarkably high record.

Lord Rosebery, it now appears, has been more seriously ill than was generally imagined and is improving very slowly. Among the other distinguished sufferers is Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Home Secretary Asquith has recovered from his attack; Mr. Henry Fowler, the secretary of state for Indian affairs, is confined to his room; the marchioness of Salisbury, who has been suffering from influenza, is now able to leave her bed, and the duchess of Sutherland is down with an attack of the same disease.

The queen's drawing room at Buckingham palace on Wednesday showed the effect of the influenza epidemic, for the usual attendance was thinned. It was noticed that pink and blue were the prevailing tints in the toilets, although mauve was greatly worn. The weather was so cold that it drove the public away, and generally speaking the function was far from being a success.

Rumors have been circulated regarding the absence of the princess of Wales from the drawing room, but the general opinion seems to be that the failure of the princess to be present upon that occasion was the result of feeble health and the fact that she was desirous of not exposing herself to the cold or of incurring the attendant fatigue.

The queen has granted letters patent to Lady Sibelle Makenzie, elder daughter of the late Earl Cromartie, to be countess of Cromartie in the same manner as was her grandmother, the late Anne, duchess of Sutherland, who was duchess of Sutherland before the episode of Mrs. Blair, the present dowager duchess of Sutherland, whose life will be recalled.

WOLSELEY'S FANCY DRESS BALL.

Lord Wolseley, commander of the forces of Ireland, has issued invitations to a fancy dress ball, which will take place next week in Dublin, and at which the ladies will be dressed so as to represent some painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, George Romney or Thomas Gainsborough.

The official correspondence between the marquis of Ripon, the secretary of state for colonial affairs, and the earl of Aberdeen, governor general of Canada, was published on Tuesday last. The marquis of Ripon referred to the premature close of the active and brilliant career of the Canadian statesman, marked by solid, unequaled statesmanship, which made him feel that the loss was a national one. Continuing, the marquis said: "The deceased was a loyal and eloquent advocate of everything which tended to the unity of the empire."

In club circles this week there has been much comment upon the sensation caused, first by the blackballing of Hon. Cecil Rhodes, premier of Cape Colony, at the Travelers club, and secondly, by the fact that the prince of Wales, the duke of Fife, his son-in-law, and Earl Gray have resigned their membership of that club, thereby giving a damaging blow to its prestige. The blackballing of Mr. Rhodes, following closely upon the refusal of the Marlborough club to elect Mr. Beit, the South African millionaire and a partner of Mr. Rhodes in the Debeers diamond mines, is giving clubmen a lot to talk about. The Marlborough is the favorite club of the prince of Wales, and nobody is proposed for membership there until his name has first been submitted to the prince. To make matters more ugly Mr. Beit, it will be remembered, was proposed by the duke of Fife. The prince, when he heard that Mr. Beit had been blackballed, offered to have him renominated, but the South African millionaire declined.

Following the suit brought by Sir William Eden in Paris against James McNeill Whistler, the former seeking to force the artist to deliver Lady Eden's portrait and to pay £40 damages for delaying delivery, Mr. Whistler has begun letter writing on the subject. In the Pall Mall Gazette he says: "It is curious, and, in an unchristian way, pleasant to note how thrifty Maecanas, who surely through life never gave anything away, now, at the sweet singing of an insinuating secretary bird, unreservedly and ungrudgingly gives away himself."

Whistler also says: "The case goes to show that a few ancestors, seizing upon odd droves of oxen, as set forth in Burke, is but poor backing for a modern baronet in clumsy, commercial struggles."

F. M. Eden, the son of Sir William Eden, replies to Mr. Whistler in yesterday's Pall Mall Gazette, saying: "Whistler, the considerable artist, and Whistler, the tailor, are both tradesmen. What is sauce for the tailor's goose is sauce for the artist's gander."

A petition signed by 400 of the most noted English Roman Catholics, headed by the names of the duke of Norfolk, the marquis of Ripon, the marquis of Bute, Chief Justice Russell, and forty other peers, has been presented to Cardinal Vaughan, archbishop of Westminster, requesting that representations be made to the College of the Propaganda to secure the final removal of obstacles which now prevent so many Roman Catholics from availing themselves of the advantages of education at Oxford and Cambridge universities.

LICENSING PARTY'S DOWNFALL.

The London county council's actions have proven the downfall of the licensing party, which made trouble for the Empire theater at the instance of Mrs. Ormiston Chant, and in consequence there are great rejoicings in the amusement circles of London.

Gerhard Hauptman, whose "Dle Web r" has created such a political fuss, and which has been favored with such splendid theatrical advertisement in a debate in the Reichstag, is busy upon a new work that also touches upon the politico-economic questions of the day. Hauptman is a hermit, and has retired from the world. But he is no anchorite. He lives at Schreiberhau (the author's coppice), not far from Berlin, upon a solitary mountain of the Riesengebirge, and his retreat is not merely furnished with the finest taste and every conceivable luxury, but it is kept in close touch with the capital of the empire by means of a private telephone. Occasionally he descends from the clouds and appears at a wine place in Berlin. Hauptman is only 32 years old, and aims to become the "Dramatist of the Masses." In all he does he preserves the one end in view—philosophic or dramatic study of symptoms, which study is carried on from the Schopenhauer point of view. His father was a well-to-do bourgeois, and the son has never felt the privations of the people whose lot he describes. He expects to attain great popularity in America.

C. Aubrey Smith, who joins the Garrick theater company for the run of the Pinero play, the premier of which occurs this evening, is a Cantab (Cambridge university man) and ex-captain of the Sussex cricket eleven.

French newspapers are repeating with persistency the report that Christine Nillson will return to the operatic stage. If the report turns out to be true, the Countess Casa Miranda, the Swedish singer's married name, will once more be heard upon the continent and in England, as she will not again brave the Atlantic. When heard it will be in some parts that are new to her, as well as in some of those in which she won the applause of two hemispheres.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, who has returned to England—unfortunately not so much benefited by his trip as he had hoped—is writing some new songs for the "Chieftain," which has been doing excellent business, in spite of the recent bad weather and the regretable illness of D'Oyly Carte. Sir Arthur is also planning and working on the new opera for the Savoy, which, while not needed for some time to come, will doubtless be put in rehearsal before the summer is here.

Baltimore Women Become Censors.

The women of Baltimore have set about their work of theater censorship in a sensible way, and one that is likely to prove most efficient. They have organized for the purpose of discountenancing plays of an immoral tendency, and they will act by staying away when the performances are given. There is, however, to be no public or concerted action. "The society as a whole," says one of its members, "will not boycott any particular play which may be considered improper, nor do the members pledge themselves to any such united action. If they join the society they will simply promise to weigh carefully in their own minds whether they honestly ought to attend the performance of any play which is generally considered immoral, or whether they ought to encourage bad conduct among persons on the stage by going to see stars whose general reputation is that of being immoral persons. Any other course, any vote against any particular play, would, if made public, very likely have a result directly opposite to the purposes of the society, by sending hundreds of persons to see the play." In addition to this voluntary censorship the club will have fortnightly meetings through the theatrical season, at which papers on the drama, critical, historical and otherwise, will be presented, together with discussions on current theatrical productions. At these meetings actors of good reputation will be invited to present their views on the same subject. The club is the outgrowth of an idea in the direction of Mrs. Franklin, wife of Prof. Fabian Franklin of the Johns-Hopkins university.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

What the Theaters Will Offer During the Present Week.

Opening with a matinee today, Barnes & Marvin's players will produce the latest comedy success, "Wild Oats," which will remain the attraction for the first three nights of the week. "A Southern Rose" will be the bill during the latter part of the week. The company includes Mac M. Barnes, Charles B. Marvin, Miss Louise Reming and the talented little actress, Edna Reming, all of whom have scored a decided success during the past week.

Chat of the Stage.

Alexander Salvini will play "Othello" next season.

It is said Mme. Rhea is $20,000 ahead on this season.

Ellen Terry celebrated her 47th birthday on February 28.

A Hindoostantee drama 6,000 years old was recently produced in Paris.

Amusement managers of America are estimated to pay out $3,000,000 a year for lithographs.

It is stated that Julia Marlowe-Taber will next season play an engagement in Henry Irving's London theater.

Katharine Lewis has joined the Kate Claxton company for the production of "The Tide of Life" in Philadelphia.

Olga Nethersole will make another tour in the United States next season. Marcus Mayer will continue her manager.

The coming of Rejane to New York has not hurt the business at the Broadway theater, where Kathryn Kidder is appearing in Sardou's comedy to crowded houses.

A new Irish comedy, written by James L. McCabe, will be produced at Detroit very shortly. It is in three acts and deals of the complications arising between an Irishman and a Dutchman who are rivals for the hand of a fair widow. The Dutchman, who is a saloon keeper, has the inside track for a time until the Irishman's fortune is assured by a supposed worthless mine in Colorado panning out big, when she transfers her affection to him. The title to the comedy is "Maloney's Wedding," and it will be launched St. Patrick's day.

Speaking of actors who are not perfect in the words of a part on first nights, T. H. French the other day told a good story of the late John F. Poole, says the Mirror. It was at rehearsal the morning after the premiere of one of his plays and Poole was storming around because the principal members of the cast had been both shaky and uncertain. "You're a crowd of Hottentots!" scolded Poole. "Not one of you was perfect." "Excuse me," spoke the leading man, "I spoke my lines." "Yes, but you didn't speak mine," answered the irate author-manager.

George Bowles writes: "Eddie Foy and I intend to put on a twentieth century version of 'Robinson Crusoe.' Eddie will be seen as Saturday and we will also have a Friday. Sadie MacDonald will have a chance to play the title role. She has made a big hit this season with 'Off the Earth,' and I am sure has the ability to become one of the best exponents of burlesque boy parts in the country. Foy and I expect to run over to London in June to pick up some ideas and material. There are now two pantomimes of 'Crusoe' running in London, as perhaps you know—one at Islington and the other at Hammersmith."

Vienna and Berlin are in a small ferment over the stage kissing developed by the jealous husband of an actress who made his wife give up her role because it required too much kissing of the handsome hero. The profession in both cities has been elaborately interviewed on these subjects, the papers reporting their opinions pro and con. The agitation has spread to England, and authentic pronunciamentos from Miss Terry, Mrs. Campbell and the rest are expected. Meantime a little anecdote about Sarah Bernhardt may throw some light on the matter, or at least demonstrate that there are kisses and kisses on the stage as well as off. This emotional actress was recently performing in a new play, and at the close of the last act she had to rush upon the stage, kneel down by the side of her dead lover, who had been shot by the villain, and passionately kiss his forehead. It is said that French noblemen, poets, authors and artists wrote to her offering to serve as the corpse, and she, not wishing to offend any one, had a fresh person every night. The news of the scheme got abroad, to the vast advantage of the box office.

HAVE GONE OUT OF THE TRUST.

Topeka Wholesale Grocery House Withdraws from the Coffee Syndicate.

TOPEKA, March 9.—The big Topeka wholesale grocery firm of Parkhurst & Davis have made a stir in mercantile circles by announcing their withdrawal from the Coffee trust, the syndicate controlling the price of this commodity. The cause of the withdrawal was the fact that over the protest of the Topeka jobbers a rate was fixed by the trust on coffee, which it is alleged allowed a profit of only 10 cents on every hundred pounds of coffee sold. The old rate was $22.70 per hundred pounds, and it was cut to $21.50. The former is the present Missouri rate. By the withdrawal of Parkhurst & Davis, the Topeka firm has authorized its commercial men to sell coffee at any price covering the actual cost, which is not far from $20.99, exclusive of drayage.

Members of the coffee pool for Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City and other points are meeting in Topeka for the purpose, it is said, of whipping Parkhurt & Davis into line.

W. H. Davis, one of the firm, told an Associated press reporter that their order on the price of coffee was final, and any efforts to drive them into line would be unavailing.

"We made the cut," Mr. Davis said, "because the rate the Kansas pool made allowed Topeka jobbers a profit of only about 10 cents a hundred pounds. We learned also that in some cases Arbuckle Bros. were selling coffee to retailers at a figure considerable less than the wholesale price."

PLANKINTONS OFFER CASH.

Receiver for the Broken Milwaukee Bank Appointed by Judge Jenkins.

MILWAUKEE, March 9.—Judge Walker has decided to appoint a receiver for the defunct Plankinton bank, to collect from the stockholders a