

Graft as a Luxury.

The money which has been worse than wasted in Greene county politics during the last thirty years would have built an east and west and north and south standard gauge railway through our country. And, O how much smaller the help it would have been as well as a direct aid to morality and religion and also to society and commerce.

So speaks the Times of Waynesburg, Pa. Think of the diction as you will, you must surely be impressed by the substance of this paragraph. After all the concessions that common sense demands as to that standard gauge railway, there is still ground for a great deal of reflection in the thought that the money "grafted" by politicians in a single year, not to say thirty years, would have supplied most of the communities affected with highly valuable public utilities.

In Cincinnati the stealing seems to have been conducted upon comparatively a low scale. Extra park superintendents and stenographers do not draw millions in salaries. Louisville and other boss-ridden cities of about the same class have probably been bled on about the same scale. Yet, speculatively, the aggregate of the money which has leaked through these small orifices must mount high in the millions.

Among the graft centers of the first magnitude, of course, there is no occasion for speculation. Mr. Tweed, Mr. Croker, Mr. Murphy, and their friends have all gotten rich in Gotham. One of their lieutenants, an uncouth vulgarian who served as chief of police, is a millionaire; and it is not at all likely that his superior officers let him lead the way.

A single contract is said to have yielded about \$10,000,000 of "salt" for the faithful. Suppose this were a year's average haul. It would suffice to build half a dozen hospitals, pave a whole section of the city, and redeem a great portion of the city's wharves—now antiquated and insufficient—after the example of the smaller cities of Antwerp, Southampton, and Birmingham.

Philadelphia is thought to be the loser in recent years by about \$200,000,000 of graft. In less than a year Mayor Weaver is supposed to have saved the municipality over \$30,000,000. But suppose a year's stealing amounted to only \$6,000,000—the harvest garnered on the filtration beds. Well, \$6,000,000 will build in country like that about Philadelphia over 1,000 miles of macadam road. And if the mind cares to juggle with real figures, like that \$200,000,000 estimate, the Waynesburg Times' standard gauge railway—however overdrawn for Greene county—does not seem at all a figure of speech for the whole State.

These are sordid calculations, no doubt. The chief reason for good government must always be the principle that kind of government represents. But there is yet a deal of conviction in such thoughts as this from Waynesburg. Those people who think it all right to jump their taxes will probably be caught by them a hundred years before their ears could even hear a call to good government for principle's sake, and a thousand years before any such call could move them to action. Graft is not only wrong—it is the most expensive luxury any community can "enjoy."

"Lead, Kindly Light."

From out of the West, where Trigg flourished and other exponents of the bizarre in literature seem to find a congenial habitat, comes Literary Sensation's latest offspring. It is fostered this time by the Rev. W. A. Patterson, of Princeton, Ind., and had its birth at a gathering of Presbyterian clergymen. It is an attack upon Cardinal Newman's great song of the human soul, "Lead, Kindly Light."

So far as it is possible to understand the grounds of Mr. Patterson's criticism, as it has filtered through newspaper columns, he objects to the song when used as a church hymn in the worship of God. He says it "may mean anything that any man chooses to make it mean, be he Christian, Pantheist or Buddhist." There should be a view of God in his character as revealed to us—in his holiness, justice, goodness and truth.

Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on.
The night is dark and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet—I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

Human souls, that think and feel, have voiced this appeal for the divine guidance through centuries

of the world's history. Doubts encompass, fears assail and the blackness of the infinite mystery of all things enshrouds every light save that of hope. That gleams dimly through long vistas. The soul shrinks and trembles—then sends itself through space in trustful dependence.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

The pride of intellect, the strong man's reliance upon his own intelligence and his own will—these support no longer. In such simple faith as children have, the weary feet follow in the footsteps of the Father. The song goes on:

So long Thy power has blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on;
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morning angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile.

Why say anything? He who cannot feel the sweet inspiration of a poem so beautiful, whose heart it fails to fill and thrill, has become either an incarnate intellect without blood or feeling or else has drowned the rarest attributes of his manhood in the fifth of the gutter.

Church music is not designed to teach dogmas. Its purpose is to inspire religious emotion, and to glorify God in the highest. When is this double purpose ever better served than when a congregation, in rapt reverence and trust and hope, sends out through space to the mercy seat the appeal of Newman's song.

Three Sorry Revelations.

The record of the Armstrong insurance inquiry now in progress in New York city is so portentous with side-lights on American politics, American business, American citizenship, and the standards that underlie all three, that whole pages of editorial comment would be required to discuss it fairly. Of all that has been brought to light, however, the disclosures of the past week are most impressive, and three details have shocked the whole country.

One of those details is this: That one or more of three men, high in commercial standing, entrusted with extraordinary financial responsibility, and stewards of vast funds which belong to other people, have deliberately committed perjury.

Another is that the head of a great railroad system, a man whose word is better than his bond, is willing, deliberately, to prey upon a man he calls his friend, and, with a smile on his face, deliberately to knife him in the back.

The third is that another railroad magnate, a great figure in the world of "respectability," is either the intimate of lobbyists and grafters or is willing to bear, without protest, the ignominy of that association.

James Hazen Hyde, Edward H. Harriman, and Benjamin B. Odell are, of course, the three men first indicated. Senator Chauncey M. Depew is the monument of "respectability." A little matter of \$75,000 paid to reimburse Odell's personal losses is the occasion for the perjury. Hyde asserts circumstantially and reiterates persistently the accusation that the money was "extorted" by Odell as governor. The club, Hyde says, had the form of a bill to repeal an important charter. Mr. Harriman is accused as the go-between. When summoned to the stand both these financiers admit the bare details of the transaction—that Odell did sustain the loss and that the money was paid to him personally, that a bill aimed at the charter specified by Mr. Hyde was introduced, and that it was withdrawn with Mr. Odell's knowledge, when the money passed to the governor. But they deny the extortion. Which party to the controversy is telling the truth? Someone has lied under oath—deliberately and repeatedly. There is work for the law officers here.

In the second count of this indictment Mr. Harriman admits that he pledged himself "to speak to" the President in behalf of Mr. Hyde's candidacy, for appointment as ambassador to France. He was receiving favors from Hyde which put him under the greatest obligations to the younger man. He testifies that he did speak to the President. Did he fulfill Mr. Hyde's very just expectations? Not a bit of it. He merely "spoke" to the President. This, the ordinary American will think, is as much a breach of faith as though he had forged Hyde's name.

A letter is the basis for the third count. It was acknowledged by Senator Depew, and so it can be read by the Senator's Washington neighbors with confidence: My Dear Senator: Our friend who the river has been very cantankerous of late, and wants to know—you know. Don't care a hang, &c., &c. As soon as you can conveniently say, will you kindly do so? JOHN A. NICHOLS.

The nation is extremely anxious for an explanation of that "wants to know—you know." The Senator thinks his "friend up the river" is an insurance man. But, although he recalls the letters, he cannot for the life of him recall who that

"friend" was. Maybe Mr. Nichols could tell. The showing is bad enough without any further disclosures. It makes Mr. Bryan's anathema against corporate interests seem a moderate appraisement. It gives a sinister look, indeed, in the light of the contributions these men have made to the cause (with other people's money) and their delicacy in refusing to accept any remittances labeled "salary," or "earnings," or "interest," or "loans," or "yellow dog funds," to the demonstration these same public benefactors engineered in 1896 in behalf of "honest money."

Morals in the Army.

The resignation of Lieut. Granville R. Fortescue, who was named as one of the several co-respondents in the Taggart divorce case, is reported in the newspapers as likely to forestall any action the War Department might have been inclined to take against him. This assumption, though, must be a mistaken one.

As a matter of fact, which was suffered to become public property at the department a month ago, it was decided then to do nothing in the case of Major Taggart, General Miner or Lieutenant Fortescue, unless further charges were made by one of these officers against another, or one of them asked for a court-martial for himself. In other words, the impression conveyed was that the department was weary of the process of washing the army's dirty linen and would not continue the process unless it was forced to do so.

This announcement was spread generally over the country, through the medium of the newspapers, and failed, for some reason, to become the enormous popular success that had been anticipated. Indeed, the public manifested several symptoms of unbecoming wrath. There were indications that it had been concluded, from the evidence and opinion of the court in the Taggart case, that there was at least one person who should not hold a commission in the United States army. It was either Taggart, on the one hand, or Miner or Fortescue, or both of them, on the other.

It will be concluded, perhaps—and, perhaps, not unwisely—that the perception of this public attitude had something to do with the resignation of Lieutenant Fortescue and the alacrity with which the department announces it will be accepted.

Isn't the department making a mistake in this matter? Of course, the cleaning of dirty linen in the public eye is offensive, but it is better the linen be washed in public than not at all. Especially is this the case when it belongs to officers of the United States army and their wives.

The opinion has gone abroad that Major Taggart, in this whole matter, has been greatly outraged. It may be a mistaken opinion, but there are grounds for it. The evidence in its favor is not lessened by any method of railroadroading the whole matter into oblivion, which seems to meet departmental approval. Nor are suspicions dulled or deadened by the suave deliverance, frequently heard, that "morals in the army are not worse than they are outside."

Some time ago The Times suggested that if there were a way by which the objects of justice could be reached without further airing of the Taggart case, it should be followed. That way has not opened. On the contrary, every recent development points to the necessity of a sweeping investigation by an army court-martial.

The charges made against General Miner were infinitely more serious than those against Lieutenant Fortescue. The higher officer was said to have used his military authority to imprison Major Taggart and thus facilitate his meetings with Mrs. Taggart. Under such circumstances resignations scarcely serve. If the charge is true, General Miner should be severely punished; if it is untrue, he is entitled to a full and entire vindication. But the army and the public, in any event, will demand the removal of this blot upon the army's shield.

The Pistol and the Knife.

The controversy that has raged for years over the relative values of the revolver and knife has been resolved in Washington in favor of the more distinctively American weapon. It is true the demonstrators were imported from Italy's sunny shores and that he who pinned his faith to the stiletto is too much torn up just now to do much talking. For this double reason an impartial critic will hold final judgment in suspense. There may yet be something to say in favor of the knife.

As a discourse upon the subject, however, the fight was not without its interest. The principals were Pasquale Russonilla and Pasquale Mattio—if we may believe the police reporters—or at any rate something to that effect. Save in their addition of a picturesque flavor to the narrative the names are not important. They got in a row over the populations of Rome and Washington, Rus-

sonilla drew a stiletto and Mattio a revolver, and when the smoke and blood of the resulting engagement were cleared away both combatants were found in bad condition. However, the revolver had triumphed, for while Russonilla's wounds compelled his removal to a hospital, Mattio was able to go to jail. There he is now, by the way.

We have always thought that the germ of this ancient controversy was concealed in a story told of the late Senator Vance of North Carolina, who, after the civil war, was delivering a hands-across-the-lake speech in Boston. In the midst of an impassioned piece of declamation came a voice from the gallery:

"But, I say, Senator; before the war started you were declaring that one Southerner could whip ten Yankees with a cornstalk."

"So I did," retorted the Senator, no whit abashed, "and I repeat it. The trouble was the damned fellows wouldn't fight that way."

There seems this trouble in the use of the knife as compared with the revolver. If the man holding the latter weapon will consent to use it only as a club or missile, the superiority of the knife would be demonstrated beyond cavil. Usually, though, he insists upon shooting it. Therein lies the difficulty—and the danger.

To which Signor Russonilla, now groaning at the hospital, will bear witness.

Uncle Joe's getting his hand in.

It has been cold in Ohio right ever since the election.

Certain Senatorial jokes seem to have been locked up in the House of Mirth.

Mr. Hearst's faith in the power of the ballot is on the increase. He has 408 new reasons.

Turkey is determined that if Russia gets that rough-house championship, it will not be without a very pretty contest.

The public is said to have stood a \$6,000,000 increase in the price of its drugs. Maybe the drug manufacturers had to pay meat and coal bills like the rest of us.

ENGLISH SOCIETY GIRL.

LONDON, Nov. 18.—A society girl here is reported to be so often taken to task for her attitude toward the general public that she has been advised to divert her attention from the stage to gems of world-wide celebrity and of historic interest—such as, for instance, the crown jewels of France—that scintillate in the parterre boxes.

Indeed, nowhere in the world is there such a display of precious stones as in the parterre boxes of the Metropolitan on the opening night of the New York opera season.

It is a pity that the two Princes of Battenberg and their fellow-officers of the British cruiser squadron could not have stopped over for the evening of the spectacle presented on such occasion to be unique; and could the two princes have witnessed it they would certainly have carried away with them a still more correct impression of the wealth and prosperity of that Empire City to which the footstep of the American turn their footsteps whenever and wherever they have made their pile.

It had been alleged that James Henry Smith would remain in Europe this winter, and in confirmation of the story it was pointed out that he had been declining to secure a box at the opera for this season. This is, however, a mistake, for he arrived last Tuesday as usual with a party of English guests, and will be seen Monday night with them in box 26.

His party includes Captain and Mrs. De Falbe, the former a son of that M. De Falbe who for so many years was Danish minister to London and who after retiring from the diplomatic service of Denmark married the wealthy Mrs. Gerrard Leigh and settled down in England, where his son by his first marriage was brought up as an Englishman, serving throughout the Boer war with sufficient gallantry to win the Distinguished Service Order from King Edward. The De Falbes belong to the ultra-smart set in London, and, thanks to the warm friendship of Queen Alexandra and her daughters for the late Mne. De Falbe, enjoy in a very pronounced degree the favor of the entire royal family, their position at court being exceedingly strong. Last year, it may be remembered, that James Henry Smith, who, having become quite garrulous, no longer deserves his nickname of "Silent," brought back with him to this country the Duke and Duchess of Manchester. They have been unable, however, to come over with him this year, as the duchess has been very ill, indeed, and is slowly recovering from a particularly grave operation. They will come later in the season and after a brief stay in New York will go down to Florida as usual to spend the late winter and early spring.

The two princes of Battenberg have been a great success in a social as well as in a popular sense. They certainly contributed to the brilliancy of the Horse Show, and not only brought people back to town earlier than usual, but caused an immense amount of entertaining. Dinner and luncheon in honor of either one or the other, and sometimes for both, have been the order of the day for considerably over a week. Mrs. Astor, her beautiful daughter-in-law, Mrs. "Jack" Astor; Mrs. John B. Drexel; Mrs. Charles Marshall, Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, and quantities of other people have had them as their guests. Mrs. "Jack" Astor and Mrs. Drexel were especially favored in this respect, for while Mrs. "Jack" carried off Prince Louis to a horse party at her place at Rhinebeck on the Hudson, and kept him there from Wednesday to Friday, Mrs. Drexel induced young Prince Alexander to stay at her new house, in East Sixty-second street, throughout the Horse Show. This she accomplished through the good offices of Walter Townley, first secretary of the English embassy at Washington, and of Lady Susan Townley, who were likewise her house guests, with whom the young prince stayed while at Washington, and to whom he had been more especially recommended by his mother, the widowed Princess Henry of Battenberg.

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Particularly when he sees the eyes! So he decides to stay a little longer. Begins to like the customs better far, And so what need is there to put it stronger?

There you are!

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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The dead alone should go.
Then write not there the living name
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—John B. Tabb, in London Academy.

SMART SET FORSAKES TANBARK FOR FOYER

Horse Show of the Week Gone by Will Now Give Place to Brilliant Opera Season at the Metropolitan.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—After the most brilliant and successful Horse Show in the entire history of the city, which under a period of nearly a quarter of a century, society will assemble in force Monday night at the Metropolitan for the opening of the opera season. Active as has been the participation of the fashionable set in the equine exhibition at Madison Square garden, the show Monday night in the row of parterre boxes at the opera will be much more representative of our modish world than anything seen last week. For whereas the boxes at the Garden are auctioned off to the highest bidder, and are often occupied by such persons as other than the elite by New Yorkers who, to put it mildly, have no social currency, the parterre boxes at the opera are restricted almost entirely to what the late and lamented Ward McAllister was wont to describe as the "Four Hundred," and being quietly but effectively excluded.

Not merely pages, but volumes, could be written about the maneuvers and intrigues, extending something over a number of years, undertaken by social aspirants for the purpose of securing places in the parterre row at the opera. Indeed, the actual price of the box is but a drop in the ocean compared to the fortunes devoted by people toward this end. And when in the fullness of time their efforts have been crowned with success, and they have descended from the grand tier boxes to the parterre row, they feel that the money and trouble have not been wasted, that the object of their life's ambition has been attained, and that they have secured a foothold among the elect.

The Metropolitan Opera lends itself more than any house in Europe of the same kind to the display of feminine loveliness and of beautiful toilettes. The women know this, and caring less for the music than for the purpose of seeing their friends and being seen by them, invariably appear in the parterre row in their very best bibs and tuckers. It is there that they display their finest jewels and that the celebrated diamond stamper of Mrs. Astor is seen to its best advantage. Indeed, the effulgence of the gems from the parterre row is so brilliant as to often tamper with the eyes of the general public.

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Europe, the hospitality which they receive in New York, Prince Louis of Battenberg and his officers have, however, shown themselves to be a notable exception to the rule, and the ball which the prince gave on Tuesday on board his flagship Drake, and for which about a thousand invitations had been issued, will remain on record as one of the most original and brilliant events of the season of 1896-97.

Among the foreigners in town who have been conspicuous at the Horse Show and who will be seen Monday night at the opera are the Austrian Prince Coloredo Mansfield and his tall and handsome English wife, who is always splendidly dressed and wears superb jewels. As already explained in this column, he makes his home with her at Paris, owing to the refusal of the court of Vienna or the great world there to receive her, on the ground that some royal or princely marriage was necessary for the birth and ancestry. Both she and her husband are frequent visitors to this country and two years ago spent several months in the wilds of Alaska in pursuit of big game, the prince shooting several bears, and undergoing many hardships and adventures. They are friends of Mr. Oden Goebel and in past winters have occasionally occupied her box at the opera.

Mrs. Oden Goebel, by the bye, has sailed for New York with her sister, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, with the latter's children.

Lady Maitland is also here, although her husband, the future Earl of Lauderdale, has returned to England. Then there is Lady Mabel King-Hall, whose husband, one of the commanders of the British cruiser squadron, sailed with the latter for Gibraltar Friday. She will be here a little longer, with her friends before returning to Europe. Lord Grimthorpe, widower of an American wife, and one of the richest of English banking peers, is also here. He succeeded to his old uncle's title and estates only a few months ago. We shall likewise have Lady Susan Townley and her husband, Lady Susan being a sister of Mrs. Oden Goebel. Lady Evelyn Baring, Mrs. Benjamin Guinness, who is almost a New Yorker and as stated above, Captain and Mrs. De Falbe.

Among the many weddings set for the week opening is undoubtedly that of Miss Dorothy Manson to Killian Van Rensselaer, which takes place on Thursday at St. Bartholomew's Church, and it is needless to say that there will be a large gathering of representatives of the old Knickerbocker families at the wedding. Stephen Van Rensselaer, William Van Rensselaer, Irving, Henry Pendleton Rogers, Clarence P. Wyckoff, Louis Hoamer, Joseph Lawrence Meyers and Vance and Thomas Manson, Jr., will be the ushers, and Charles Edmund Fairfax the best man. Miss Mary and Miss Ellen Atterbury, daughters of the late John Atterbury, Miss Gladys Rice, daughter of Mrs. Clarence Rice; Miss Anita Peabody, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Peabody, and Miss Clara Ellsworth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James W. Ellsworth, will be the bridesmaids, and Miss Julia Townbridge the maid of honor.

After the ceremony, which will be performed by the Rev. Dr. Leighton Parkes, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Herbert Newton, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lincoln Manson, the parents of the bride, will give a reception at their house on East Sixty-ninth street. The bridegroom, who gave his farewell bachelor dinner last night at DeMott's, is a lineal descendant and namesake of that Killian Van Rensselaer, the rich Amsterdam merchant and patron, who, in 1880, obtained from the State General of Holland a grant of land in this country, which included nearly all the present counties of Albany and Rensselaer, in the State of New York.

Another wedding of the week will be that of Miss Edith Carpenter, daughter of William Carpenter, to Edward Floyd-Jones, at Calvary P. E. Church, on Wednesday next. The bridegroom belongs to the old Long Island family of Floyd, a branch of which in 1788 was authorized by act of legislature to assume in conjunction with its name, that of Jones on its senior member inheriting the property of his maternal uncle, Justice Thomas Jones, of the supreme court of New York.

The marriage of Miss Alice de Golcoure and young August Belmont, which was to have taken place at the Church of the Ascension on November 28, has been postponed to a date not yet determined, owing to the prostration of the bride by an attack of typhoid fever.

A HINT FOR THE PRESIDENT.
To T. R. President, &c.: To promote large families, shoes must be cheaper.
—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A WISE PRINCE.
The American women could be improved upon.—Prince Louis of Battenberg.
Ah, Louis, you have touched the spot, You've said the words we love to hear.
And every man, American or not,
That sentiment of yours will cheer.

You know the kind of men we have; What they have done shines like a star.
And, Louis, shake—our women make Our men the kind of men they are.
You'd say the same about your own Or those of any other race; And truly so, for all men know That woman is the scoop de grace.

We long have noted that you know A good thing when you see it, and We now extend to you, as friend, Our compliments—you understand.

Ours cannot be improved upon, And yours as well, and others so; The fact is known from clod to throne, As all mankind should learn to know.

Man sometimes, in his lordly way, Imagines that he is the boss; That he can show her how to go, And tries to do it—at a loss.

He thinks he'll teach her better things, Will lead her in a broader way Than what she knows and as she goes; But, brethren, does he do it? Say?

No matter; let us skip that part; We can't discuss it pro or con; Ah, Louis, you have told us true—She cannot be improved upon.
—W. J. LAMPTON.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO ALL MUSIC LOVERS

Program at Ninth Street.

Mrs. Richard W. Burkhardt and the Misses Bessie and Daisy Harrison will assist the choir of the Ninth Street Christian Church today. Mrs. Burkhardt will sing "Turn Ye Even to Me With All Your Heart," by Harker, at the morning service, and Miss Harrison will sing Schuecker's duet, "Lord, With Glowing Heart," during the evening service.

The music will be under the direction of Joseph Harrison, organist and choir-master.

Miss Drew's Recital.

Miss Clara Drew has arranged to give a song recital next Tuesday evening in the drawing room of the Rhode Island. She will be assisted by Miss Upcraft, a talented pianist who has lately come to Washington to make her home.

Miss Drew is now widely known among Washington music lovers. She is a musician of rare attainment and gives one the delightful pleasure of listening to new compositions. Her programs never fail to include works which are rarely heard here in concert, and on Tuesday she will give Alexander von Hellta's song cycle, "Schon Gesteht," a group of songs by the new English composer, Joseph Holbrooke, and two numbers with 'cello obbligato.

Miss Upcraft is to play Miss Drew's accompaniments, and will also be heard in piano numbers by Hopelirk, Reinhold, and MacDowell.

Saengerbund Concert.

The Washington Saengerbund has announced its first public concert of the season for Sunday, November 26, at 3 p. m., in the New National Theater. Following the usual custom, the program will consist of seventy-five voices will have the assistance of several well-known soloists and an orchestra of forty musicians.

One of the soloists is Miss Mary Carson Kidd, soprano, of New York, who will make her debut to a Washington audience. Miss Kidd is an American. She possesses a brilliant soprano voice, pure, flexible and well schooled. She has recently returned from abroad, where she was heard in a number of recitals in Florence, Italy, and Barnstable and Plymouth, England, with signal success.

Miss Marie Nichols, the young Boston violinist, who is also engaged as soloist for this concert, has come rapidly into prominence in a short time, her American debut having been made but a few seasons ago. Miss Nichols' work has received the warmest praise this season, comparisons between her, Maud Powell and Lady Halle having been freely made.

An orchestra of forty musicians under the direction of Henry Xander, musical conductor of the Saengerbund, will contribute to the program, which promises to be one of the most interesting of many seasons.

Vincent d'Indy.

Vincent d'Indy, the distinguished French composer and conductor, called for New York from Cherbourg on Wednesday last. M. d'Indy will be in the city for a short time, during which time he will be occupied with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which he will conduct in eight of its concerts. He will make his American debut in Boston, on December 1 and 2, and the following week he will accompany the orchestra on its regular monthly tour, appearing in Washington on December 6.

For these concerts M. d'Indy has arranged two complete programs. On the first appear the names of D'Indy, Faure, Franck, and Dukas. The composers represented on the second are Chabousson, Debussy, Franck, Debussy, d'Indy, and Reger.

UNION OF UNIONS.

BERLIN, Nov. 18.—A dispatch received here today from St. Petersburg contains the following statements made today by a prominent St. Petersburg member of the greatest labor organization in Russia—the Union of Unions.

"It is true there was a rumor in St. Petersburg yesterday that martial law would be proclaimed today. If such a regime had been inaugurated it would have meant bloodshed."