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W. R. HEARST.

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THE EVIDENCE OF THE RESURRECTION.

Christianity is not a speculative religion; neither are its doctrines theories. It is bottomed on certain great historical facts; we may say on one great historical character, whose living personality is as well assured as that of any other person who ever appeared in this world. A person unique in character and work, whose influence over men is more dominant to-day, twenty centuries after His departure from the world, than during His brief life upon it.

Without controversy the great mystery of Godliness is: God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory. (I. Tim., iii., 16.) The incarnation and the resurrection of the Son of God—Jesus Christ—are the two pillars which support the superstructure of Christianity. These two great events are both supernatural in their nature, and are therefore by some—even many—rejected as being out of harmony with the common course of events. But this is the crux of the controversy between faith and unbelief. That they are mysterious in themselves is not necessarily a valid argument against their historisity. It is rather a question of fact than of process. We do not know the how of the commonest phenomena of nature—the growth of a flower, or the utterance of human speech, or of seeing, or hearing, or feeling, or smelling, or tasting—yet we accept these phenomena because they are facts within our experience and observation. That the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead is an isolated fact in the whole course of human nature does not for that reason invalidate the testimony upon which it rests, though admittedly it makes it somewhat more difficult for the human reason to grasp. "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?" asked Paul of Agrippa.

It will be seen from this that the resurrection as a fact is not maintained on natural grounds—not accounted for by the widely and almost universally accepted theory of evolution—but as a transcendent event attributed to the direct power of God. Our Lord Jesus Christ was a supernatural man. His incarnation, birth, life work, death and resurrection, though touching the natural at every point, transcended nature at all points. This great truth it is that gives Christianity its unique character among all the religions of the earth and accounts for its indestructible life, and imparts to it those doctrines and powers which distinguish it from all earthly systems.

The incarnation is not in the nature of the case so capable of historical inquiry, but the resurrection of Christ from the dead was by the Apostles everywhere pushed to the front, declared and defended as a fact, by appeal to testimony put as any other fact in human experience is declared; and upon the historical truth of the great event Christianity stands or falls. "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith also vain."

Apologetically the whole truth of Christianity rests here. Among the other miracles recorded in the Bible, this is the conclusion and crown of them all. If Christ be risen from the dead, that fact alone carries with it, if not the proof, at least the possibility of other miracles. If Christ be not risen from the dead, it is waste of time discussing other miracles. For all other miracles are inadequate to support the truth of revelation, and are in fact meaningless. Whereas, if Christ be risen from the dead, then, if needs be, we may dispense with all other miracles. What signifies it to me or to any other mortal whether the miracle of sending the devils into the swine of Gadara, the feeding of the multitudes with five loaves and two small fishes, the healing of the sick, or even the raising from the dead of a few people who undoubtedly succumbed to death again? But if Christ was raised from the dead and received up into glory, then all these miracles have significance and meaning as the buds and blossoms of permanent fruit.

The real and vital question of this day, as of all former days and for all future days, is not who wrote the first five books of the Bible, but Is Christ alive from the dead? It is not whether the book of Jonah is a story of fact or an allegorical and satirical fiction, but Is Christ risen from the dead? It is not the date of Daniel's prophecy or the authorship of John's gospel, but Is Christ risen from the dead? I do not say that a critical inquiry into these lesser questions is not of profound importance, but that they are not vital to the supreme question of the truth of Christianity, and that we can well and patiently possess our souls in peace while these inquiries are going forward.

In the meantime the resurrection of Christ from the dead is the guarantee of all the great truths and hopes held out by the gospels; for instance:

The resurrection guarantees the Scriptures—since it took place in accordance with a long line of Scriptural prediction. "Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures * * * and rose again, according to the Scriptures." (I. Cor., xv., 3, 4.)

The resurrection guarantees the Godhead of Christ, for He was "declared to be the Son of God with power by the resurrection from the dead" (Rom., i., 4.)

The resurrection of Christ guarantees the efficiency and the sufficiency of His sacrificial death, "for He died for our sins and was raised again for our justification." (I. Pet., i, 18, 21.) The resurrection of Christ from the dead was God's receipt in full for men's sins and transgressions.

The resurrection of Christ makes sure to us the forgiveness of our sins, for it was on the basis of this event (after giving His life a ransom for man) that the forgiveness of sins was proclaimed to all men through Him. (Acts, xiii., 38.)

The resurrection of Christ guarantees to us life and immortality. We who believe in Him are made partakers of His eternal life, and because He lives we shall live also. In Christ death has met its master. When Christ rose from the dead He vanquished death, broke forever the iron prison doors of the grave, and delivered man from the hitherto inexorable law of death. Evolution ends in death, but resurrection introduces a new law and gives to the world a new and blessed hope.

GEORGE F. PENTECOST, D. D.

THE JEWISH AND THE CHRISTIAN EASTER.

Three thousand two hundred and nine years have passed since the Children of Israel, after a bondage which lasted for more than four centuries, were delivered from the tyranny of Pharaoh and departed from the land of Egypt. Yet to-day the Israelitish people, existing in vast numbers, have been miraculously preserved through the ages. On the first two nights of the Passover feast the pious Jewish house-fathers gather their families around the Seder table and rehearse the wonderful deeds of Jehovah and how He delivered them with a mighty arm.

There is a difference between the Jewish and Christian Easter festivals, but is there a difference between the one only God of Israel and the God of the universe, the Father of all mankind? The Hebrew parents, at least, instruct their children that the deliverance of their ancestors from the Egyptian bondage was but the type, the beginning of the future lasting liberation of the whole human race from the false and vicious prejudices and sins which enthrall all flesh—the dawn of the great day when all the world will acknowledge Jehovah, the God of Israel, as the one and only God, and when all will unite to do His will.

The three symbols which play the leading role in the celebration of the Jewish Easter are to serve as perpetual reminders of the great mission of Israel in the world, are to show forth the wise purpose of God in causing the dispersion of His people among all the nations of the earth and their wonderful survival. These symbols are the Pesach sacrifice, the unleavened bread and the bitter herbs. The Passover sacrifice was commanded to be eaten "with girded loins, with their feet shod, with staff in hand and in haste." Our people are to understand that though they have been delivered from the tyranny of Pharaoh, they have not yet attained the highest ideal. In every country and city of the world the nation, "with staff in hand and loins girded," is to bear testimony of their high calling to continue the work begun by their father Abraham—to proclaim the unity of God.

Then there is the unleavened bread, which will caution the freed nation not to become proud and arrogant, as is always the case with the emancipated slave. Simple and unostentatious should be their lives, and as unleavened as their bread so ought their deeds to be free from the passions and vices of the wicked and their demeanor meek and humble. The bitter herbs will to the end of time teach us that no matter how apparently well it may be with us in our pilgrimage on earth, afflictions and death are sure to come, and we should subject ourselves to the will of God with unrebellious hearts.

Now a few words as to the Christian Easter. The festival commemorates the resurrection of the founder of the Christian religion. It is therefore not in the least identical with the Jewish Passover feast. Without discussing here the question of the reality of the resurrection of Jesus, I must confess that there is something beautiful and sublime in the faith of the Christian, and though we differ in faith, we are sufficiently tolerant to admit that all must be saved by their faith and conscience. The resurrection ideal is also especially appropriate in the Springtime, when nature awakens from her long Winter's sleep, and the sun has regained its strength to tint the grass and draw blossoms and flowers from every tree and shrub. Is it asking too much of us to believe that man, asleep in the dust, shall some day by the same omnipotent power who so marvellously created him be called to new and better life? If the seed placed in the earth must decay before it can sprout forth into a higher life, shall it be otherwise with man, created in the image of God?

I, for one, will never belittle the high significance of the Christian Easter, for Israel also believes in the resurrection.

RABBI MORRIS WECHSLER.

MEN FOR THE HOUR.

The man who simply speaks from the pulpit speaks to a limited constituency, but the man who speaks through the press reaches the whole world. When the public journal seeks to present truths which bear on life in all its stages and relations it is doing the noblest work to which its power can be consecrated.

More and more deeply, as my own life slips away from me, I am impressed with the important position a young man holds in the world, and the influence he must exert in the coming years in the varied relations of life. The youth of to-day will be the man of to-morrow. All the interests of our land, our social and religious liberties, our institutions, our faith and morals, will soon be committed to their keeping. In this country it is indeed a great thing to be a man. Every young man inherits rights for which thousands struggled and died. To be an American is to have a noble heritage. It is for him to work out the ideal. Great things are only accomplished by those who have great ideals.

In the Old World there was a motto "Noblesse oblige"—nobility binds to noble conduct. That was the motto of an Old World aristocrat. In this New World it should be the motto of every young man. He should live without fear because he is beyond reproach. True manhood means the courage to stand by convictions of truth and duty.

The greatest privilege that can be conferred on any man is that of a voice in the government of his own country. Where this privilege is universal the obligation to exercise it rightly is intensified. Patriotism is more essential to the stability of a republic than of any other form of government. Every man in this country is responsible for the character of its legislators and representatives. Therefore patriotism should be placed above partisanship, and loyalty to the best interests of the nation above devotion to party relations. Partisanship with patriotism is consistent with manliness, but partisanship which would sacrifice principle is immoral and unmanly. The difference between a politician and a patriot is that the politician, pure and simple, is the man who believes that the country should do something for him, and the patriot holds that he should do everything for his country.

It is a slander to say that we have no patriots to-day. There are not a few men of vast influence in the affairs of this nation who in personal integrity and devotion to great national interests rise to the rank of patriots. Such men can be found in either of our great political parties.

The history of our country furnishes the noblest examples of ideal manhood to be found in the records of the world. On the 27th of this month, from North to South and East to West, a nation will be standing reverently while the dust of a brave warrior, a loyal patriot, yet a simple citizen, is being borne to its earthly resting place on the banks of the Hudson. With the tramp of silent soldiery and the waving of battle-rent banners the great captain of the civil war will be quietly laid in a fitting tomb. Over the sea the winds will bear his name, and other nations will do him honor—honor because as an American citizen he proved himself worthy of the heritage into which he had entered—honor because as the leader of the nation's hosts he sought not personal fame, but national redemption—honor because in his pure, simple manhood, as citizen, General and President, he wore the noblest crown that earth can weave on any man, the crown of duty bravely done.

It is to such a manhood that the young men of this land are called to-day. Whether America shall still lead the nations of the earth in the path of freedom, and stand peerless in her republicanism among the nations of the earth, depends upon the young men of the land. From the past, rich with the record of heroic deeds; from the graves where the dust of our noble dead repose, from Washington to Lincoln and Grant—great triumvirate of American history—voices come to-day calling upon all to be true men.

WILLIAM LLOYD.

The sons of the Presidents are not faring particularly well at the hands of President McKinley. Even the sons of the men who wanted to be President and Vice-President are being turned down. In this latter class is the son of the late John A. Logan.

The Republican members of the Ways and Means Committee are going to eat a dinner in honor of themselves. In the meantime the Senate is preparing to devour certain features of the Dingley bill, for the very same reason.

Man's Inferiority to Woman.

A young woman who signs herself Mattie Mitchell has undertaken to disprove the old familiar assertion that woman is inferior to man, and has proved her case in the Medical Record thus:

"I have recently read in the Medical Record a certain article on 'Woman's Inferior Sensitiveness to Pain,' from which a certain doctor (Ottolenghi) attempts to prove woman's inferiority to man. As I am a woman, I may be excused for entering a protest, and also for expressing some very strong feeling on the subject. To say that I was disgusted would hardly express my feelings. I knew on first reading it, however, that the argument was misleading, though I did not then have the material at hand with which to defeat it. But I have now. His argument is a fallacy, and I am going to prove it. Hear him:

"'Women are less sensitive to pain than men. The higher classes are most sensitive and the uncivilized and degenerates least. And, therefore, as the uncivilized and degenerates are least sensitive to pain, and as woman is less sensitive than man, woman is inferior.'

"I shall prove the fallacy of his analogy, and that by making another. I am going to prove by my analogy that man is inferior to woman.

"Man has more physical strength or brute force than woman. The higher classes have the least and the uncivilized and lower classes or (races) the most. And, therefore, as it is the uncivilized and lower classes (or types) that have the most brute force, and as man has more than woman, therefore man is inferior to woman.

"But I do not think so. I merely wanted to show the fallacy of his argument. And I have shown it. I would be glad if you would publish this. Although I am not a physician, and am a woman, still I give myself the credit of having some sense. I really do think it is a duty you owe to your readers and to the world at large to publish this, for nothing is like a mistaken notion for doing harm.

"For the benefit of those who may be too simple to comprehend, I will say that the negro has more brute force than the white race. So with all the other inferior races, I suppose. But it is certainly true in regard to the negro.

"Of course, it is needless for me to say that I do not accept the views recorded of the distinguished doctor. I never could look upon our sex as being inferior to the other. It seems to me that nature herself would teach us better. Among the lower animals we do not look upon one sex as being inferior to the other. Why should man be an exception? Nowhere in all creation is the male considered superior to the female, and I do not believe it right or just to make woman, the rightful and lawful consort of man, his inferior. It is only the self-conceit of man that allows him to do it.

"Another analogy: Men are less refined than women; among the higher classes is the most refinement and among the lower classes and degenerates least. And, therefore, as the lower classes and degenerates are least refined, and as man is less refined than woman, therefore man is inferior."

Easter.

The lily's snowy graces
Proclaim the eastertide,
The orchid's making faces
In sweet unconscious pride,
The shop bud's on its metal
While o'er it, anxious bent,
The dealer squirts each petal
With artificial scent.

And just to be symbolic
Of Easter bright and fair,
The hare begins to frolic
And caper here and there.
The actor's fancies quicken
Until with Easter grace
The berry of the chicken
He catches with his face.

From Reno to Seconnet
Myrtilla trips supreme—
The bloom is on her bonnet
Which is an Easter dream.
While she's a dainty vision
With joy the dude to bless,
Her gown is quite Elysian
In all its scrumptiousness.

The Easter bells are ringing
In music gay and sweet,
The shad fiend's blithely singing
His anthem on the street.
The bullfrogs croak in chorus
With wild unbounded glee,
While nature sheds the "porous"
She's held so long in fee.

We're coffeed, pied and crullered
And standing on our head,
For every egg is colored
To paint the fancy red
While lie down woe forsaken,
With folded oriflamme
The shad roe and the bacon,
The mint sauce and the lamb.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

It Will Cease.

[Detroit Tribune.]

The "unparalleled unrest and agitation" will cease, however, as soon as the corporations get ready to accept reasonable profits on actual investments, and let the public do the governing.

A Friendly Caution.

[Detroit Tribune.]

Just the same, the man who imagines there is danger of a bicycle "famine" better continue to look up and down the street before he attempts to cross.

Delving for Relics.

[Washington Post.]

A gang of Broadway workmen unearthed several sections of a skeleton. The fate of New York's Rrapid Transit Commission may soon be discovered.

Had Enough.

[Washington Post.]

The chances are that the Kansas ministers have no more questions to propound to Hon. John J. Ingalls.

Not to Blame.

[Washington Post.]

On the whole it is hardly fair to blame the Supreme Court for the laws Congress happens to make.

Disposed to Gouge.

[Detroit Tribune.]

The Senate is already disposed to jam Mr. Dingley's Tariff bill against the ropes, and do a little gouging.

Trouble and Mr. Platt.

[Washington Post.]

Senator Tom Platt refuses to interfere with the rural members of the New York Legislature. Mr. Platt knows trouble when he sees its advance notices.

A Western Question.

[Detroit News.]

Of course the floods in the South and West are the result of the silver agitation, but how about the forest fire in the East?

HERETOFORE, when the sweet-eyed chappisette longed for a glimpse of the military, nothing could satisfy her ideal of what a soldier ought to be but the uniformed dudes of the aristocratic Seventh Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y. Here was the flower of chappiedom swelling out in joyous consciousness of its soldier clothes, and serene in the confidence that on parade it was the cynosure of all eyes. So far as the dear chappisette was concerned, all parades began and ended with the passing of the gay and gray and gallant Seventh. Nothing else was in it. When the Seventh was out of sight her applause ceased, her eyes took on the dull glaze of ennui, and her little nose was tip-tilted in contempt for every succeeding body of the citizen soldiery. She was especially oblivions of the existence of the Twelfth Regiment. If she ever deigned to notice it at all it was only to turn up her nose a degree higher and to suggest that it should be known as N. G. without the S. N. Y. Of course, the chapples followed suit in this matter, and dudedom gradually came to refer to the brave but unfashionable Twelfth as the "Dirty Dozen."

But that is all changed now. The Twelfth has been quietly culling the garden of the Four Hundred for its own glory, and the result is as fine a bouquet of militia daisies, chrysanthemums and sunflowers as one could wish to see. The Union and Knickerbocker clubs have been raided for recruits until the roster of the Twelfth begins to read like a section torn from the "Social Register." In the first place, the Twelfth's commander, Colonel McCoskrey Butt, is a host in himself. When he puts his uniform on he simply compels admiration. No chappisette can withstand his military charms; no chapple can fail to acknowledge his military force. To see Butt in his soldier clothes is to know that he leads only to glory or the grave. The single unwarlike thing about Butt is his membership in the Calumet Club. That is offset, however, by his other club connections, which embrace the Union, the New York Yacht, the New York Athletic, the Riding and the Country clubs. As we say when we get slangy, "McCoskrey Butt is the stuff."

But as great as Butt is, there are others. For instance, there is Francis T. Underhill, who can handle a pen as well as he can wield a sword, and whose familiarity with a whipstock is exceeded only by his skill with a musket. Mr. Underhill has written a book on coaching, and is important in the Twelfth because he is its quartermaster, with the rank of captain, and adds dignity to the organization by means of his eyeglasses and his mouche. Newbold Morris, Sidney Appleton, "Jimmie" Gerard, Jr., George R. Dyer, brother to the immortal 'Lisha; Schuyler Schieffelin, Fred Vermilye, A. V. Z. Post, champion swordsman; Schieffelin Stebbins, Mayhew Wainwright, Frank Judson and Lieutenant-Colonel "Bob" Leonard are only a few of the heavy swells whose membership and influence have so changed the complexion and character of the Twelfth Regiment that it is now known as the "Dandy Dozen," instead of the "Dirty Dozen," as formerly.

But the crowning glory of the Twelfth was attained last week when it made a lieutenant of Mr. P. Stuyvesant Pillot. Of course, the "P." in Mr. P. Stuyvesant Pillot's name stands for Peter, and I really think it would be more to his credit as a chapple and a soldier to write it out fully and boldly, "Peter Stuyvesant Pillot," than to part it in the middle as he does. I am sure that the original Peter Stuyvesant would never have approved of any such emasculation, although I must admit that P. Stuyvesant Pillot looks and sounds very much more aristocratic than Peter S. Pillot. But that is another story. The point at hand is that Lieutenant Pillot is a member of the Union, the Knickerbocker and Racquet clubs, and the Rockaway Hunt, and lives in the Knickerbocker Club. No one that ever knew or even saw Lieutenant P. Stuyvesant Pillot can doubt that the social status of the Twelfth Regiment is now fixed forever.

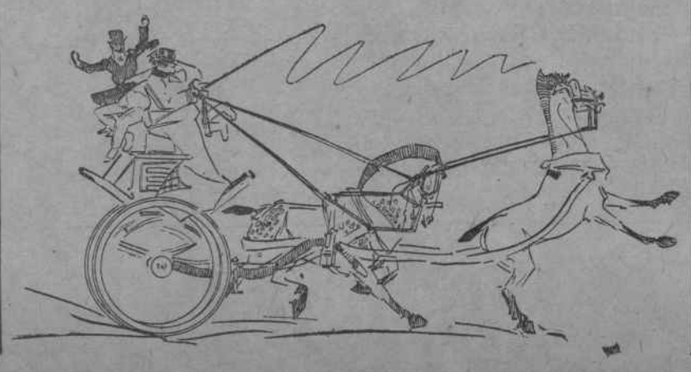
So popular has the Twelfth Regiment become in chappiedom that the Union Club is almost deserted whenever there is a "spiel" in the Armory. Not only do the soldier chapples turn out in force on these saltatorial occasions, but their club friends come in full dress, and the way they capture the Armory chappisette and take her away from the less aristocratic members of the regiment, who brought them there, is a caution to see. For you must know that the "Dandy Dozen" is not made up wholly as yet of Union and Knickerbocker clubmen. There are still a few members whose clubs are not on Fifth avenue, and these are the boys that bring their sisters and cousins and aunts to the dances in the Armory. The latter are so sweet and pretty that all the howling swells want to join the Twelfth, and there you find the real cause of the metamorphosis of the "Dirty Dozen" into the "Dandy Dozen." The Armory chappisette, by the sheer force of her charms, has made soldiers of our dudes. God bless her!

If you are thinking of taking a run across the water this Summer, and have been too lazy to engage passage, you had better hustle or you will be left. I know a chapple that lounged down to a steamship office the other day and wanted the best stateroom on the boat. He was astonished to discover that he could get no accommodation at all on that line for the time he had chosen. Then he tried another first-class company with a like result, and then he got mad and said he would go over on a cattle ship. In his temper he actually made application to the cattle line, only to find that he could get nothing before August 1. After that he went back to his club and said that he'd be blowed if he'd go to England anyhow. He'd stay at home and buy his clothes in New York, and if other people were unpatriotic enough to try to beat the Dingley bill by hurrying over just to bring back loads of British togs, they could do it and welcome. As for himself, he was quite above that sort of thing.

Nicola Tesla, whose social claims are not so pronounced as his scientific fame, but who is going into business with Count Hardtack de Fewtick, and whose name has been recently included in the Social Register, is the most marvellous man I know. He is about 6 feet 2 inches high, as thin as a rail, and without the least suggestion of buoyancy in his physical composition. And yet he assures me that his favorite method of courting slumber, when the temperature of the water will allow it, is to don his bathing suit, plunge into the ocean, lie flat on his back, clasp his hands beneath his head and float away into dreamland and anywhere else the capricious tide may chance to take him. Indeed, Tesla declares that this is the only way that he can sleep. All through the Winter he seldom closes his eyes, but when Summer comes he reverses the hibernating process of the bear, takes to his watery couch and finds repose upon the crested wave, where neither curious sea gull nor sportive fish ever disturbs him. For hours he floats and sleeps, and then, refreshed, swims back to the land for food and diversion. I couldn't doubt Tesla's word under any circumstances, but when his story is fortified by the testimony of several chapples who have Summered with him at Seabright, other people can accept it for truth as well as myself. As an amphibious marvel, I am inclined to think Mr. Tesla is entitled to the championship.

The Tandem Club is making unusual efforts to insure a fine turnout at its annual parade on the second Saturday of May. That's a month away yet, but Tommy Tailer, who is now president of the club, believes in taking time by the forelock. The club is quite cocky over the possession of several new members who are not afraid of rain or mud, and who are keen to go on parade.

Burton Mansfield, the tandem papa of this town, is in fine fettle just now, and is as enthusiastic and industrious as President Tailer himself. The tandem chapples are all working harmoniously to one end—the finest tandem parade New York has ever seen, and they will accomplish their purpose. There is only one suggestion that I could offer. They ought to send down to Austin, Tex., and induce that rollicking relative of Mrs. Bradley Martin, Mr. "Tandem" Tatum, to come on and join the club. Mr. "Tandem" Tatum is the young New Yorker whose festive disposition led him to hitch up his tandem, take two companions aboard and go on a "toot" in Austin that not only terrorized the town, but prevented him from attending the Bradley Martin ball. But that is a twice-told tale. My only point is this: With Mr. "Tandem" Tatum as a member of the New York Tandem Club it is quite unlikely that any charge of sleepiness could be substantiated against that very dignified organization. If the Tandem Club is really looking for life "Tandem" Tatum is the key to the situation.



Gaught in the Metropolitan Whirl.

THERE was a burglary in Wall street the other day, the first one known in that locality for many a long year—indeed, it is doubtful if there has been a big robbery of any kind except by the trusted cashier or president in the financial quarter since the great Ocean Bank haul, a quarter of a century ago. That burglary, together with the robbing of the Manhattan Bank, led to the stringent police rules enforced for years by Superintendent Byrnes by which crooks of all descriptions, always excepting those employed officially in the banks, were forbidden to show themselves south of Fulton street without special permission. But there was a robbery in Wall street last Wednesday, and Mrs. Mandelbaum, George Howard, Dutch Heinrichs, Porter, Walsh and a score of other old-time, high-grade criminals would have turned in their graves if they could know that the booty amounted to nothing more than two bicycles, worth perhaps not more than $75 apiece. It is feared that burglary must be classed among the lost arts.

* * *

There is one character in Hoyt's "A Black Sheep"—that of Goodfellow Gunning—editor of the Tombstone (Ariz.) Inscription, that is played in such a natural and lifelike manner that it is difficult to believe that there is any one but a genuine Western journalist of the old-fashioned mining camp type speaking the lines. The role is played by Mr. William De Vere, and it may be that the lifelike quality which he imparts to it can be traced directly to the fact that he has spent a great many years of his life in the far West, has edited papers, dug for gold and followed many other callings that afforded a living during the early settlement of the country. It is doubtful if a better portrayal of the spectacled professional man of the far West has ever been seen in New York.

* * *

There is excitement in the rival camps of local German theatricals. Agnes Sorma, who has come to this country for a brief engagement at the Irving Place Theatre, will appear as the heroine of "The Doll's House" next Monday night, but the interest in her appearance is small beside that which attaches itself to the forthcoming engagement of Marie Geistinger, at the Germania. Madame Geistinger was an enormous favorite in this country nearly twenty years ago, when she appeared at the Thalia Theatre in a round of impersonations which showed her astounding versatility to the very best advantage. She was the ideal German star, because she could play Lady Macbeth one night and the Grand Duchess the next, and played both parts extremely well, too. She was equally good in comedy, tragedy, farce and comic opera, and her popularity during her stay here was probably greater than any other German actress has ever enjoyed. She was well advanced in years when she first came here, attracted, it is said, by the extraordinary success of Wachtel, who began his New York career at the old Stadt, now the Windsor, Theatre, and advanced from that obscure playhouse to the dignity of grand opera at the then fashionable Academy, where he made a great deal of money and obtained recognition as one of the most popular tenors that ever sang his way into susceptible New York women's heart. Madame Geistinger came here hoping to duplicate Wachtel's success, but for some reason she never became known to Americans, and remained during her many engagements here immured in German playhouses. She will play at the Germania in her old repertoire, and Americans who appreciate dramatic art and versatility should certainly make a point of seeing her.

* * *

Two or three days ago nearly every newspaper in New York recorded the fact that Mrs Ormiston Chant had started with a troupe of uniformed nurses for Crete. The expedition, according to the cablegram, enjoyed the financial backing of Lady Henry Somerset, of England, and Mr. B. F. Keith, of Boston. A New Yorker who read the announcement remarked, innocently, I know who Lady Somerset is, but who is that man Keith? When informed that he was the well-known theatrical manager, he remarked, "Why, of course, that's the man, and a very good team they make, too, for they both give continuous variety shows the year round."

* * *

Miss Laura Danziger, of Cincinnati, who is well known in musical circles as a pianist of remarkable ability, is to become a resident of New York, for on Monday she will be married to Mr. Charles J. Rosebault, for many years a well-known newspaper writer and editor, and at present secretary of the Retail Dealers' Association, an office which keeps him in close touch with New York journalism. Mrs. Rosebault is likely to become a notable acquisition to local musical circles of the best sort.

* * *

The Madison Square Garden is in the market, and if no suitable manager will rent it the building is likely to be torn down to make way for some more profitable structure. Already a score of speculative managers with large ideas and generous habit of thought are bustling up and down Broadway trying to make arrangements to secure the property before it is destroyed. Far in the lead of all the others may be seen the rotund figure and smiling, rosy face of Oscar Hammerstein, keen as a briar, sagacious as a fox and hopeful and self-confident as a carrier dove. Mr. Hammerstein has some magnificent ideas which he desires to carry out for the benefit of the New York public, and the Madison Square Garden is one of the few places in the city that are large enough for his experiments.

J. L. F.

Harrison and Reciprocity.

[Washington Post.]

If Hon. Benjamin Harrison is really a practical advocate of reciprocity he will lose no time in sending congratulations and a small keg of fine Scotch whiskey to Mr. Andrew Carnegie. There is a new girl baby at Mr. Carnegie's house.

The "Better Element."

[Detroit Tribune.]

Senator Platt has enjoyed an extended conference with the President, and the better or non-voting element in New York Republicanism is understood to have become suspicious of the Administration.

A "Glad Handle-Bar."

[Washington Post.]

Mr. Gladstone thinks a great many improvements can be made in the bicycle. The public would take quite kindly to a "Glad" handle-bar.

Those Kansas Women.

[Atchison Globe.]

If a woman sees a story in a newspaper with a picture of a woman clasped in a man's arms, she is bound to read it if the dinner burns.