TWO SIDES OF NEW YORK LIFE.

The Vision of Hungry, Hopeless Wretchedness Which Fell Upon the Gaze of the Gay Visitors to the Horse Show.

THREE QUEER ELECTION RESULTS

A Woman Senator in Utah, a Negro in Massachusetts, and a Baseball Umpire a New York Assemblyman.

ONLY a few carriages from the Horse Show passed Tenth street and Broadway last night. But those that did gave their fatigued occupants a chance to see a sight that was not stimulating.

They could not help but notice a long row of men, hundreds in number, standing single file on the curb of the street. And to know that these men were all hungry gives the least sensitive man or woman who has just come from the dazzle of the Horse Show, with its opulance of toilets, diamonds and other tokens of surplus cash, an uncomfortable feeling.

A reflective person in his carriage is conscious of an inward chill and shrinking, as if his spiritual part had been treated to a sudden alum bath. If nature asserts herself before he has time to think, he feels an impulse to jump out and give all he has about him to the poor. But common sense hurries up like a policeman to suppress the disorderly conduct of the emotions. The reflective person issues no order to his coachman, but rolls on, as barren of help to the line of hungry men as the unreflecting people in the other carriages, who are thinking only of themselves, or nothing at all, and not bothering about their brethren on the curb, or any phase of the depressing social problem that is forever poking its frowsy head in where it is not wanted and asking alarming and exasperating questions that nobody seems able to answer.

The men on the curb stare at the carriages. They are pleased to have anything to stare at. It passes the time, and with nothing whatever to do but stand and hold one's place in the line, the cold of the night emphasizes itself. That place in the line means a loaf of bread from the German baker, who at half-past 2 every morning hands out to the poor all the bread that is left over from the day's sales. This baker (who, if not a political economist, has a human heart, more power to him!) must be a reckless baker, indeed; a mere chucklehead at calculating, for every day he has hundreds and hundreds of loaves left over from the baking.

When the carriages from the Horse Show went by it was not quite midnight, and those men were glad of the chance to stand on the curb till 2:30 with the reward of a loaf of bread in warming anticipation. Think of being as poor as that, as hungry as that, as patient as that! If the gentlemen in the carriages had to change places with them, how many carriages would get by with whole windows? There is no such quieter, after all, as good, honest uninterrupted poverty. It takes the spirit out of a man if he ever had any. A world that has no use for him and is doing its best to crowd him off its back is too large and formidable a thing to rouse anger as at an antagonist. No one could be expected to fire up at the prospect of a fight with the Almighty. Poverty is a thorough humbler—poverty of the real metropolitan sort, that is.

If a man comes down rapidly in the money scale till he has none in his pockets, the capacity for rage remains in him while the sense of contrast between present and past continues vivid. But if you have been born in poverty, reared in poverty, lived unchangingly in poverty, if everybody you knew in boyhood and have associated with since is in the same case—if your normal state has been to feel that you could eat more, a great deal more, and prosperity means to you wages that will keep your stomach full and clothes heavy and whole enough to save you from being blue all over—if that has been your fortune, and you are standing on the midnight curb, waiting for a loaf at 2:30 in the morning, you will be no more apt to resent carriages or think bitter thoughts of the sumptuous beings inside them than you would dream of being the circus band wagon, whose transcendent gorgeousness gave you thrills of boyish admiration.

The quarters of the men on the curb is eerie. When they talk it is in murmurs. They say very little because they think little. They just stand and suffer like cattle in Winter on a Western stock range. Not one in thirty has an overcoat. The fashion is—there are fashions here as well as at the Horse Show—to stand with your shoulders hunched up and your hands in your trousers pockets. Then shiver. Most of the men are past youth, but even the gray-haired have boys' bodies. And boys' minds, too. Food and opportunity are necessary to make grown men. Some, of course, know as well as you do all that the curb implies. These have seen better days. Their red eyes and general shakiness tell why they and better days parted company. Others who have seen no better days worth mentioning will trade their loaves for whiskey. Whether drink has brought them to poverty, or poverty drove them to drink, is a point that may be left for the sympathetic investigation of organized charity, which, very properly, turns a stern face on the undeserving poor. But from one point of view the least worthy in the line are the most to be pitied. To be poor and deserving is hard luck enough, but to be poor and undeserving besides, what sort of luck is that?

If the reflecting person from the Horse Show had descended from his carriage and bestowed largess and made friends with the men on the curb, he would have returned to his soft seat more uncomfortable than ever. For on the curb he would find little intelligence, less pride and scant room for hope of improvement. The best of the lot, those least to blame for their place among the rubbish at the foot of the social mountain, would discourage him most.

A man to whom nature has denied brains enough for life's commonest needs, to whom nature has given a spirit so humble and submissive, so reverent of everything above him that any effort at competition seems to him presumptuous, not to say ridiculous and sinful—what are you going to do for such a man? He will work if you set him at it, but it must not be hard work, for he isn't strong; nor work requiring skill, for he is stupid and timid, and gives up at the first setback. Of course, he marries, and, of course, he can't support his wife and replicas of himself. "Unfit! Unfit! Unfit!" says the man in the carriage, as they of old cried "Unclean!" when the leper came into sight. But, reflects the man whose pleasure in the Horse Show has been spoiled by the line on the curb, "it isn't a crime to be unfit, only a misfortune; yet it is an offence that is punished with harder penalties than those imposed for burglary. Unfitness brings sentence to life imprisonment in ignorance and feebleness of will, with hunger and cold and dirt and the aversion of the fit on the side. It would be kinder to chloroform the hapless wretches who can't hold their own against us in the universal football rush for the dollar than to let them live the undeveloped, unwanted, despised and helplessly, meanly, suffering things they are. Hang it all, I wish the poor were at the—er—in Abraham's bosom."

And Abraham suggests Dives and awakens speculation. Suppose Dives, instead of behaving like a solid and respectable and sensible citizen toward the unpleasant Lazarus—the police arrangements must have been very defective in Palestine—had gone out and invited him in and given him a seat at his table, and sent him away with sixteen silver dollars in one pocket and one gold dollar in the other, what would have happened? It is very doubtful if a person of Lazarus's station in life would have made good use of the money, whereas it is quite certain that within forty-eight hours there would have been a line of tramps outside Dives's door longer than that at Tenth and Broadway. Aside from the scandal and annoyance which this would have caused in so swell a neighborhood, Dives, though he had been as rich as Russell Sage, couldn't possibly have dealt out dollars at the ratio of sixteen to one indefinitely. Had he tried such a thing he would soon have been sitting on his own doorstep, and the average of comfort in Palestine would have been raised.

"Charity's no cure," the reflective man from the Horse Show decides. "It breeds the very thing it aims to kill. That line on the curb isn't an indictment of the rest of us so much as an interrogation. What's the cause? What's the remedy? It's the man who turns his back on these questions and wraps himself in dull, complacent selfishness that's the Dives who ought to be in torment hereafter. Anyway, it isn't my fault. But I wont come home from the Horse Show by that route again. I wonder, by the way, if Providence really is on watch here in New York?"

ARTHUR M'EWEN.

ELECTRIC EGGS.

Giving Them a Bath of Electricity in Order to Keep Them Fresh and Eatable for Months.

A New York electrician has devised a scheme for the indefinite preservation of eggs. For years the only successful method of accomplishing this result has been to submerge the hen fruit in lime water long enough to close up the pores in the shell, and kill any germs which might be lurking about. With this treatment it has been possible to preserve eggs in such a state as to permit their use three or four months after the submersion. But at the expiration of this time, while the eggs are in a condition to be used by confectioners and bakers, they have lost the delicacy and freshness which make them appetizing for the matutinal meal.

However, if the electrician's scheme proves to be a success, eggs can be preserved for an indefinite period in as eatable a condition as when first laid. The treatment proposed involves the placing of the eggs in a vacuum chamber. It is a well-known fact that the shell is not absolutely air tight, and there is always more or less air inside the outer covering, which hastens its decay. Putting them in the vacuum chamber will have the effect of drawing the air from the interior. They will then be painted with a composition which will render the shells air tight.

After this they will be packed in barrels of water and an electric current will be introduced sufficient in strength to destroy any germ life that may be present. If the scheme is successful it will mean a revolution in the price of eggs in the Winter.

BATHS OF ASSES' MILK.

Paris Has a New Bathing Club, with Every Kind of a Bath for Preserving Beauty.

Anna Held is not the only woman who bathes in milk. There is a club in Paris, for bathing only, where the only sort of baths that can be taken are those prepared after old foreign recipes. One that is a particular favorite is of asses' milk, the bath that Queen Isabella of Bavaria used to take every morning. Then there are baths where the liquid is composed of rose water, melon juice, barley, Mecca balm and a hundred other things of the same sort.

There are one or two members of this club who take the bath made famous by Marie Antoinette. This consists of a compound of aromatic herbs and a handful of salt. It is taken cold in Summer and tepid in Winter. Still another curious bath that one of these French women takes, is the one first conceived by Mme. Tallien. It consists of warm milk and water, with twenty pounds of strawberries and two pounds of raspberries mashed therein.

MARTHA HUGHES CANNON is the first woman who was ever elected to the State Senate in America.

She lives in Salt Lake City, and she is a Mormon and a Democrat. She ran against her husband in the same district and she beat him for the State Senate of Utah by the no little majority of 4,000. She believes in woman suffrage, she believes in polygamy and she most heartily disbelieves in the prohibition of intoxicating liquors.

HER HUSBAND A BIG MORMON.

She is called the fourth wife of Angus M. Cannon. Mr. Cannon is a leading elder in the Mormon Church, and he stands in the first order of precedence for appointment as one of the twelve apostles. He has four wives living in neighborly communion. None of the four, however, has the least legal claim on the man whose name she bears. When the United States Government declared against polygamy, the law gave every polygamist man the right to choose one woman for his legal wife.

Mr. Cannon is the somewhat well-known gentleman who married two sisters at one fell swoop, and who afterward told the United States authorities that he "would be switched" if he would be ungallant enough to decide between one of the sisters and either of the other wives, so there really is no legal Mrs. Angus Cannon, although there are four very lively and interesting establishments, in each of which a woman presides who lays claim to the right of that title.

THE NEW SENATOR A PHYSICIAN.

Martha Hughes Cannon, the new Senator, is a doctor by profession. She lives in a neat little red brick house in a new little tree-set street. She has a little girl, eleven years old, and a little boy, seven years old. She is between thirty and thirty-five years of age, and she is a very clear skinned, slender, trim little woman, well groomed and fresh, with brown hair, plentifully sprinkled with gray and a pair of brilliant, alert hazel eyes. She has little bits of thin hands and little bits of slim feet, and she wears good clothes of a quiet, unobtrusive kind.

She has a clear voice and a good, serviceable vocabulary, and she is perfectly free from self-consciousness of any sort.

HOW SHE ENTERED POLITICS.

I asked her how she came to go into politics.

"Why," she said, "It was this way: Last year they wanted to give us suffrage. We all became very much interested. We formed a woman's Democratic campaign club, and we started in to raise money for the campaign. Right in the midst of things the Supreme Court decided against us, and out went the suffrage clause. But the woman's campaign clubs kept right on working just the same. I made forty speeches myself.

"Well, this year we got suffrage and the party thought there ought to be a lady in the Senate, and a committee came and asked me if I would run, and I said, 'Yes.' I went to the nominating convention as a delegate. My name was offered as a candidate and I was duly nominated. Then I went home and congratulated Mr. Cannon on his nomination. He ran on the Republican ticket. I worked pretty hard. I studied up on all the questions of the campaign and I made a lot of speeches. I did not do any personal work—talking to people myself about myself, and why they ought to vote for me, I mean. I just stayed right with my party and spoke for that, and on election day I went to the polls and voted, then I went and tended to my patients."

SHE WOULDN'T QUARREL WITH HER HUSBAND.

"I beat Mr. Cannon by a majority of something like 4,000. I heard a prominent politician say that he wished Mr. Cannon and I had both been elected. He said he'd like to have seen the fight. He would have been disappointed. If a woman quarrels over politics with her husband she'd quarrel with him over whether he liked biscuit or raised bread, or any other subject that came in handy.

"My aims? I'm not in for any one particular reform. I shall take great interest in all the sanitary bills, of course, and all bills tending to educational matters. Women are good ones for those things. We know how to keep house, and we know how to keep a city.

"SLAVES BETTER THAN THEIR MASTERS."

"Am I a strong believer in woman suffrage? Of course I am. It will help women, and it will purify politics. Women are better than men. Slaves are always better than their masters. A slave learns obedience and self-control and unselfishness. That's why woman will do the world of politics good. They have been slaves so long. They will teach some of the slavish virtues. Do I mean polygamy? Indeed I do not mean polygamy, I believe in polygamy. My father and mother were Mormons, and I am a Mormon. Of course, the law of the United States says 'No,' and we must obey, but that does not alter one's belief in the right of the thing.

WHEN HER TURN COMES SHE'S GLAD.

"A plural wife is not half as much a slave as a single wife. If her husband has four wives she has three weeks of freedom every single month. She and her children can order their lives, and do not have to wait and be ready for husband. When the fourth week comes round, she's glad to see him, and she does not mind getting three meals a day for him and making the children stop breathing to give him a chance to read. A plural wife has more time to herself and more independence every way than a single one. But then, of course, that is not the reason I believe in it. I believe in it because I think it's right. Jealousy? Unhappiness? Not half as much of it among plural wives as there is among single wives. Plural wives look upon marriage as a sacred duty and not as a means of self-seeking vanity. I've heard sentimentalists say that polygamy destroys poetry and takes all the sentiment out of life. Nonsense. A man loves all his wives. He is not in love with just one of them."

"AGAINST PROHIBITION," SAYS SENATOR CANNON.

"On the saloon question I stand with my party. Prohibition does not prohibit, so what earthly use is there mixing things up with a party which is always preaching something that it never practises? I don't believe any one who has lived in Europe much can scare up such a terrifically strong hatred of demon rum. Europe? Oh, yes; I went there when I was under ground. Oh, I forgot; you're a Gentile. When the Anti-Polygamy law came into force we plural wives went, as we called it, 'under ground.' We went away and waited for things to blow over. I took my children to Europe, and then to California. Have things blown over? To this extent: They can't put us in jail now for living in polygamy during a certain term of years.

"Of course, it is all at an end now; but I think—and the women of Utah think with me—that we were better off in the state of polygamy. Sixty per cent of the voters of this State are women.

THE MORMON WOMEN ARE INTELLIGENT.

"Did you realize that? Oh, we control the State. Intelligent women we are, too, the Mormon women. They don't go in much for society, but they are well informed and practical, and they know just what suffrage means to them and to the community. I am the only woman in the Senate, you know, but then we are every one of us Democrats there, so I shall feel perfectly at home.

"What am I going to do with my children while I am making laws for the State? The same thing I have done with them when I have been practising medicine. They have been left to themselves a good deal, and I must say they compare very favorably with children who need a governess and a nurse and a mamma to look after them every minute. Home?

AGAINST THE WORSHIP OF THE HOLY STOVE.

"Now, I know that women who stay at home all the time have the most unpleasant homes there are. You give me a woman who thinks about something besides cook stoves and washtubs and baby flannels and I'll show you nine times out of ten a successful home maker and a successful mother.

"Who is that California woman who writes such smart things about the worship of the holy stove? I'd like to know her. She knows this woman question right. Motherhood is a great thing, a glorious thing, and it ought to be a successful thing. It will be when it is regulated. Some day there will be a law limiting people to a certain number of children, and then the mothers of the land can live as they ought to live—free, happy, healthy lives. That's one thing about we Mormons. You know we never did let a man marry till he showed conclusively that he could take good care of his wife and family. We never raise paupers. Speaking of paupers, we don't know so very much about hard times in Utah. In the country our farmers all live in villages and cultivate their farms on the outside.

MORMON FARMERS THRIFTY AND PROSPEROUS.

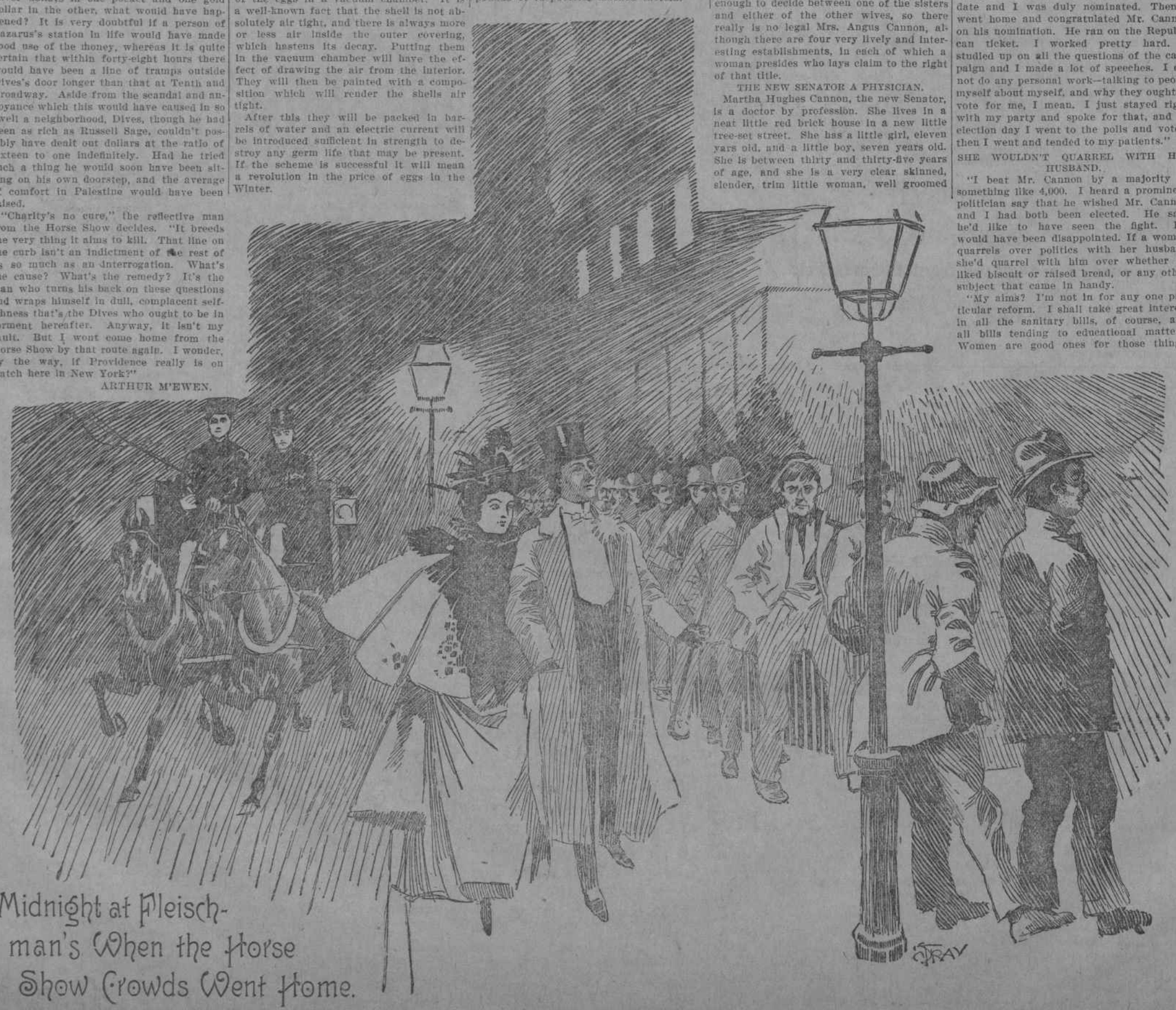
"The villages all have halls and churches and places for the young people to meet and have good times. Our Mormon boys don't have to run away from the farm to have a good time. If you would go through the country districts of Utah, you'd see a spinning wheel in nearly every farm house. The Mormon farmers spin and weave and make their own clothes. They make their own boots and they don't have many new fashions in hats, so they don't have to mortgage their farms to get money to dress with. I don't believe you could find a half-dozen beggars in the whole of Mormondom.

"Now you're going to ask me about women running for office." Mrs. Cannon leaned forward and laid a persuasive finger on the arm of my chair. "I don't want them to run for unseemly offices," she said. "Take the Governorship, for instance—that's too mannish altogether.

DOESN'T LIKE MANNISH WOMEN.

"I can't bear a mannish woman, or a mannish man, either. By mannishness I mean, you perceive, not an inherent

(Continued on page 15.)



Midnight at Fleischman's When the Horse Show Crowds Went Home.