

## TO MAKE US BETTER.

### RELIGIOUS PEOPLE TALK OF SEIZING THE PRESS.

Frank Crane Thinks that the Big City Papers Are a Hindrance to Church Progress—Good Paper Better Than Many Churches.

**N**E time there were a couple who did not get along very well together; they often fell out and each thought the other hardly treated him fair. They were a wolf and a lamb. So the wolf ate the lamb, and found he agreed with him much better than he before.

That is one way of settling misunderstandings. The pulpit would recommend that the church go up and take the newspaper, for we are abundantly able to possess it.

Now let me preachify a little and show (1) why and (2) how we should take possession of the newspaper.

1. Why. (1) Because every churchman feels that it is the gospel and that alone which will solve society's problems. The principles of Jesus are of infinitely more use to be applied to current events than the principles of any political party. (2) The news vehicle is the very best extant medium for reaching the people. Pulpits are good, and so are books; the quarterly review influences few, the monthly a few more, the weekly religious periodical still more, but best of all is the newspaper. News is the best bait. Why should not the best principles have the best vehicle whereby to get to the public eye? (3) Preaching originated before the days of newspapers. New days demand new methods. Truth ought to change clothes often to keep strong and healthy. Nothing needs up-to-dateness like the gospel. Conservatism is good, but sometimes there is too much of a good thing. (4) While the pulpit will always remain the best means of personal persuasion, the printed page is the best handle to public opinion. The church has quite as much to do with public ideals as with individual character in the business of saving the world. For instance, by arousing public opinion to secure the enforcement of the law against gambling houses, the church would do quite as much good to the public as to persuade a hundred youths not to gamble. (5) As a business proposition, look at it. The object of the church is to influence people. To that end she spends much money. Business demands it be invested in the most paying ways. Say it take an investment of a half million and an annual outlay of fifty thousand dollars to run the churches of Omaha (a conservative estimate) wouldn't half of this amount pretty handsomely subsidize a good daily paper, by which, on the wings of news, the popular mind could be influenced more than by preaching?

2. How? (1) Not by making a denominational organ, or in any sense heralding the claims or peculiar doctrines of any sect. The day is past when these are of great interest to the people at large, and the day is here when all evangelical churches are standing shoulder to shoulder proclaiming the same gospel and making common cause against all sin and humbug and sham. (2) Let this Christian newspaper stand for such a platform as this: Enforcement and not evasion of law against the criminal class; public officers must keep their oaths; the saloon must go; gambling must be crushed, like a venomous snake; prostitution must be legalized, directly or indirectly; the first duty of a state is to conserve its morality, business prosperity is secondary; the spirit and principles of Christ is the only solution of the labor question; greed is the chief enemy of society; the state must not connive at affiliation with any sect or church; purity of elections; honesty among legislators; and, indeed, all questions of public import are to be treated, always applying to them the principles of justice, honor and the people's welfare, and never the false and fatal heresies of policy and greed. Let the public mind become familiar with the reiterated question, is it right? No newspaper can do this that is tied to a party or is merely working for the business interests of a community. (3) Every county in the state could have one Christian newspaper if the Christian people would co-operate for its support. One such organ would preach more gospel than a dozen ordinary churches.

Nothing in these remarks is intended to imply that the pastoral care and teaching of present church organizations should be at all superseded, nor that newspapers, as at present conducted, are especially wicked. The pulpit believes our existing newspapers are important conservators of public morality, but that is not in issue here. Our contention is simply this: Christ's business ought to have the best possible agencies. The newspaper is the best agency to mold public opinion. Therefore Christ ought to have it.

**Coal in Alaska.**  
It is believed that an extensive field of valuable coal has been discovered within fifty miles of Juneau, Alaska. It is believed to be so it will, of course, mean very much for the development of that region. It is known that excellent coal exists in many parts of Alaska, but the discoveries hitherto have been remote from the settled regions. A Hoonah Indian brought into Juneau some three weeks ago several pieces of excellent anthracite coal, which he said he found at a place fifty miles from the town, and from his description it was thought that there is a vein several feet thick cropping out on a hillside.

## AT THE THEATER.

### The Female Villain's Realistic Death Stirred One Woman's Heart.

From the Chicago News: The principal actors in the play had waded through quagmires of blood-curdling, hair-raising mystery and a wilderness of soul-depressing, tantalizing doubt, dragging a hydra-minded audience through with them.

At last they tottered on the verge of the scene where the female impersonator of devilishness commits the grave error of being found out and winds up her career by yanking a few stray locks of her hair out by the roots as a prelude to swallowing the fatal pill of infinitesimal dimensions, the hero raves, the outraged mother-in-law goes daft and all the other cut-and-dried incidents indigenous to the last act of a modern drama pile up thick and fast before the senses of a muddled house. When they got to that point one thrilling chapter of mimic life followed in hot haste on the trail of its predecessors and the majority of lookers-on who had been inclined to play a game of inappreciative freeze-out during the first two acts warmed up to a knowledge of the fire and vigor being displayed and their outbursts of applause were frequent and sincere. One of the most interested looking people in the whole theater was a woman in the sixth row of the parquet. Her face was pale and the lower jaw was set in that mold of rigidity which naught but the most intense feeling can produce; her eyes never wandered from the scene of action and for a dangerously long period she leaned forward in a state of suspended animation, determined not to lose one fractional part of a wink or nod necessary to a creditable production of the play. The female villain started out on her last series of dying gasps; her stage associates grouped themselves effectively around her and watched her in well-stimulated, silent horror; a hush like the presence of some unconquerable, invisible power settled down over the vast audience and the face of the woman in the sixth row grew whiter still. A few seconds elapsed; she sighed. Another second and she sighed again. The expressions of solicitude were deep and long-drawn out and audible several feet away. Everybody within earshot who was not too much engrossed turned to look at her sympathetically. Her husband touched her on the shoulder as a means of restoring her to consciousness. She sighed once more and then her pent-up emotions broke out in one piercing, sibilant whisper.

"Oh," she lamented, "I'd give \$5 to know who makes her dress skirts."

The actress died, but most of the people in the neighborhood of the sixth row did not get much out of it.

### WHEN BABY WAS LOST.

#### A Great Deal of Excitement Prevailed for a Short Time in One Family.

There was considerable excitement in the Moran family, of Chelton Hills, the other evening when it was discovered that the pride of the house, a sturdy young man of 3 years, was mysteriously missing. He had been considerably of a rover from the time his well-starched dresses gave place to kilts, but his wanderings had been limited to the house and yard, and thus it was that when, about 7 o'clock in the evening, the little Faunteroy was wanted and was not found, the anxiety prevailed. The neighbors' houses were all visited and each family was invited to participate in the search, while in turn one after another of the patrol houses were notified and the blue-coated officers detailed to lend their assistance—to listen in out-of-the-way localities for a youthful voice raised in treble entreaties for help, and in byways to search with lanterns for the wanderer. It was all in vain, however, and as one after another reported to the anxious mother the ill success with which they had met she became almost frantic, while picturing her darling alone in a great city—beyond the influences of her tender care and subject to all the indescribable dangers which one in her position might fancy. At last she burst into a fit of hysterical sobs, and then it was that a still small and very sleepy voice emanating from beneath the old-fashioned sofa, softly inquired: "What's a matter, mamma?" That was all, but it settled the disturbance, and a proclamation was issued notifying the good people of the hill that the lost had been found.

### The Japanese Nose.

In Japan the nose is the only feature which attracts attention. The nose determines the beauty or ugliness of the face, according as it is big or small. This is probably due to the fact that differences in noses constitute about the only distinction between one Japanese face and another. In Japan a lady who has a huge proboscis is always a great beauty and a reigning belle.

### These Athletic Days.

"There isn't any truth in the joke about college graduates running street cars, is there?" asked the inquisitive man.

"No," said the superintendent of the trolley line. "We tried two or three of them, but they would twist the brake handles off."

### An Old Coin.

In building a Gardner, Me., wharf a silver coin was excavated which the coin collectors declare to be over 200 years old. In spite of its extreme age, the piece of money was so bright that every figure on it was easily discernible.

### Cumulative Evidence.

"You ought to be very proud of your wife. She is a brilliant talker."  
"You're right there."  
"Why, I could listen to her all night."  
"I often do."—Texas Sittings.

## MANY ARE PITIFULLY YOUNG.

### Miss Willard Writes of Her Visit to the Anchorage.

Miss Frances E. Willard, her heart filled with sympathy, has just visited the Florence Crittenden Anchorage at Chicago. Of the good being done there, and the needs of the institution, she writes as follows: To the Editor.—I have visited the Florence Crittenden Anchorage for Girls, on Wabash Avenue, founded some years ago by the Central W. E. T. U. I found there thirty-five women, some of them pitifully young, and twelve with babies in their arms. It was a sight to make careless hearts thoughtful and steady eyes dim. The poor child who was deceived, betrayed, and robbed a few days ago by the man she trusted, and who tried to take her own life, was there. At last she had found those whom she could trust, and who told her they would do all in their power to help her to build her wrecked young life anew on the foundations of industry, purity and honor. Some of us talked to these forgotten ones as helpfully and kindly as we could, and then they spoke to us with tears of gratitude for a home so friendly and mother hearts so sheltering as those of Miss Annie Bond, who has stood by the work for years with a heroism that knew no defeat in the darkest hours; Miss Lyman, the matron, who has the love and good will of every person connected with the anchorage; Mrs. E. P. Vale, whom they term "the mother of us all," and other true and noble women who make this home their special work. It has no endowment and these devoted souls are obliged to collect each month enough to pay the current expenses of that month, which amount to not less than \$300. I make this plea because I feel sure that Chicago has enough good and true men and women to pay this sum for these deceived and defrauded ones, if only the facts are brought to their knowledge. All money should be sent to Miss Alice Bond, Evanston, Ill., who is a woman of independent means and has given her services for years without money and without price, or to Mrs. M. E. Kline, treasurer of the mission, The Temple. "He gives twice who gives quickly." Let us remember our sisters who are "in bonds," as bound with them. Let us not forget that our blessed Lord was more considerate toward the Magdalens than toward any others, because they most needed the comfort of his presence and the strength of his uplifting spirit.

Frances E. Willard.

### HOW TO REST.

#### Some of the Simpler Exercises Prescribed by Cultivators.

For those who sit much, and most women do, either over their sewing, at a desk, an easel, a piano, or an embroidery frame, some of the simpler exercises that physical culture teachers prescribe, or similar ones that the individual may invent at will, are valuable to keep the chest from contracting and weakening. The work should be left every few hours, a perpendicular attitude assumed, and a few motions gone through with, for counteracting the stooping posture. Stand with the feet in the military position—heels slightly apart and toes at an angle of sixty degrees—with the knees straight and the heels about six inches from the wall. Put the tips of the fingers on the chest, and while slowly counting four, throw out the arms from the shoulders horizontally across the wall, bringing them back with another four count to their original position. Repeat the exercise, this time turning the wrists, that the palms of the hands may lie flat against the wall, and bring the hands back as before to the original position. The one, two, three, four, should be very deliberate, and the exercise even—never hurried or jerky. Then, in the same position (military), with the heels a few inches from the wall, lean backward, with knees rigid, slowly, until the top of the head touches the wall, and then, on the count of four, is gradually brought back to the natural position. Repeat this exercise of touching the top of the head to the wall, at the same time rising on the toes, pressing the hands on the body, the thumbs under the armpits, and the fingers forward on the chest. The lungs thus expand very perceptibly, and the bad effect of considerable stooping is effaced.

### A Well Acts Queerly.

A bored well at the home of Robert Martin, in East Sedalia, Mo., has acted most peculiarly since the recent earthquake. At times the water will rise to the top, bubbling and foaming, and making a rumbling noise, and then sink again to its normal level or below.

### CURIOUS FACTS.

Irritating drugs—such as salts of arsenic, copper, zinc and iron—should usually be given after food, except where local conditions require their administration in small doses before eating.

The most easterly point of the United States is Quoddy Head, Me.; the most westerly, Atto Island, Alaska; the most northerly, Point Barrow, Alaska; the most southerly, Key West, Florida.

In the Argentine Republic, instead of fining a drunkard, they sentence him to sweep the streets for eight days, and a similar punishment exists in St. Petersburg. But the drunkard maker goes scot free.

Eben E. Rexford writes in the Home Journal that ants do not harm plants to any great extent. Indeed, they are of benefit in most instances, as they catch the insects which, if left to themselves, would soon damage the plants greatly.

Jets of air discharged from flexible hose are made to do the work of brooms, whisks and cloths in removing dust and cinders in passenger cars. The hose may readily be carried to any part of a car, and is used in the same manner as an ordinary hose carrying water.

## FACE IS HER FORTUNE.

### BEAUTIFUL MABEL WRIGHT AND HER BRILLIANT MATCHES.

Was a Poor Girl—She First Caught Millionaire Yznaga, and Now Is to Wed Count Bela Zichy—Gotham Gossip.

**A**LTHOUGH the Marlborough-Vanderbilt marriage eclipsed in magnitude of interest everything else of the kind in the city, readers outside, to whom the names of the duke and his fiancée convey no particular meaning, will find more of romance in another matrimonial affair, which, it is said, will culminate in a wedding within a couple of weeks. The novelist has never woven a tale of more improbability than the plain, unvarnished story of the life and social triumphs of Mabel Wright, from the time of her introduction to the inner circle of New York society, her capture of it and one of its most exclusive members, to her separation and divorce the other day in a Dakota town, and her prospective marriage to the heir presumptive to one of the oldest and foremost families of a European court. It is almost Cinderella in real American life.

Mabel Curtis Wright was the daughter of a carpet designer, a man who had only a moderate income, and lived in a fair, but not aristocratic, New York boarding house. There was absolutely nothing in her origin nor surroundings to warrant any expectation of more than the ordinary, hum-drum life of an American woman of the middle class, except her beauty. That attracted attention, and her good nature and good sense completed the conquest of those who came in contact with her. She was introduced into "society" at Newport, and, for once let it be said to the credit of New York "society," usually the crudest and most shoddy of all flimsy creations, she was received and welcomed for the sake of her own sweetness, was paid attention by all the swells, and at the last was won by one of the best "catches" of the season, Mr. Fernando Yznaga, the marriage taking place in March, 1890, in the comparatively humble apartments of her father and mother. As the wife of a millionaire Mrs. Yznaga had entered to all the social functions of New York, and spent much time in Europe, meeting the very best people on both sides of the Atlantic. But Mr. Yznaga had already been divorced from one wife—at her instance—the sister of Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, before he married Miss Wright. Two years ago there were rumors of differences between the Yznagas. Early this year, while in London, they separated. The wife came over here and settled in Dakota, where she secured a divorce last week. Her husband was represented by counsel, but made no defense, and the cause was "incompatibility," which may cover a multitude of matrimonial sins.

Now comes the continuation of the romance. Where Count Bela Zichy and Mrs. Yznaga first met does not appear, nor is it material. That they met and that they loved is certain. For some time the name of the count has been whispered in connection with that of the beautiful American, but, to the credit of both let it be said, never in an offensive way. The Hungarian nobleman has borne himself most chivalrously and with rare discretion and delicacy. But no sooner was the divorce announced than it was said the two would be married, and of that there seems no doubt. While the lady was here in New York in strictest retirement, awaiting the time of her freedom from the bonds of matrimony binding her to Yznaga.

Contrary to the usual custom in such cases, quite in contrast with the Marlborough-Vanderbilt affair, in this instance the foreigner is not after American dollars, but American beauty, and for love alone. It is he who has the millions, while his bride will bring him but little but her own sweet self. Count Zichy, though at present only a lieutenant in the Austrian army, is of the 12th Haller-Hussars, one of the most aristocratic regiments in Europe. He is a brother-in-law of Count An-



MABEL WRIGHT YZNAGA.

drassy, ex-prime Minister of Austria, and will, upon the death of his mother, become the head of the Zichy family, the second family of Hungary in social supremacy, with riches of millions. If nothing untoward shall interfere the poor American girl will become one of the shining lights of an Old World imperial court.

People who come from the West with a proper spirit of patriotism and love for their birthplace are apt to find it grow on them after a season in New York. "Things are different." A lady who six months ago came from Chicago—not that Chicago is the best place in

the West to hail from or to remember and be patriotic about—has a pathetic and simple tale of woe to tell about such a simple, little thing as the trimming of a hat that will surely strike a sympathetic chord in the gentle bosoms of her sisters along the Mississippi.

"I went down to an establishment on Sixth avenue the other day," said she, "and selected a hat I liked untrimmed, because I wanted to use some feathers I had on hand. Then I took it upstairs to the trimming department. It was a long time before I could find anyone to wait on me. When I did get attention it was from an arrogant girl with her hands on her hips and a swagger that was made for a duchess and so was a misfit on her, who refused utterly to touch my hat. I finally had to undo it and show her what I wanted. She was so insolent about it that I gave her a bit of my mind and went away. I went to another place, and then to another, and yet another, until I was tired beyond expression. Do what I could I was unable to get that hat trimmed! At last, worn out and desperate, I asked one girl: 'Will you tell me why I can't get a hat trimmed here in New York?' The answer was that unless I



COUNT ZICHY.

bought at least \$5 worth of trimmings from the firm or all the material in the first place, no house would touch it. Then I wanted to know if it was possible to get such a simple thing done in the city, and was told that it was not expected. I went home in disgust. I have plenty of money. I have lived in several cities and never before had any such trouble—they always charge enough to make it very profitable. Finally, I took a Sunday paper, and at last found an advertisement of a woman away down town who did such a thing. I took that hat from West One Hundred-and-Third street to East Twenty-seventh street and had it done nicely and to my perfect satisfaction. But, my, what a time I had—and such a simple thing too. MALCHL."

### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

#### Some Practical Suggestions That All Housewives Should Appreciate.

A roasting pan made of paper is new. The paper is compressed and coated with a wax preparation. In appearance it resembles parchment. The inventor claims that paper can be used for baking, and where the fire does not come in contact with the pan it will be found to be far superior to iron. Clean kid gloves with naphtha, remembering that it is very explosive if exposed to fire or lamplight. Put one glove on, dip a piece of clean white flannel in the naphtha and rub over the glove, rubbing the spots very hard. Then rub dry with a second piece of flannel and hang in the air until the odor has evaporated. To keep the color of the cranberry sauce right, cook in a porcelain-lined dish. Allow a pint of water to a quart of cranberries, cover and boil for ten minutes. Add one pint of granulated sugar and stew for ten minutes longer, covered all the time. Stir with a wooden spoon. Strain and squeeze through everything but the seeds and tough skins. A good little wafer for occasional use is made from two eggs beaten light without separating, a cupful of brown sugar added to the eggs gradually, and a pinch of salt. Mix two tablespoonfuls of flour with the batter, then add a cupful of walnuts chopped fine. Bake one, and if not stiff enough, add a little more flour. The batter should drop easily from the spoon. Grease tins, and drop on by spoonfuls. Bake five minutes in a quick oven. A delicious dessert is made from sponge cake and preserved pineapple in the following way: Drain off the syrup, flavor it with kirsch and cut out the interior of the cake, leaving a thick wall. Use the prepared syrup to flavor it, pour in and over it, but do not use enough to soak the cake so that it will break. Fill the inside with chopped pineapple mixed with whipped cream flavored with orange flower sugar and heap the cream on top of the cake.

### Good Horses Scarce.

Louisville Post: There has been a great falling off in breeding throughout the west, and, as a consequence, horses are getting scarcer every day, and prices west are advancing correspondingly. We have to pay from \$10 to \$20 more for them this year than last, and prices have not advanced correspondingly east, but there will be a sharp advance before long, and within two years I expect to see ordinary horses higher than ever before. How do I account for that? Why, the question is easily solved. Emigration, increased population and other changes will make the demand more active, and this, coupled with the decrease in breeding, is bound to have a marked effect. Then, too, most of the scrub stock has been picked up, and a better class of horses is bound to follow, and, of course, the public will have to stand the result.

## HANDLES THE REINS WELL.

### A Woman Expert in the Art of Hiding and Driving.

No woman in New York society begins to compare with Mrs. T. H. Spaulding as a whip. She has ridden and driven horses ever since she was old enough to cling to a saddle or sit on a carriage seat, but it is only within a year or two that her stable of high-steppers has been extensive. Some of Mrs. Spaulding's turnouts were shown at the Long Branch horse show last summer, and among them was a five-horse "hitch," original with the exhibitor. This was a team with three horses abreast in the wheel and a pair in the lead. The team was one of the sensations of the Long Branch show. Last winter Mrs. Spaulding's three-abreast team of chestnuts, driven by their owner to a Russian sleigh, was among the notable turnouts of a great season of sleighing in Central park, and this summer her coach and four have been conspicuous in the park and on the roads of Westchester county. One of Mrs. Spaulding's friends is authority for the story that she toiled her coach and four out to Morris park and back to the city successfully the first time she drew the reins over four horses hitched together. Certain it is that Mrs. Spaulding is now the surest and smartest four-in-hand whip to be seen on the roads about New York. About a year ago she bought four white-legged chestnuts, and with them made any amount of combinations. Until the recent horse show she was well satisfied with this splendid quartet, but last week she saw at the Madison Square garden a four-in-hand team which put her own in the shade. The team won first prize, and Mrs. Spaulding at once made an offer to the owner, Charles F. Bates. The price agreed upon was \$5,000, which most people regard as moderate. The new owner has announced her intention of driving the four-in-hand through Central park at no distant date. The summer home of Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding is at Orange, N. Y., where she has a collection of vehicles which includes about everything a fashionable coachbuilder can turn out.

### WHAT MRS. STANTON WANTS.

#### Women Urged to Demand Equal Church and State Rights.

In the address prepared by Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton for the celebration of her eightieth birthday in New York recently she pointed out what new steps she would wish to see women take in their progress toward reform and equality. She urged that, as in the past they had worked to secure from the state the same rights, immunities and privileges enjoyed by men, they should now demand from the church these things.

"First," she said, "we must see that the canon laws, Mosiac code, scriptures, prayer books and liturgies be purged of all invidious distinctions of sex, of all false teachings as to woman's character and destiny.

"Second, we must demand an equal place in the offices of the church as pastors, elders, deacons; an equal voice in the creeds, discipline, in all business matters, and in the synods, conferences and general assemblies.

"Third, we must insist that all unworthy reflection on the sacred character of the mother of the race, such as the allegory of her creation and fall, and Paul's assumptions as to her social status, be expunged from our church literature. Such sentiments cannot inspire the rising generations with respect for their mothers.

"Fourth, we must demand that the pulpit be no longer desecrated with men who read these invidious passages of scripture and preach from texts that teach the subordination of one-half the human race to the other."

### Fatherly Advice.

Daughter—This piano is really my very own, isn't it, pa?  
Pa—Yes, my dear.

Daughter—And when I marry I can take it with me, can I?  
Pa—Certainly, my child, but don't tell any one. It might spoil your chances.

### A Prehistoric Site.

Near Millford, the other day, a surveyor found a prehistoric cemetery of great extent containing thousands of graves. Some of the graves were opened and in them were found pipes, cipher ordinates, beads, pearls and other trinkets.

### WORTH KNOWING.

Lettuce is useful to those suffering from insomnia.

A complete set of British birds' eggs is worth about \$200.

The Kalamazoo has an Indian name, Ne-gik-an-a-ma-zoo, "swimming otters."

The Aroostook, in Maine, was named by the Indians, Mahi-niwa, "great water."

### TOLD IN FEW WORDS.

The anti-Sunday flower war now carried on in New York is costing the florists about \$30,000 a day.

The distance to the nearest of the "fixed" stars, as computed by Astronomer Hall, is 20,900,000,000 miles.

A journal devoted to the pen, ink and paper trade says that the world now uses 3,500,000 steel pens every day in the week.

Green Lake, Colorado, is 10,250 feet above sea level, and is said to be the most elevated body of water in the world.

A cubic foot of newly fallen snow weighs five and one-half pounds and has twelve times the bulk of an equal amount of water.

A new weather station is to be established at Montauk Point, L. I., the place offering peculiar advantages for such an observatory.