

GRAND OLD CHURCH.

New Yorkers Are Proud of Trinity and Its History.

Famous Heroes and Statesmen Buried Where the Din of Traffic is Almost Loud Enough to Arouse the Dead.

[Special New York Letter.]

FROM Wall street comes the roar of commerce. Just to the south, on New street, men are shouting themselves hoarse buying and selling stocks. From the Consolidated Stock exchange there comes a muffled sound like the rumbling of the sea. On Broadway there is a clatter of carts, a jangle of street car gongs and an everlasting, ceaseless human hum. There is a jungle of wagon spokes. There is a conglomerate mass of people reaching as far as the vision of the eye extends. It is pandemonium loose on earth without let or hindrance.

But at the head of Wall street, that great throbbing, golden thoroughfare of finance of America—on the west side of Broadway, that mighty highway of the people—in the midst of all the din, the confusion of tongues like unto which the confusion of Babel was as a summer song, a tall and stately spire arises as if to touch the sky. And amid

be worth fully \$100,000,000. Trinity parish does not now possess these domains. Had it been able to foresee the wonderful growth of the city it would to-day be worth a fabulous fortune. As it is its wealth is now estimated to be about \$5,000,000, with an annual income of \$300,000. This income is expended not only in the support of the parish and its missionary work, but also in that of some 20 sister churches.

When the revolutionary war broke out Trinity church was loyal to the mother country. The rector having retired from the city, the pulpit was occupied by Mr. Inglis, who, notwithstanding the fact that one Sabbath morning 150 men with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets marched into the church, invoked the blessing of God upon "our most gracious sovereign, King George."

The present Trinity church is the third of that name to be built on the same site. The first one was accounted the finest church in the city in those days. Its first pastor was Mr. Vesey and the second Henry Barclay, after both of whom streets in that vicinity have been named. The first church was burned down and rebuilt in 1778, but in 1839 this structure was adjudged unsafe and it was torn down and the present building erected. This was completed in 1846.

Trinity church building is undoubtedly one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture in the country.



TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY.

all this traffic, the fiercest traffic of the greatest city of the new world, somber tombstones and tall shafts stand like silent sentinels guarding the dead who have slept for the centuries. If you listen you may hear the chimes in the belfry—soft and low, with melting tenderness—and you will forget the turmoil from the busy Broadway, and you will heed no more the shouts from Wall and from New streets. Before you is Trinity church. To the right and to the left of you is the graveyard where lie some of the heroes and the statesmen that have made an America a possibility for you and for me.

Just inside the gateway to the left the other day I saw an old sailor with a wooden leg. His cap was in his hand and he bowed his grizzled head in reverence before a polished granite shaft. One can almost read from the street the inscription to the memory of Capt. James Lawrence. I followed the old man and saw him read on the east face of the monument:

The heroic commander of the frigate Chesapeake whose remains are here deposited, expressed with his expiring breath his devotion to his country. Neither the fury of battle, the anguish of a mortal wound, nor the horrors of approaching death could subdue his gallant spirit. His dying words were: "Don't give up the ship."

Over to the south, half way between Broadway and New Church street is the small obelisk erected to the memory of Alexander Hamilton by the corporation of Trinity church. Near the head of the first path to the north is the grave of William Bradford, the publisher of the New York Gazette, the first newspaper printed in this city. He was born in Leicester, England, and came to this country in 1682 with William Penn. He set his press up in Philadelphia—the third in the colonies, but on account of political differences removed it to New York and on October 16, 1725, issued the first number of his paper. On his headstone is this quaint inscription:

Reader, reflect how soon you'll quit this stage; You find but few attain to such an age. Life is full of pain: Lo! Here's a Place of Rest. Prepare to meet your God, then you are blest.

Trinity is the parent of the Episcopal church in the United States, and aside from its early associations with the beginning of New York is filled with historic interest. The first church in this country was in a little chapel near the Battery which had been vacated by the old Dutch church for larger quarters. Under William and Mary a grant was made, in 1697, of a parcel of land which was then described as near a street without the north gate of the city, commonly called Broadway. In 1703 a further grant was made of a tract of land known as Queen Anne's farm which lay along the North river between what are now Vesey and Christopher streets. It was to this last tract of land that the heirs of Anaska Jans Bogardus laid claim. It stretches clear up along Broadway and is to-day estimated to

Despite the tall and wonderful buildings that have gone up in the last ten years it still remains clearly the most conspicuous and magnificent structure in the lower part of the city. It faces directly down Wall street as this thoroughfare opens into Broadway. It is constructed of brown stone and the gabled roof is supported by rows of carved Gothic columns. The daylight enters through stained windows which soften and warm the rays into delicate tints. The altar and reredos are memorials of the late William B. Astor and were erected by his sons. The altar is of pure white marble with shafts of red upon which are capitals carved in foliated designs. The shafts are divided into panels on the front and sides, and the designs include passion flowers and a Maltese cross, in mosaic set with cameos, a Christ head and symbols of the Evangelists, flanked by two kneeling angels.

But it is the spire of Trinity that impresses one. It stretches far above up to a mere speck in the sky to a height of 284 feet. Some years ago the ascent of the steeple was one of the incidents of a visit to New York, but the custom has fallen into disuse, and indeed it is very difficult now to obtain a permit to climb to the top. The view, however, is one of the finest to be obtained in the city. One may look to the north up Broadway as far as Grace church, at the juncture of Tenth street. In fact Broadway is the only street that can be distinguished. Below the people look like ants. The street cars move in regular lines like bugs. In all directions is a sea of house-tops and chimney-pots—a desert of roofs; a forest of dwellings from the quaint squat Dutch brick that is still in evidence to the shapely thing of granite and marble. Away to the west is the North river, sparkling like a cloth of gold. Wharves line the shore and great ocean vessels, and little tugs, and white sails, and launches are hurrying here and there. On the other side one may see plainly the roofs and the church spires in Jersey City and Hoboken, with the Orange mountains and the Jersey Highlands beyond. Then, with a sweep to the south, is the glistening harbor of New York with the green islands and the statue of liberty, with arm upraised like a guardian angel over all, and then the Narrows, and in the distance Sandy Hook and the ocean. Eastward there is the inevitable Wall street, running like a cowpath to East river, which leads us on to the Long Island shore with the swelling Brooklyn heights rounding out the view.

Below us is that wasp nest; that mass of struggling humanity; some fighting for fame, some for gold, some for bread. Here we are above the maddening throng. The chimes are striking now. We are at peace in Old Trinity.

FREDERICK BOYD STEVENSON.

COOKING A SCIENCE.

Its Importance Recognized by Prince as Well as Pauper.

Exhibit of Kitchen Utensils Used in All Parts of the World Interests Visitors to the National Capital.

[Special Washington Letter.]

INDIGESTION causes more dissatisfaction, unhappiness and misery in families than any other one complaint to which human flesh is heir; particularly if the sufferer happens to be a man and the head of the family.

Therefore it is that women make such a careful study of cookery. They know that all of the good things in the world will not produce contentment and happiness in the mind and heart of a man unless they are well prepared and well served. This has been the case in all families from time immemorial; and it will probably always be so. Strong men are naturally the protectors of women, but the ladies all know that their protectors are usually big babies who need to be coddled and pampered.

In the National museum here the scientists have gathered samples of all of the cooking utensils of the world, not only of the present time, but of all ages. This exhibition would prove to be not only interesting but valuable to women, and they could draw from its peculiar phases valuable inferential lessons in cookery. But a man can only tell the story as it appears to his unenlightened eyes.

Here are carefully arranged all of the utensils of the kitchens of the world, showing how women have cooked, washed, ironed, boiled, baked, steamed, stewed, fried, roasted, broiled, broiled, deviled, fried, and chafed in all ages for their lords and masters, and for the rest of the family. Here are the utensils which have been handled by the patient hands of suffering women, while they slaved away their lives for the unappreciative and sometimes brutal creatures upon whom they depended for their food and scanty raiment, while they tried so hard to "love," as well as to honor and obey, those to whose tender mercies their lives had been committed by the customs and ceremonies of their races, tribes and creeds. In every bit of iron, copper and pottery there is woven some life's history, and all of them have felt the hot tears of grief, and vibrated with the laughter of innocent youth.

Not only are the utensils here, but there are perfect pictures of the kitchens of some nations, and working models of others. Chinese, Japanese and Samoan houses are here in miniature with models of women at work inside of them. They are true to life and interesting beyond description. With these object lessons before our eyes we can know exactly how the other people of the world live; or, we might better say, how many of them exist.

If you are invited to dinner in Samoa you may see the feast prepared by the women. The stove is a hole in the ground, and there is no trouble in the family over the stove pipe, for there is no stove pipe. The women dig the hole, and fill it with wood. The hole is about as large as a molasses barrel, and when the wood is well ignited, the hole is covered with stones, which remain there until they are red hot and all the wood beneath them burned to ashes. Then the stones are removed, the hole



INDIAN WOMAN GRINDING MEAL.

is cleaned out, and a layer of hot stones placed at the bottom. The women then wrap bananas, chickens and vegetables in leaves, and spread them over the hot stones, and these delicacies are covered with more stones. Then other food is placed in another layer and covered with more hot stones, and so on until the hole is filled. A big fire is built on top of it all, and the entire mass is left to sputter and simmer until the woman in charge announces that dinner is ready. Travelers who have been honored with such a feast declare that it rivals anything that European banqueters have ever enjoyed.

Stones are used in Turkey and Egypt for making cooking stoves. But in Alaska they use holes in the ground just as they do in Samoa. The Alaskans, however, have recently taken to using some American stoves, but as yet they are very rare. The women of Alaska make baskets for baking and boiling, and hot stones are dropped into the baskets to cook the food. They have to keep the stones rolling all the time to prevent them from burning the

baskets, some of which are as beautiful as any fancy work baskets used by ladies in highly civilized countries for their sewing implements.

In Turkey and Egypt the floors of the houses are of stone as are also the bottoms of their stone stoves. The cooking utensils are almost all made of fine copper. The average harem has two or three cooks, but the sultan has usually about 300 cooks. It is said that once upon a time there was a sultan who had no regular time for his meals, but expected a banquet to be served whenever he chose to call for it. His chief cook was chained to the cooking stove, and everything was kept constantly in readiness for the royal call. If he ordered soup first, it was hastily cooked while the table was being set. If he ordered pie first, it was hurried to him. Meanwhile all of the machinery of the kitchen was at work so that as fast as he could dispose of one dish the others were made ready for him. The chief knew not which dish would be



JAPANESE GIRL MAKING TEA.

demand next, so he proceeded to prepare a full banquet every time the royal appetite asserted itself.

The kitchens of Japan are very neat, and always very clean. Every Japanese kitchen is supplied with running water; and these recently civilized people are the only orientals who value water as it should be valued. They are cleanly in their residences, and in their personal habits. The Japanese cook stoves would look like toys to the average American woman. They are about two feet square, and they cook but one dish at a time. For fire they use little balls made of coal dust and mud, and they also use charcoal in some houses.

Some observant travelers have declared that the Japanese women are the best housekeepers in the world; but, mind you, I am not bold enough to say that to American women. Japanese ladies take two baths every day in water as hot as they can endure. Their floors shine almost like mirrors. They use the softest and whitest of mats, and visitors are required to take off their shoes before being allowed to cross the threshold. The mats are made by the girls out of fine straw. They are an inch thick and are easier on the bare feet than the finest of carpets. The very poorest people in Japan have clean kitchens, clean floors and fine mats. The children make mats and regard it as recreation. They also take pride in this sort of work.

The Chinese women are the opposite of the Japanese in that they are averse to the use of water; in fact, they seem to have a perfect horror of it, and, as a consequence, they are among the dirtiest and graggiest and most disagreeable people on earth. They wear their clothes until they are grimy all over, with a distinctively greasy mark down their backs which is made by the queues which they wear. Their kitchens are disgustingly dirty and they seldom sweep their floors.

The Chinese and Koreans use kangas in their kitchens, and do the greater part of their cooking on them. A kang is a large oven-like ledge built into one side of the house. The cooking is done over the holes of the kang, and on cold nights the members of the family sleep on top of the kang. You may well imagine that no civilized person would want to eat anything cooked over a kang, on which the lazy, greasy, dirty creatures have been sleeping.

The Burmese use a box filled with ashes, on which a fire is built, and cook their food upon the live coals. They do not cook any meat, because all Buddhists fear that if they should eat meat they might be chewing the bodies of their reincarnated ancestors, so thoroughly do they believe in the transmigration of souls.

But of all the funny kitchens on earth those used by the Jews in Jerusalem are the queerest. The Jews there are very poor, and there is but one room for each family. The kitchen is a pen like a box, just big enough to stand in; and it is built on the porch. The cooking is done on a charcoal fire, but they use no meat except that which has been pronounced "kosher" by a rabbi. Many of their dishes are cooked in oil, and one writer has said that pastry made by these Jewish housewives in Jerusalem would "ruin the stomach of an American tramp;" and that is not too mean a thing to say of it.

SMITH D. FRY.

SUNSHINE DISPELS GLOOM.

How a Few Words of Compliment Cheered a Tired Housewife's Heart.

"One of the most glaring faults of our age," said the doctor of divinity, as he stirred his mocha and java, "is the absence of spirituality."

"Yes," said the professor, helping himself to lamb chops and muffins, "people are growing more and more material in their views of life."

"It is not only spirituality, but intellectuality that is on the wane," said the judge, eying appreciatively the Jersey cream that his hostess was pouring over a saucer of strawberries. "Look, for instance, at the thousands of people who never read anything but the newspapers, who are really dead from a mental standpoint."

The doctor and professor emphatically indorsed the noble sentiments of the judge, and the symposium pursued its course, along with the courses of the breakfast, says the Washington Star. It was a delicious breakfast to eat, and a charming one to look at. A crystal vase in the middle of the table held a stalk of white lilies; their petals matched the snowy tablecloth and their gold stamens the embroidery on the centerpiece. There was a pretty array of delicate china and solid silver. The red of the strawberries and tomatoes and the brown of chops, toast and muffins made a nice color scheme. A bunch of scarlet poppies and feathery ferns looked into the mirror of the sideboard, and the morning wind came in through the folds of fresh, white curtains. It was a fitting place for the discussion of intellectuality and spirituality.

At the foot of the table sat a small, tired-looking woman, who took no part in the symposium. Calmly and industriously she poured coffee and sugared strawberries, furtively watching the children's table manners and her guests' needs. No one would have dreamed that she had a soul above muffins, but her brain kept up a running commentary on the remarks of the judge, the doctor and the professor.

"Intellectuality and spirituality, indeed! You look intellectual and spiritual, don't you? Maybe you are; but if you men ever get so intellectual and spiritual that you don't have to eat, then there'll be some chance for women to cultivate their intellects and spirits. Not intellectual to read the newspapers? Well, wouldn't I be thankful if I had time to read a newspaper? And as for spirituality, Heaven knows I'm too tired at night even to say my prayers. Haven't I cooked and cleaned and—"

"Madam," said the doctor, in his most impressive tone.

The little woman turned to him with a deferential manner.

"Madam, this is the best breakfast I have eaten for many a day."

And then, if you will believe it, all the bitterness went out of that woman's heart in an instant, and she brightened up as if the doctor had said: "Madam, you have written the finest novel of the century."

ABOUT HANDKERCHIEFS.

Some Things That Every Girl Should Learn as Soon as She Can Sew.

There is no better way for a girl to learn to sew than to make for herself a number of dainty handkerchiefs, as very neat sewing must be employed in all work of this kind, and as a yard of sheer linen is enough for several of them it is much cheaper to make them at home. If she wants trimming other than hemstitching she can make this also, if she can knit, crochet or make tatting, and any of these are very dainty as well as durable, says the Housekeeper.

It is quite a feature of economy to get a width of linen that will cut two handkerchiefs, and there is nothing better than India linen of a fine, close quality. In hemstitching only three threads should be drawn, as it gives a much neater effect, and to make the threads easier to draw the material must be dampened and pressed before beginning the work.

The girls should not only learn how to make their own handkerchiefs, but they should learn to launder them as well, for the average laundress is devoid of conscience and pity toward these sheer articles, and if they are washed by the owner in her own washbowl they are spared the sacrifice occasioned by hard rubbing on the washboard.

Soft water is always preferable for washing these dainty articles, and to wash them so they will be beautifully white stir enough perline in the warm water to make a foamy lather, then wash between the hands, and while still damp spread smoothly over a marble slab or a large window pane or mirror. Let them remain until perfectly dry, then fold evenly and press between boards or in a large box.

If one is an expert needlewoman she can have quite a number of handkerchiefs with very little expenditure of money, and if she will launder them herself she may keep them looking fresh and dainty. It is said that nothing shows a woman's degree of refinement more than her handkerchief.