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Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.,
The Veteran Preacher and Author Occupies His
Old Pulpit at Market and Henry Streets.
(See pages 492 and 510.)

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THE SONNET BEATITUDES.

By Oliver Olden.*

THE PEACEMAKERS.

Matt. v : 9

O let the peace of God rule in thy heart,—
The peace of God which passeth all account,—
Eschew the wrong, from evil ways depart,
And purify thyself at holy fount.
Whose m'nd on God is staid hath perfect peace;
Seek thou with men the harmony divine,
From enmity thy struggling heart release
And peace shall be increased to thee and thine.
In peace the fruit of righteousness is sown,
For those who are its faithful advocates,
Great love hath God, the Father, to us shown
That He upon our waywardness awaits.
O blest are those who peaceful paths have trod,—
Forever are they called the sons of God.

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Is Killing a Cure for Crime?

PARIS CHIEF OF POLICE AND GOVERNOR SEYMOUR.

THE treatment of criminals is a vital and much discussed subject, not only in prison literature, but also in the secular and religious press and in numerous social and political circles. There are two wide extremes and many differing opinions between the two. The advocates of unyielding severity of punishment, with little or no regard to reform, are represented by such an officer as M. Hamard, the head of the Paris detective force. He was recently in London, and in an interview with a representative of the "Evening News," made the following statements which would meet the views of those who believe that punishment is the proper remedy for crime, and that reformation is of minor importance. He is reported as follows:

"Nearly every French murderer has been arrested. Out of the perpetrators of 500 crimes 495 have stood their trial. Notwithstanding this, the number of grave crimes has increased considerably during these last few years. In the time of my predecessors, the annual average was four or five, now the minimum is rather over than under thirty per annum. The number this year is particularly heavy. Since Jan. 1, in fact, I had over seventeen serious crimes before me, but, happily, they have all been satisfactory cases from our point of view. The principal reason of this increase is the great indulgence and leniency of the courts of justice.

"Most decidedly I approve of capital punishment. Experience has proved it. It is the only thing a criminal fears. I have seen myself some men sentenced, rejoice in the thought that they will go to prison for life. They are perfectly happy there. They live a relatively tranquil life, and notwithstanding the close observation to which they are subjected, they continually cherish the secret hope of escaping to recommence their exploits.

"Whilst the number of crimes in France is gradually diminishing, the number in Paris is constantly increasing. The resources of Paris, as of London, are reputed to be abundant. All the ne'er-do-wells of the country go there, and, urged on by want, they are led little by little to war against society, and finally reach the stage of crime. The passionate crime, so to speak, has almost entirely vanished from our annals, and nine times out of ten the murder is inspired by low cupidity.

"To summarize my statement, the suppression of crime in Paris is not violent enough. I do not think it would be cruel to suppress, for example, a man who can destroy several persons."

Upon the other extreme stand those men who are unalterably opposed to capital punishment for a variety of reasons, and

those who regard all sin as weakness or misfortune, and who, if their theories were logically carried out, would do away with punishment entirely, and substitute efforts at reformation. We would have no prisons nor penalties, only reformatory schools. The law of love would be the only law for policeman and offender, and the golden age of thieves and murderers would speedily arrive.

In a conversation with the late Hon. Horatio Seymour, not long after he had been Governor of the State of New York, he said to me, that the most difficult and painful duties which he had to do while he was Governor were connected with the pardon of criminals. He said that it would surprise any ordinary citizen to learn how many and varied influences and movements were organized and employed for the release of prisoners, for the pardon of offenses, and often for the restoration of the worst men and women to society which they had wronged and citizenship which they had forfeited. In some cases there was no doubt that injustice had been done to a prisoner, and release was an evident duty; in a few cases reasons of public policy demanded a review of the sentence, but in most cases the appeal was made upon other grounds; and in the large majority by relatives and friends, directly and indirectly, and in such ways as to deeply affect a man of so benevolent a disposition and kind a heart as Governor Seymour possessed.

In this connection, some extracts from an address which he made to the inmates of Auburn prison on July 4, 1879, will be read with peculiar interest. He said in part: "My interest in the inmates of this and other prisons grows out of official duties, as I have had to act on many cases of applications for pardons. I have learned from a long experience with men in all conditions of life that none are without faults and none without virtues. The longer I live the better I think of their hearts and the less of their heads. Everywhere, from the President's mansion to the prisoner's cell, I have learned the wisdom of that prayer which begs that we may be delivered from temptation. Another great truth is taught by experience: hope is the great reformer. We must instill this in men's minds if we wish to cultivate their virtues or enable them to overcome their vices. It has been said that despair is the unpardonable sin: for it paralyzes every sentiment that leads to virtue or happiness. To help us to do our duty we must cherish hope, which gives us courage and charity, which gives us hope for others. For this reason, when Governor of this State, I did all I could to gain the passage of laws which enable each of you, by good conduct, to shorten the term of your imprisonment; and if I had my way you would have a share in the profits of your labor. But I stand before you to-day to speak of another ground of hope, of a higher and more lasting character. * * *

"Sitting before my fire on a winter evening, and musing, as old men are apt to do, about their acts, their errors, their successes or their failures, it occurred to me what I would do if I had the power, and was compelled to wipe out twenty acts of my life. At first it seemed as if this was an easy thing to do. I had done more than twenty wrong things for which I had always felt regret, and was about to seize my imaginary sponge and rub them out at once, but I thought it best to move with care, to do as I had done to others, lay my character out upon the dissecting table, and trace all influences which had made or marred it. I found to my surprise, if there were any golden threads running through it, they were wrought out by the regrets felt at wrongs; that these regrets had run through the course of my life, guiding my footsteps through all its intricacies and problems; and if I should obliterate all of these acts to which these golden threads were attached, whose lengthening lines were woven into my very nature, I should destroy what little there was of virtue in my moral make-up. Then I learned that the wrong act followed by the just regret, and by thoughtful caution to avoid like

Household

THE CREATOR'S MIND.

By the Rev. H. B. Pratt.

ONE of the most striking and unchallengeable proofs of the personality, wisdom and power of God is to be sought and found in the inconceivably great number of minute adaptations of which all nature is full, and of which the greatest philosophers have noted but a few. I had one striking illustration of this during my life in South America. In the city of Socorro, Colombia, 3,500 feet above the sea level, they have fairly good cabbages, but these grow higher up on the mountains above the city, where it rains nearly every day.

As the climate, though unhealthy (paradoxical as it is), is wonderfully adapted to gardening, the city having a rich soil and a uniform indoor climate of 70° to 75° all the year round, I prepared a garden spot in my back yard, and thought I would like to plant cabbages, in addition to other vegetables, for table use. So I tried to get the seed; but they told me the cabbage had no seed! Inquiring further about it, a boy who worked in the business a mile or so above the city told me that what they planted was the sprouts which grew out of the stalks after the heads had been cut off. These they set, like cuttings, in the rich earth, and he said they had to water them every day that it did not rain; for as the roots were very short, not more than two or three inches long, the nourishment had to be put, as it were, right into their mouths, or the plants would die.

So I sent home for some garden seed, and among them, radish and cabbage seed. I raised the most magnificent radishes you ever saw, and, saving the finest for seed, I promised myself that I would raise the best of seed, and not send home for any more. But they would not come! The plants were very fine and grew waist high; but though covered with hundreds of blossoms, the pods were empty! I could find no explanation for the cause of my disappointment; for there was no lack of pollen in the flowers, nor any lack of insect life to utilize it in the appointed way. So I saw I would have to get fresh seed from home every year, or go without radishes.

My experience with cabbages was similar. They were fine—the Flat-Dutch cab-

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bage, to which I was always partial—and the heads as hard as a board; and I reserved a twelve or fourteen pound head for seed. As they have no winter there, my cabbage-head stood several months waiting for I could not tell what; but at last it burst asunder and a new stem shot forth. I planted a stake five or six feet long beside it to sustain the weight. It grew to the top of that, and then it grew to the ground again, and then it grew as much more—fifteen or eighteen feet—and covered with beautiful blossoms, and as beautiful seed-pods; but there were no seeds in them! I tried artificially to fertilize the blossoms, but to little purpose. Here and there a stray seed might be found in the empty pods; but they came to nothing.

In my reading, months or years afterwards, I stumbled on the explanation of the enigma—different kinds of plants require different kinds of insects to fertilize the bloom. Not being a botanist, I had supposed that one kind of insects going from flower to flower was as good for the purpose as another; but the long and short of it was that I could raise neither radish nor cabbage seed in Socorro, from the finest of plants and the most abundant blossoms. As the cabbages which grew 2,000 or 3,000 above us had no bloom, being raised entirely from sprouts, there was no work for the cabbage insect to do in that country, and therefore none came my way.

Now, suppose the great God had forgotten, the world over, to create just the class of insects I needed in Socorro, or had overlooked the special needs of this class of plants the world over, then his radishes and cabbages would all have come to nothing, just as mine did. How did He think of everything at once, and by His system of infinite adaptations provide for the infinite wants of all his creatures, both small and great? "His tender mercies are over all His works, and of His riches the earth is full." How blessed the thought that His infinite resources are by no means exhausted in this our world of sin and death (though foolish sinners often seem to think so); but in the great hereafter of His people He will show us things, and manifestations of His glorious wisdom, and power and love, which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived!" All over the face of this marred world of ours we may read, if we have faith to see them, the words of promise: "Thou shalt see greater things than these."

River Edge, N. J.

THE CULINARY CALENDAR.

By Mrs. Regina Rogers.

FOR flaky pastry sift together three and one-half cupfuls of sifted flour, half a teaspoonful of baking powder and one teaspoonful of salt. Thoroughly work in

half a cupful of lard, then moisten with half a cupful of very cold water. Turn on to a floured board and roll into a thin oblong. Wash half a cupful of butter in cold water and work until smooth, patting out all the water, then shape into one-third the size of the pastry, laying it in the middle and folding one side evenly over it and the other side on top this: Fold one end over and the other end under the butter, pat gently to press out any air bubbles, then roll into an oblong strip. Fold again evenly to make three lays, turn half round and roll again. Repeat the folding and rolling twice more, and the pastry is ready for use. This process sounds tedious, but really is very simple. The paste should be soft enough to roll easily, but not be sticky.

Pastry should not be rolled back and forth. Instead, a long continuous motion from the point nearest the operator to the other side should be used, pressing lightly with the rolling-pin. To shape it, use a sweeping motion to the side, but always lift the rolling-pin and start it again at the point nearest. Pastry will keep several days unbaked, if covered closely and set in a cold place, but it is best to roll only the amount needed for immediate use.

The method of one famous authority is to put flour, butter and lard (equal portions) and salt into the chopping bowl, and with sharp knife chop the shortening thoroughly through the flour, then add ice water, chopping all the time until the dough is smooth, then stand in a cool place for twenty-four hours. Custard and pumpkin pies should have thin crusts and the filling an inch thick when cooked. If the crust for a lemon pie is baked on an inverted pie plate, when the custard is added, it will never be "soggy." Putting hot filling into a crust toughens the pastry.

As all dough without leavening shrinks in cooking, pastry for pies should be spread loosely over the plates as well as over the filling, to prevent its crawling from the edge. Especially in fruit pies must this caution be observed, to prevent loss of juice. If the oven is too hot for a custard or lemon pie, slip a tin sheet or asbestos mat under the pie tin. In pre-

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