ELLA WHEELER ON MAN

SHE TELLS WHAT HE LOOKS FOR IN WOMAN.

What She Must Be, Do and Say to Find Favor—When Beauty in Woman is Satisfying and Fascinating to "the Lords of Creation."

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In spite of the fact that "many men have many minds," and that individual tastes differ as greatly as features and tints, yet there are certain tastes which are essentially masculine the world over.

We have all often heard the expression, "Oh, she is just the sort of woman men like!" and we all feel an immediate, if secret, interest in the woman so referred to.

Men are the rulers of the world, and to please them is our aim and desire. Often, however, their tastes are so paradoxical that it would require a seven-headed Medusa to respond to all their varied and contradictory ideas.

That a man likes beauty goes without saying, as that a bee likes flowers. But as the bee only flutters about a flower which contains no honey-yielding property, so man only hovers a brief time about the beauty without wit or charm.

A man likes a woman to be capable of talking well at times, but he does not care for the garrulous girl. He likes to be listened to himself and objects to the girl who monopolizes the conversation almost as much as the one who does not talk at all.

A man likes modesty, but he is disgusted with mock prudery.

He secretly likes a slightly unconventional girl, but he is so sensitive to public comment that he is afraid to openly show his liking for her unless she is well grounded socially. And he is quck to censure if she defies the proprieties or violates absolute good form.

A man is utterly lacking in independence regarding these matters, and far more sensitive to public opinion than the weaker sex. However much he might enjoy the society of a woman who defied conventional rules of dress or deportment, he would not be seen in public with her if he could avoid it. And a lapse from good morals does not offend him so quickly as a lapse from good manners. A man likes discretion, but he invites indiscretion from women. In order to please him in the matter of conduct and morals, we must do exactly the opposite to his either bold or subtle suggestions. He will advise you to be discreet with others, but tempt you to folly himself merely to flatter his own vanity. But he is disappointed and disillusioned if you yield. There are no exceptions to this rule. All men are alike in this instinct to destroy virtue, and in their secret hope that virtue will withstand temptation. A man likes an enthusiastic woman, but he abhors gush. The girl who enjoys herself thoroughly, and is not afraid to show her enjoyment, always wins more admirers than the languid beauty who is forever "bored."

He likes a girl who understands masculine sports and can appreciate skillful games, but he does not like to have her appreciation extend to riding a bicycle or playing baseball herself.

A man likes a woman who does not scold him for smoking, and he is never reformed by one who does.

He likes a spice of coquetry in a woman, but he does not like the professional flirt. He may pursue her, but it is for amusement or conquest, not from admiration.

He is afraid of the woman who boasts of her conquests. The woman who tells a man how many proposals she has received and rejected from his disappointed fellow-men destroys his respect for and confidence in her discretion, and he is very sure not to add one more proposal to her list.

He likes a hint of daring flashing through a woman's nature, but he wants it hidden and controlled. Then he enjoys thinking how he should like to develop this dangerous trait, and congratulates himself upon being an excellent fellow when he does not attempt it.

But he is repelled by bold dash and venturesomeness in a woman, for that he believes has been developed by some other man, and it is not, therefore, to his taste.

The French maiden is told to never lift her eyes above the second shirt stud of the gentleman to whom she is listening. This sort of shyness entertains a man for one or two occasions; after that—or after he has compelled her eyes to meet his—it bores him. He likes better the frank, honest, direct gaze of the American girl; but the unblushing stare of the flirtation-inviting belle is not to his liking, although he may respond to it for the sake of adventure.

A man likes a woman of sympathetic feeling and affectionate nature, but he is afraid of the intensely emotional one. She tires and fatigues him, and is liable to be exacting in her demands, or at least he fears she might be. The highly-emotional woman needs to wear an armor of control and repose, no matter what it costs her to do so, if she would be pleasing to man. Let her nature be suspected, and it fascinates; let it be discovered, and it *annoies*.

A man likes a cheerful and optimistic woman, though he may strive with all his might to convert her to pessimism. Yet the ready-made cynic in woman's form shocks him. However erroneous the idea, man regards woman as the sunlight of life, and expects her to drive away malarial mists from his mind and shadows from his heart by her warmth and light.

Though she be accomplished, beautiful and talented she will lose ground with the opposite sex if she is cynical or sad. Every man likes to create his own pessimist. He does not wish to find one.

Men like an accomplished and bright woman rather than a talented one, and entertaining and amusing qualities rather than markedly intellectual ones.

A wise and tactful woman who desires to be popular with mankind (and she is not wise if she does not) will keep her intellect subservient to her graces and charms when in presence of men.

A man likes a woman's intellect to shine brilliantly in its full force only when great occasions demand it. At other times he wants it veiled by her beauty and modesty. He would rather it should gleam like star-shine on his path, or suddenly glow forth in shadowed places like a powerful dark lantern, than to glare always about him like an electric light, which blinds the eyes of his egotism and offends his pride.

A man likes a woman of independent and strong character, but he is not attracted to her unless she possesses some feminine weaknesses. He may admire her as a good comrade, and even seek her advice, but he is more likely to love and marry the weak, clinging vine; and after the honeymoon is over he not infrequently wastes his life secretly longing for or openly seeking the companionship of the strong character he passed by. Here, again, let the discreet woman take warning, and veil the full extent of her self-reliance and strength from the sight of man till occasion demands revealing it.

She must keep it to surprise him ever and anon, instead of flaunting it forever in his eyes.

A man likes a neat woman and admires a stylish one. He always knows, but can never describe what he likes in the matter of feminine attire, but it is for the woman who listens to his comments on her sisters to discover his tastes. He likes trim boots, neat gloves, a snug-fitting waist and a well-hung skirt, plain draperies, good material, quiet colors. He does not like elaborate trimmings, and is sensitive about pronounced styles or odd fashions, unless they are very artistic, or worn by an exceptionally pretty woman. He likes jaunty (but not dashing) hats and bonnets, not overweighed down with ornaments.

A man censures extravagance in women, but invariably admires expensive garments. He likes a girl of strong vitality, great endurance and excellent spirits, but the mannish girl has more comrades than admirers. Although the girl who can sew, embroider, and play the piano possesses eminently domestic accomplishments, he admires more the girl who can ride, row and swim. Yet he prefers plumpness to muscle. He is annoyed or disappointed in the girl who tires easily, and perhaps this is why he enjoys the athletically inclined young woman rather than the household deity, with her fancy work and sideache.

A man may consider children a great bore himself, but he shrinks from a woman who openly declares her dislike of them. He expects the maternal instinct in woman, and is disappointed if he does not find it, and when it strongly exists this feeling will draw him back to her often when her personal charms no longer influence him. He may prove a bad father and an unloving husband, yet through her love for his children he often returns to her.

A man prefers temper to sulks, a storm of tears to a fit of melancholy. He is flattered by a touch of jealousy occasionally in a woman's attitude toward him, but he is weaned and alienated from her if it becomes a quality of her nature.

An occasional thunderstorm clears the air, but constant cyclones and cloud bursts destroy life and vegetation. A man likes girls who speak well of one another, and he is repelled by those who declare "they hate women."

Men like women with ideas of their own, but they are afraid of women with theories or hobbies. A woman with a hobby needs to carefully blanket and stable it away from the eyes of a man whom she desires to please.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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HIS JEHUNESS REBELLED.

How a Colored Coachman Amused a Washington Crowd.

Society is still enjoying itself hugely over a funny incident which took place a few days since, in which the *dramatis personæ* were Mrs. and Miss Blank, the wife and daughter of Senator Blank, and the sable dignitary who, up to that time, enjoyed the distinction of driving the spirited team to their stylish turnout. Miss Blank, because of the man's unusually inky hue, had dubbed him "Crow," and, though never addressing him personally by this soubriquet, invariably spoke of him to her friends as such. By some chance this came to the man's ears, and though not daring openly to resent what he considered a flagrant indignity, the smouldering fire of his wrath only awaited a fitting opportunity to break forth. This arrived a few days since, when the ladies attended a crowded reception at one of the most fashionable houses in town. When Mrs. Blank finally emerged from the house and descended the steps with her daughter the street was so densely packed with carriages that their own could not be distinguished. Turning to the policeman who stood at the curb to preserve order in the arrival and departure of equipages, she briefly said: "Call my Crow." Without a moment's hesitation the stentorian cry rang out in the crowded street: "Mrs. Blank's Crow!"

A burst of hilarious laughter from the collection of liveried coachmen greeted this order, but the "Crow" sat unheeding in his ebony dignity as though turned to stone. Another second and the street was alive with the echoing cry, "Mrs. Blank's Crow!" as one after another the men passed it down the line. Then the driver turned, bringing the whip sharply down on the horses' backs, and as the Victoria swept to the curb jumped from the box vowing that Mrs. Mitchell could drive herself home if she wished, unless she wished to walk there that afternoon, as under no circumstances would he do so for her. By this time the crowd of interested spectators on the pavement far outnumbered those at the reception. After a brief but excited parley between the coachman and the policeman, the former was compelled to remount his box, the officer declaring that it was against the law for the driver to leave his horses. The "Crow," looking blacker than ever in his wrath, gathered up his reins, and as the ladies seated themselves in the Victoria turned before the assembled crowd to inform them in the most emphatic manner that since the law compelled him to drive the horses to a place of safety he would go direct to the stable, from where they could return home as best they might, since no human power would induce him to drive them beyond that place. Thus in the most ignominiously crestfallen manner the ladies drove from the reception which they had attended in such overflowing good spirits, for, true to his word, the crow abandoned the carriage at the stable; and now another coachman of lighter hue adorns his former post of glory on the box.

Quite the most interesting bit of gossip afloat this season is that which connects the name of one of the wealthiest widows in Washington with that of a veteran beau, a member of the Metropolitan Club, without whose co-operation no debutante for the last two score or more years has been successfully launched. If report is correct as to the matter of settlements projected, when the groom expectant leads his blushing bride to the altar and swears in the presence of witnesses to endow her with all his worldly goods, she will settle on him a life income of $15,000 per annum. This sum is larger by $5,000 than that enjoyed by the late lamented, who some half dozen years since was gathered to his fathers.

Denial of the Reported Oil Deal.

FINDLAY, OHIO, Feb. 22.—As to the rumor regarding the great oil deal, there is nothing in it. No one knows any thing about it here but the correspondent of a Cleveland paper who sent it out. The correspondent admits that he knows nothing except what some man, whose name he even does not know, had told him. It is the opinion of all the local papers that it is a fairy story, pure and simple, and the oil men here share in the view.

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Mr. W. R. Graves of Wetheredville, Md., writes—I suffer sometimes with acute rheumatism, and your Salvation Oil gives me instantaneous relief. I cordially recommend it as a sure cure.

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STRONG-MINDED WOMEN

HAVE MADE THINGS LIVELY HERE FOR A WEEK.

Gossip About the Suffragists—Absence of Young Women From the Conventions—Pioneers of the Movement—Mrs. Spofford's Kindness.

The entire season having been given up to the fashionable woman it is no more than fair that the newspaper and the public should devote one week to the strong-minded woman. Lent is here, and the society woman takes this solemn period for the recuperation of her physical body and the rejuvenation of her last spring's wardrobe. The society woman regards Lent as a peculiar institution for the protection of reception givers and goers, and she reverts to her loose Mother Hubbard and reasonable bedtime with a species of what might be called thankfulness rather than penitence. Lent, to the severe Churchwoman, is a season of extraordinary devotional activity. It is the period of plain gowns and butterless bread, the denial of the appetite, and continual perusal of serious books.

The exactions of Lent, both upon time and desire, are to most women in the nature of a sacred duty, done, as it were, under whip and spur. To a few, however, and these are the lambs of whom the Shepherd spake so tenderly, the Lenten season is one of honest devotion and willing sacrifice in memory of the Master's temptation and suffering.

The shrewd woman, however, the politically organized and mentally enfranchised woman, nicely calculates her convention, and brings it within this brief space of social inactivity. In this the strong-minded woman gives proof of her sagacity.

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A noticeable feature of the convention held during the week was the absence of young women. Seven-eights of the representatives were women beyond middle life, while many of them, the contemporaries of Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony, have passed into old but vigorous and charming age. This absence of young women probably argues nothing more than the respect in which these pioneers are held by their respective constituencies. There is a feeling among women—which does not obtain among politicians—that those who have borne the heat of battle shall not be relegated to the rear as soon as old age shows its silver head. The spirit which dictated a public appeal to a veteran Southern Senator the other day asking him to retire, telling him brutally that his days of usefulness were over, is not that exhibited by women toward their early leaders. Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Isabella Beecher Hooker and Julia Ward Howe will hold their official saintship and be reckoned as authority so long as they desire to unite or speak or act.

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There are women in the strong-minded ranks who, perhaps, have made more public stir and acquired more notoriety and fame in one way or another, but the woman's cause itself has had no better and more helpful friend than Mrs. Jane Spofford, the wife of the Riggs House proprietor. Eight or ten years ago it chanced that Mrs. Senator Sargeant, who had always entertained Miss Anthony, was taken sick just before the convention and it was arranged that during this session she should remain at the Riggs. So delighted, however, was Mrs. Spofford with her accidental guest, that she proclaimed to Miss Anthony and her friends that hereafter the Riggs House was Susan B. Anthony's home in Washington. Since then each year she has entertained "Susan" for three to five months, and Mrs. Stanton as well, is her guest durher official visits. Reduced rates are made to the suffragists, and Mr. and Mrs. Spofford give them receptions each year, at which the refreshments, also, are generously provided. Besides this, Mr. Spofford's carriage is always at Miss Anthony's service, and in many other ways the not overflowing treasury of the suffrage cause is preserved from taxation. This one woman, in her quiet and unostentatious liberality, is a sort of background to every annual convention. The attachment and mutual admiration existing between the stately mistress of the Riggs House, the lovable Mrs. Stanton and the hard-headed, soft-hearted Susan B. Anthony, is one of the features of the movement, and utterly refutes the theory that women cannot be friends to each other.

"Why do the newspapers send their boy reporters to do our conventions?" demanded Mrs. C. L. McAdow of Montana. "It is through these young men," continued the lady, "that the cause of suffrage is retarded and held up to ridicule. The misrepresentations of the boy reporter is the stumbling block to our success."

Anxious to maintain the dignity of the press, I insisted on further explanation, as these boy reporters were doing satisfactory work in every other field.

"These young men are mere boys, most of them," continued the lady, "and have a preconceived notion of shrickers, and an indefinite conviction that the public expects either ridicule or light and cunning irony. The result is that our most dignified and orderly deliberations, and our most intelligently and thoughtfully prepared addresses and speeches are given to the world through the medium of a reporter who has neither the age nor experience to appreciate the serious side, nor wit enough to serve the trivialities in a readable manner."

Mrs. McAdow is one of the most conspicuous figures in the convention, not only for beauty of person and grace of manner, but from the fact that she is a rich woman by her own effort. Her husband having become an invalid, tied to his chair through paralysis of the lower limbs, this lady undertook the piloting of their mutual fortunes. She bought a gold mine in which no one but herself had much faith. In three years she sold it for half a million dollars. But she is still in the mining business, and it is in the operation of these mines that she has found the strongest arguments for the ballot. "Think of it," she said indignantly, "I am one of the heaviest taxpayers in Montana, and yet have no voice in the matter, but my 150 workman, most of them unable to read or write, can go to the polls and make the laws for me."

Her speech recalled the remark of a good equal rights man, who said "Men would sooner be governed by male idiots than female Solomons."

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"Four dollars a ticket is a pretty steep price for a woman's banquet," said a gentleman the other day whose wife was on the list, "and I cannot see where they put $4 into a plate, considering there was nothing but a cold-water goblet by the side of it."

"You foolish man," said the lady, "you have very little appreciation of the thrifty soul of a woman. Did you really suppose that the ways and means committee would plan, or that Susan B. Anthony would consent, to squander $4 worth of food on one woman when there are 30,000,000 of them clamoring for enfranchisement. My dear sir, that was a very fine spread, beautifully served, nothing short and properly prepared; but the surplus, which men would have frittered away in demoralizing wines, will be turned over to the South Dakota sisters. Women kill two birds with one stone. Susan's birthday was properly commemorated, and a very decent campaign fund was realized, on the strenght of which we carry the war into—South Dakota.

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"What *do* you think I have been doing?" gurgled a sweet creature, all velvet and feathers and frills, as she met another of her kind on the avenue, Friday afternoon.

"I can't *imagine*. What *have* you done?"

"Well, its Lent, you know, and *so* dull—now, you *won't* tell mamma or papa?"

"*Never*," murmured the other ecstatically, and her eyes kindled at the thought of a fresh bit of romance. "Have you been meeting that *awfully handsome*—"

"No; it's worse than that—but you promise not to tell? I just went for fun—there was really no harm in it."

"Where on *earth* have you been—not to the clairvoyant that—"

"No, no; now, you promise."

"Honestly, sure."

"Well, then," said the clear, pink-checked, red-lipped retiring flower of womanhood, lowering her voice and looking fearfully around, "I've been to one of the suffrage meetings—there, I knew I'd astonish you; now, you won't tell—and really it wasn't so bad—oh, dear, I'm not getting strong-minded—but, you know, they did not shriek at all. I was *so* disappointed. They really behaved just as other ladies do; they wore their hair *beautifully*, and their gowns were *really* handsome—now, there; I'm not going to be one of them, but they are not nearly so queer——"

And the lovely pair, floating into a shop door, deprived the listener of further intelligent opinion.

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Among the women journalists in the city during the past week was Mattie Sheridan, Little Miss Moffit of the New York *World*. While interested in the convention, Miss Sheridan spent much of her time in procuring sympathy and assistance for the unfortunate wife of James G. Blaine, jr. As a personal friend of the once bright and beautiful, but now suffering, penniless and desolate woman, Miss Sheridan has created much interest and collected a considerable sum of money. Among the most generous contributors she named Mrs. Wanamaker, the wife of the Postmaster-General. The recent benefit for Mrs. Blaine, though it realized $3,700, is a very trifling sum to a penniless, and possibly hopeless, invalid, who has also a little child to maintain.

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"Are you going to do the banquet?" I asked of the society editress of an esteemed city contemporary.

"What? A suffrage banquet? Well, hardly. I do people in society who care to know how these strong-minded women dress."

Though the statement was intended as satire, it was really more of a compliment. That several hundred women should meet and challenge the public from the stage, the banquet hall, the hotel corridors and street for an entire week and yet escape a description of their clothes, is a remarkable circumstance and is evidence of either less or greater merit than the average society woman. In the reports of the past week "most beautiful," "most elegant," "loveliest," "most charming" and "most fetching and magnificent" have not been seen at all, and the comparative degrees were also avoided, apparently, because there was no use for them, and yet there were very handsome women here. A more beautiful old lady than Elizabeth Cady Stanton cannot be found on the Continent. A more graceful figure, a sweeter face, a more attractive woman than her daughter, Mrs. Blatch of England, has not graced society this season in Washington. There were also elegantly-dressed women. The dresses worn at the banquet were of rich velvets, silks and crepes cut from the same bolts that furnish the "society" women, and the display of diamonds and fine laces was very like any other fashionable assembly. There were wealthy women, too, women who either by their husbands' or their own inheritance or industry had acquired bonds, bank accounts and profitable stocks. And yet how these women look, how much money they have, what sort of gowns they wear finds no place in the society columns. Is it possible that the women themselves, what they think and do and say is of more consequence than how they look and what they wear or what they own.

FIGHTERS IN FRISCO.

Were Dempsey's Gloves "Doctored?"—He Is After LaBlanche.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 22.—At the California Athletic Club rooms yesterday, Jack Dempsey said to President Fulda and the newspaper reporters: "I don't want to fight young Mitchell (John F. Hegert). I look on him as a boy, and think he did wrong in challenging me, but I shall teach him a lesson when we meet in April."

Continuing, Dempsey said: "LaBlanche was the man I was after. I will meet LaBlanche in the ring before a club or on the green, with bare knuckles, skin gloves, or five-ounce gloves, London rules or Queensberry, and bet him $10,000 to $2,500 that I will whip him. This is giving him odds of four to one, and if he don't accept this proposition he declares in actions plainer than words that he is afraid to meet me again. I have offered him every dollar of a $3,500 purse to meet me, win or lose. He wouldn't do that, and I've made any number of liberal offers to him, but this last one is the best. If he can whip me he can win anywhere from $50,000 to $100,000. Now, let's see what he'll do."

Joe Choynski, who whipped Frank Glover and several other fighting men of note here, was yesterday matched against Billy Wilson, the colored champion of the Northwest, by the Golden Gate Club for a purse of $1,500, of which $250 goes to the loser. They signed articles to contest to a finish under Queensberry rules. Denny Kelliher and Bill Hennessey, the well-known middle-weights, have been matched by the San Jose Athletic Club to contest to a finish for an $800 purse March 20.

Considerable talk was indulged in, relative to the gloves used in the late Dempsey-McCarthy battle.

Jimmy Carroll and Paddy Gorman, McCarthy's seconds, make the claim that Dempsey's gloves were "doctored" with some mysterious fluid, which accounts for McCarthy's blindness in the eighth and ninth rounds. This claim has not been substantiated by any evidence whatever. The gloves used have been locked up and an investigation will take place Tuesday night.

A Fair Trial

is all that is asked for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in all blood taints, or skin diseases, eruptions, blotches, pimples and scrofulous sores and swellings. *If it don't cure, you get your money back.*

"I SHALL ORDER PORTNER'S BEER," said Mr. Smith to Mrs. Jones. "Why? Because it is healthy and pure."

GOOD DRAMATIC BILLS.

INTERESTING EVENTS AT ALL THE LOCAL THEATRES.

Emma Abbott at the National—Robson at Albaugh's—"The Gondoliers" at Lincoln Music Hall—Harris' Bijou and Kernan's—Booth in Baltimore.

EMMA ABBOTT AT THE NATIONAL.—Next week at the National Theatre promises to be the most brilliant which Miss Abbott has ever had here. The prima donna has never been in better voice, her company is excellent, the orchestra powerful and the scenery and costumes of the very best. Moreover, the repertoire is remarkably promising. It is as follows:

Monday.....“Ernani.”
Tuesday.....“Crown Diamonds.”
Wednesday Matinee.....“Bohemian Girl.”
Wednesday.....“Martha.”
Thursday.....“Il Trovatore.”
Friday.....“Norma.”
Saturday Matinee.....“Romeo and Juliet.”
Saturday.....“Mikado.”

One of the surest tests of opera, or of any performance by which to prejudge it is the unbiased and uninfluenced opinions that are passed upon it. If this be a sure guide, then the opinions that have so far been passed upon Abbott opera this season establish beyond a reasonable doubt the high character of the Abbott performances. Columns of direct evidence, all newly given, have been quoted to prove the conclusion, and from the most reputable journals in the country. In brief, however, they have said: "Emma Abbott is doing the most brilliant work of her life." "We have heard Emma Abbott annually almost ever since she began her operatic career and never before did she sing with such power and brilliancy as she did last evening." "The presentation of the opera ('Ernani') was simply magnificent." "The Worth dresses worn by Miss Abbott were bewildering 'dreams.'" "Never have we heard in English opera such a chorus and orchestra." "Miss Abbott never had such a powerful company."

All this goes to testify to the worth of Miss Abbott's performances, but more than all do Washingtonians who have heard her know of her merit from personal experience. She has been here before, and always received a cordial greeting. This time she comes with a strong company, presenting attractions of known merit and is assured of a successful week's visit. With her are Miss Mirella, Miss Annandale, Montegriffo, Michelena, Pruette, Broderick, Allan, Keady and Karl. Carl Martens will direct the new chorus and orchestra.

STUART ROBSON COMING.—Stuart Robson in his new comedy, "An Arrant Knave," begins an engagement at Albaugh's Grand Opera-House week of February 24.

That Mr. Robson is a comedian of marked ability few need be told, and now that he has separated from his former partner, Mr. Crane, he will, of course, use his best endeavors to increase the good opinion always held of him by the public. "An Arrant Knave" had its first performance at the Chicago Opera-House Monday night. In speaking of the event the *Herald* of that city says:

"'An Arrant Knave' is a comedy in blank verse, illuminated with fifteenth century costumes in nineteenth century humor. Set in an environment of beautiful scenes, and brightened by all that stage art can contribute to a dramatic production, this comedy, from the prolific pen of Steele Mackaye, was first exploited last evening, under the most favorable conditions.

"The Chicago Opera-House, that scene of so many triumphs, was crowded full of appreciative people, and, to crown all, Stuart Robson was the central figure of the new play. This alone was a most potent circumstance in his favor, since the comedian whose name has so long been a synonym for all that is amusing in light comedy is in his own person an army with banners when a dramatic field is to be won. And then the occasion borrowed significance from the fact not alone that the play was new, but from the other circumstance that this was Mr. Robson's first appearance as a single star. Obviously, nothing less than a hearty feeling of sympathy for the new venture could prevail in a city where there is every disposition to encourage native productions and American artists, and this was undoubtedly the animating spirit of the audience last evening. Mr. Robson's appearance was the signal for prolonged applause, and if he had entertained any doubts as to his status in this city they were speedily and effectually dissipated."

THE GONDOLIERS.—To-morrow evening will mark the reopening of Lincoln Music Hall for the first production in this city of Gilbert and Sullivan's new comic opera, "The Gondoliers," by the company organized expressly for this opera by Mr. John Stetson.

"The Gondoliers" have emphatically made a hit in New York, where it is a permanent attraction at Palmer's Theatre. Mr. Stetson's company has essayed it with signal success in Brooklyn and Baltimore, and will soon present it at the Globe Theatre, Boston.

Mr. Stetson holds the sole right to produce "The Gondoliers" in the Atlantic States and Canada. This company has been rehearsed by a stage manager sent direct from the Savoy Theatre, London, and the scenery and costumes are duplicated from the original London designs.

The opera is, therefore, presented in strict accordance with the instructions of the author and composer.

The company comprises a list of bright names, some old favorites of the public, others newly introduced before the footlights.

The cast is as follows:

The Duke of Plaza-Toro, (a Grandee of Spain).....Sig Brocolini
Luiz (his attendant).....Mr. M. J. Malcolm
Don Alhambra Del Bolero (the grand Inquisitor).....Mr. Geo. Laurl
Marco Palmiero } Venetian Gondoliers { Mr. H. Hilliard
Giuseppe " } { Mr. J. J. Raffael
Antonio..... } { .....Mr. Walker
Francesco..... } { .....Mr. Eldon
Giorgio..... } { .....Mr. Hadley
Annibale..... } { .....Mr. Clark
Ottavio..... } { .....Mr. Wells
The Duchess of Plaza Toro.....Miss Mabella Baker
Casilda (her daughter).....Miss Bettina Padelford
Tessa..... } Contadine { Miss Celia Ellis
Fiametta..... } { Miss Remsem
Vittoria..... } { Miss Cole
Inez (the King's Foster-mother and Gianetta.....Miss Irwin
Miss Lillian Grubb
Chorus of Gondoliers and Contadine, Men-at-arms, Heraids and Pages.

Miss Padelford will be recognized as a late ornament in Washington society whose talents and accomplishments readily gained her an entrance upon the stage.

"The Gondoliers" is ranked musically as among the most pleasing of Sullivan's scores. It is melodious and sparkling, and while attractive to the general public, is equally admired by the critical.

The plot of the operetta is no more profound than that of "Pinafore," but it is ample for the purpose, and gives scope for comic complications and bewilderment peculiar to Gilbert. The lyrics are strikingly original and amusing, and are rich in quotable lines and phrases.

With customary eagerness to assist at the opening, the public have rushed promptly for seats, and the prospect for a brilliant audience at Lincoln Hall is good for every one of the six evening and two afternoon performances of "The Gondoliers."

EDWIN BOOTH.—The Booth engagement will commence to-morrow evening at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore. The first Washington night will be Tuesday, on which occasion "Much Ado About Nothing" will be performed, with Mr. Booth as *Benedict*, and Miss Gale as *Beatrice*. On Thursday night "The Fool's Revenge" and Katherine and Petruchio" will be given, Mr. Booth appearing as *Bertuccio* in the former, and Miss Gale in the latter as *Katherine*. Saturday night "Macbeth" will be produced, with Mr. Booth as *Macbeth*, and Miss Gale as *Lady Macbeth*. The excursion trains for this week will be run over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, trains leaving B. & O. Depot at 6 p. m. sharp. Persons wishing to witness the performance of "Much Ado About Nothing" should bear in mind that the sale of seats for that performance closes to-morrow (Monday) afternoon at 5 p. m. The sale for all performances will close on the day previous.

HARRIS' BIJOU.—Charles L. Davis who made himself famous as Alvin Joslyn, will be at Harris' Bijou this week in his new play, "One of the Old Stock." Mr. Davis can always be relied on as certain to draw large houses. His peculiar style of comedy seems to be just what the public want, and his success has been something phenomenal. He does everything on a large scale. His new play is mounted in a manner that is in keeping with his former efforts. His Operatic Solo Orchestra is a feature of his performance that has never failed to attract attention and admiration. The company has met with praise, and the play has been constructed in such a plan as to leave nothing lacking that may contribute to its powers of amusement.

KERNAN'S THEATRE.—Greater attractions than usual have been billed for Kernan's New Theatre for the week commencing to-morrow night, and variety theatre-goers will welcome the Reilly and Wood Combination with pleasure. Among the artists who have made successful "hits" throughout the country this season in the combination are Bellonini, the original eccentric juggler, who appeared on the American boards for the first time this season; the three Byrnes brothers, who have carried every city by storm with their humor; the Alexandroff brothers, from the Circus Solomonsky, in Moscow, Russia; Miss Millie Price, the celebrated gaiety dancer, from the principal theatres of Europe; the celebrated Wood family, from the Gaiety Theatre, London; the trio of wonderful dogs, Blondin, Boulanger and Empress, and a long list of other attractions, including the leading novelties of Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Madrid, Vienna and London, that bid fair to create more astonishment and real downright merriment than has been boarded in the city this season.

Dramatic Notes.

Miss Bettina Padleford, a Washington girl, will take a prominent part in the "Gondoliers" next week.

Kate Claxton's "Bootle's Baby" Company is coming our way. Their present tour has been very successful.

The road season of the De Wolf Hopper Opera Bouffe company opens in Brooklyn the first week in September.

Nellie Bly has been quite a success as a lecturer. To-night she will give her third talk about her travels at the Union Square Theatre in New York.

The Bennett Brothers' Combination had an unsually good week at Kernan's. Peter Jackson in the role of star is making fame and fortune, so says Parson Davies, his manager.

Richard Golden and "Old Jed Prouty" will revisit Philadelphia this week for the third time this season. The demure Philadelphians seem to like the quaint old character from Maine.

Lillie Grubb has been engaged to sing Marion Manola's part in Stetson's "Gondoliers" Company in case McCaull should succeed in preventing the latter's fulfilling her engagement.

It seems probable that, owing to the convivial habits of the Hoosier Poet, the lecture team of Nye and Riley will be broken up. Major Pond, manager of the tour, has canceled all dates.

Mr. J. D. Elwell, director of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society, has just signed a contract with Strauss to bring the latter's famous orchestra for a three months' tour in this country.

Henry Guy Carleton's new play, "The Pembertons," which is now being rehearsed at the Union Square Theatre in New York, will be seen in the Fifth Avenue Theater for the first time on March 10.

Sydney Rosenfeld's new comedy, "The Stepping Stone," is about ready for presentation at the Standard Theatre in New York, and he has begun a new play for Helen Dauvray. It is to be called "The Whirlwind."

J. S. Hartley, the sculptor, who has been commissioned to design the memorial to Daguerre for the Smithsonian Institution, has also executed life-size busts of Ada Rehan, Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrert and John Gilbert.

Letitia Aldrich, who recently met with considerable success in this city, is to make her first appearance in New York at a professional matinee, which will be given under the direction of Mrs. Thurber and Gustave Frohman at the Lyceum Theatre.

The giving away of real estate is a somewhat novel venture in theatrical circles, but it is being done nightly by Dan Sully at Jacobs' Brooklyn Theatre. Each purchaser of two reserved seats is presented with a 100x40 town lot in Florida.

Madame Modjeska will not be able to act again for fully a month, owing to her sprained ankle. The lady sustained the injury on the stage of the Academy of Music in Brooklyn a fortnight ago. She will probably rejoin Mr. Booth in Chicago.

Emma Abbott averted a panic at Richmond, Va., last Tuesday night by continuing her song while half the audience rose to their feet alarmed by a cry of "fire." Her coolness reassured them and they soon quieted down. A false alarm caused the scare.

The Italian tragedian, Tomasso Salvini, has bade farewell to America in a letter to the press, although he has still some months to play in this country. From this we are led to believe that Mr. Salvini intends coming back again next season.

Mrs. James G. Blaine, jr.'s benefit at the New York Broadway Theatre last Tuesday was a great success, both from an artistic and a financial point of view. The door receipts were $3,500 and five pretty actresses added $300 more by the sale of flowers in the lobby.

Jsseph Jefferson and W. J. Florence will next season have a repertoire consisting of "The Rivals," "The Heir-at-Law" and a double bill, with Mr. Jefferson as *Caleb Plummer* in "The Cricket on the Hearth" and Mr. Florence as *Captain Cuttle* in "Dombey & Son."

Among the Washington girls whose success on the stage has been in any way notable is Miss Delia Stacey of Rudolph Arnoson's Casino Opera Company. She is Fanny Rice's understudy and in "Nadjy" and "The Brigands" took that clever little lady's part a number of times and always successfully. In "The Grand Duchess" which succeeds "The Brigands" at the Casino in New York to-morrow night, Miss Stacey is cast for a leading soubrette part. Her many friends here will be glad to hear of the progress she is making.

"Mr. Barnes of New York" will visit Washington and stop at the National Theatre for the week commencing March 3. The original scenery will be presented and most of the former players appear in the cast. Among the latter are Emily Rigl, Bob Hilliard, Sheridan Block, Effie Germon and Anule Blancke.

Neil Burgess has written a most interesting book from Charles Barnard's quaint play, "The County Fair," and Street & Smith have published it as No. 33 of their Select Series. Its 228 pages are attractively bound and well printed. The book contains in an elaborate form all the humorous incidents and natural character sketches admired so much in the play.

Nina Heyward, who was a member of the Casino company last season, and the early part of this season was with "A Brass Monkey," is to create a part in H. Grattan Donnelly's new farce-comedy, "A Pair of Jacks." Miss Heyward belongs to a prominent Southern family, is decidely attractive, and is said to possess acting ability of no mean order.

The latest star to throw asble the bounds of her contract and refuse to play as she had agreed is Mary Anderson. Manager Abbey has already leveled his legal gun at her, and unless she can show good cause for her refusal, we will probably have our Mary with us again next season. The indifferent way great actresses have of treating their contracts is becoming alarming. No less than four suits have been begun in the New York courts within as many weeks.

Joe Blackburn of Kentucky was the first United States Senator who ever saw W. H. Crane play his new comedy "The Senator." It was during the production of the play in Louisville in the fall. He instantly recognized in *Senator Hannibal Rivers* an imitation of the personal appearance of Senator Plumb of Kansas and when he met the Western statesman in Washington he advised him to see the play. Senator Plumb did so, and was greatly pleased with the fact that *Senator Rivers* was introduced as a politician who was honest and a patriot, and intimated that if the truth were generally known it would be found that political counterparts of Hannibal Rivers were more common in public life than was generally thought.

Music.

The present week promises to be a brilliant one musically. The effects of the Lenten seas on are noticeable upon private musicales, but the professional entertainments which will take place are of the highest order.

The Emma Abbott Grand Opera Company at the National Theater will present a varied repertoire, including "Ernani," "Crown Diamonds," "Bohemian Girl," "Martha," "Il Trovatore," "Romeo and Juliet," "Norma," and the "Mikado." There is a manifest disposition on the part of the management in selecting the operas for the week to please all tastes. Miss Abbott will be supported by Annandale, Mirella, Montegriffo, Pruett, Broderick, and Walter Allen, all of whom are Washington favorites. Mr. Carl Martens is the musical director.

Interest is centered in the "Gondoliers," the new opera by Gilbert and Sullivan, which will be produced for the first time in Washington to-morrow night at Lincoln Music Hall by an American company under the direction of Mr. John Stetson. This performance is authorized by an arrangement with R. D'Oyly Carte, and the costumes, scenery and appointments will be from original designs as used at the Savoy Theatre, London. Opinions as to the merit of the work differ vastly. The opera will run through the week.

The local musicians will not be idle. The second soiree of the Washington Musical Club is to occur on Wednesday evening at the Universalist Church. Messrs. Xander, Miersch, Rakeman, Morsell and Mrs. Thos. B. Buxton will appear at this concert. A feature of the programme will be a duo for violin and violoncello, "Fantasia on English Airs" (Wieniawski-Servais), performed by Mrs. Rakeman and Miersch, without accompaniment. This selection, well played, as it will be, has the fullness of a string quartette. Mrs. Buxton, who possesses a rich soprano voice, makes her debut on this occasion.

The Orchestral Club, an amateur organization of twenty-five members, meets on Wednesday evening of each week at the Young Men's Christian Association, and under the care of its new leader, Mr. Louis W. Stratton, is making wonderful progress. This is thoroughly an amateur orchestra and offers a good opportunity for young amateur musicians to get practice in concerted playing.

The regular rehearsal of the Georgetown Orchestra will be held on to-morrow evening at Metzerott's.

Hub. Smith now renders "Listen to my