

# GOOD BEGINNING.

Some of the New Theatrical Attractions  
In New York.

The New York theatrical season has opened auspiciously, for, while there have naturally been some comparative failures, most of the plays so far produced may be said to be more than ordinary successes. The biggest hit up to date belongs to Anne Russell in a romantic comedy in three acts entitled "A Royal Family." The piece is the work of Captain R. Marshall of the British army, who is also the author of that excellent bit of nonsense, "His Excellency."

Unlike most so-called comedies, "A Royal Family" is not in any sense a farce. There is no horseplay, and the incidents follow each other with something like rational plausibility. There are no mock heroics and no melodrama, the sentiment being pathetic and the satire real humor.

The story of "A Royal Family" is not remarkably original; but, save during the earlier portions of the first act, it is interesting, which, after all, is the main point. Louis VII is the king of Arcadia, an imaginary principality, the location of which the author does not see fit to divulge. At the rise of the curtain we are informed that Arcadia and Kurland are on the verge of war and that the Arcadians, through a society of patriots, are doing all in their power to precipitate hostilities despite the fact that in the last previous set to between the two countries Arcadia was ignominiously trounced. The king and his ministers are anxious to avert war, and the latter, in a moment of inspiration, hit upon the expedient of marrying Louis' daughter, Princess Angela, to Crown Prince Victor of Kurland. The prince is said to be as violently opposed to the match as is Princess Angela. They have never met; but, as is usual in such cases, the element of compulsion has served to make them almost hate each other. At this point the aid of the shrewd Cardinal Casano is sought by King Louis. The cardinal engages to arrange matters if everything is left in his hands. Receiving this promise from the king, his first step is to invite Prince Victor to visit him under the alias of Count Bernadine as an ambassador from the court of Kurland. Naturally Bernadine falls desperately in love with Angela and equally naturally Angela falls in love with him. Then there is trouble, for Bernadine fears that when Angela is made aware of the deception he has practiced she may refuse to wed him, after all, even though she has promised to follow his advice by wedding Prince Victor. The revelation of his identity is made to Angela, happily without untoward results, in the final scene of the play, where occurs a magnificent bit of action in which not a word is spoken.

There is a pretty and unconventional little episode in the second act in which Angela and Bernadine, finding their little tete-a-tete interrupted by the approach of the royal family, climb a tree. They are finally discovered and severely reprimanded, the little incident serving at the same time to expose the hollowness of the pretensions of royalty.

As Princess Angela Miss Russell left nothing to be desired if we except a tendency, common to most of the members of the cast, to speak in a subdued tone, as though a funeral were about to be held. This "repression" is all very well in its way, but there is such a thing as overdoing it, and it must be admitted that there is a dangerous trend in that direction in New York city.

Mr. Charles Richman, as manly and forceful as ever, made a handsome picture as the impetuous but always dignified Prince Victor. While Mr. Richman never rants, he is evidently of the opinion that an actor's first duty to his audience is to so pitch his voice as to be heard all over the house. In other words, he realizes that all the seats in a theater are not in the first row. That those "in front" appreciated Mr. Richman's consideration was evidenced by the warmth with which his excellent work was received.

W. H. Thompson is a magnificent artist. How great a performer he really is may perhaps be understood when it is said that he made the role of the wily cardinal stand out prominently

notwithstanding that it is a character which in the hands of an ordinary performer might be tiresome and at times even offensive. Lawrence d'Orsay as the king was responsible for a very clever satire upon the follies of royalty and the type of argument which sometimes influences monarchs in the most important affairs of state. That veteran and prime favorite, J. S. Gilbert, was as natural as possible as the Queen Ferdinand, and that her popularity has not waned since she entered the Charles Frohman fold was made clear by the cordial reception vouchsafed her.

It is always risky to make predictions concerning the fate of a play, but unless all signs fail the length of the



CHARLES RICHMAN.

stay of "A Royal Family" at the Lyceum theater need be limited only by the already made plans of the management, which, by the way, are said to contemplate the production of a new comedy toward the middle of the season.

Louis Mann and his wife, Clara Lipman, are the stars of "All on Account of Eliza," a sort of farcical hodgepodge at the Garrick theater. In my opinion, there has never been a less interesting entertainment of the kind in a first class New York theater in many years unless we except the ill fated "My Innocent Boy," in which Otis Harlan made his first essay as a simon pure star at the same theater last season. The Mann-Lipman piece is not risqué in the usually accepted sense, but it contains several very nasty little episodes devoid even of the extenuation of "smartness." The play may develop into a success, but if it should do so it will be a great surprise to most persons who have seen it and who are at a loss to understand the process of reasoning by which Mr. Mann arrived at the conclusion that the public would like it. Mr. Mann is, of course, rather funny with his peculiar dialect, but even an unusual dialect becomes tiresome after a while, and this statement applies with peculiar force to the senior star's work in "All on Account of Eliza."

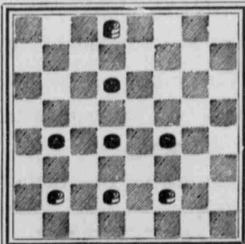
OCTAVUS COHEN.

## Automobile Race.

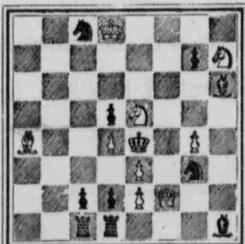
Alexander Winton of Cleveland has challenged W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and Captain Albert Bostwick to an automobile race of 100 miles, to be decided on a smooth track.

## CHECKERS AND CHESS.

Checker Problem No. 597.—By Isaiah Barker. Black—10, 17, 18, 19.



White—2 (king), 25, 26, 27. Black to play, white to draw. Chess Problem No. 597. Black.



White. White to play and mate in two moves. SOLUTIONS.

Checker problem No. 598: Black. 1. 5 to 9 2. 7 to 10 3. 11 to 15 4. 15 to 19 5. 20 to 15 6. 14 to 17 7. 17 to 26 8. 15 to 22

White. Key move, B to K K2

## ALL SORTS OF SPORTS

A Black Sea Bass That Weighed 370 Pounds.

### TETHER BALL AND LAWN TENNIS.

Rider Haggard Tells What He Thinks About Golf—Advises Beginners to Practice Two Hundred Days a Year For Three Years.

The black sea bass is perhaps the largest of the bony fishes and looks very much like a black bass, if one can imagine the latter fish six or seven feet in length and gigantic proportionately. It frequents the kelp lined shores of Santa Catalina island, on the California coast, from May until October, when, it is supposed, it goes out into deeper water. It was off Santa Catalina that T. S. Manning recently caught a monster of this species weighing 370 pounds. He was two hours in landing his fish, and it towed him at least eight miles up and down the coast, finally taking him so far out to sea that he was doubtful if it could be brought to



MANNING AND HIS MONSTER SEA BASS.

gaff, so heavy was the sea. This, however, was finally accomplished by the boatman pouring oil on the water, and in the clear spot the fish was brought in. So huge was the bass that when it was hauled into the boat the two men were obliged to haul a launch and go aboard, and in this way the fish was towed into the port of Avalon. There many observers greeted the weighing with cheers when it became known that it was the record fish—that is, one that was ahead of all others in size and weight.

Tether ball is an outgrowth of lawn tennis. The advantage of the game over lawn tennis is the limited space demanded by the sport. There are no balls to chase, no expensive net or backstop needs to be erected, and no decision from the umpire is necessary to determine whether the ball is "in" or "out." The rules of the game require that the pole shall stand ten feet high. It must be 7½ inches in circumference at the ground and may taper toward the top. Having the pole in place, a circle having a radius of three feet is drawn on the ground around the pole, and this is bisected by a straight line 20 feet long. Six feet from the pole, at an angle to and on each side of the line of division, are crosses which indicate the places of service. The ball, which is a regular tennis ball, with a strong linen, tight fitting cover, is suspended from the top of the pole by a heavy fishline. The cord must allow the ball to hang 7½ feet, so that when at rest it will be 2½ feet from the ground. When the game is played, the players toss rackets for court, and the loser has the service. The ball may be struck in any manner with the racket in the direction agreed upon, the endeavor being to wind the string upon the pole above a black mark which is six feet above the ground. The ball may be hit only once and must then go into the opponent's court. Each player must keep wholly within his own court, this including his arm and racket, and he must not step on or over the circle. The game is won when the string has been completely wound upon the pole above the black line.

Rider Haggard in a recent article summed up the game in this way: "And yet even for those who will never really master it the game is worth the candle. To begin with, it has startling merit—the worse you play the more sport you get. When the golfer tops his ball or trickles it into a furze bush or lands it in a sand bunker, it is but the beginning of joy, for there it lies patiently awaiting a renewal of his maltreatment. His sport is only limited by the endurance of his muscle, or perchance, of his clubs, and at the end of the round, whereas the accomplished player will have enjoyed but 80 or 100 strokes, the duffer can proudly point to a total of twice that number. Moreover, he has hurt no one unless it be the caddy or the feelings of his partner in a foursome. By the way, the wise duffer should make a point of playing alone or search out an opponent of equal incapacity; he should not be led into foursomes with golf aristocrats. Let him select a little frequented inland links and practice on them studiously for about 200 days a year for three years or so, either alone or in the company of others of his own kidney. By this time, unless he is even less gifted than the majority of beginners, he will probably be able to play after a modest and uncertain fashion. Then let him resort to some more fashionable green, and, having invested in an entirely new set of clubs, pose before the world as a novice to the game, for thus he will escape the scorn of men."

### SUNDERED:

O love, since you and I must walk apart,  
Spare me one little corner of your heart—  
A shrine  
That shall be wholly mine!

Others may claim, and rightfully, the rest;  
If there I know I am not dispossessed,  
All bliss  
I, eager, shall not miss.

And if so be you sometimes offer there,  
Though but in thought, the fragment of a  
prayer,  
No more  
Can I, alas, implore!

But that is much and shall, forsooth, avail  
To make my footsteps falter not nor fall,  
Though far  
Our pathways sundered are.

Then, love, since you and I must walk apart,  
Spare me one little corner of your heart—  
A shrine  
That shall be wholly mine!

—Clinton Scollard in Harper's Bazar.

### A FICKLE IMMIGRANT.

Her Experience With Two Lovers at Uncle Sam's Barge Office.

"There seem to be manifold opportunities among the immigrants coming to America on shipboard for falling in love, particularly on the slower steamers, when people are thrown together for a period of from 12 to 18 days," says John Gilmer Speed in *Ainslee's*. "In this case a worthy young Russian was cheated out of a very pretty bride by a likely Italian fellow traveler of the maiden. Strangely enough, she knew not one word of Italian nor he a word of Russian, yet the bride's countryman was jilted, and the pantomime lovers were married and set forth gayly and confidently to learn each other and the great new world they had entered at one and the same time.

"Another case was equally ludicrous. A Swedish maiden of somewhat fickle mind fell in love with a fellow voyager without apprising him of the fact that she was betrothed to another man whom she was to meet at the barge office and marry. It was her intention to hurry ashore with her new lover and outwit the former by a prior ceremony, but the red tape of the office prevented that, and the first lover came to welcome his bride. She then as promptly fell in love with No. 1. But when No. 2 pleaded and threatened, she could not decide which one she loved the better, so she was detained while the two men haunted the barge office, glaring at each other.

"When the detention time had elapsed, the bride, still not knowing her mind, was sent unceremoniously back on the same steamer that brought her over, both jilted lovers abandoning the field in despair. But on arriving on her native soil once more the maiden dared not face her people, so back she came, having just money enough to pay her passage, and sent for lover No. 1, declaring that she loved him the better. He replied that he was very much obliged, but as he had already married a handsomer girl in the interval he was compelled to decline to come for her. The maiden then sent word to No. 2 to like effect, but he declared that he had had enough of the fickle feminine, and thus in defeat the maiden was transported back again to face the leers and jeers of her native hamlet."

### Why He Wanted a Receipt.

There was a lawyer in the Indian country who had none too good a reputation for honesty, says the *Chicago News*.

One of the aborigines employed him to do a little legal business. It was done to the client's satisfaction, the fee duly paid and a receipt for it duly demanded. "A receipt isn't necessary," the lawyer said. "But I want it," replied the red man. There was some argument, and the attorney finally demanded his reason. "Since becoming a Christian I have been very careful in all my dealings that I may be ready for the judgment," answered the brave sententiously, "and when that day comes I don't want to take time to go to the bad place to get my receipt from you." The receipt was made out and promptly delivered.

### Thrive Without Meat.

It is the religion of nearly all Asiatics to abstain from eating flesh, fish or fowl, because it is a sin to kill for food anything that has instinct, "lest it be hindered on its upward way." Besides, according to the doctrine of transmigration of souls, one might kill and eat one's grandmother. But, aside from that, vegetable food, it is claimed, makes better muscle and bone than meat. Anyway, it is well known that the stevedores of Constantinople and other eastern ports never eat meat, and that, as a class, they have no superiors anywhere in the world in physical strength.

### Saved by Seaweed.

"I was once saved by seaweed," said an old sea captain, "down in the Falkland islands. We were being washed on a lee shore when the skipper, an old fellow from Nova Scotia, picked up a vine that was floating on the water and hauled it in until it got pretty near as big as a man's body; then he made it fast, and we swung by it, as good a cable as you would want to see and one of the curiosest things."—*Philadelphia Press*.

### Mechanism of a Fish.

People marvel at the mechanism of the human body, with its 402 bones and 60 arteries, but man is simple in this respect compared with the carp. That remarkable fish moves no fewer than 4,386 bones and muscles every time it breathes. It has 4,320 veins, to say nothing of its 90 muscles.

Tact is being more and more recognized as a valuable instrument in man's welfare and happiness.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

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