SACRAMENTO SUNDAY UNION.

VOLUME II. SACRAMENTO, CAL., SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 21, 1890. NUMBER 31.

FARCE-COMEDY'S MISSION.

WHAT EXPERTS LIKE JOHN RUSSELL SAY OF PIECE AND PLAYERS.

Plays That Become Instantaneous Successes—Horseplay at a Discount—What is Coming in the Future.

The other night I was talking with John Russell, who had just returned from Chicago, where he left the "City Directory" making a lot of money and playing to an average weekly business of over $10,000. John is a man who has made more successes with new American attractions, the products of unknown authors' brains, than any two or three other "business managers" in America. He has always taken out untried things and starred men and women who never had been heard of until he unearthed them, and for a time made the public believe that they were "the greatest on top of the earth."

Of all managers of this period, John Russell has figured most successfully on the road without the assistance of others, and, as he said the other night, he could always obtain "time" from almost any house in the provinces.

In Mr. Russell's experiences with Jennie Winston, Ned Thorne, William Mestayer, Donnelly and Girard and other persons who enjoyed a temporary comet-like distinction on the road, the amusing features predominated, happily for those concerned.

From them can be learned the vicissitudes that must be expected in the efforts and endeavors to star unknown artists and to create successes out of unknown dramatic quantities. Probably "The City Directory" itself is one of the most startling examples of the difficulty which attends the creation of a new craze in the farcical line.

It was produced first in Chicago, with Donnelly and Girard in the cast, I believe, and was one of the most colossal failures ever witnessed in that best of show towns on the margin of the lake, known to the ribald as the "City of Sin." Referring to it some time ago, Mr. Russell said that the first production of the play was regarded by the critics of Chicago as one of the best, or worst, practical dramatic jokes of many seasons.

Yet we all know now what the piece is doing, and the very same critics "who ripped it up the back," as they say on the Rialto, now eulogize it as one of the funniest and most financially successful pieces in the wild comedy wonders.

This was all due to putting the proper people into the organization, and also to Mr. Russell's judicious manipulation of the whole affair. His outfit was completed with pains and the exercise of sensible liberality, and the performers were "cut loose in the text," so to speak, and just played duck and drakes with the book until the result was an entirely new piece. This is the inside history of "The City Directory," and it is being repeated in "Miss McGinty of the Theater Francaise," of which much is expected later on through the combined efforts of Miss Fay Templeton and Dan Daly, who has shown his great aptitude for the sort of eccentric work needed in such pieces.

Speaking of Miss Templeton the other night, Mr. Russell said that she was the "strongest woman he had had in farce-comedy," and he also stated that he had seen so much merit in Dan Daly, who has only just joined the organization, that he felt called upon to raise the actor's salary without being asked to do so. Here is another reason for Russell's good fortune. He knows how to appreciate talent.

Next season he will have Schoolcraft, the most natural negro comedian in the world; Billy Emerson and Billy Sweatman, in farce-comedy. They will literally make "Rome howl" when they are introduced to it in the same piece. I think it will be worth seeing, and I am sure that it ought to be a great winner.

The other day I read an interview with Charlie Hoyt, in which that gentleman pretends to tell a lot of his stage secrets about his methods of constructing his "plays." He spends time and exercises patience upon them, and he does his level best to test their efficacy on several members of the bucolic canines before he "springs his latest" on the dear, delightful public in the great cities.

I am sure that this is true, for I recall the day, several years ago, the "Rag Baby" was being played at Tony Pastor's Theater, when Mr. Hoyt told me, in the cafe of the Union Square Hotel, that he had written a piece called "A Texas Steer," which was to be a satire on things in Washington. And he mentioned the dinner-party scene, which he then claimed was to become one of the funniest bits ever witnessed on the stage. He certainly succeeded.

At the same time he told me of his piece, "A Tin Soldier," which he claimed at that time was to be a cartoon on the militia craze. But he did not carry this idea into practical shape. The piece was dedicated to the plumbers.

I cite these instances merely to show how long it takes to evolve a successful farce-comedy. At the same time I would mention examples of the sudden and almost instantaneous triumph of other farce-comedies which have held the popular will captive for several years because they contained ideas.

Take "A Parlor Match" for one. It caught on almost the first night it was presented, and it has been drawing large audiences ever since. A great deal of its good fortune has been due to Messrs. Hoey and Evans, who were long known as musical, minstrel and variety men, and had, in the organization billed as Niles, Evans, Bryant and Hoey, given much pleasure in the variety theaters by their vagaries, and also in a sketch known as "The Book Agent," which must be regarded as the germ and foundation of "A Parlor Match."

"The Skating Rink" caught the public fancy a week after it was first seen in Buffalo, and although the critics very justly described it as a nightmare, Messrs. Goodwin and Sanger made a fortune out of it inside of a year. "The Skating Rink's" claim to respectability was due entirely to the fact that it embodied an idea then prevalent, and exploited its humorous aspect.

"The Kindergarten" was one of the other kind. I remember distinctly its first performance at South Norwalk on Christmas Day, 1884. It had been written for Stanley Macy, the Deaves sisters, Annie Granger, Dan Williams, young Archer, the English tenor, and James McAffrey. There were only seven persons in the cast at that first performance—the matinee—and I was one of the seven.

The President of the New York Musicians' Society was the pianist, and the piece was designed to satirize public humbug by means of object lessons as they are taught in the kindergarten schools. It is needless now to go into the details of the representation, which attracted only four people and a boy—gross receipts $4 50—but I will say that by unanimous consent the few professionals who had been brought up to see it and to give advice as to its future conduct pronounced it worse than a nightmare, and not to be tolerated east of Dakota.

This verdict, rendered by the professionals after that matinee, was set aside by that of auditors who attended the evening performance, by which $47 50 profit on the day's expenses, salaries, printing and railway fares included, was realized.

That same night the manager of the company was waited on by the Executive Committee of the striking hatters of Norwalk, and arrangements were completed for a series of performances to be given for the strikers' fund through Connecticut. The popularity of "The Kindergarten" was then unquestionable. The vox populi had proclaimed it spontaneously; but the alliance with the strikers nearly proved fatal to it in a business way. The strikers wanted money from the show, so could not be expected to purchase seats; those who had the money to do so were the capitalists and the foes of the strikers and all those who attempted to aid them in any way.

"The Kindergarten" outlived the error, and next Christmas Day it will enter upon its seventh year, and will be played by five companies in different parts of the country. Stanley Macy heads one of them, and nothing has been changed in the text or structure of the first book played in 1884. Three others had been added in 1885 for the benefit of the school-room scene, and there they continue intact.

Some of the best-known soubrettes in the country have achieved distinction in "The Kindergarten," and one of them who played the part of Ivy Magee in 1887 married an English nobleman of wealth the other day. It was pretty Jennie Williams. Poor little Katie Hart, who died, the wife of Jack McAuliffe, was her successor.

It is amusing to note the changes that are required in many of the farce-comedies, so called. The original book rarely remains with the company, although there have been some notable exceptions to this rule. "The Bunch of Keys" was one. It had been altered to suit the performers until even Mr. Hoyt could not recognize it. But the result was so disastrous to the piece and the speculation that, according to Mr. Hoyt, the original book had to be restored before any money could be made.

I think that wherever the farce-comedy is the least bit valuable or purposeful it must be preserved. But the custom is to sacrifice lines and author for performers, as in "The City Directory," in the hope of producing a profitable organization.

Where this can be done I fear the book could not have been of much account. Mr. Russell, the other night, put the matter aptly when he said that in farce comedy as he had found it the performers were more important than the book, and should therefore be permitted to have full swing and great credit.

"Give me a manuscript," said he, "that will compel the respect of the performers because it contains parts, situations and lines that will make any artist able to fill and act them great, and I will preserve that book intact at the expense of all the actors in the profession."

Unfortunately, if Mr. Russell is to be believed, playwrights are not making such manuscripts nowadays, wherefore the performers have the stage to themselves, and become autocrats.

The authors have suffered so much abuse from the actors on this score that they have started forward on a new course, which has been made most apparent by Mr. Hoyt in "A Texas Steer" and "A Midnight Bell," both of which are plays, not "horse plays."

And Joseph Archer has attempted to introduce so much of honest farcical comedy methods into his singularly effective drama "Blue Jeans," that it will go hard with the performers who attempt to take undue liberties with the text and business laid down by him in anything he writes hereafter.

Once let an author prove his ability to construct or to write money and public-respect-winning pieces, and he will be fixed in his seat on the box and hold the lines on and against the performers. They will be more pliant and obedient than well-trained mules—they will be willing but afraid to kick.

Somebody suggested, the other night, that musical farcical comedy was sick and dying. I guess not!

Musical and farcical boarding-house hash is sick and dying; but the genuine article has just as strong a pull with the public as ever. Only it must be the best, and it must have a leaven of sense and something of plot running through it, which was not so before.

A gentleman well known as an exploiter of new theatrical enterprises told me the other day that the trick would now necessitate the miscegenation of the two extremes of dramatic art—farce and tragedy—with music for their wedding ring. He did not use these words exactly. He used a great many more, which are best expressed by those I have indited.

Domestic drama with tears is always popular, but laughter is the most potential factor in dramatic composition.

Make the public laugh and they will empty their pockets into your lap.

Man was made to mourn, but he would prefer to rejoice by a very large majority.

ROBERT MORRIS.

ART NOTES.

A new club, for artists only, is projected in London. It is to be at Chelsea, near Carlyle's old residence, and will have exhibition rooms near by. The committee to arrange the premises consists of Whistler, Jacob Hood, Fred. Brown, Christie and Lee.

A very early copy of "The Last Supper" by Leonardo da Vinci has been discovered at Milan, on a hidden wall in the Maggiore Hospital. It was made in 1502 and was walled up. Though its existence was known it was supposed to have perished until a chance led to its discovery.

The Peabody Institute, at Baltimore, has received from Miss E. Garrett a large painting with figures the size of life representing Christ carried to the sepulchre. It was the intention of John W. Garrett to give this picture to the Institute, and his daughter is now carrying out his purpose.

John Leslie Breck, a disciple of the impressionist Monet, is showing at the St. Botolph Club, in Boston, half a hundred paintings, in which pinks, reds and purples hold high carnival. One picture shows the garden of Monet, with that artist's daughter in a scarlet jacket, seated beside her father in the act of painting.

J. P. Voorhees of Detroit, a son of the Senator, is an author, an actor and a sculptor of acknowledged merit, and he has written a play which those who have read it are confident will prove a success. Mr. Voorhees' well-known piece of sculpture, the "Head of the Savior," was said by Cardinal Gibbons to be the best expression of the subject he had ever seen.

Artistic Japan edited in French, German and English by M. Bing, will suspend publication some time during the spring. At Boston it is proposed by Professor Fenollossa, late of Japan, to issue the *Japanese Magazine of Art* in English. The illustrations are printed in colors from wooden blocks and reproduce many of the old paintings of Japan, of which there are few specimens to be seen out of that country.

The attempt has been made in London to enlist an architect, two sculptors, a painter, and two designers in the plans for a church. It is for a Mr. Sedding and stands near Sloane street. The architect is Armstead, the sculptors are Thorney Croft and Alfred Gilbert, the painter is Burne-Jones, and the designers are William Morris and Conrad Dessler. The results from this meeting of artists in one design will be awaited with curiosity.

The painter Alfred Garnier and the enameler Grandhomme have reproduced in enamel the portrait of the Prince of Wales by Bastien-Lepage, which was shown in London about 1880, and then roused a great deal of protest from the public. The Prince is in a Henry VIII. costume and looks somewhat as if painted by Holbein. The enamel is on copper and is exactly the same as the original in size, drawing and color.

Pre-Raphaelitism was a literary rather than an artistic movement. It was an echo of the influence of Wordsworth and Coleridge, of the Tractarian movement and of the Gothic revival. It was a manifestation of certain moral and philosophical preoccupations that have little in common with the permanent acceptation of art. We might even go further and say that Rossetti and Burne-Jones are great artists, not because they were pre Raphaelites, but in spite of pre Raphaelitism.—*Theodore Child.*

Washington furnishes an excellent field for studies of various types of "our brother in black," and some of the artists at the capital have not been slow in taking advantage of the opportunities at hand. One of them, Mr. James Henry Moser, has recently exhibited a number of water-color sketches of negro boys of the street-gamin type so familiar to Washingtonians, which have attracted a good deal of attention. Some of the sketches have been reproduced by L. Prang & Co., the Boston art publishers, so that residents of other cities will be able to enjoy Mr. Moser's pictures as well as his neighbors in Washington.

The shaft to commemorate the landing of Leonard Calvert on the soil of Maryland, for which the Legislature of that State appropriated $2 000 last summer, will stand on a small knoll near the old wharf at St. Mary's City. The mulberry tree under which, according to the legend, Calvert and his companions gathered, was standing on this knoll until a few years ago. The tree suffered so much from relic hunters that the inhabitants of St. Mary's cut it down and placed the trunk in the church. The shaft is of Vermont granite, standing twenty-seven feet above a brick foundation. It will bear two medallions, carrying the coat of arms of Maryland, and the chief inscription reads: "In Memory of Leonard Calvert, First Governor of Maryland, this Monument is Erected by the State of Maryland."

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

LILY LANGTRY'S WONDERFUL DRESSES IN "CLEOPATRA."

Thomas Keene in "Louis XI."—"Happy Jack's" Cough—Emma Abbott Coming—Stage Notes.

Of all things interesting and otherwise offered in modern stage presentations none could be more puzzling than the cough of Happy Jack, the tramp in the original "Old Homestead" company, now in its fourth year at the big Academy, New York. To attempt to describe it is useless. It can only be likened to the hoarse, hollow discharge of some old rusty musket that is only fired at centennials. It is such a genuinely harrowing affair that few can be led to believe it purely a device of the actor. When Happy Jack first springs it on simple Uncle Joshua, that good old soul's heart immediately melts to pity. The cough has occasioned such comment that Walter Gale, who plays the part of Happy Jack, was asked the other day regarding its origin. "The introduction of the cough," said Mr. Gale, "was solely accidental. When I first undertook the part I was troubled more or less with a rather severe cold. While delivering my lines one night I felt an irresistible inclination to cough. I restrained myself, however, and hurried on with my speech. Just at its conclusion and as Mr. Thompson was about to proceed, I let go. Mr. Thompson was so surprised at the sudden interruption of his lines that he impulsively brought his hands to his head. Something in our combined action caught the fancy of the audience and the house fairly shook with laughter. Then we knew we had stumbled on a good thing. When we got together in the wings we came to the conclusion that the cough should be coughed at every performance. It was easy enough while my cold lasted. When it vanished I had to get to work. I spent three hours one morning before I could get a cough to suit me. At the end of that time you will understand why I had no further need of practice that day. My throat was so lacerated that I coughed on the slightest provocation. My three hours' work supplied me with enough coughing material for a whole week. During that time I made coughs my special study and picked out one of the worst. The one you hear in the 'Old Homestead' is my best effort. I have the 'hang' of it. I can't explain exactly how I do it. It is sort of anti-Dr. Koch movement. See?" Here Mr. Gale gave vent to a cough the echo of which must have caused every lurking microbe within hearing distance to quake in its boots.

LANGTRY AS CLEOPATRA.

Whatever may be the views of London critics as to Mrs. Langtry's Cleopatra, there is but one opinion so far as her dresses are concerned. A local expert furnishes a description of the costumes in the first scene, where she steps from her picturesque bark on a carpet strewn with roses, and where she reposes beneath a canopy of roses and Nile rushes. Cleopatra wears a flowing dress of gauzy white material. She seems on fire with pointed crystals, which, gleaming and changing from crimson to green and silver-border her dress and graceful wing sleeves, and flash in the high coronet which rests on the flowing red-brown hair. One tress of hair is braided with a rope of pearls, and splendid stones flash on the arms and neck and in the girdle, which hangs in long bands from the waist.

Mrs. Langtry's second dress in the scene with her maidens is quite a simple one, consisting of a white silk underdress embroidered in colored silks and fringed over drapery of shell-pink crepe, embroidered in gold. A green serpent coils in the hair, and thick gold bracelets encircle the arm.

At the beginning of the third act, where Cleopatra appears at the head of her army, she wears a train of sapphire-blue velvet, an overdress of paler blue embroidered in silver, and a silver helmet. This is exchanged for the royal robes in which the Egyptian Queen appears, carried in a palanquin, to welcome Anthony beneath the walls of Alexandria, and which, in the last scene of all, she dons to die in queen-like splendor. An underdress of white silk, it is veiled in a white, gauzy material, embroidered with white and green crystals representing flowers. A mantle, also of white filmy material, bordered with green embroidery, and with a pattern of large, Nile lilies in crystals wrought in the hair, is clasped about the bare neck. A deep circle of embroidery about the neck flashes with the green iridescent stones, which also adorn the clasp and girdle. A stiff jeweled piece of silk, plaited into four plaits, falling in front, gives an Egyptian character to the dress. The long, wavy hair is crowned with a helmet-shaped coronet, thickly crusted with jewels. A halo-like circle of iridescent green metal forms a frame for the beautiful face. A rich necklace, rings on every finger and bracelets completed a dress of royal magnificence, which sets off Mrs. Langtry's beauty to perfection.

KEENE IN "LOUIS XI."

Thomas Keene has been doing a splendid business in Denver, and has thoroughly captivated the theater-going people of that city. His greatest success was in "Louis XI." Of his interpretation of the character the Denver *Times* says:

Mr. Keene's impersonation is based on the character of this King so graphically depicted by Sir Walter Scott in his novel, "Quentin Durward." It would seem, however, that Mr. Keene plays the character as that of a somewhat older personality than Scott pictures. The character of Louis XI. is cowardly and brave at intervals, full of contradictions, at one time a braggart, at another almost a hero, religious when it suited his mood, superstitious by fits and starts, kind when it did not please him to be cruel, cunning and crafty always, dignified and regal, yet childish and churlish, ordering an execution as he uttered the angelus, choosing his advisers from disreputable characters, trusting no one, a bundle of contradictions, the semblance of a man, one who gloried in his faults and used them with satisfaction to serve his own ends. He hardly trusted himself. Mr. Keene's interpretation is masterly, and in this character he shows an intuitive discernment which merits the very warmest praise. In the scene where the Duc de Namours throws down the gage of battle on behalf of his sovereign prince, Charles of Burgundy, Mr. Keene is admirable, investing the passage with a scorn, a dissembling and an assumption of outraged dignity that are intensely true, and yet free entirely from any melodramatic effect. He was admirable in the scene where he beguiles Marie with hypocritical promises. In fact, he was admirable throughout, and it must be the opinion of many that it is his best characterization.

EMMA ABBOTT.

One of the great social and musical events of the season in Sacramento will be the appearance at the Metropolitan Theater on Saturday night, December 27th, of the famous little artist Emma Abbott, and her superb grand opera company, especially so as the engagement is for only one night. The Abbott organization has long enjoyed the distinction of being not only one of the largest, but among the strongest, artistically and numerically, of any organization in English grand opera in this country. Emma Abbott easily maintains her position as one of the most popular prima donnas of the American operatic stage; Lizzie Annandale, prima of American contraltos; Myra Mirella, one of the brightest and handsomest of sopranos; Michelena, the handsome Spanish tenor, and an artist of rare attainments and presence; Pache, tenor primo, who filled recently a most brilliant engagement in New York, whose clear, sweet voice, created a great furore; Du Bois, tenor primo, is young, handsome, and an artist of great merit; Pruette, first of American baritones, a superb artist, and a principal recently of Her Majesty's Opera company under Colonel Mapleson; Broderick, whose splendid bass profundo and finished dramatic abilities have won him first position among American bassi; Karl, one of the most promising of American bassos; Keady, tenor secundo; Borovik, baritone; Emma Broderick, a rising dramatic soprano, and Vernon, a talented young contralto. These make up the list from which to construct the casts of the opera. Behind them stands the Abbott chorus, nearly forty strong—one of the best English opera choruses ever heard in the country—and in front the splendid orchestra, twenty in number, under the baton of Herr Albert Krausse, all of whom form a solid and compact organization of vocalists and instrumentalists.

The opera chosen for presentation in Sacramento is Verdi's brilliant gem, "Ernani." The thrilling story as created by Victor Hugo needs no reference, as it is known to all readers through his celebrated novel "Hernani." In transcribing it in music, Verdi has reached the flight of his genius, and created a work as vivid in musical invention and seductive in melodious rhythm as did ever Hugo in his wondrous prose.

"A STRAIGHT TIP."

"A Straight Tip" will be seen in Sacramento on Wednesday and Thursday evenings of this week. Speaking of its production in San Francisco, the *Post* says:

"A Straight Tip" at the California Theater has been the hit of the week. As a rule, there has been nothing but standing room after 7 o'clock, and those who omitted to take the precaution of getting seats beforehand have been left out in the cold. Possibly before the end of the engagement the "Straight Tip" may prove to be the hit of the year, in spite of such successes as "Shenandoah" and "The Old Homestead."

There seems to have been a general concensus of public opinion that McNally's masterpiece is the best farce-comedy ever seen in San Francisco. The success which it has attained both in Chicago and in this city, and in fact throughout its whole tour, is unprecedented.

There can be no doubt that the "Straight Tip" has had enormous advantages over its rivals. The author, John J. McNally, is a Boston newspaper man, and Boston has the reputation of standing in with all its home productions. "A Straight Tip" got its first great sendoff in the city of culture, and it will soon return there for two weeks preliminary to the New York engagement. Again, McNally has a host of newspaper friends in Chicago, most of them graduates from the Boston school of journalism. All of these gentlemen seemed to vie with one another in booming McNally's work. Of course they could not have done so had it not been deserving. But it was a gem, and it was performed by the best aggregation of people on the road. In Chicago the business played to was something enormous. As soon as Al. Hayman was aware of the Chicago success he made a demand that the company should take its time right away at the California. So jump was made from Omaha to San Francisco.

The star of the company is James Powers. It is by no means easy to be a star among so many excellent people. Mr. Powers is, therefore, entitled to all the more credit for being able to shine out amid such a wealth of talent. The majority of stars have a sneaking habit of surrounding themselves with fourth-rate people, thinking that they will thus be able to aggrandize their own importance in the eyes of the public. But they make a woful mistake, for in the majority of instances the public show their disapproval of such a course by stopping away from the performances. It is getting so nowadays that the public will not patronize any performance which is not good all round. The secret of the success of Mr. Powers and the company is that they play into one another's hands. The company could not do without Mr. Powers, while Mr. Powers would find it very difficult to do as well as he does without an excellent company at his back. Powers probably gets more applause for his melodramatic imitations in the first act and for his Carmencita dance in the last than for anything else he does. His acting throughout, however, is very humorous and is continually provoking laughter. The Carmencita dance is a great performance. An Eastern writer thus describes it: "Mr. Powers makes up in imitation of the famous Spanish dancer, with lace skirts, mantilla, spangles, drapery, gauze and a hundred and one other frills of the characteristic costume. All the muscles in his body, including apparently several hundred which are not in most of us, are employed in the production of gyrations such as threaten to rend his form in pieces. In fact, despite his lively kicking, he dances least of all with the apparatus usually employed in such performances." Powers is certainly able to bend his spine in a most remarkable manner. He has got the true comedian's face.

Peter F. Daly, who takes the part of Jack Potsand Pooley, the sport, fits his part like a glove. He runs Mr. Powers very closely for the chief honors of the performance. Mr. Daly is an unctuous comedian, who apparently does everything without an effort. Some of his friends think that he is well adapted for comic opera. He would certainly make a good king in "The Mascotte," and there are at least a dozen other parts of the same kind which he could light up with his genius.

STAGE NOTES.

Miss Laura Burt does not go to England, but remains with "Blue Jeans" for the season.

Colonel Milliken will try a new play called "My Comrade," at the New York Dexington Opera House.

"The Pearl of Pekin," under the management of E. A. Stevens, is doing a rattling business in the Southwest.

In theatrical slang the question now is, "Does the ghost dance?" and not as in olden times, "Does the ghost walk?"

Willett Seaman, Jr., the handsome looking young baritone of "The Merry Monarch" Company, is said to have lost his voice.

"Reilly and the 400" is the title of Edward Harrigan's new play, which is to open his new theater on December 22d. It is of the Mulligan order.

May Vokes and W. E. Wilson have been engaged for Jacob Litt's new Swedish dialect play, "Yon Yonson," which will have its initial performance at Pittsburg, December 22d.

The Duquesne Theater at Pittsburg, Pa., which was opened on December 1st by the Emma Juch Opera Company, seats nearly 1,900 people, is lighted by electricity, and has all the modern improvements.

Denman Thompson and Messrs. Gilmore and Tompkins of the Academy, New York, have almost decided to yield to the great financial pressure exerted on them by out-of-town managers to permit "The Old Homestead" to leave the big Academy after the current season. If the owners of the play so conclude, "The Soudan," the great Boston success, will be put on at the big Academy for a whole year's run, beginning in August.

With one exception, every crowned head in Europe has witnessed the exhibition of Prof. Darling and the lions, included in the host of attractive features which distinguish "Claudius Nero," the dramatic spectacle which will tour the big cities after its retirement from Niblo's stage, December 13th. Messrs. Locke and Davis, the owners of the pageant, pay $1,000 weekly for the services of six lions, the dog Nero, and Prof. Darling, of which, of course, the professor receives the lions' share, as well, incidentally, as that of the dog.

A bird of immense wing power is the tiny stormy petrel, the smallest web footed bird known. It belongs to every sea, and although so seemingly frail, it breasts the utmost fury of the storm, skimming with incredible velocity the trough of the waves, and gliding rapidly over their snowy crests. Petrels have been observed 2,000 miles from nearest land.

A Norwegian bark, laden with ice, arrived in New York after a tempestuous voyage of eighty-four days. She left Norway in August, and the long voyage has left very little of her ice cargo. Most of the experiments of bringing ice from Norway have proved failures because of the great wastage of the voyage.

Tucson is one of the oldest as well as largest and best known towns in Arizona. In fact, it is so old that there is no record showing when it was first settled. When the first Spanish explorers visited this country, about 1530, they found an old Mexican village there, and it was then said to have been inhabited for centuries.

Pearl fishing is still carried on in the River Tay, in England, and some valuable jewels have lately been found.

VARIOUS CATHOLIC SISTERS.

THE DIFFERENT ORDERS WEAR DIFFERENT HEADDRESSES.

The Cap, Gamp and Veil—Each Order Does Special Work—Cloistered Nuns and those of the Mixed Life.

How many persons in the street who pass a woman clothed in the garb of some religious Order take special note of her costume? Aside from the Catholics, who have an acquaintance with these good women, there are the Protestants, and those who protest no religion, who probably think that all these "Sisters" dress exactly alike, that they all belong to one Order, and that they all do the same kind of charitable work. A natural supposition, but not a true one. A close observer will discover that there is great variety in the arrangement of the white linen gamps, which distinguishes the sisters of the different Orders; and though it is, perhaps, difficult at first to remember what appears to be a very small distinction, it is really easily learned.

And with the difference in dress is a difference in the work of the Order, for every Order has its special work. The oldest Order established in this city, says a writer in the New York *Star*, is that of the Sisters of Charity, all Sisters of Charity being of one Order—that of St. Vincent de Paul. Their special work is forming parochial schools and teaching, but this is not all. As their name implies, they are in all respects Sisters of Charity, and do all kinds of charitable work, going without hesitation wherever they are sent. In many Orders there are choir and lay Sisters; that is, the choir Sisters are ladies doing some special work, such as teaching in the various school branches, while the lay Sisters do the menial or household work. But in this Order there are no distinctions. The Sisters are all equal, each taking turns in doing everything that is necessary to be done in household work and in everything else. These Sisters wear a quaint little cap of some stiff black stuff that is tied under the chin, and which is not very becoming, and a broad white linen collar. In the street they wear an old-fashioned black bonnet and no veil. They have charge of the Foundling Asylum in this city, and conduct the school for girls at Mount St. Vincent on the Hudson, which is the mother house in this country.

The Sisters of Notre Dame in this city belong to a German Order founded by a German Bishop, on the plan of a French sisterhood of the same name. The Order finds its special work in teaching poor children, as do very many of the Catholic sisterhoods. But the Sisters of Notre Dame pay special attention to orphans, half orphans, and to those children who have dissolute or neglectful parents. The Sisters of this Order wear a closely-fitting white cap, completely hiding their hair; a deep linen gamp, and a black veil faced with white.

Perhaps the prettiest headdress of the many Orders in this city is that worn by the Bon Secours Sisters. They wear the close-fitting white caps that form a band over the forehead, a deep gamp, a short, white linen headpiece that hangs down each side similar to a veil, over which is placed a long black veil. This is very becoming. These Sisters are all trained nurses, their special work being to nurse the sick. They go wherever they are called, to the poor as well as the rich, and ask no pay for their services. But the patients who can afford to pay are expected to do so, as the Sisters have nothing to live on except what they receive in this way.

The Sisters of the Good Shepherd are cloistered nuns, never going out, and seeing visitors only through a grating. Their work is to save souls, to reclaim the fallen, and to them many repentant women go voluntarily for help, consolation and sympathy. There are choir and lay Sisters in this order. They wear a costume of white cloth, a white linen cap and gamp and a black veil. A few of the lay Sisters who are obliged to do outside work wear black. This Order and the Bon Secours Sisters are both branches of French sisterhoods, the mother house being in France.

In quite a different style is the cap and veil worn by the religieuses of the Sacred Heart. The dress is black, and exposes the forehead is a black band; a closely fitting white cap is bordered by a deep crimped ruffle that hides the profile, and a black veil falls behind. Indeed, this white ruffle is very pretty, but if it gave a glimpse of the profile it would be more becoming.

This Order has choir and lay Sisters, its special work being teaching, and it is a branch of the French house that was founded about a century ago for the purpose of educating the daughters of French nobles. The school in Seventeenth street is well known.

Another French Order is that of the Little Sisters of the Poor, who duty it is to care for the aged poor. They occupy a handsome building in East Seventieth street, near Third avenue, where they have under their care a number of old women and men. As these good Sisters subsist on what they receive from those of whom they ask alms, they do not take old people who have any relatives who are able to support them, nor do they receive payment for caring for those old and poor people. These French Sisters—the majority of them are of French birth—wear a simple black dress and small black shawl, with a small, neat, white cap and white band across their foreheads. The little shawl and the close cap make a quaint little costume.

An Irish Order is that of the Sisters of Mercy, who have charge of the Convent of St. Catharine, on Madison avenue and Eighty-first street. They take care of the poor, visiting them in hospitals, in prisons and in their homes. Attached to the convent is an orphan asylum, and the Sisters instruct the children. They also receive and care for children who may be committed to their care by the Courts. The head-dress of this Order is a little more pretentious than are the others. Instead of a plain band across the forehead is the grief-crimped white cap that stands up quite high, and is fastened under the chin, from where the side pieces flare. A deep gamp is worn and a black veil. It is a pretty and coquettish arrangement.

The work of caring for the sick poor is the duty of the Sisters of the Third Order of Regulars of St. Francis of Assisi, a branch of a German Order, whose mother house is in Prussia. These Sisters have charge of the St. Francis Hospital, in East Fifth street, which is for adults, and is free. The Sisters of this Order, who are sometimes called the Brown Franciscans, wear a brown habit, with the scapular (a broad cloth band that falls from the neck almost to the edge of the gown), on which is a crimson cross. A white band is across the forehead, and over the close white cap is the long black veil.

Another Order of St. Francis is the Gray Franciscans, so called on account of their gray habit. It is a very picturesque and nun-like costume, and very becoming. There are choir and lay Sisters in this Order, but all wear the same dress. It is of gray cloth, over which hangs the scapular, and just over the left shoulder hangs a crucifix of ebony and brass; white linen covers the head and forehead, and over this is the black veil. These Sisters, like the Brown Franciscans, wear a knotted rope about the waist. The Gray Franciscans teach and take care of orphans.

Another Order that cares for children is that of the Marianites of the Holy Cross, Marianites meaning Marys at the foot of the cross. This is a French Order, the mother house being in France. These Sisters are mostly French, and take charge of the Orphan Asylum of St. Vincent de Paul, in West Thirty-ninth street. Their dress is a plain black; a white band is across the forehead, and a closely fitting white cap, with flaring crimped frill, is worn, over which is the black veil. A deep gamp is also worn, to which is attached a silver heart.

None of these Sisters, with the exception of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd and the Religious of the Sacred Heart, are cloistered nuns. And, indeed, the former lead a much more secluded life than the latter. In both Orders there are choir and lay Sisters, the choir Sisters being gentlewomen, while the lay Sisters are those who do the work of servants, and in both Orders the final vows are perpetual. Cloistered nuns are those who never leave their convents unless to go from one establishment to another. The nuns who are not cloistered lead what is called the "mixed life," which means that they meditate and pray in their convents, and also go out into the world to visit the poor and rich. These are the Sisters who are seen on the street, going on their errands of charity and mercy, and whose vows are renewed annually. Being permitted to resign the religious life at the expiration of the annual vow, it is said that very few Sisters avail themselves of this privivilege, but renew their vows as a matter of course.

Any one who has ever visited the convents and institutions of the Catholic Sisters, even those visitors who are not in sympathy with conventual life, cannot but admire the exquisite neatness and the perfect order and harmony that prevails everywhere.

Of course, the religious Orders mentioned do not make a complete list of those in this city. There are several more Catholic Orders and a few Protestant sisterhoods, all of which do excellent work among the poor and suffering.

PEOPLE WHO ARE TALKED ABOUT.

J. Q. A. Ward will model an equestrian statue of General Philip H. Sheridan.

Oliver Wendell Homes proposes to rest from literary work the next few months.

Miss Mary Garrett, of Baltimore, has a bath in her home lined with Mexican onyx that cost $6,000.

Mr. Gladstone has not relinquished his pastime of felling trees. He recently felled a fine walnut tree in his park.

"M. Viper, of Egypt," is the title which a French writer bestows upon the asp who figures in Bernhardt's "Cleopatra."

Mrs. Samuel J. Randall is living very quietly in Washington at Capitol Hill, her younger daughter being her constant companion.

The Princess Victoria of Prussia is an expert performer on the piano and banjo, a good talker and can drive a horse as well as a jockey can.

Dr. Edmund J. James, Professor in the University of Pennsylvania, has been offered the chair of political economy in Harvard University.

Mrs. Butler (Fanny Kemble) is living with her daughter, Mrs. Leigh, in Surrey, England. She is quite feeble, having completed her eighty-first year last month.

During the forty-nine years of his life the Prince of Wales has drawn $16,500,000 from the public treasury of Great Britain, and his debts now amount to $8,000,000.

The Prince of Wales has a cabinet containing copies of every style of photograph ever taken of himself. These prints of Wales are negative evidences of his vanity.

Edna Lyall, the novelist, is hardly thirty. She is a demure and unassuming little woman, who talks slowly and with hesitation. Much of her work is done on a typewriter.

The author of "An Appeal to Pharoah," is Carlyle McKinley, an editorial writer on the Charleston *News and Courier*. This is from the publishers, officially, and ought to settle it.

Owing to his physician's advice James Russell Lowell has canceled an engagement to deliver six lectures on the old English dramatists at the University of Pennsylvania.

Messrs. Walter Besant, William Black and Thomas Hardy have written a joint letter to the *Athenæum* protesting against the attack by that paper on Messrs. Harper, apropos of Rudyard Kipling.

The latest reports of the health of Alphonse Daudet are of a discouraging nature. Private letters speak of him as hopelessly ill of a spinal disease at his summer home on the banks of the Seine.

President Carnot is said to be one of the most fastidious gastronomes in France. His chef is one of the most noted men of his craft in the world, and is the inventor of a number of culinary chef d'œuvres.

Physicians deprecate the wearing of waterproof coats as a substitute for ordinary top clothing. They say the body should be dressed as warmly under the waterproof as it would ordinarily be without it.

Richard H. Stoddard, the poet, is a man of medium hight, with short, gray hair and beard. Despite his venerable age and the rheumatic twinges that afflict him, he is usually in excellent humor and keenly enjoys a joke.

Governor Hoard, of Wisconsin, as soon as he is released from the cares of office this winter, will fill many engagements to speak on dairy topics, not only in the Badger State, but also in Ohio, New York, Massachusetts and Canada.

Comtesse de Mailly-Nesle, one of the prettiest of Parisian women, is a pretty blonde, with an elegant figure and a queenly carriage. Her hair is of liquid gold, her eyes are blue, and she is an accomplished artist and musician.

Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, wife of the Standard Oil millionaire, is one of the most modest and unpretentious of women. She is her own housekeeper, and she keeps a set of books in which she accounts for every cent spent on the household.

Hannibal Hamlin's extreme age has but slightly bent his tall form, and he still walks down the street with a swinging stride. He is usually attired in the old black swallow-tail of ante-bellum style, and he has never discarded the stock and dickey of the old-time statesman.

Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant is making but little or no progress with her book. Her eyes are weak but not falling her, as the report goes. Whenever she has time she writes a page or two, but progress is very slow. From present appearances the book will hardly be on the market before spring.

One of the three daughters of John D. Rockefeller, while a student at Vassar, had a handsome allowance in the way of money from home. Instead of spending this on rich gowns and apartments, she paid for two years the tuition and expenses of a girl from the country who was not able to pay them herself.

The Boston *Post* recalls the fact that one member of the eminent Baring family was Alexander, the first Lord Ashburton, who negotiated with Mr. Webster the famous treaty which bears his name, and which settled amicably with England the threatening question of the northwestern boundary of the United States.

Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, the novelist, lives in the Queen Anne mansions overlooking St. James' Park, London. Here she has charming rooms that are always bright with flowers, and here she receives a delightful circle of friends. Far from disclaiming her age, Mrs. Linton makes her boast of having lived in three reigns.

Congressman Culberson of Texas has a phenomenal record as a criminal lawyer. He has defended 114 men charged with murder. He has never had a client hanged. Only three of the 114 were convicted. They were tried by a military Court and sent to the penitentiary. Judge Culberson subsequently secured their release.

Patrick Calhoun, whom Governor Gordon recently defeated in the contest for a seat in the United States Senate, has a good portion of the ability that made his grandfather famous in the early days of Congress. In his youth young Calhoun was shy and diffident and somewhat of a recluse, but after he blossomed out as a lawyer he began to show aptitude for society. Of late years he has become quite wealthy from investments in real estate and railroads.

The public will not be surprised at the news that the young Emperor of Germany has fallen out with his mother. He no longer permits her to take any prominent part in court functions, and although