MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Bad Weather and Holy Week Spoil Business in New York.

Two Very Poor Plays Presented to Metropolitan Audiences—The Mission of Dunlop's Stage News—Marie Wainwright in "Amy Robsart" and "London Assurance"—Stage Notes.

A. P. Dunlop, writing from New York under date of April 16th, says:

"Winter has, as usual, been lingering in the lap of spring, and the persistent old chap has daily been stroking his frozen whiskers, sending a spray of feathery crystals that have looked more like apple blossoms over the sunny smiles of the maiden. This picturesque tumultuousness in eight or ten successive squalls every day, and Holy Week have combined to make things theatrical exceedingly queer, and yet on Monday two managers had the pluck to bring novelties to town. 'Spooks,' a play that has been seen on the road as 'Cynthia's Lovers,' is a series of New England character bits with a very thin and conventional plot and no interest outside the quaint personages who exhibit an exaggerated form of Yankee peculiarities. It was written by Charles Barnard, who is said to be the dramatist of New England, but, as acted at the Union Square Theater, 'Spooks' failed, and the progress of the American dramatist had another temporary rebuff. It will, however, not damage the repute of Mr. Barnard badly, for the characters are sharply drawn, and one of them—Cynthia—was absurdly delightful. The play, however, lacks interest in motive, and grows wearisome before it is half finished.

"While all the dramatic editors were looking at the newest dramatic study of the 'Down East' on Monday, the most curious show ever seen in a Broadway theater was going on at the New Park Theater. 'The Golden Ladder,' which broke down in the middle of last week, was to have been run through this, and at the eleventh hour Manager Dunlevy 'filled his time' with a composition with the mysterious title of 'O'Flynn in Mexico.' The play is so hopelessly bad as to be amusing, and it illustrates just how good natured a metropolitan audience is, or 'O'Flynn' would have been laughed off the stage. In justice to the company it must be said that the New Park Theater orchestra was quite as bad as the play or players. O'Flynn may be a success in Mexico, but in New York he is a dreadful frost.

"Just a word. I was asked not long ago why *Dunlop's Stage News* did not butter its editors' bread thicker by praising all actors. Aside from the fact that it is not a 'puff sheet,' the majority of actors butter none but their own bread as a rule, and wouldn't butter mine if they could and couldn't if they would. *Dunlop's Stage News* is printed exclusively for the benefit of dramatic editors and not for actors, and is never seen by the theatrical profession nor the public, except through the medium of other newspapers. With a few exceptions I don't care a rap what the actors think or say of it. I publish the dramatic news of the week, and have never yet published a false statement, and this has become so widely known that the little sheet is used from one end of our country to the other and far beyond the seas. Not infrequently a paragraph cut from its well-printed columns has been used by 1,700 newspapers whose total circulation add up 1,700,000 copies. No dramatic editor has ever found himself in error by virtue of using one of its items, and for this privilege I have paid the United States Postoffice alone over $11,500 for the nine volumes just completed. The news given has often been weeks ahead of any other publication, and time has shown that it was true every time. The little sheet has lived long enough to have been praised and damned by the same people many times over, but it has 'bobbed up serenely' every week telling the truth just as if nothing had happened, and during that time it has never printed an 'ad' nor sold a single copy. Beside the butter is quite thick enough, and perhaps it would be preferable to eat dry bread than puff bad actors and nasty plays. I may be an honest herald and hilarious harbinger of happy hours to be passed in the playhouse, but I am not a hooter and hollower for humbug or hoodlums, hoisted for the hour above the horizon by howls and hundreds—all with a big H, and the last with a string to it."

MARIE WAINWRIGHT.

That charming actress, Marie Wainwright, will be seen at the Metropolitan Theater next week. On the first night she will present her gorgeous production of "Amy Robsart," in which the scenery is said to be the grandest ever put upon the American stage, and on the second evening Boucicault's greatest play, "London Assurance." Miss Wainwright's production of "Twelfth Night" here last year will be generally remembered, but her present venture is said to be far more beautiful and elaborate. She brings with her a splendid company, including Barton Hill, William Ingersoll, E. Y. Backus, Edward Elsner, Wallace Bruce, Sydney Booth, Blanche Walsh and Kate Blancke.

SHE SCORNS DUDES.

It is rumored, nay, more than rumored, it is affirmed, that the queens of comic opera, burletta and the like are in danger of having their crowns of laurels rudely shaken from their heads by the advent of a new element into the ground. They have disputed others, and each other, as their particular pastures and royal possessions. A young Boston girl has been making a sensation out in Chicago, where curiously enough Lillian Russell and Marie Tempest are playing at the same time. This young lady is Marie Bell, hitherto an unknown, save as Ida Mulle's sister. Now with a rush she is becoming known as a prima donna soprano with a marvelous range, a sweet voice of considerable strength and most charming personality. She has sung an infinite variety of parts and has been very successful in grand opera in London. Her advent may be looked for with unusual interest, for what would the dudes do if Lillian and Marie should die? Miss Bell, it is known, however, scorns dudes and only lets them worship at a distance; good sense, this.

PATRIOTISM AND CASH.

Miss Fanny Davenport closed her two-weeks' engagement at the Chestnut-street Theater, Philadelphia, to the largest business ever known in Lent in that city. Last week Sarah Bernhardt was playing against her at the Chestnut-street Opera-house, changing her bill every night. Miss Davenport played "Cleopatra" the entire week, and yet, though the French actress sold her seats at $3 apiece, while Miss Davenport played at regular prices, $1 50, the receipts of the American artist were far in excess of her rival in the great roles of Sardou. There is a tinge of patriotic sentiment in this steadfast appreciation by American play-goers of an American player, which naturally proved very profitable to Miss Davenport.

THE BIDWELL FAMILY.

The wonderful story of the now celebrated Bidwell family is being told on the lecture platform on this coast by George Bidwell, who has achieved the distinction, more or less proud, of being the most accomplished forger that the century, or perhaps any age has known. It was he, his brother Austin and accomplices who robbed the Bank of England of $2,500,000 by their skillful forgeries. George Bidwell tells the whole story of his crime and imprisonment on the lecture platform, and it is a most thrilling recital. The New York *Herald* gives a whole page to the story, and comments upon it editorially as follows:

"If an American dramatist or novelist had taken for the ground-work of a play or a work of fiction the story of the Bidwell family to-day related on another page of the *Herald*, all European critics would have told him that the story was too 'American,' too vast in its outlines, too high in its colors, too merely 'big,' in fact.

"Yet, there it is, all plain truth, and what remarkable truth—an unprecedented forgery, $2,500,000; an unprecedented sentence (for an offense against property), life, and a woman's unprecedented effort to have that sentence set aside, finally crowned with success through the dramatic, almost theatrical, rescue from death of a fellow-convict by the brother for whom she sought release.

"The story has its lesson. The play is not a mere spectacle. The lesson is that in the doing and undoing of wrong the Bidwell family expended enough ability and energy to stock a good many reigning European families for generations. And with a net result of precisely nil.

"Let the Comedie Humaine write itself and it will outwrite even Balzac."

STAGE NOTES.

"A Texas Steer" has so far cleared $42,000 this season.

Thomas W. Keene will open his spring season at Chester, Pa.

Next season Edward Harrigan will revive four of his popular "Mulligan" series.

Isabelle Coe has again made a very brilliant success in "Niobe," this time in Chicago.

Frank Dupree's opera "King Kaliko" is to be brought out at the Broadway Theater June 6th.

George Alexander wires all the way from London that he is not to succeed John Drew in Augustin Daly's company.

Frederic L. Power, who was with Louis James last season, has been engaged for a similar round of characters with Thos. W. Keene for his spring season.

The first company of English players that has ever visited the land of the Pharaohs, appeared at the Khedvial Theater, Cairo, last week in "Forget Me Not."

A play called "Friends" is to be produced at the Standard Theater May 9th. Its original title was "Out of the Darkness," and it was tried at Salt Lake City.

Fred Peel, the well-known "inciter of public interest," has left the "Yon Yonson" Company and this week joins the Nellie McHenry Company as advance agent.

The rehearsals for the *Herald* prize plays are on at the Madison Square, conducted by Louis Mitchell. Among the first to be produced will be "The Model" and "The Cowboy."

Margaret Mather has filed a bill in the Chicago Circuit Court asking for a divorce from her husband, Emil Haberkorn, leader of the orchestra at the Duquesne Theater, Pittsburg.

Lewis Morrison has purchased a rural home four miles from Peekskill, N. Y., on which he is expending $10,000. "The Home" is in the center of seventy-five acres, and overlooks the Hudson River.

The play in which John W. Jennings will shortly star, although a monologue is also a play. It is in three acts and tells a pretty story, although Mr. Jennings plays all the twelve parts that develop the plot.

Olea Bull, a young Cambridge, Mass., society lady, and daughter of the famous violinist, will shortly join Julia Marlowe's Company. Miss Bull is personally attractive, tall, slender and graceful, and is highly educated.

Miss Minnie B. Washburn, the young Montclair society girl who created quite a flutter among her fashionable friends last fall by joining the W. T. Carleton Opera Company, has left Carleton and returned to New York.

Miss Lulu Klein, who has just closed her tour with "The Stowaway," has so many engagements for next season that she does not know which one to accept. Meanwhile she is writing a one-act play which Manager Jacob Litt will produce at Milwaukee this summer.

Albert Bruning, Mr. Mantell's new leading man, is a young actor who is rapidly coming to the front. Mr. Bruning was the leading man of the Alsideuz Theater in Berlin when Edwin Booth appeared there, and played Laertes, Cassio and Edgar in support of the great tragedian.

Mexico seems to have become a Mecca for playwrights' imaginations to gather titles from. "That Girl From Mexico" which, by the way, is an extended rendition of an old English farce, is one; "New Mexico" another, and "O'Flynn in Mexico" is—well, yes, you might call it "another" for want of a better name.

The name of Eleonora Duse, a famous Venetian actress, is in every mouth on Continental Europe. Her art and her triumphs are the subject of endless newspaper articles, and she is said not only to have erected a standard of criticisms, but to have brought new life, new ideas and new suggestions to that ever-interesting topic, the art of acting.

Rubenstein, the great Russo-Jewish tone master, is to make a tour of America next season, and is guaranteed $100,000. He has been before the public for fifty-three years, beginning as an infant prodigy when only 9 years old. At 17 he was alone in the world, making his living as a music teacher; at 21 he produced his first opera in St. Petersburg.

Alexander Salvini has had an extraordinarily good season. Mr. Salvini will be seen in Boston late in the season in reproduction and revivals of romantic drama, among which will figure prominently the play from which Mascagni, the now famous composer, took his "Cavelleria Rusticana," the original MSS. of which was presented Mr. Salvini by Madame Adelina Patti.

The curtain is down and the lights are out for good on the opera season of '92. All the song birds have taken flight to the other side of the Atlantic, carrying with them many American greenbacks with which to line their nests. In the supplementary season eleven operas were crowded in the two weeks, and while it has not been widely exciting, it has probably been profitable to Messrs. Abbey and Grau.

The modern drama of England, as well as for Italy, Spain and France, is founded, not on the so-called miracle plays, as asserted by one of the big New York dailies the other day, but on the Latin tragedies. "Lusus Ebriorum" was translated into Italian and published in 1472 under the name of "Catinia," and this is the earliest printed comedy in any modern language. A native Italian comedy, "I Suppositi," was first represented in 1501 by Ariosto. In England imitations of Latin models in Latin plays were done until it occurred to a head master of Eton (Nichols Udall) to amuse the boys, and he wrote a play in English ("Ralph Royster Doyster," 1534-1541) which probably is the first English comedy. It was written in lively rhyming couplets. The first native tragedy was "Gordo Duc" (1561), the story of which, like "King Lear," was taken from "Geoffrey of Monmouth's Chronicle."

WITHOUT AN EQUAL.
ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
CURES
RHEUMATISM,
NEURALGIA,
LUMBAGO,
SCIATICA,
THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN
Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Swellings,
PROMPTLY AND PERMANENTLY.

WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

Gems From the Pen of the Distinguished Traveler.

Cracow, Poland's Ancient Royal Capital—Huge Outer Forts and Massive Minaretted Walls—Polish Jews—Knouted from Russia, Their Sufferings and Indignities are Still Intolerable at Cracow.

[Special Correspondence of the RECORD-UNION. Copyright, 1892.]

CRACOW, Galicia, March 30, 1892.

If one could first approach Cracow from the north, filled with the sentimental romance of Polish heroic memories, and have in mind the Poland and Cracow of that time when Cracow was the residence of Polish sovereigns, a view of the ancient city would be one of great impressiveness.

At any distance, from this direction, the structural seeming is one of unimpaired splendor. Its many church spires, quaint and huge-peaked roofs, spacious palaces and dark old towers, are clustered in great profusion around the Wavel Rock, on which stands the castle of Zamek, the former royal castle of Poland. At its base the dragon of the cave, which noisome hole may still be seen, was killed by Krak, the Cadmus of Poland. At the city's southern side can be seen the gleaming waters of the blue Vistula, which almost encircles the olden town. The splendid Vistula vale stretches fair and far beyond. And the southern horizon is a serrated edge of misty blue where, over against sunny Hungary, rise the peaks of wild Tatra and the grand Carpathian range.

But splendid as is this first seeming the ancient city of kings, cathedrals and universities, is now simply a gorgeous shell of stone, swarming with a population the most miserable and seemingly hopeless human eyes ever beheld. The city once held from 80,000 to 100,000 souls and was the commercial as well as royal capital of Poland. Its desertion and degradation reached an apparent lowest ebb a quarter of a century since. Subsequently Austrian reforms, and the general improvement of the condition of the Galician Polish peasantry, and especially the stimulating effect of excellent development in agricultural and the mineral and petroleum fields of Galicia, reawakened some of its old-time commercial activity.

But this fell away again as Lemberg gradually became the commercial capital of Galicia. Then came another influx of population, but of so dolorous a sort that Cracow's present increased housing of humans is certainly the most painfully and pathetically abhorent in all Europe. The city is not more than ten English miles from the Russian frontier. During all the unspeakably cruel persecutions of Russian Polish Jews which have indignantly thrilled the civilized world during the past few years, Cracow has received and succored a greater number of these helpless refugees than any other single European city.

So near is the city to the Russian frontier that every week, often nearly every day, witnesses processions of these outcasts given speed across the border by the impetus of threatened knout and lash, and the even more goading fear of actual murder. In 1864 I saw, with bursting and mutinous heart, the God-forsaken folk of my own race as they were driven from Atlanta, while their homes were burned behind them. But revolting as was that brutal scene of so-called "military necessity," it could not be compared with what is of such common occurrence here that it attempts no further comment or attention.

Two great objects of interest will be found before you enter the city. To the north is one of the most gigantic embattled fortresses in Europe. Austria has always claimed that this was for use as a frontier fortress in the event of Russian hostilities. As nearly 1,000 spies in citizen's clothing are said to be still in use in Cracow and the immediate vicinity, the Polish peasantry prefer to believe it was built, and is kept manned for the purposes of awe and effectual subjugation.

In any event it forms a threatening answer to a still greater monument to national feeling which may be found but three miles distant upon the eminence of Brownislawa. This is the colossal Kosciusko Mound.

Over in Ireland the humble peasantry, loyal in their memories for even legendary hero or saint, when passing the spot were the body fell, or was interred, cast pebbles upon the grave and murmur prayers for the repose of the soul. A similar Polish national adoration of the brave and the good has resulted in this most curious memorial mound in Christendom. It is 150 feet high, and is principally formed of earth, brought in sacks and barrow loads with infinite toil from all the battlefields famous in Polish history. Grim and tragic is the satire upon this sacred heart-built memorial on the part of relentless power. When it was nicely completed the Austrians found it an excellent pedestal for one of the huge detached forts with which they proceeded to surround Cracow in a five miles circle.

The outer walls of the city itself are very interesting and massive. They will remind you of the tremendous walls of old Neuremberg down in Bavaria. They are quite as high and thick, but are varied at intervals with surmounting towers, both square and round, of immense thickness and great hight with most picturesque minaretted roofs. The gateways are quite as remarkable as those at Malta, and are given great additional quaint charm by their curious old shrines. These are very ancient; indeed so old that the carving of the floriture and images are almost wholly defaced. From this fact alone they seem to attract the greatest number of worshipers; and on many occasions I have been scarcely able to pass beneath these huge arches owing to the crowds packed like panicky sheep upon their knees against the shrines.

Round about and within the old city at this season of the year, just as the foliage is beginning to show along the banks of the Vistula and among the gigantic trees of the ancient promenades, a casual glance gives the impression of serenity and even brightness. One feels as though quiet and satisfied content must reign within and without. But once inside the massive gateways the heart sickens at what the eyes continually behold.

Soldiers are everywhere. Gay in their rich trappings they spurn their fellow civilians as though they were beasts. Were I one of these human animals beneath them I would surely answer their insults with dynamite or melanite; and one has only to move about these streets an hour to understand and condone the awful revenges the goaded humans of some of the old-world hives are taking upon their oppressors. No Polish lowly woman can walk these streets without beastly insult. No Jewish maiden is safe in her own doorway from these uniformed jackals. I have witnessed outrages by the Austrian military without number, too unspeakably horrible to be put in print. They are so common, their victims are so helpless, the slavishness of their powerlessness is so hopeless for change, or attention, or justice, that their tormenters have even ceased to smile at their own devilish ingenuity of outrage.

Some of these things cannot be repeated. Here are a few instances of simple brutality out of scores I have myself witnessed in Cracow. A landlord offended by the awkwardness of a Polish servant struck him in the face with a carving-steel, breaking all his front teeth. The guests laughed aloud and the victim was directed to wash the blood from his mouth and continue serving the table. At one of the gateways a nobleman was being driven into the city. The kneeling crowd praying before the shrine and not moving rapidly enough to suit him, the driver was ordered to drive over them, which he did, bruising and injuring many youths and women.

A detachment of Austrian cavalry leaving the city for change of patrol at the Russian frontier, on arriving at the Clothhall on the Market Place was somewhat annoyed by the frenzied movement of the peasant marketmen in their efforts to get out of the way. An officer whose horse shied from contact with a rustic carrying some fowls slung over his shoulder in willow cages, drew his saber, and, with a savage overhead cut, severed two fingers from the defenseless man's hand. Apparently it would have been quite the same had the man's head followed his fingers.

As though this were not sufficient infamy, a foot soldier standing near, after an humble salute to the brave officer, picked the dissevered fingers from the street and tossed them, as though they had been links of sausage, to a bevy of half-famished dogs shrinking and snarling beneath a Hungarian gypsy cart standing near, and these animals devoured them after nearly devouring each other in battle over these unusual and delicious morsels.

The treatment of the Polish Jews is indescribably dreadful. Truly, a majority of these here form a loathsome lot. But they are victims of misfortune. No Jew is by nature slothful or vile. All Jews are active, patient, vigorous and brave in all things tending to self-sustenance. Those of Cracow are mainly helpless victims of Russian persecution. So many have made their way into all avenues of business that, by very force of numbers and desperation of situation, they swarm like wolves around every opportunity of the slightest gain. But thousands upon thousands exist in a condition of such awful want, starvation and misery, that it would seem in any place where a God was owned some touch of human consideration and pity might find expression. You cannot find it in Cracow. They are beaten from before soldiers and officials with staves. Police disperse begging crowds with swords, striking right and left and wounding promiscuously.

Those of gentle (!) blood seem to have acquired the right to avenge all Poland's national wrongs on these luckless humans. I have seen little girls, not yet in their teens, strike them apparently as mere diversion. The aristocracy from highest to lowest consider it no crime to chastise them openly and unresentedly on any pretext of offense. The very next morning after my arrival here I saw a half naked Jewish child being carried along with a broken leg dangling from its body. It had amused some lordling or official in a carriage before which the little one had begged, to ride over it. I had some respect for Polish character, gained, I will admit, from Polish history, before I came to Cracow.

Whatever the Polish aristocracy have been in the past they are brutes beyond the limits of human language to reveal in their treatment of inferiors, and especially of these Jews, wretches of misfortune and misery. And, for my part, I can see no altar, or shrine, or crucifix, or vicar of God in this ancient city without loathing emblem, place and priest, where such inhuman hearts can worse than murder and adore.

My guide through the ghastly shell of a civilized city was secured through incident of iniquitous brutality, trifling indeed for Cracow, but still illustrative of its genial and kindly atmosphere. I had truly been unbearably pestered by a horde of Jews, from money changers down to the most repulsive of beggars, and finally conceived the plan of arraying myself in the most Polish and least expensive of attire.

It proved a succesful device. In this raiment I had visited the Tatra mountains and had returned to Cracow so torn by brushwood and bespattered by mud of the highways, that I was quite free to enjoy the city from the nether side of aspect. It was a relief, too, from strain upon both temper and purse.

In this habilament and attitude I was standing before a baker's window interested in an odd form of bread which is fashioned and baked in an excellent imitation of a crown of thorns, much used during the Lenten period in Galicia. An other still more dolorous object than myself stood before the window. It was a Polish Jew, ragged, wasted, wan and old. I have seen longing and hunger on as many faces as has any other one who lives, but I never before saw both so pathetic and terrible as in this one white face.

At this moment a bevy of soldiers clanked by. Both myself and the ancient Jew stood at the edge of the pavement, quite out of their lordly way. Something in the old man's face attracted the soldiers' attention as well as my own. Some turned, glanced and cursed. One said, with an oath,

"He will draw the loaves the window through with that nose!"

"If the loaf (crowd of thorns) was his belly therein, it should cut with blood his paunch through," sneered another.

"Ach, Gott!" shouted the bravest of them all, as he sprang to the old man's side in a seeming frenzy of rage. I feared he would strike him down. But he did not. He only spat in his face and called him a "Jew dog," "earth-rot," and names beastlier still. Then they turned and went merrily away.

And it is true that this poor old man, for fear of his life as he afterward told me, dare not attempt to remove the froth foulness from his face until these Christian soldiery had turned into the market place. But I had done it for him before that.

I then led him into the baker's, and then into a cafe, and then into a wine-shop, and Christian money never did quicker or more direct missionary work than on that morning when, God knows, for the first and only time in my life I longed to be a Rothschild.

This poor stranded old human had been a Jewish teacher in a not remote Russian village, and had been knouted out of his home by Cossacks, his feeble wife perishing in the flight from fright and fatigue. He had got as far as Cracow. That, as with thousands upon thousands more, was to be his living grave under conditions of misery and outrage more awful than those which once made infamous the name of religion in Madrid, Neuremberg or Salem—unless the little I spared him could get him to kinfolk in Berlin.

He showed me the appalling scenes among the Jews in Casimierz, the Jewish quarter. Then, scholar that he was, he told me one by one the legends gray and dim of the crumbling Zamek; pointed out the solid silver shrine of St. Stanislaus with its supporting angels, the Flemish brasses above the tomb of the Cardinal Bishop, son of Casimir, King of Poland, and all the graven treasures and wonders of the sixteen chapels in the great cathedral; led the way to the university with its statue of Corpernicus who was once Professor there; and brought me to the Schatzkammer to view the Polish regalia and the dazzling mass robes of old. But the human graveyard stifles me. The white face of this one old man stands between me and Poland's ancient city of kings, shutting out all else but the unspeakable miseries of his kind. And I leave Cracow with a sick and heavy heart.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

False Economy

Is practiced by many people, who buy inferior articles of food because cheaper than standard goods. Surely infants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

Like a Dead Fish.

I had terrible ECZEMA for 18 years—was in bed six months at a time—body and limbs swollen and scaly like a dead fish. The itching was terrible, and

FINALLY LOST MY SIGHT.

After treatment by five physicians, and other remedies without relief, I took S. S. S. and it cured me. My skin is soft and smooth, and the terrible trouble is all gone—R. N. MITCHELL, Macon, Ga.

I know the above statement to be true.
S. S. HARMON, Macon, Ga.

Send for our book on the Blood.
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ACTORS' FUND FAIR.

Graphic Description of the Coming Wonderful Fete.

Sights and Scenes Such as Have Never Been Beheld in this Country—The Most Remarkable Collection of Curiosities Ever Presented to Public View.

One hundred painters, artisans, carpenters, and artists in marbles have been busily occupied for two months past, superintended by the best scenic artists in the world, the best painters in the country, and the ablest property-men the theaters of New York city can furnish, assisted by a celebrated architect, arranging the interior of Madison Square Garden for the great Fair of the Women's Executive Committee of the Actors' Fund of America, which will take place during the first week in May. Every energy of these artists is bent upon making this the most remarkable fair that has ever occurred in this country, and thousands of dollars have been spent to this end with the following result:

Upon entering the garden the first surprise will be a triumphal arch of great beauty, ten feet in width, forming a frame for what appears beyond. To the eye of the beholder will appear a vision of beauty perfectly realistic in effect and real in fact. Through a long avenue, lined on either side by houses both quaint and artistic, and extending the immense length of the garden, some five hundred feet, the eye finds rest in the vista of a green lawn of great size, from which springs a May-pole wreathed in vines and garlands of flowers, while from its top spread out streamers of many colors, forming a canopy of bright hues. Backing this bright scene the vision rests upon such a wealth of flowers, rich in colors and rare in variety, as never before has been seen.

Turning to either the right or the left the spectator will be greeted by eight Corinthian pillars of great hight, surmounted by a classic frieze, cornice and balustrade, the entire mass taking the form of a semi-circle to conform with the ground-plan of the arena of the great interior. Depending from the balustrade, interwoven with running vines of restful green, will be rare and exquisite exotics, and growing flowers will greet the sight at every available point.

The immense flower booth, which will be the largest ever erected, will extend entirely across the immense arena and be surmounted by a hanging garden of great beauty, supported by pillars of most exquisite workmanship, beautifully garlanded with roses and bright, green vines. The floral department will be superintended by the Florists' Association, fresh exotics being supplied each day of the fair. The electrical effects will be furnished by the Edison Electric Company, who promise many new surprises never before attempted and astonishing in their effects, not the least of which will be the illuminated fountain upon the village green—"The Frost Walk" and "The Splendors of the Orient."

The ensemble will represent a village composed of several streets, and among the realistic buildings will be an exact reproduction of Shakespeare's home on the Avon, the birthplace of the great bard. This structure will be fifty feet in length, twenty-eight feet in width and twenty-nine feet high, containing many relics and a perfect bust of the immortal Shakespeare.

"The Old Curiosity Shop," created by Dickens, will be correctly reproduced in its entirety, and at the window will be seated, in correct costumes, both little Nell and her dear grandfather. In the shop, which will be under the supervision of the Women's Press Club of New York, will be a multitude of curiosities too numerous to mention. There will be exact counterparts of the oldest and of the newest theaters built in America. A great picture gallery, containing hundreds of the finest productions of American artists, all of which have been donated to the fund by our native painters. A theater especially built for the purposes of the fair, upon whose stage will appear, afternoon and evening, the greatest stars of both the lyric and dramatic stages, in novel and absorbing productions arranged for the occasion. The grandest music, both instrumental and vocal, ever heard in this immense structure. Japanese pagodas and a Russian kiosk, in which tea will be served from dainty cups by the daintier fingers of the most beautiful ladies of the stage, robed in characteristic costumes. There will be Oriental mosques with the children of the desert and ladies of the harems in costume; and, to please the ladies, there will be the most gorgeous confectionery the fancy ever conceived, supplied with everything the heart of the lover of sweets fancied in her most fervid dreams.

The reproduction of the Old Globe Theater of London will be a sensation for its correctness of detail, and the Old Bowery and the Chatham Theaters will be as natural as life, and recognized at once by our oldest theater-goers. The Japanese garden will be a feature of the fair, and the Twelfth Night Club of New York, composed of professional women of theatrical, musical and artistic proclivities, will have a trefoil building, representing the ivy leaf, roofed in trefoil and thatched with ivy, the stem of the leaf projecting over the entrance, supporting a swinging sign upon which will be the legend, "Twelfth Night," old and historical. In the interior will be served cocoa from Billeek cups, an Irish ware decorated in front with a medallion representing the profiles of Shakespeare and Booth, with the motto, "See the players well bestowed." There will be souvenir spoons and plates. The art gallery will be in the Order of Friendship booth.

Both the Orient and the Occident have been ransacked for the newest and choicest goods to be sold at this fair, for it has been preparing more than a year, and the result is that the ladies who are managing this "fair of all fairs" will present to the patrons of the Actors' Fund such novelties as have not yet reached the stores of Gotham. There will be most wonderful laces, finer than the spider's web and worked in the most charming designs to win the heart of lady fair. Shawls of elaborate finish, such as seldom escape the envious hands of the fair daughters of the East. Rugs of every hue and design, upon which fabulous prices are set, and Turkish praying-rugs upon which many a Mahommedan has wept bitter tears of remorse for wicked deeds. Exquisitely carved scimetars and blades of lesser length, whose hilts are studded with precious stones. Several ancient spinning-wheels, one of which, elegantly carved out of rosewood and dating back to the fifteenth century, came from Norway. Antique furniture and antiques in metal and precious stones. Medallions of great value. A piece of silver plate ages old. A pair of silk stockings worn by the Empress Josephine. The embalmed head of an Egyptian Princess in a perfect state of preservation, although thousands of years old. Everything in the way of costumes—hats and shoes—a lady can desire. Books galore to charm the book-worm, and comprising works by the best authors, both old and new, contributed by all the publishers of this country and England, by cart loads, and purchasable at nominal prices. Bric-a-brac novelties and costly—ornaments for every nook and corner of the home. Dry goods, fancy goods, wearing apparels and chinaware, bisque, costly statuettes, bronzes of great value, jewelry, candies and chewing-gum, clocks and watches, a wonderful Rebecca's well with new appointments and strange revelations; scarfs, wrought silverware in intricate designs, tempting punch-bowls, gold hairpins and all the latest fads in finest workmanship, impressed in both silver and gold, smoking-jackets and smokers' articles in great variety, dressing-gowns for both ladies and gentlemen, desks, type-writers, and everything to delight the palate and please the senses, and a music hall where, in addition to the theatrical performances, concerts will be given every afternoon and evening.

When all these attractions are considered and the reminder is given out that all this wealth of attraction will be presided over by the most winning and beautiful ladies of the stage, assisted by the most lovely women of the best society of New York, the scene may well be mentioned as one, in a lifetime, which should not be missed, but will be cherished by all lovers of art and beauty as an occasion to be remembered as the most remarkable of this decade.

All of these wonderful attractions have been arranged for the purpose of drawing money from the pockets of the people for the Actors' Fund of America, to be used to endow a home for the orphans of dead players, the surplus, if any, to be appropriated to relieve the dire necessities of indigent players. Remembering that this is the first appeal of the Actors' Fund to the public, and that within ten years this very profession, by their individual efforts upon the stages of various theaters, have raised for other charities, without cost to them, the sum of $2,800,000, their appeal for aid may well be considered just and classed as the most worthy of all charities by the liberal and sympathetic people of America. The necessities of the fund are great, and the public have the assurance that every dollar contributed will find its way to the worthy sick and impoverished players and the little orphans of those who have catered to the happiness of the millions of amusement-seekers in this country. Contributions should be sent at once to the Women's Executive Committee of the Actors' Fund Fair, No. 29 West Thirtieth street, New York, where, also, all valuable goods for the fair should be forwarded.

■ Wickwire—Young Bingley seems to carry a great deal of style. Wonder if he has any money back of him? Yabsley—Yes, away back. He is always ahead of his income.—Indianapolis Journal.

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