DELLA FOX THIS WEEK

BOTH OF HER BRIGHT COMIC OPERAS TO BE HEARD AT THE GRAND.

Resume of the Latest Gossip and News About Famous Music and Musicians of the World.

Comic opera has always been a potent attraction as far as this city is concerned, and when it is presented by a famous light opera star and a large company of clever people, carrying the entire production complete, as far as scenery and stage settings are concerned, it never fails to draw out large audiences. Della Fox has for the past four or five years been generally conceded one of the foremost of all comic opera comediennes, and this—her third year as a star—is said to be very successful. She has a large company, including Harry Macdonough, Hugh Chilvers, Frank Blair, Charles Dungan, John Dudley, and the Misses Nelly Braggings, Trixie Friganza, Florine Murray, Nathalie Allien, Katherine Gray and Frankie Wotene.

She brings two operas that have made her famous. To-morrow and Tuesday nights will be presented her new opera, "Fleur-de-Lis." The story is that of a couple of old fellows who were born on the same day, the Count des Escarbilles and the Marquis de Rosolio, who had been devoted friends since their childhood, but who are at war when the opera commences over an estate left by their uncle, the Duck of Tubortierre, at St. Claude, France. He had presumably left a will, but as it cannot be found they proceed to fight for the estate. The count appears to have the best of the argument, for the marquis has been deserted by all his soldiers and is besieged in his fortress, with only women for defenders. A long-lost daughter of the marquis (Fleur-de-Lis) makes an opportune appearance, however, and after winning the heart of the count's son, Frederick, proceeds to make matters extremely interesting for the irascible autocrat. She appears in numerous characters—a flower girl, a doll, a ragged boy musician, a ghost, etc.—ridiculously complicating everything and everybody until the end, when she finds the lost will, which leaves everything to her father, the marquis. The music is said to be catchy, the costumes bright and pretty and the scenery and mechanical effects elaborate.

Wednesday matinee and night "The Little Trooper," in which Miss Fox made such a hit here two years ago, will be presented. The scenes are laid in France, nearly a hundred years back. In this opera Miss Fox sings her famous song, "She Is a Daisy, Daisy, Daisy."

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The opera season in New York has been fruitful for the gossips this year. There have been more rumors started out on their travels than for many seasons past. There has been trouble between the singers and troubles between the singers and managers. The life of the theatrical manager is a hard one, but it is a bed of ease in comparison with the manager of musicians, and the greater the artist the greater the trouble. One of the rumors was to the effect that on account of Melba returning to Europe as she did and the dozens of anxieties and uncertainties that there would be no opera next year. Such is not the case, however, as both of the De Reszke brothers and Mme. Eames have been engaged for next year. It is possible that Mme. Melba will return and a possibility that Nordica will be one of the stars. Plancon will return, and altogether the prospect is that New York will have the opera. A New York contemporary says:

"It is an ill wind that blows no good to anybody, and we observe that Mme. Litvinne now holds the place that was struggled for by Nordica and Melba. This accident brings the De Reszkes into more importance than ever. M. Jean is the chief tenor, M. Edouard is the chief basso, Mme. Litvinne is the chief Wagnerian soprano and M. Schuetz has charge of amiability in the auditorium. It is not every household that can furnish four principal artists to an opera company, and, owing to their distinction in this particular, the De Reszke happy family earns $3,500 a night. Mr. Grau has lost Melba and Nordica, two of his best singers, but he is saving several thousand dollars a week in salaries—and the whole matter arose from the ambition of two lovely ladies to lie on a rock and be kissed by Siegfried! This osculation catastrophe is more distressing than Olga Nethersole in her most arduous moments."

Louis Cotay, who for twenty-two years had been a personal servant of M. Jean De Reszke, his principal duties being those of theatrical dresser, died Wednesday at the New York Hospital, of pneumonia. Last season he was taken ill while in Chicago, and since then had never fully regained his health. His last illness began about seven weeks ago, and he was removed to the hospital early last month. He was fifty-four years of age and leaves a widow and a young daughter. The former is Mme. Litvinne's maid. Before entering M. De Reszke's employ Cotay was a dresser at the Paris Opera Comique and Italian Opera.

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The encore fiend would appear to have legal rights in Venezuela, which are not accorded him elsewhere, as will be seen by the misfortunes that have befallen an Italian baritone named Pacini, at Caracas: According to the cabled accounts this singer has been arrested on the demand of his impressario because he refused to give an encore to an aria which the public applauded, on the pretext that he was suffering from a slight indisposition and did not care to sing more than he could help. Le Menestrel says: One could understand the conduct of the authorities at Caracas if the artist had proved refractory and had refused his assistance at a representation which had been previously announced, but the question was simply one of an encore. In a theater the public only has a right to demand the full performance of the work announced, and the repetition of any piece is very often ruinous to the dramatic interpretation of the opera, and in the eye of the enlightened amateurs is an intolerable abuse. In any case the public has no right to force the artists to give encores, and in almost all the big theaters in Germany rigorous rules command the singers to refrain from yielding to the popular demand for encores. It is then the height of injustice and barbarism to imprison a singer for refusing to repeat a piece. Sig. Pacini has been condemned to fifteen days' imprisonment for injury to the corporation of the town of Caracas, which subsidizes the theater.

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Emil Levy, the accompanist, was in a New York piano wareroom last Monday morning, when a young woman entered with a music roll, her eyes full of lyric frenzy. She asked Mr. Levy if there was any one about who would be willing to play an accompaniment. Mr. Levy, ever gallant, offered to undertake the task, and sat down to a piano and looked at the vocal piece. It was an ordinary waltz song, and in the key of E flat. There were some flashy trills, runs and cheap vocal ornamentation, and he asked the fair creature if she had ever studied singing.

"Oh, no sir," she replied, "but I don't need to. I have such a good ear. But my voice is a funny one. I can only sing in flats. That piece suits me; it is written in flats, you know." The pianist doubted first his ears, and then her sanity.

"Only sing in flats, you say; what do you mean by that?" he asked, edging away.

"I mean that I can't sing in sharps or on the white keys, only flats. These notes, you see," and then this bright specimen of music tapped the five black keys in the octave, and Levy nearly had a fit. He sent her to a teacher who could fill in—dentist fashion—the sharps of her voice.

Only sing in flats! Why, what a meticulous musician it was!

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The Paris Soir, in an interview with Mme. Adelina Patti, states that the celebrated singer has received an offer from the manager of one of the large theaters to create in Paris the new work of a young composer. Mme. Patti will soon come to a definite decision on this subject. She intends to stop in Nice and Monte Carlo until March. She will create there the "Dolores" of M. Andre Pollonnais. After this her movements are uncertain. Mme. Patti received an offer to appear for the season at the Covent Garden Theater, but she refused it, the strain of these performances being too great for her. She has also received several offers to appear in America, but she considers this continent too far away, notwithstanding the great attraction it has for her. Maurice Grau, who is managing director of Covent Garden Theater, London, said that he had asked Mme. Patti early in the autumn if she would not give him a few performances at the coming (which will be his first) season there. She replied that she would be most happy to do so, but was under contract with Mr. Johnson, her manager, not to appear in opera this season in England.

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The marriage of Susanna Margaret Howell and Mr. Arthur Mees, of New York, was celebrated at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Howell, at Alfred, N. Y., recently. The marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. Frank Norwood Bouck, of Cuba, and was witnessed only by relatives of the bride and groom. Mr. and Mrs. Mees will reside in Chicago. Mrs. Mees is regarded as a most promising musician. She has done very much in oratorio for one so young, and has friends and well wishers everywhere. She was educated at Alfred University and went to Berlin, Germany, in 1886, where she spent four years studying voice, violoncello and piano with Duwell, Sieber and Scharwenka. She is an accomplished German scholar and was for two years instructor in music at Peace Institute, at Raleigh, N. C. Since then she has been contralto in the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, in New York. She is a woman of much beauty and a general favorite in society and with the people of her own profession.

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Mme. Clementine de Vere-Sapio is singing successfully in New York. Mme. Sapio made her debut in New York as Clementine de Vere on Nov. 16, 1888, at Steinway Hall. She was the soprano of Italo Campanini's Concert Company and made a decided and thoroughly deserved hit. She came before the audience unknown, and without any of the factitious importance produced by the customary advance puffing. While she is not a great singer, she is a more than ordinarily good one, and her hearers were quick to recognize that fact. Her voice is a pure soprano, with a smooth and solid quality, and of excellent range. Her cantabile singing was free from affectation. Her ornamental passages were sung with admirable ease, certainty, and accuracy of intonation, and her upper notes proved to be strong, sweet and clear. The upper notes are not alone in these qualities, for her voice is pleasantly even. Her staccato singing was delightful in its clearness and precision, and her chromatics and arpeggios were executed with excellent facility.

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For the last few years there has existed at Zemburg, the capital of Galicia, in Austria, a Jewish theater, in which all the pieces are played in that old jargon of the Polish and Russian Jews, which drives philologists to despair. At this theater has just been performed an unpublished opera in five acts entitled "Yehouda-ben-Halevy," the words by Auerbach and the music by Wolfthal. The hero of this opera is not the composer of "La Juive," as one would be tempted to believe from its title, but a celebrated Jewish poet who lived in Spain several centuries ago and to whom are due Hebraic verses of great merit, among others the superb "Melodies of Jerusalem," some of which are interlaced in the text of the opera in question. The Austrian journals state that this first genuine Jewish opera has had a great success.

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The Italian tenor Marconi once made a visit to Rubinstein, during which the latter's little son came tripping eagerly into the music room and said, "This is my festa, papa, and I want a present." "Very well, my son, what shall it be?" "A waltz, papa—a new waltz, all for myself, and now." "What an impatient little son it is!" exclaimed the great musician, "but of course you shall have your gift. Here it is—listen! And for you," turning to the distinguished tenor, "I will play my 'Nero.'" "It seems almost incredible," says Marconi, "but then and there I witnessed and heard a most remarkable phenomenon—the maestro improvised and played a charming waltz with his left hand, giving me at the same time with his right the splendid overture."

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Miss Birdice Blye, as she is being called in the East, but known out this way as simple Birdie Bly, the brilliant young pianist, is becoming quite popular in society circles. During the months of December and January she played at eighteen musicales and concerts in New York city, meeting with great success. Mr. William F. T. Mollenhauer, the distinguished violinist, recently dedicated two charming compositions for violin and piano to Miss Blye. Several years ago Miss Blye and Mr. Mollenhaur made quite a sensation in New York by their artistic performances of piano and violin duets, introducing, among other novelties for the first time in New York, the second Grosse Sonate by Raff.

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Miss Mabel McKinley, daughter of Mr. Abner McKinley and niece of the President-elect, made her first appearance in public recently in New York. She has a mezzo-soprano voice of a sympathetic quality and admirable diction. She sang very tastefully Rubinstein's "Good Night," and as an encore gave Rodney's "My Dream of You." Miss McKinley expects to go abroad to continue her studies with Marchesi, but says that she has no idea of cultivating her art other than as an amateur.

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Boston has inaugurated a series of free concerts, which are to be given in the different halls and parishes. The series was suggested and arranged by the art department of the Twentieth Century Club, with the general purpose of furnishing larger opportunities for the public hearing of good music and with the special hope of quickening interest in the organ music of worthy composers of various nationalities.

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Jere O'Halloran has written another new song entitled "'Twas Not To Be," and Ernest Kittridge, a young Boston composer, has set the words to music. The song is on the same order as "Tell Them That You Saw Me" and "She May Have Seen Better Days." It is said to be the best descriptive story song that Mr. O'Halloran has ever written.

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From Milan it is stated that the artistic and financial success of the season was made by Sybil Sanderson. The Milanese were delighted with her and howled with joy, and a Milanese verdict is worth having, for Milan has always been considered a seat of judgment, and success there is more desirable than in many larger cities.

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In the literary remains of Rubinstein that have just appeared is the following: "To the Jews I am a Christian, to the Christians a Jew; to the Russians I am a German, to the Germans a Russian; to the classicists I am a musician of the future, to the futurists a reactionary. Conclusion—I am neither fish nor flesh—a pitiable individual."

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The committee in charge of the funds for a statue to Schumann, at Zwickau, has raised $8,250 in eleven years. It proposes to try the result of collecting for one more year, in hope of gaining a considerably larger sum.

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It is announced that Max Alvary, the tenor, recently underwent a dangerous operation, which worked in time a complete cure of the trouble that threatened his life. After a brief rest he will reappear in opera at Hamburg.

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The tenor, Barbot, who created the role of Faust in the Theatre Lyrique, in Paris, and who was until recently a distinguished professor of singing at the Paris Conservatory, has just died at the age of sixty-two.

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Victor Herbert and his famous Twenty-second Regiment Band, formerly Gilmore's, have been awarded the contract for the military band music for the inaugural ceremonies in Washington.

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The Carl Rosa Opera Company meditates a trip to this country in 1898. In the troupe are two American prima donnas—Zelie de Lussan and Miss Rita Elandie, of Cleveland.

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American soloists engaged for the annual Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, London, this year, are Mme. Nordica, Miss Ella Russell and Miss Clara Butt.

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The musical department of Columbia University, New York, announces a series of ten lectures on musical subjects, including two by Professor MacDowell.

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At the Theater An der Wien, in Vienna, a new operetta by Millöcker, "The Light of the North," has been produced with great success.

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On the 24th of March, Paderewski will introduce to the London public Sir A. C. Mackenzie's new Scotch Fantasia for piano and orchestra.

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"The Fields of the Blessed" is the title of a new symphonic poem by Felix Weingartner, the famous conductor.

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Emma Nevada has been singing in "Lalla Rookh" and "La Traviata" at St. Petersburg, with very great success.

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In 1892 Mlle. Delna made her debut in Paris at a salary of $1,200 for the season. She is now receiving $12,000.

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At the next Seidl Society concert in Brooklyn Mme. Julie Rive-King will be the piano soloist.

REAL DRAMATIC EVENT

WALKER WHITESIDE IN SHAKSPEAREAN ROLES THIS WEEK.

"Superba" Will Amuse the Children at English's—Popular Bills at the Park and Empire.

The announcement that Walker Whiteside, the youngest but already spoken of by many as the best exponent of Shakspearean tragedy that the past decade has given to the American stage, will appear at the Grand Opera House the latter part of the week should be gratifying news to the lovers of legitimate drama. The unanimity with which the critics have commended Mr. Whiteside's work must be accepted as founded on conviction. No Shakspearean player since the days when Edwin Booth was in the zenith of his fame has been accorded more unstinted praise. Those who have seen and studied Mr. Whiteside's work find in him all the qualifications of the ideal Prince of Denmark. So young as to be almost youthful, he gives to the character of Hamlet the years that seem best to accord with the poet's fancy. He is thoughtful beyond his years, and his face and eyes have the fine intellectual expressiveness which accords so well with the prince to whom philosophy was an instinct, and whose soul had delved deep into the unsolved spiritual mysteries of life. Endowed by nature with a voice of marvelous flexibility, the modulated softness of his readings in the quiet passages of the text seem to accentuate the ringing intonation with which the sublimely passionate lines are rendered.

Mr. Whiteside is evidently not a one-part player, however. While fitted by nature to be the ideal Hamlet, he is credited with giving to every role he essays a character and freshness that indelibly stamp him a finished and conscientious actor. His Richelieu is said to be without a peer, and Iago is spoken of as unrivaled, and his Shylock is declared to be in many respects a new creation. His appearance here will be an intellectual treat and will undoubtedly receive the attention it deserves.

In the unanimity of commendation which the press of other cities has bestowed on Walker Whiteside there is one feature that is especially worthy of note. Without exception the critics agree that Mr. Whiteside not only meets expectation but exceeds it. Whiteside is now a man of about thirty, rich in physical and intellectual life. He has courted Shakspearean drama since he was fifteen. A half dozen years he gave to studying the great bard with the same earnestness, perhaps, that Edison devoted to his scientific researches. Whiteside has weathered many years' devotion to be declared almost the only living American player of tragic promise.

Associated with Mr. Whiteside the ensuing season are Miss Leila Wolstan, Miss Lucia Moore, Josephine Morse, Charles D. Herman, Edwin Tanner, Herbert Pattee, Egbert W. Fowler and William C. Carlin. Although Walker Whiteside, the tragedian, is opposed to the subordination of dramatic art to the craft of the scene painter and stage machinist, the Shakspearean production of which he is the central figure is noted for its adequate scenic environment, and its fidelity to historical details.

The following is the repertoire announced for the engagement: Thursday night, "The Merchant of Venice;" Friday night, "Richelieu;" Saturday matinee, "Hamlet;" Saturday night, "Othello," with Mr. Whiteside as Iago.

"Superba's" New Features.

"Superba," the Hanlon Brothers' unique spectacle, which comes in its new form to English's next Thursday, is said to contain a string of novelties from beginning to end, and is practically a new entertainment. But one scene of last year's has been retained, the rest being entirely new. Many novel ideas have ben engrafted in the way of mechanical tricks and effects; an octet of banjoists produce a very pretty effect with electric lights disposed about their dress and in their banjos. Then there is the mysterious lung tester that expand Pierrot's chest to supernatural size, and that enables him by simple expulsion of the breath to blow candles out at long distance, cause heavy doors to shut, blow people out of the room, and tumble church steeples down and bowl over houses and factories in most cyclonic manner. Then there is the troublesome fly that resists Pierrot's efforts to squelch him and flies away with his valise when he attempts to catch him. Pierrot, to escape pursuing soldiers, who wish to draft him into the army, jumps into the mouth of a cannon, is shot into space and his body appears in sections on the soldiers' bayonets, yet he turns up smilingly a moment after. One of the most dramatic scenes in the escape of Leander across the chasm of death on horseback. He is seen riding toward the dangerous spot, miles away, gradually coming nearer and nearer, at length approaches the chasm, but he falters not; with one gigantic leap, horse and rider poise in the air for a few brief seconds in their awful jump, then appear to go down, down the yawning abyss. Just as horse and rider seem to disappear, Leander makes a superhuman effort and jumps from the back of the horse to the opposite rocks; clutching a tangle of roots he pulls himself into a safe position, just as his pursuers, baffled, appear on the other side. All the old scenery has been discarded and new and more elaborate has replaced it with palaces on lofty rocks, Oriental interiors that would grace a sultan's harem, majestic baronial halls and glimpses into marvelous fairyland. The performance is uniquely interlarded with clever songs, the newest ballads, marvelous acrobatic feats and comic eccentricities of varied sorts. The ballets are said to be exact reproductions of the latest successes of the London Alhambra and the New York Olympia, so that one has only to view "Superba" to see all that New York and European cities are talking about. There will be a Saturday matinee. The advance sale begins to-morrow.

"Town Topics" at the Park.

The Broadway comedians in "Town Topics," a new farce comedy, interpreted by a number of favorites, is the attraction at the Park Theater to-morrow, Tuesday and Wednesday. The performance is in three acts. The first is genuine comedy. In this act a slight plot is seen to make its appearance, but, as the author says, there is not enough plot to give anyone a headache. The second act takes place on Broadway, opposite the Hoffman House. This act is devoted almost exclusively to high-class specialties. The third act enters the field of farcical comedy. With the aid of an opera-glass the plot is again visible in this act, but, like the meteor, it is visible for a moment only. Clever specialties are introduced in all the acts. In short, "Town Topics" is an entertainment in three acts, devoted entirely to laugh-making purposes. The company includes William Keller, William H. Mack, John Queen, James Tenbrooke, John World, Joseph Harington, William Nelson, Frank Caverly, A. M. Miller, Beatrice Norman, Nellie Sennett, Lylian Heckler, Luella Miller, Elise Nugent and Laura Wainsford.

"Peck's Bad Boy" Thursday.

That precocious youngster, "Peck's Bad Boy," who has caused theater-goers all over the country to smile, laugh and scream at his mischievous pranks, returns again to the Park next Thursday, where he will continue for three days. There is a naturalness in the many tangles which the youthful trickster gets everybody into that reminds the old people of the days when they were young, and is appreciated by the younger folks. The character of the "Bad Boy" is well-played by Dot Karroll. The German groceryman is still in the capable hands of Fred Wenzel, who has played it for years. During the play clever specialties are introduced, among them being George H. Timmons's harp playing and Bert Hale's soft dancing. The cast further includes Charles Bassett, Will McDermott, Edith Hart, Lottie Bernard and Louise Kerlin.

Empire—Sydell's London Belles.

There are few better burlesque and specialty organizations on the road than Rose Sydell's London Belles Extravaganza Company, which comes to the Empire Theater this week commencing to-morrow matinee. The performance pleases because it is up to date, yet it is not to be compared with some of the performances which are given by traveling extravaganza organizations and which might be called spicy for want of a more applicable word. Rose Sydell, who is numbered among the handsome women of the stage, heads the organization and she is ably supported. The performance will open with a clever little curtain raise entitled "Widow Winn's Reception," in which the entire company participates. It is a merry skit full of laughable situations, bright dialogue, catchy music and taking specialities, and during its action there is not a dull moment. In the olio which follows appear the "Four Emperors of Music," a quartet of musicians who can grind out sweet music from a variety of instruments and at the same time keep the fun going with clever comedy bits. Campbell and Shepp, a pair of funny German comedians, are also on the bill. The famous Bickett family aerial act is a good card and Hart and Walling will display their versatility in a pleasing sketch which will be found replete with good singing, dancing and character work. The famous De Ive sisters will be seen in a new and novel dance. The finale of the entertainment will be in a fun-provoking burlesque called "The Isle of Sham-Pain," in which the full strength of the company will be again introduced.

Flynn and Sheridan's City Sports will appear at the Empire during the present month. This organization is one of the most popular that plays at the Empire. The New York Stars will also appear during the month.

Notes of the Stage.

Cissy Fitzgerald is coming back to Indianapolis soon in "The Foundling."

Walker Whiteside's leading man, Charles D. Herman, is one of the best Shakspearean actors of the present day.

Kathryn Kidder, who has won much fame in "Mme. Sans Gene," has written a one-act play entitled "Loves at War."

Della Fox comes here with her company from St. Louis, arriving this afternoon. They had a good week in St. Louis and the little artist was pronounced in fine condition by the newspapers.

John Queen is a well-known artist. He made a great reputation for himself as an interpreter of negro character parts in the big burlesques put on by Haverly, Primrose & West and other minstrel organizations. This season he has made a departure into farce-comedy and his portrayal of the part of "Cinch," the funny negro in "Town Topics," has eclipsed all of his former efforts. Mr. Queen is one of the best "buck" dancers before the public, and has all the little funny "sayings and doings" of the Southern negro down pat.

George Backus, who is playing the principal role in "Too Much Johnson" this season, and who is well remembered here, was recently elected a member of the Ohio Society of Sons of the American Revolution. Mr. Backus is a great-grandson of John King, who was a captain in the continental line of Massachusetts, and served at Roxbury and Dorchester Heights. The company was maintained by Captain King's father at his own expense. Mr. Backus has been invited to attend the dinner by the New York Society of Sons of the American Revolution at Delmonico's on Feb. 6. Mr. Backus is the only actor who has ever been thus honored, as no other Thespian is privileged to wear the lapel button of this distinguished order.

"It has always seemed a singular thing to me," said Nat Goodwin, recently, "that so many of my critical friends have insisted that such success as I have attained was directly the work of my Creator—that it was no particular credit to me that I made them or less intelligent beings laugh or cry, but that my personality, or some other mysterious thing about me, for which no effort or labor of mine was responsible, did the trick for me. By the eternal, I wish it had been so. I would gladly plead guilty to the charge if it meant no more rehearsals; no getting back tired out from the theater to take up a new part and study it till daylight came; no uneasy slumbers after that; no awakening to rush over to an early rehearsal at the theater; no absorbing, exhausting combat with an obstinate character to which one's own nature was naturally foreign; no bother about the other actors in the play; no managerial cares and troubles and no performance again at night, with perhaps the same sharp-sighted observers in front to inform me the next morning that I might thank heaven for having given me the ability to act."

In one of the tricks in this season's "Superba," the Hanlon Brothers' great creation, a cat is used, a live, practical and everyday cat, and, although it is not on the property plot, still, the first query on arriving at the theater that the master of properties puts to the house administrator is, "can you get me a good, tame cat?" On arriving in Baltimore recently, the usual query was made and the property man of the house stated that they had one that belonged on the stage which would save the necessity of their looking outside for the desired feline. On Monday night Miss Tabby was easily found and placed in the box, and when the clown released her from her unfortunate confinement she scampered away to her usual retreat, but on Tuesday night it was a different story. The cat trick had to be cut out and, for the rest of the week, strange cats had to be hunted up each day in order that the trick might be executed, as Miss Tabby, at Ford's Opera House, showed by her absence from the theater for the rest of the week that she declined an enforced stage career. On Monday morning after "Superba" had closed its engagement Tabby came in on the stage looking very sheepish, but declined to show by word, look or innuendo the reason of her absence.

BUCKLEY VS. ABBOTT.

The Methodist Editor Will Not Discuss the Brooklyn Man's Theories.

New York Christian Advocate.

Dr. Lyman Abbott's lectures on the Bible are creating much interest and some excitement. In all that he writes or says several qualities of the first importance appear—an excellent style, neither too diffuse nor too concise, colloquial, but dignified, never descending to slang. As to matter, there is much information; but when he writes or speaks on religious doctrine there is a delightful vagueness reminding one of a panorama of castles and mountains on elevated heights, across which iridescent clouds are being driven by the summer breeze. He advances, retreats, modifies, advances again, here emphasizing and there ignoring passages of Scripture until the result is a system of tentative theories which for the want of a suitable expression we will venture to call Lyman Abbottized Christianity.

On evolution and the higher criticism the genial confidence with which he asserts conjectural hypotheses as absolute certainties, without taking the trouble to adduce the grounds for his conclusions, is so remarkable, taken in connection with his frank avowal made some years ago, in substance, that he did not know what he would believe in a few weeks or months or even the next day upon the same subject, as to be amusing.

Seers in the realm of sentiment perceive, but do not reason. Often what they utter contains the substance of the highest reason. In logic every step forward is authorized by the preceding. Lyman Abbott differs from the seer in that he throws much of his matter into the verbal forms of logic. He differs from the logician in that he spurns the restriction of ordinary reasoning and from the philosopher in that he gives too loose rein to his imagination. How much further he will go in the line he is pursuing is impossible for him or anyone else to forecast, but it is quite obvious that the elements of his power are not those of the apostles or the founders of the great evangelical denominations or of any of those preachers who have been eminently successful in aggressive spiritual work and the transformation of communities into ceaseless propagandists of the gospel. Nor does there seem any reason to believe that if his methods had been employed by them Christianity would ever have become an established religion.

Some of our subscribers have asked why the Christian Advocate does not take up and discuss his theories. A sufficient answer is found in the foregoing.

It may be added that in some respects what in his teachings some of those subscribers would like to have opposed was held by John Wesley and is, in our opinion, true.

Some other things that he teaches were not held by John Wesley, but are, in our opinion, true. The attention of Wesley was not directed to them, and the world has learned much on many subjects since his death. Much that Dr. Abbott teaches is peculiar to himself, and there is no reason why it should be specifically antagonized. Wherein we regard him as a dangerous teacher, and his method of viewing religious subjects as radically faulty, he holds in substance what many others hold, and these topics are from time to time handled according to the exigency which directs our attention to them, with such wisdom and pertinency as we may be able to command.

Those who follow Dr. Abbott implicitly will do what he does not do himself nor even profess to do.

EVIL LURKS IN LUXURY

RUSKIN WROTE AGAINST SUCH AFFAIRS AS THE BAL MASQUE.

Great Thinkers Show They Are No Help to the Poor and Were Once Prohibited by Severe Laws.

New York Press.

In reply to the criticisms of the Rev. W. S. Rainsford about the Bradley-Martin ball an old argument, applied to similar remarks on former occasions, has been used. It is declared that such entertainments benefit the working classes by encouraging and demanding labor; that money is circulated, and many persons who otherwise would be idle receive the means for occupation and support. The argument appears at first irresistible. But it is curious that students of social economics never have been able to come to a definite decision as to whether it is logical or the reverse.

Adam Smith, in his "Wealth of Nations," appears to sanction it, but John Stuart Mill denies it, while Carlyle and Ruskin have devoted a large portion of their writings to proving that the duty of the rich, especially in times of national need, is not extravagance, but thrift. Ruskin in particular has repeatedly declared that the principal object of his letter writings is to prove the necessity of unselfishness and the evil of luxury among the wealthy. It is curious that the arguments of this philosopher have not been made use of in the discussion about the forthcoming ball. Many of his most famous and eloquent passages seem peculiarly applicable to the question, and one can take up hardly one of his late works, whether dealing with art or social questions, without coming across some reference to his favorite argument.

Such a passage occurs in "A Joy Forever," and is calculated to cause reflection on the part of those who imagine that their extravagance is helpful to the poor. It says:

"You must weigh the value of what you ask these workers to produce for you in its own distinct balance; that on its own worthiness or desirableness rests the question of your kindness, and not merely on the fact of your having employed people in producing it; and I say, further, that as long as there are cold and nakedness in the land around you, so long there can be no question at all but that splendor of dress is a crime. In due time, when we have nothing better to set people to work at, it may be right to let them make lace and cut jewels; but as long as there is any who have no blankets for their beds and no rags for their bodies, so long it is blanket-making and tailoring we must set people to work at—not lace."

CONDEMNED BY RUSKIN.

And here is another passage, one of the most celebrated Ruskin ever penned, which seems as though written with such a ball as that to be given on Feb. 10 in view:

"It would be strange if at any great assembly, which, while it dazzled the young and the thoughtless, beguiled the gentler hearts that beat beneath the embroidery with a placid sensation of luxurious benevolence—as if, by all that they wore in waywardness of beauty, comfort had been first given to the distressed, and aid to the indigent; it would be strange, I say, if, for a moment, the spirits of Truth and of Terror, which walk invisibly among the masques of the earth, would lift the dimness from our erring thoughts, and show us how—inasmuch as the sums exhausted for that magnificence would have given back the failing health to many an unsheltered outcast on moor and street—they who wear it have literally entered into partnership with Death; and dressed themselves in his spoils.

"Yes, if the veil could be lifted not only from your thoughts, but from your human sight, you would see—the angels do see—on those gay white dresses of yours, strange dark spots, and crimson patterns that you knew not of—spots of the inextinguishable red that all the seas cannot wash away; yes, and among the pleasant flowers that crown your fair heads, and grow on your wreathed hair, you would see that one weed was always twisted which no one thought of—the grass that grows on graves."

Again in another passage Ruskin refers to the same question in a different way:

"There was much complaining talk last week of the vast sum the nation has given for the best Paul Veronese in Vinice—£14,000. I wonder what the nation meanwhile has given for its ball dresses? I wonder whether £14,000 would cover them?

"But the breadths of slip and flounces are by this time as much lost and vanished as last year's snow; only they have done less good; but the Paul Veronese will last for centuries, if we take care of it, and yet we grumble at the price given for the painting, while no one grumbles at the price of pride."

REGULATED BY LAW.

That Ruskin's theories about the proper employment of wealth are not new, but have been shared by the ruling powers of almost every European country in former time, is proved by the sumptuary laws frequently enacted in the past. In England, France, Germany, the united provinces and the Italian states, the records of laws show that luxury was forbidden the rich whenever retrenchment was necessary, and, moreover, that the amount of display for each class was most minutely specified.

The records of Venice, the wealthies and most luxurious city in Europe during centuries, show the patriarchal care of the senate that the rich should not offend by too much display. In 1537 receptions after the confinement of women were prohibited; but sixty years before that the love of interior decoration had reached such a height that a law was passed forbidding anyone to spend more than 150 gold ducats upon a single room, which sum must include all carvings, gildings and paintings used therein.

The series of sumptuary laws enacted in 1593 to 1618, which were termed "Reggimenti," make quaint reading nowadays, when, should any legislative body attempt similar enactments, a howl of indignation would certainly be raised.

It was forbidden to hang a house with black on the death of a relative, to decorate with silk the walls of a "portego," or hall, or other rooms in which stamped leather could be used instead; only one room in a palace might be hung with tapestry; carpets or table cloths of cloth of gold were forbidden; no more than twelve chairs might be covered with velvet; and among other prohibited articles were door panels in chased gold, and gold embroidered bed coverings. Coaches must not be lined in velvet or silk, and the harness must be without gold ornaments. Besides all this only fifteen hundred ounces of silver plate were allowed to each person. This last rule was afterward modified, and six thousand ounces was given as the limit.

John Stuart Mill refers to these laws in one of his essays and distinctly states that the idea that luxury is beneficial to the laboring classes is a delusion. He proves his point by an imaginary instance, asking, if a number of persons were alone on an island, what kind of labor would be better for them, making luxurious and beautiful objects or tilling the ground and building houses. A nation is, according to Mill, only a larger instance of this illustration, and if the efforts of the workers are directed to useless purposes the country is bound to suffer in the end, however great its prosperity may seem to be for a time.

From all of which it is to be judged that Dr. Rainsford's criticism of the Bradley-Martin ball is not radical, as it has seemed.

More Business for the Barber.

Detroit Free Press.

"Where in creation is that razor of mine?" thundered Bingley, after he had wandered all over the house looking for this aid to the toilet. "You can't keep anything in this place. To try to take special care of anything is to make absolutely sure of losing it. The last time I shaved I put that razor away carefully in the upper bureau drawer, and I know it."

"Stop your ranting, Bingley," shouted his better half from a back room. "Your razor isn't lost. I have it here."

"Shaving?" retorted Bingley, in his effort to restore his own good humor.

"Don't get funny, now. I'm just using it to rip up this old sleigh robe. I'm going to clean it, darn it and make it over again."

"Great heavens, woman! Are you crazy? There's as good a razor as was ever stropped. Cost me $3.50 at wholesale. Now it isn't worth as much as a 25-cent pocket-knife. Just keep it, madam, and add it to that manicure set of yours. Haven't you sense enough to know that you would ruin the edge?"

"I haven't hurt your old razor. There's plenty of sand ground into this robe, and it's just as good as a grindstone for razors. That's what I get for trying to economize and skimp and make a lot of old trash go as far as it will. You're getting so wrinkled, anyhow, that you'd look better with a full beard."

Then Bingley got into his outdoor clothes as though he were going to a fire, slammed the front door so that the cook screamed in the kitchen, took an electric car down the avenue, stamped into a barber shop, and, when he was in the chair, told the whole story.

AMUSEMENTS.

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WHAT MARCO POLO SAW.

His Description of the Great Palace of Kublai Khan.

Noah Brooks, in St. Nicholas.

You must know that for three months of the year, to wit, December, January and February, the great khan resides in the capital city of Cathay, which is called Cambaluc, and which is at the northeastern extremity of the country. In that city stands his great palace, and now I will tell you what it is like.

It is inclosed all around by a great wall forming a square, each side of which is a mile in length, that is to say, the whole compass thereof is four miles. It is also very thick and a good ten paces in height, whitewashed and loopholed all around. At each angle of the wall there is a very fine and rich palace, in which the war harness of the emperor is kept, such as bows and quivers, saddles and bridles, and bowstrings and everything needful for an army. Also midway between every two of these corner palaces there is another of the like, so that taking the whole compass of the inclosure you find eight vast palaces stored with the great king's harness of war. And you must understand that each palace is assigned to only one kind of article; thus, one is stored with bows, a second with saddles, a third with bridles and so on in succession right around.

The great wall has five gates on its southern face, the middle one being the great gate, which is never opened on any occasion except when the great khan himself goes forth or enters. Close on either side of this great gate is a smaller one by which all other people pass, and then toward each angle is another great gate, also open to people in general; so that on that side there are five gates in all.

Inside of this wall there is a second, inclosing a space that is somewhere greater in length than in breadth. This inclosure also has eight palaces corresponding to those of the outer wall, and stored like them with the king's harness of war. This wall also has five gates on the southern face, corresponding to those in the outer wall, and hath one gate on each side of the other faces as the outer wall hath also. In the middle of the second inclosure is the king's great palace, and I will tell you what it is like.

You must know that it is the greatest palace that ever was. Toward the north it is in contact with the outer wall, while toward the south there is a vacant space which the barons and the soldiers are constantly traversing. The palace itself hath no upper story, but is all on the ground floor, only the basement is raised some ten palms above the surrounding soil, and this elevation is retained by a wall of marble raised to the level of the pavement, two paces in width, and projecting beyond the base of the palace so as to form a kind of terrace walk, by which people can pass round the building and which is exposed to view, whilst on the outer edge of the wall there is a very fine pillared balustrade; and up to this the people are allowed to come. The roof is very lofty and the walls of the palace are all covered with gold and silver. They are also adorned with representations of dragons, sculptured and gilt, beasts and birds, knights and idols and sundry other subjects. And on the ceiling, too, you see nothing but gold and silver and painting. On each of the four sides there is a great marble staircase leading to the top of the marble wall and forming the approach to the palace.

The hall of the palace is so large that it could easily dine six thousand people; and it is quite a marvel to see how many rooms there are beside. The building is altogether so vast, so rich and so beautiful that no man on earth could design anything superior to it. The outside of the roof also is all colored with vermilion and yellow and green and blue and other hues, which are fixed with a varnish so fine and exquisite that they shine like crystal and lend a resplendent luster to the palace as seen for a great way round. The roof is made, too, with such strength and solidity that it is fit to last forever.

On the interior side of the palace are large buildings with halls and chambers, where the Emperor's private property is placed, such as his treasures of gold, silver, gems, pearls, and gold plate, and in which reside the ladies of the court.

A TENDERFOOT'S LUCK.

When Sent as a Joke to a Limestone Ledge He Finds a Fortune.

Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Considerable excitement has existed for a week or more at Sundance, S. D., over a recent rich gold discovery at Bald mountain, in the Black hills, near that place. The story of the finding of the mines, from which the discoverer has already taken enough ore to make him immensely rich, reads like a fairy tale. It is as follows:

One day not long ago a man approached a party of miners at Bald mountain and stated that he was looking for work. The men told him they had nothing for him to do, whereupon he asked to be directed to good prospecting ground. He stated that he was not a miner, and knew nothing about such work. The men directed him to a large ledge of limestone about a mile and a half south, and said there was a good place. He proceeded to the place pointed out at once, where he selected a number of samples of the rock by breaking them off the ledge with a hammer. After working about the place all day he sacked his samples and started off for Deadwood, where he had the ore assayed. The assayer was the most astonished man in Deadwood, for the ore run about $200 to the ton.

The tenderfoot did not say a word, but returned to Bald mountain and located the whole country and began shipping bowlders from the top of the ground, which have made him independently rich. The people who at first were inclined to laugh at the man from the East, as he is called, are now taking up claims, and the greatest excitement exists.

The word quickly passed that all the drift was full of gold, and two new towns have already sprung up in the camp. There was a crazy run of prospectors, and surveys have now been made as far west as Bear Gulch and Nigger Hill, fifteen miles away. The diggers who first broke ground in the new field have been out but little more than a month, and it is estimated that a fortune a day has been averaged. It has been a poor man's bonanza, the mineral appearing on the surface, and the assays of the quartz taken from the surface and sent to the smelters run from $80 to $100 a ton, with frequent fissures producing as high as $300 a ton.

Ragged Top has been passed over time and again by all the men who came to Deadwood for a speculation. It is in the region close to the town, which has not been considered productive of mineral wealth, but candid miners are predicting that the golden glory of Cripple Creek is to be equaled, if not dimmed, by Ragged Top. Gold fever, which has been here for two years, is now a raging epidemic. Balmoral and Nerve City are so excited that day and night are all the same. Bankers and business men of Deadwood and neighboring cities are daily investigating and bonding new discoveries. The streets are full of strangers, who come for a day and then disappear down the gulch or across the cliffs. It is the revival of the spirit of 1849.

The Dacy mine, the leading discovery to date, is near the summit of Ragged Top. The engineer who started the work dug ten feet under the surface. The ore secured there assays $150 a ton. It is the talk of the town that the vein is pronounced practically without limit. There will be practically no cost in working it. "There are others," and the decisive news about the Dacy has made Deadwood as of old. The whole section is filled with stories of fabulous wealth, and there are assays to prove that many of the claims are not beyond the expectations of those who have rushed into the new field.

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MISS FOX WILL POSITIVELY APPEAR AT EVERY PERFORMANCE.

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Walker Whiteside

THURSDAY . . . . "Merchant of Venice."
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SAT. MATINEE . . . . "Hamlet."
SAT. NIGHT . . . . "Othello."

(Mr. Whiteside as Iago; Charles D. Herman as Othello.)

Advance Sale To-morrow at Pembroke.

PRICES—Orchestra and side boxes, $1; dress circle, 75c; balcony, 50c; gallery, 25c. Matinee—Lower floor, 50c; balcony, 25c.

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Wednesday, Feb. 10, 2:30; Thursday, Feb. 11, 2:30 and Friday, 7:30 p. m.

ADMISSION . . . . 10 CENTS

Real Estate Values in New York.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer, in the Century.

Two miles from the City Hall? Very much farther away than this stands the new Herald building, where Broadway and Sixth avenue intersect. In 1845 the city owned it site, and sold it for $9,930. The Herald now pays rent for it—for the land alone—at the rate of $60,000 a year. At the same sale, fifty years ago, a corner lot on Fifth avenue and Forty-second street brought $1,400, and in 1840 four hundred lots on Fifth avenue, above Twentieth street, were sold at prices ranging from $200 to $400. Within twenty years some of these were resold for $15,000 each, and you may guess their present worth for yourselves, remembering that business and business values have now moved into this region also.

Less than twenty years ago a much more northerly district, between Fifty-ninth and One-hundred-and-tenth streets, west of Eighth avenue, would have shown you little but rocks and puddles and predatory goats and boys. Now much more than half its surface is covered with buildings, all of a very good class, and their estimated cost has been $170,000,000. Land up here is more precious than was land two miles from the City Hall in the days of Philip Hone. And it is just as easy now as then to grow greatly richer in New York if you are already rich enough to buy little bits of its soil and to hold on to them for a little while.

Queer Taste.

Philadelphia Record.

The people of Oshkosh are to build a monument to the Indian chief from whom their town derived its cacophonous name. Wisconsin pride is easily kindled. Some towns afflicted with such a patronymic would feel more inclined to burn an effigy than to build a monument.