NEWS OF THE THEATERS

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HADING AND REJANE, FRENCH ACTRESSES, COMING HERE.

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Irving's Lyceum Theater to Be Torn Down—This Week at the Park—Notes of Music.

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Two French actresses unfamiliar to this public, Gabrielle Rejane and Jane Hading, are preparing to come to this country. Rejane's visit is a year off, but she will spend a large part of the interim adding to her repertory for her American tour. Madame Hading's is the first foreign engagement of the Independent Booking Agency, just organized, operated by Harrison Gray Fiske, James K. Hackett and Maurice Campbell. She will spend twenty weeks in this country, beginning in New York in November.

Madame Rejane was brought quickly to distinction as a young actress by Francisque Sarcey, the great French dramatic critic. Alphonse Daudet made a play of his novel, "Sappho," for her. She was the first Cyprienne in "Divorcons." Her method is the acme of Parisian realism, and when she acted in London in Berton's "Zaza," which David Belasco mangled for Mrs. Leslie Carter's use in America, the critic for the Times, A. B. Walkley, wrote of her:

"Watch the music hall 'artiste' at her toilet. How she rubs in the grease paint, unpins her false hair, dabs the powder puff over her shoulders, pulling on a pinafore the while in order not to soil her skirt. Not a detail is missed. Even when the corset is unlaced Zaza is careful to go through the pantomime of holding her breath. Having combed her hair in Act 1, she combs it again in Act 4 and offers you a further piece of minute realism by removing the loose ends of hair from the comb and throwing them out the window. Then she dusts the chairs with her uplifted petticoats, cleans the wine glasses by blowing into them, hides a hole in the tablecloth with a plate, and makes a face at the bonne about it. Then watch her in an attack of 'nerves'—see her mouth twitching, her hands clenched, listen to the shrill note gradually coming into her voice. Then sit tight in your seat for the final explosion, the total physical abandonment and degradation. It is the very thing. Coleridge had a mock apostrophe to 'Innoculation, heavenly maid.' So Madame Rejane—for Madame Rejane and Zaza are one—so Madame Rejane is the muse of hystero-epilepsy."

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The Lyceum, Sir Henry Irving's London theater, probably will be destroyed. The County Council has condemned the old playhouse, and its shareholders have refused to spend the several thousand pounds required to put it in shape to satisfy the Council. The Lyceum Company (Limited) has lost money for years, and it has been regularly reported that the company's profits from Sir Henry's American tours have kept the London house up. Now it is rumored that Charles Frohman, who has been extending his London interests, will become Sir Henry's manager. If this be confirmed it will be up to Mr. Frohman's enemies to express grave fears for Sir Henry's abilities. How shall his genius survive under the dominance of the American theatrical syndicate? Will not Mr. Frohman persuade him to impersonate Lady Macbeth, as he has arranged for Madame Bernhardt to play Romeo to Maude Adams's Juliet? In fact, it would no doubt be good policy for Irving to take Frohman as his manager. The Napoleon of the stage would heighten the prosperity of the greatest English-speaking actor. Frohman apparently is the most expert of theatrical business men; that he should be able to debase Irving's purpose is absurd. It would be a good combination.

Lawrence Irving, Sir Henry's son, is on his way to take his holiday in New York. He will translate Victorien Sardou's new Dante play for his father. Miss Terry will have a part in the play. Cecilia Loftus returns to the United States, after playing Marguerite with Sir Henry in "Faust," and will rejoin Edward H. Sothern. Sir Henry returns to this country this winter, and whether or not the Dante play is ready his welcome will be deserved. No criticism that "his plays are old" is fair. The melodramas in which he acts are of no consequence in themselves. It is a case where the actor, not the play, "is the thing." His marvelously intricate characterizations of Shylock and of the dying old soldier in "Waterloo," imbued with his fine, powerful personality, are exhibitions to be studied by the theater-goer year after year, enduring sources of inspiration. In Irving the "old school" is justified in the face of the progress of the "new movement." He is a contradiction. No matter how intensely one may hold for the naturalistic drama, one can not withhold admiration for Irving, who always is "out of drawing" in his plays, and whose plays end without having shed any new light on those painful perplexities of life as it is lived by the great, struggling public.

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John J. McNally's new farce, "The Rogers Brothers in Harvard," in which the Rogers brothers will be seen this season, tells of two young fellows that pretend to be going to college and introduce to their rich uncles as their professors two German waiters (the Rogers brothers.) The colors of all the big colleges will be used in the costumes, and the play is a burlesque on college life in general.

The farce in which Ezra Kendall will be a star this season is called "The Vinegar Buyer," and its scenes are in Indiana, the last in Indianapolis.

Walker Whiteside's new play, "In Days of Old When Knights Were Bold," deals with wars between Spaniards and Moors.

Annie Irish, who, with J. E. Dodson, will act in a new play next season, came to this country with the Kendalls in 1893 to play Ellean in Pinero's "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." She stopped in this country and played in both the Empire and Lyceum companies. She was the first Marion in "Tess o' the D'Urbervilles." She acted in this city with Mr. Dodson in "Because She Loved Him So," and with N. C. Goodwin and Maxine Elliott in "The Merchant of Venice."

English's Opera House will open on Aug. 21 with Al G. Field's minstrels. One of the early entertainments there will be Amelia Bingham's company in Haddon Chambers's "A Modern Magdalen." In the company are Wilton Lackaye, Joseph Holland, Ferdinand Gottschalk and Henry E. Dixey, who are among the best American actors.

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TWO PLAYS AT THE PARK.

"Railroad Jack" and "Nobody's Claim" to Be Acted This Week.

For the second week of its new season the Park Theater will have two melodramas, "Railroad Jack" and "Nobody's Claim." The first-named will open to-morrow, and one of its claims to distinction is a lion, which has an important part in the play. The resourceful villain, desiring to get rid of the heroine, has her thrown into the lion's cage at a circus. Just as the beast is to tear her to pieces, the tramp comedian, who was a trainer of Duke in his prosperous days, orders the lion back and is obeyed. The tramp then rescues the heroine. The villain's reason for his bloody design forms the plot of the play.

"Nobody's Claim," which will be acted during the latter half of the week, is an old favorite. Among its incidents are the flight of the 'Frisco express through a blizzard, an attack on the train by outlaws, an attack of wolves and the burning of an old mill.

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NOTES OF MUSIC.

Pianists that Will Be Available This Winter—Howells and MacDowell.

Josef Hofmann has decided not to come to this country this season, but Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Russian, and Raoul Pugno, French, will be European piano players here this winter. Gabrilowitsch has been heard in this city and Pugno should have played in Indianapolis several years ago if his train had not been delayed. Slivinski, Zeidenrust, Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler and Augusta Cottlow also will make tours.

Elsa Ruegger, 'cellist, will come over in November and after a series of concerts with the Boston Symphony Orchestra will give recitals in the larger cities.

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When Mr. W. D. Howells was a very young man—about nineteen or twenty—his idol was the German poet Heine. His admiration led him to try to write some verse in the Heine vein, says the New York Post. The result was the three romantic and picturesque poems entitled "The Sea," "Through the Meadow" and "Is it the Shrewd October Wind?" Now Heine happens to be the poet most after the heart of musical composers. Accordingly it is not surprising that, about a decade ago, Edward MacDowell's keen musical instinct led him to discover these three Howells poems and to promptly set them to music. They were printed by Breitkopf & Hartel in the collection called "Eight Songs." One of them, "The Sea," is the best song ever composed in America, and the other two are hardly inferior to it. Mr. Howells had never heard them sung until the other day, when a meeting was arranged, in a private house, between the greatest American novelist and the greatest American song composer. Mr. Howells was delighted with the songs, which took him back to the days of his youth, and gave Mr. MacDowell several other poems in the hope that they might bring equally good results. With all his arduous professional duties at Columbia University, Mr. MacDowell has found time during the past winter to compose a set of five short pianoforte pieces. They are entitled "Fireside Tales," and are dedicated to Mr. Seth Low. They will be welcomed by those who have found the MacDowell sonatas too difficult; and sympathetic pianists will find them even more fascinating and mature than the groups of short pieces entitled "Woodland Sketches" and "Sea Pieces." The fifth of the new set, entitled "By Smoldering Embers," is, indeed, as superbly original as "The Sea." It is one of those vigorous yet graceful melodies which haunt the memory day and night, and make you long ardently to hear it over and over again. What a delight to come across a composer—an American, too—who has his own vein of original melody, and whose harmonies are as fresh and up-to-date as those of Chopin, Wagner, Grieg and Liszt, without copying those masters, or indulging in orgies of cacophony, as most of the present-day German composers do, to hide their dearth of ideas.

GABRIELLE REJANE.

French Actress That Will Make a Tour of the United States in 1903-'04.

CHINESE LOVE FOR GAMBLING.

Celestials Even Bet on the Number of Seeds in an Orange.

London Mail.

One of the most comon ways of betting in China is with oranges. This goes on at the fruit stalls and also in private houses. The bet is on the number of seeds in an orange. Sometimes it is as to whether the number is odd or even, and at others as to the exact number of seeds the orange contains. If at a fruit stand, the dealer will pay the lucky guesser five times his bet, but the loser must pay the value of the orange, also five times as much as he has wagered.

Quail fighting is done on a table with a little fence about its edge. The fighting quails have been starved for some time. As they are put into the pen a few grains of wheat or rice are laid before them and they at once begin to fight over them. They are trained for the purpose, and a good fighter is worth $100 and upward.

It is the same with the crickets. Their prize rings are little bowls. The crickets have been trained. They seem to understand their master's word, and they are urged on to the combat with straws. The Chinese understand how to feed and groom the crickets for the fray. They give them honey, boiled chestnuts, and boiled rice and certain kinds of fish. They do not allow any one to smoke near them, for they think that tobacco injures them. If the crickets grow sick, they feed them upon mosquitoes and red ants.

In a cricket fight the crickets are weighed in before they are put in the ring. They are matched as to size and color. The betting is done just as carefully as at an English horse race. The stakes are held by a committee, which deducts a certain percentage for those who own the fighting houses. During the fight the gamblers grow excited. They scream and yell and hop up and down as one insect gets the better of the other, and go almost mad when one wins.

The Chinese have all sorts of games, but mostly games of chance. Even in kite-flying the boys and men—for even the men fly kites—will try to see which has the strongest string, forcing his string against the string of others to break them. In such contests the strings are often soaked with glue and dusted with powdered glass that they may cut or saw the better. At every feast, however, there are games of guessing upon which money is staked.

Crossing the Bar.

Sunset and evening star,
  And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
  When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
  Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless
    deep
  Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
  And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
  When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place,
  The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
  When I have cross'd the bar.

—Alfred Tennyson.

LONDON'S MUSIC AFFAIRS

WILHELMJ, VETERAN VIOLINIST, TO RETURN TO CONCERT STAGE.

Camille Saint-Saens, French Composer, and Jan Kubelik, Bohemian Violinist, Exchange Courtesies.

In the midst of the musical and theatrical season during the festivities in the week previous to King Edward's illness I arrived in London to remain for a brief period before proceeding to the continent in search of material for use in the approaching musical year, writes Sam Franko in the New York Sun. About a week was spent in hearing the best music offered to the London public and in meeting the resident and visiting celebrities of the profession.

Of all the people I met Americans will be most interested in Wilhelmj, who has not been in this country since his professional tour many years ago. His appearance today presents a strong contrast to the large, erect, blonde man who became so popular here. His hair is silvery white and by no means as luxuriant in its growth as formerly; he appears heavier and the elasticity of bearing of other days is absent. His features are a little coarser, but he still retains the clear eye and melodious voice.

Wilhelmj displayed much interest in the musical development of this country. He remembers all the incidents of his American sojourn and expresses the hope of coming again professionally, for it is his intention to reappear on the concert platform. This will seem strange to those who could not understand his sudden retirement soon after his American tour. Wilhelmj evades all efforts to discover the reason for his withdrawal from public view.

His resolve to court popular favor again is more easily explained. On the death of George Hart, a well-known writer on the violin, his son reluctantly sold his violin to Wilhelmj on the condition that the latter again enter the concert field.

Although Wilhelmj had been the possessor of one of the best Stradivarius violins known, he prefers his new instrument. It is a Joseph Guarnerius del Gesu, possibly the finest specimen from its maker, as beautiful in appearance as in quality. The four strings are absolutely even and the tone is mellow, powerful, brilliant. It is surely worth the price, which was about $10,000 and the abandonment of private life.

In its way the case which holds the instrument is just as beautiful, being skillfully carved and inlaid. A man was said to have spent two years in making it.

How does Wilhelmj play? With that same rich tone that won our admiration years ago and most perfect intonation. This quality is especially apparent in his clean-cut double-stopping. His repertoire probably contains few additions. Mme. Wilhelmj, an excellent pianist, accompanied her husband when he played for me.

All around Wilhelmj's room are evidences of his tastes, triumphs and associations. Violins lie all over—on the floor, on the piano; a collection of medals and decorations and framed letters from Wagner, Liszt, Buelow, Richter and other great lights hang on the walls. A powerful young English bulldog is his constant companion. The animal takes the liberties of a pampered pet, and will sometimes snatch the food which his master is about to eat.

PARAPHRASE OF "RHEINGOLD."

The great violinist devotes himself to teaching at present, and has great hopes for a few of his pupils, especially an eight-year-old girl, Sybil Keymer, who has already mastered the classic concertos and standard violin literature. It is well known that Wilhelmj is unsurpassed as an arranger for the violin; he is now working on a "Rheingold" paraphrase, some fragments of which he played for me.

One of his endearing qualities is his devotion to his ninety-year-old father, who lives at Biebrich on the Rhine. He is an enthusiastic amateur violinist, clear-headed despite his age, and is consulted by his son on all his projects.

At St. James's Hall I heard Kubelik play several times. His success was greater than ever before and the audience went wild about him. An interesting occurrence in the artists' room after one concert was the meeting there between Wilhelmj and Saint-Saens. I introduced them to each other, though the violinist reminded the composer that they had played together in Paris many years ago. In the conversation which followed I acted as interpreter, for Wilhelmj's French is as poor as Saint-Saens's German, and neither has mastered English. Wilhelmj suggested that he be allowed to prepare editions of the Rondo Capriccioso and concertos by Saint-Saens, with proper bowings and fingerings, saying that in teaching it would save making the necessary marks in every pupil's copy. To which the Parisian responded that his compositions were not written for pupils and he preferred that fingerings, bowings and any marks which would restrict the player in his interpretation be omitted. The executant's individuality should appear through the medium of the composition. "I myself never play my works twice alike."

It is likely that both musicians attended this particular concert to hear their own works. Kubelik played Saint-Saens's Rondo Capriccioso and Wilhelmj's splendid arrangement of Paganini's "Introduction, Theme and Variations."

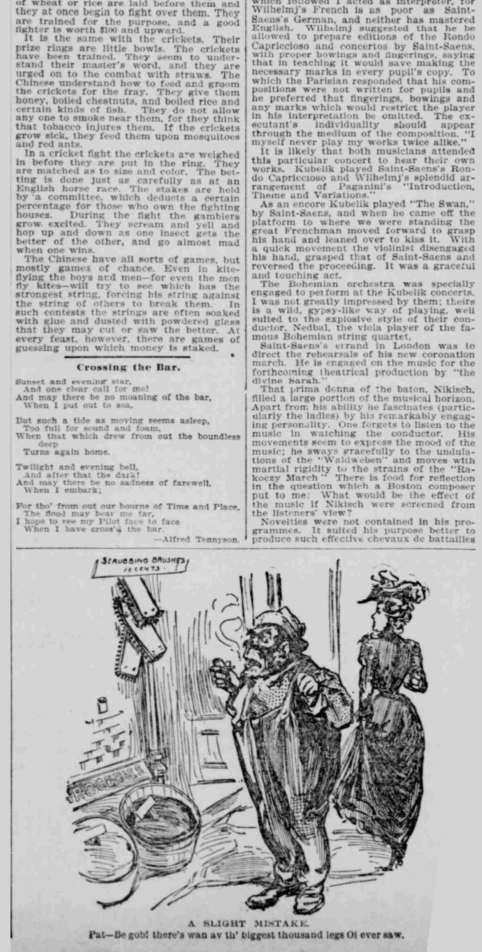
As an encore Kubelik played "The Swan," by Saint-Saens, and when he came off the platform to where we were standing the great Frenchman moved forward to grasp his hand and leaned over to kiss it. With a quick movement the violinist disengaged his hand, grasped that of Saint-Saens and reversed the proceeding. It was a graceful and touching act.

The Bohemian orchestra was specially engaged to perform at the Kubelik concerts. I was not greatly impressed by them; theirs is a wild, gypsy-like way of playing, well suited to the explosive style of their conductor, Nedbal, the viola player of the famous Bohemian string quartet.

Saint-Saens's errand in London was to direct the rehearsals of his new coronation march. He is engaged on the music for the forthcoming theatrical production by "the divine Sarah."

That prima donna of the baton, Nikisch, filled a large portion of the musical horizon. Apart from his ability he fascinates (particularly the ladies) by his remarkably engaging personality. One forgets to listen to the music in watching the conductor. His movements seem to express the mood of the music; he sways gracefully to the undulations of the "Waldweben" and moves with martial rigidity to the strains of the "Rakoczy March." There is food for reflection in the question which a Boston composer put to me: What would be the effect of the music if Nikisch were screened from the listeners' view?

Novelties were not contained in his programmes. It suited his purpose better to produce such effective chevaux de battailles



A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

Pat—Be gob! there's wan av th' biggest thousand legs Oi ever saw.

as the "Tannhauser," "Freischutz" and "Third Leonore" overtures, familiar Wagner excerpts and the "Damnation de Faust" music.

The playing of the orchestra, which was Henry Wood's, increased to 110 men, was below the standard to which Americans are accustomed.

ANCIENT MUSIC REVIVED.

No person in London artistic circles is more interesting than Arnold Dolmetsch, whose concerts of old music with instruments of bygone periods have aroused much favorable comment. During my call he rehearsed a suite by Marais (1686), for two viols de gamba (he and an associate playing these instruments) and harpsichord played by Mme. Dolmetsch. Then the latter sang two seventeenth century French songs, her husband accompanying her on the lute. Mme. Dolmetsch is a splendid performer on the harpsichord, on which she also played a sonata by Scarlatti.

There is something quaint about Dolmetsch's appearance, and he almost suggests the period whose music he plays. Americans will be introduced to him at my concerts of old music at Mr. Frohman's New Lyceum Theater this season.

At the Empire Johann Strauss, jr., holds forth with his Imperial Band. They played light music, mostly by the Strauss family, and the orchestra seems to include good musicians, but they strive in vain to achieve good results on account of the utter inability of their spiritless leader. Young Strauss is slim and conducts violin in hand, like the better known Edouard Strauss, who was here, and whom he resembles somewhat.

Concert-goers will remember Leonora von Stosch, the violinist, now Mrs. Speyer. I attended a musical function at her home and imagined myself back in New York, for the company included, besides Mr. and Mrs. Nikisch, Mrs. John E. Cowdin, Mrs. Morris Black, Fritz Kreisler and Arthur Hadley. Francois Korbay, who lived in New York for a time, was also there.

Mrs. Speyer possesses a wonderful Guarnerius, upon which she played excellently a sonata by Cesar Franck, then, with Mr. Kreisler, the double concerto by Bach, Nikisch playing the piano in both works. Mrs. Black sang some Brahms songs.

I had the best opportunities for studying musical conditions in London, and feel satisfied that a comparison with affairs here would be entirely satisfactory to Americans.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Since the close of the civil war the State of Louisiana has spent more than $30,000,000 on Mississippi levees.

Somewhere in the world there are 119,000,000 big copper pennies, but nobody appears to know where they are.

Alaska has paid its cost twenty times. It was bought for $7,200,000, and has supplied $150,000,000 in furs, fish and gold.

A young Danish author named Madsen fell down stairs in his house in Copenhagen recently and was choked to death by his high collar.

Within the last fifty years 164,589 people have emigrated from the county of Mayo, Ireland, or nearly as many as there are now inhabitants there.

Smyrna is the smartest town in Turkey so far as trade is concerned. It does a bigger business than Constantinople. It is the headquarters of the wool and of the rug and carpet trade.

Fifty-two islands have appeared (by aid of volcanic action) during the present century, and nineteen have disappeared—been submerged. This makes a net gain to the earth of thirty-three islands.

The importation of bicycles into Japan has more than doubled in the past two years, the value of the imports in 1901 being $269,027, over 95 per cent. of which came from the United States.

Of all the silks used in the United States $26,000,000 worth is imported and $107,000,000 worth home-made. The domestic silk industry employs 24,000 men, 36,000 women and 6,000 children in 483 mills, with $81,000,000 capital.

The Chinese are commonly supposed to be peace loving and harmless. The Zeitschrift fur Missionkunde, however, declares that China is the greatest warlike nation in Asia and that they are in warfare worse than the Huns.

"Of the 600 weeds and grasses growing in the Northwest," writes Prof. Thomas Shaw, "it is estimated by those who have made a study of it that sheep will eat 576 of them, while horses consume but eighty-two and cattle only fifty-six."

The English cotton manufacturers, who have for so long a time depended on the United States for their raw material, have raised a guarantee fund of $250,000 for the purpose of promoting the cultivation of cotton within the British empire.

The star Arcturus, the hottest of celestial bodies, gives us as much heat as a standard candle six miles away. This fact was ascertained by the radiometer, an instrument which will show the amount of heat given off from a man's face at 2,000 feet distance.

Lawyer Luther R. Marsh, aged ninety, once the trusting victim of Edith Loleta Montez, of Ann O'Delia Diss DeBar and purchaser of her "spook pictures," writes to a New York paper, contradicting the story that he is sick, saying that he is "hunky dory."

Thirty-five men are continually employed in painting the famous Forth bridge in Scotland. They commence operations at the south end of the bridge and proceed steadily to paint their way northward, their laborious journey occupying three years; then they begin again.

The exporting of American shoes is of comparatively recent growth. In 1895 this country exported only $1,000,000 worth of boots and shoes, but for the fiscal year 1901 it sent abroad $5,500,000 worth of boots and shoes, and England and her colonies took $4,400,000 worth of this total.

Boston is a shade more foreign than Chicago. It has 35.1 per cent. of foreign born, while Chicago has only 34.6 per cent. But New York is more foreign than either. The percentage of foreign born is 37. These three run a close race for the lead. San Francisco comes in with 31.2 per cent.

The Japanese are not a wealthy people, nor are they, even when possessed of wealth, much given to costly, extravagant or ostentatious forms of pleasure, and it is improbable that the automobile will ever become the toy of fashion or the mere pleasure vehicle that it is in Europe and America.

Judge Bland, of the St. Louis Court of Appeals, has decided that workmen must be paid in cash. He assessed a fine of $100 against an employer for paying an employe in checks payable in goods at a store instead of lawful money. The judge declared that a laborer could not, if he so desired, waive the benefits of the statute or contract them away.

Only one characteristic distinguishes the little village of Strong, Me., from the thousands of others that are scattered all over New England. That is the peculiar industry which serves to support the entire community. Strong is famous for nothing but toothpicks, but it is known in the trade as the place from which come the majority of the toothpicks that are used in the United States.

In connection with the anniversary of the Bethel Primitive Methodist Chapel, Burnley, England, a souvenir handbook containing copies of old records has been issued. A minute passed in 1834 reads: "That we do not allow young men and young women of our society to court with each other on Sunday; neither do we allow our single men and women to walk in the street together arm in arm at any time; neither do we allow them to stand at street corners chatting together." By another resolution the chapel authorities forbade girl choristers wearing bows in their bonnets.

False to the Union.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"Gentlemen," said the grand mogul of the Amalgamated Association of Workmen, "we are called upon to-day to consider the case of a man who has been false to the union."

Cries of "Who?" "Who?" "Down with him!"

"I will state the case briefly," the grand mogul went on. "You all know that our county jail has just been painted by nonunion labor, and that in consequence we have declared a boycott against it."

Cries of "Yes!" "Yes!" "Down with the jail!"

"Well, one of our members so far forgot himself as to become disorderly and get in trouble with the law. Now, in ordinary circumstances, this would not be a matter worthy of consideration here, but it so happens that this man is now patronizing the county jail, contrary to the spirit of the resolution adopted at our last meeting."

Cries of "Expel him!" and hisses.

"That's it," continued the grand mogul. "We must expel him—not for being disorderly, but for occupying a jail against which we have just cause of complaint. And in this same connection I wish to call your attention to the fact that the fence around the cemetery has been painted by nonunion labor also."

Cries of "Never die! To die is to be false to the union!"

"Precisely!" exclaimed the grand mogul. "Let that be understood! Any man who dies now thereby forfeits his membership in this union, and never again will be allowed to vote—unless, gentlemen, he is considerate enough to go elsewhere to pass away."

Thereupon the Amalgamated Association of Workmen adjourned, confident that the cause of union labor had been conscientiously, effectively and logically upheld.

YEARNING FOR PUBLICITY.

Why, for Instance, Should People Wish Their Weddings Published?

Brooklyn Eagle.

The increasing publicity that is given to private affairs may betoken an increasing brotherhood in the race that justifies every member of it in what would once have seemed like impertinent inquiries into the finances, family relations, industries and fads of every other member; or it may be denote an increasing willingness on the part of people who do not see a clear way to fame in any other direction, to attain it by opening the parlor windows that the under world may see the doings of the over world on reception and dinner nights; or it may be merely a part of modern newspaper enterprise that conceives the survival in cities of the gossiping spirit of the country. Anyhow, we have the publicity, and there is no doubt that it is increasing, like the material fortunes that occasion the most of it.

In no other thing do we find so remarkable an exploitation of affairs that are none of the public's business as in weddings. It cannot be alleged that there is anything uncommon about weddings. They are happening every hour, all over the world, and they involve in happiness or trouble every sort and shade of people. They are not quite so usual as births and deaths, but they are almost. One would think that they deserved no more advertising than does the conduct of a grocery or the taking of a vacation. Yet, if either party to the marriage contract has a certain number of dollars, be sure that the outer world will know all about the wedding. We shall have full reports of what is worn, the food at the breakfast will be described, critical comment on the frock coats and coatless frocks of the invited will be furnished by experts, there will be a complete list of that noble army of standbys known as "among those present," bride and groom will be watched as they enter the church, and if either of them flinches or repents or cuts a caper of joy, the report will be sent to a syndicate of newspapers all over the land, and, finally, there will be pictures of the bride, the groom, the parents of both, the house of each family, the house or hotel of the young couple, the decorated dining room, the church, the table covered with presents, and at least one enterprising paper has beaten various contemporaries by furnishing pictures of the bride's most intimate raiment.

Well, if the persons in interest like this kind of thing they have plenty of what they like. Yet there is a lingering and old-fashioned sentiment that private affairs, like funerals, weddings, christenings, receptions, balls and dinners, concern only participants and relatives, and as there is a certain similarity in these functions, which enables the reader to draw inferences from verbal outlines, there need be at least no extended dscription. Probably a few people employed in monotonous tasks at low wages like to read about the way people of monotonous leisure make tasks for themselves by the distribution of high incomes, just as it is said that the most confirmed readers of society news in London are the servants, but to the mass of Americans it can matter little whether Miss Smythe-Perkins goes to the altar in a white organdie with mauve swiss biased on the etamine, or in a purple velour garnished with percales and foulards sewed in the gores. Nor can the parents of Miss Smythe-Perkins, nor the husband of her, conceive how the public can be lifted or educated or amused or in anywise interested in the matter, yet, for some reason there is an even greater tendency to exploit the private doings of private families and open the doors of private houses to the gaze of the unrelated multitude.

Is it worth while, as a matter of news, and is the tendency commendable? Does not the giving of national publicity to affairs that are of only personal or local consequence tend to invasions of privacy that sometimes encroach on right and decency, and also intensify that struggle for notice on the part of those who by endowment, occupations, aims, or charities have done nothing to deserve it? And, as rich families increase and the papers are more and more filled with accounts of their eating, drinking, driving and giving of parties, will not the people who are busy about matters of more consequence sicken of it and ask for a return to the publication of news? If so, the evil is one that will cure itself.

AN OLD-FASHIONED CELLAR.

It Afforded a Glimpse of Good Housekeeping and Generous Providing.

Mrs. Farley, in New York Observer.

Are there any housekeepers who would not be willing to exhibit their cellars? My mother's cellar was never on exhibition, and I have no recollection of any company ever seeing it. But if it had been on exhibition, competing for a prize for cleanliness and orderliness, it would have won it.

There were two kitchens in my old home. The entrance to the cellar was from the winter kitchen. Opening a door from the latter one faced a flight of comfortable stairs, painted a rather dark shade of yellow, and immaculately clean.

On the right side, even with the top step, was a long, narrow shelf, as clean and shining as the stairs. At the end of this narrow shelf, was a short, broad one, extending across the stairway and within easy reach from the stairs. These two shelves were most convenient places for many things in constant demand. At the foot of the stairs was the main room, that is, the room most used. It had a smooth, hard cement floor and was lighted by a screened window in summer.

On one side was an open closet (or I might designate it a set of shelves), neatly painted drab. These shelves were a safe place for jars of fruit, bowls of preserves, glasses of jellies, pickles of various kinds and many other good things.

In the center of this room there was a substatial "swing shelf" (painted like the side shelves), on which (I still see them) were big platters of old-fashioned pink and blue ware. On one of these platters there were rolls of fresh, sweet, golden butter, the best than could be made. On another there were rolls of sausages or slices of delicious ham. This shelf also was the place for the new laid eggs, the freshly-boiled ham, the cold roast beef, or fowls, etc.

On the cool, clean floor in a secluded place there were several covered jars. The contents of these varied, but one would often find in one of them, tender, sliced beets in alternate layers with good cider vinegar. Sometimes one would find among the pickled beets, a few hard-boiled eggs, peeled but left whole. Sometimes one would find small white onions with the beets.

In another jar, there was apple-butter. In others pickled pig's feet, or head-cheese, or tripe, or all of these. In one big jar were whole red tomatoes, that had been picked when just beginning to turn red and had ripened in the jar. Short stems were left on these and the vinegar over them was only moderately sour. Bits of horseradish were mingled with the tomatoes,

BIBLICALLY CORRECT.

Mother—Why, Johnny, what on earth you howling about now?

Johnny—Dat Smiff boy stole me br an' when I ast him t' give it back t' he give he a swat wid a rock!

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Oil Sardines, per box	3½c
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Sweet Pickles, per doz	5c
Sour pickles, 3 doz for	10c
Good Prunes, per lb	4c
Dried Apricots, per lb	10c
Rumford's Baking Powder, per lb. can	20c
Climax Baking Powder, per lb. can	12c
Best Nutmegs, per doz	2c
Heinz's Catsup, 25c size	12½c
Best Shredded Cocoanut, per lb	10c
Best Egg Noodles, per lb	5c
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Best Broken Macaroni, per lb	3½c
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Nine o'Clock, a 5c package	2c
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New Illustrated Catalogue Mailed Free.

also whole allspice, and over all were some horse-radish leaves. These would keep from season to season, unless they were all eaten, which was likely to be the case.

One of the most delicious relishes ever found in these covered jars, were the stuffed mangoes. A whole one was often served on the table and what an array of good things were found in it, tiny white onions, little green radish pods, baby cucumbers, nasturtiums, small green and yellow tomatoes, shredded cabbage, white mustard seed, small green beans, etc.

There never was an unwholesome odor in the cellar. On the contrary, the atmosphere was charged with the appetizing scent of good things. One step up to the left of the room and one was in a small hall lighted by a window. On one side of this hall were bins for potatoes, and a variety of vegetables, such as pumpkins, squashes, cabbages, carrots, onions, beets, "Carolina potatoes," as the sweet potatoes were then called. On the opposite side of the hall was the receptacle for apples. Oh, those apples! Barrels of them! Spitzenburgs, greenings, russets, pound-sweets, etc.

From the main cellar going straight ahead from the foot of the stairs, a door into what mother called the cellar-kitchen. This room was light, having three windows and a glass topped door, leading to an outside stairway of stone.

No one could enter the cellar in my old home, without being impressed with two things, viz., that father was a wise and generous "provider," and that mother was the soul of cleanliness, orderliness and hospitality; also, that both of them looked well to the way of the household.

Maeterlinck Condemned.

New York Evening Post.

Maurice Maeterlinck's admirable play "Monna Vanna" only needed the condemnation of the British Matron, which it now virtually has, in the refusal at London of a license for a public performance. This gives to the London censorship the unenviable distinction of condemning as unfit for public presentation not only one of the most beautiful, but also one of the most genuinely moral plays of modern times. One is glad to learn that the French company which had come to London to give the play are not to be sent back as purveyors of an indecent performance. They will play before an improvised "Maeterlinck Society," the members of which have hired a theater and subscribed for all the seats. Such a private performance is not under the licenser's jurisdiction. The ladies and gentlemen who constitute the Maeterlinck Society are constructively in the position of organized promoters of the licentious drama. We imagine that they will bear rather proudly what would usually be an unenviable distinction. Official censors are infallibly condemned to Dogberryism. Their office exaggerates their scent for the morally offensive, while it dulls their wits. The imminence of the coronation may have made the London licenser doubly vigilant and ridiculous. Certainly the historian will find not a little grotesque the suppression of Maeterlinck's ideal drama, at a time when London is troubled over the brutality of its "hooligans." The Parisians will appreciate the courtesy which permits a private performance when a public one would be scandalous.

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