Richard Mansfield's Presentation of "Julius Caesar" at English's Saturday.

At the Theaters & Affairs Musical

News and Gossip of the Activities of Stage Folk and Musicians. . . . .

TWO PLAYERS IN "THE WAY OF THE WORLD"

MISS ELSIE DE WOLFE.

MISS IRENE HOBSON.

Clyde Fitch's comedy will be acted at English's on Thursday and Friday evenings.

PRINCIPALS IN "EMPIRE SHOW" AT THE GRAND

MISS NORA BAYES.
Singer.

JAMES J. CORBETT.
With stories of his experiences.

MISS INEZ MACAULEY.
With Hal Davis in a sketch.

RICHARD MANSFIELD

He will present his production of Shakspeare's "Julius Caesar" at English's on next Saturday evening.

THIS WEEK'S PLAY BILLS

THREE WIDELY DIFFERENT OFFERINGS AT ENGLISH'S OPERA HOUSE.

"The Empire Show" at the Grand—Melodrama at the Park—Variety at the Empire.

On Saturday evening of this week Richard Mansfield will present at English's Opera House his production of Shakspeare's tragedy of "Julius Caesar." It has inspired a great deal of popular interest elsewhere—as Mr. Mansfield's work always inspires such interest—and new admiration has been expressed for the richness of the stage settings. Mr. Mansfield as Brutus is, of course, the center of attention. The play is in five acts. The first is a public place in Rome on the occasion of the feast of the Lupercal. The second act has three scenes—the garden before the house of Marcus Brutus on the night of the conspiracy, the house of Julius Caesar and a street in Rome. Act 3 has two scenes—the capitol, wherein occurs the death of Caesar, and the forum. The fourth act takes place in Brutus's tent at the camp near Sardis. The fifth act has three scenes—the wooded plain of Philippi, a tableau of the battle of Philippi and the place of Brutus's death. The tragedy is cast as follows:

Julius Caesar	Arthur Greenway
Octavius Caesar	Alfred Mansfield
Marcus Antonius	Arthur Forrest
Caius Cassius	Barry Johnstone
Marcus Brutus	Mr. Mansfield
Casca	W. H. Denny
Trebonius	A. G. Andrews
Metellus Cimber	Henry Wenman
Decimus Brutus	Earnest C. Warde
Legarius	E. G. Fitzgerald
Popilius Lena	Edwin Holland
Publius	W. T. Simpson
Cinna	William J. Sorelle
Cicero	Grant Mitchell
Artemidorus	Henri Laurent
Cinna, a poet	Firmen Test
Lucilius	M. C. Tilden
Metenius	A. G. Anson
Messala	Clarence Cochran
Volumnius	Hamilton Coleman
Lucius	Miss Mona Harrison
Varro	Philip Stokes
Clitus	S. M. Hendricks
Claudius	J. E. Delmar
Strato	Octave Lozon
Dardanius	Frazer Smith
Pindarus	Clarence White
First citizen	Paul Wiggins
Second citizen	Carl Ahrendt
Third citizen	Frank Mason
Fourth citizen	F. X. Baron
Calpurnia	Miss Maude Hoffman
Portia	Miss Dorothy Hammond

Senators, soldiers, citizens, runners, standard bearers, guards, attendants and others.

Other Plays at English's.

On Thursday and Friday evenings, at English's, "The Way of the World," a play of New York's "smart set" by Clyde Fitch, will be acted by Miss Elsie De Wolf and her company. It was current a large part of last season in the East. Miss De Wolf has not acted in this city for several years, but since she has been directing a company she has gained a reputation for lively and externally veracious representations of "society life" as it appears in novels and on the stage.

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"'Way Down East," a conventional play of New England country life, will be presented at English's on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings and Wednesday afternoon. It is familiar here. Very few changes have been made in the cast, and Archie Boyd and Phoebe Davies lead the company.

The Grand—Vaudeville.

"The Empire Show," so named because its promoters form the management of the Empire Theater, of Cleveland, will supply the vaudeville bill at the Grand Opera House this week. At its head is James J. Corbett, pugilist, turned monologuist, who is credited with a list of new stories of his experiences and travels. His associates are Miss Inez Macauley and Hal Davis, in a sketch; the three Meers, European acrobats, who are making their first tour of this country; the Permane Brothers, French grotesques and dancers, who also are strangers; Miss Nora Bayes, singer; Raymond and Coverley, German comedians; Edward F. Reynard, a ventriloquist well known and liked here, and Clayton Kennedy and Miss Mattie Rooney, dancers. The show, differently composed, was at the Grand last season, and the management of the house presents it as one of its best offerings for the season.

The Park—Two Plays.

The Park Theater will have two melodramas this week. The first is "In Convict Stripes," and its principal scene is a Southern convict camp. During the latter half of the week Howard Hall and his company will present "The Man Who Dared," in which a cage of lions is used to heighten excitement. This was one of last season's attractions at the Park.

The Empire—Variety.

Robert Manchester's "Cracker Jacks" will give the combination of vaudeville and musical farce at the Empire Theater this week. The principal members of the company are Bob Van Osten, James F. Collins and Kelly and Adams, comedians; the Mayo Sisters, singers; Collins and North, parodists; the Glockers, baton jugglers, and Harvey Parker, the wrestler, who offers $25 to any comer that he fails to throw in fifteen minutes.

NOTES OF THE STAGE.

Future Entertainments at English's—George Ade's Opera.

For next week English's Opera House announces one new play and two familiar ones. On Wednesday and Thursday Miss Bertha Galland and her company will present "Notre Dame," a dramatization by Paul Potter of Victor Hugo's romance, "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." It was produced last season at Daly's Theater, New York. On Monday and Tuesday evenings Frank Daniels and his company will offer again "Miss Simplicity," one of last winter's musical comedies. Robert Marshall's comedy of "A Royal Family" will be acted on Friday and Saturday, with Miss Percy Haswell in the role of the Princess Angela, made known here by Miss Annie Russell.

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Henry Miller has decided to act in "Heartsease" during this season.

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Miss Blanche Walsh has opened her season in "The Daughter of Hamilcar," a play by Stanislaus Stange based on Flaubert's "Salambo."

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Some time ago it was reported that Kyrle Bellew would act in Shakespeare plays next season, but now it is announced that he will impersonate Raffles in a play to be made from Mr. Hornung's "Amateur Cracksman" stories.

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George Ade's operatic satire, "The Sultan of Sulu," will be presented at English's on Nov. 18 and 19. Henry W. Savage, who produced the piece, is now in Europe with Mr. Ade. In the middle of the winter they will put out another musical comedy, entitled "Peggs from Paris."

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In The Theatre for November the announcement is made that Jacob Adler, the eminent Hebrew actor, of New York, will shortly emerge from the Bowery and appear in a Broadway theater, acting in English the roles that have made him famous, King Lear, Shylock, etc. Harry Tyrrell gives an interesting review of Adler's many years of success in this country. What is the process a play goes through from the time it is conceived by the author to the evening the curtain rises on the first performance? Harry P. Mawson, the dramatist, writes on this subject an article, illustrated with pictures taken specially. One of the substantial successes of the present season has been won by Ethel Barrymore, the clever daughter of the famous Drew-Barrymore family. W. De Wagstaffe has an interview with this young actress, and Burr McIntosh illustrates it. An interesting experiment in New York theatrical life is the Children's Theater, founded some time ago at Carnegie Hall by Franklin H. Sargent. Children are the actors in this little playhouse, a full account and pictures of which appear in this issue of the Theater. Lawrence Gilman writes of America's leading composers, discussing the work of Edward MacDowell, Horace W. Parker, Henry Holden Huss and Frank Van der Stucken, and Emily Grant Von Tetzel writes of Mascagni's first appearance in America. The number contains many pictures, including full page plates of Virginia Harned in "Iris" and Blanche Walsh in her new play, "The Daughter of Hamilcar." There are also scenes from "The Two Schools," "A Country Girl," "A Rose o' Plymouth," "The Ninety and Nine," "A Country Mouse," "Everyman," "An American Invasion," "The Sword of the King," and portraits of John Blair, Edith Wynne-Matthieson, Weedon Grossmith, Ossip Gabrilowitch, Oscar Asche, Edna Wallace-Hopper and Jerome Sykes.

"THE ETERNAL CITY."

The Deep Impression Hall Caine's Play Has Made in London.

London World.

AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

(It is the night of the first performance of Mr. Hall Caine's "The Eternal City," and Everybody-who-is-Anybody is neatly and compactly blended with Everybody-Else.)

IN THE STALLS.

Everybody-who-is-Anybody (as the overture begins)—All the music has been specially composed by Mascagni.

Everybody-Else—Really! How very interesting!

Everybody-who-is-Anybody (recalling certain preliminary bars)—Nobody but he could so well convey the sunshine and sound of bells so characteristic of Roman life.

Everybody-Else—Of course not. How delightful!

(Both proceed to expatiate on this alluring topic is such loud tones that not a single note of the music is heard by anybody.)

IN THE PIT.

(The curtain has risen and various guests are announced, while the British and American plenipotentiaries discuss Italian affairs in a way that would turn M. Pelletan green with envy.)

Non-First-Nighter (in an awestruck whisper)—Ten million copies of the book were sold before publication, weren't they?

First-Nighter (unruffled) — A hundred thousand, I think.

Non-First-Nighter—Oh, I daresay. I suppose I must have miscounted the noughts. Did he get a decoration?

First-Nighter—No, but lots of the other islanders did.

IN THE SMOKING SALOON.

(After the end of the Second Act.)

Earnest Student of the Drama (indignantly)—It's all jolly fine, but I remember perfectly well when Fechter played—

Flippant Person (mercifully intervening)—I say, have you seen Alexander in "If I Were King Street?" Brilliant idea, incorporating the address of your theater in the name of your play. Saves such a lot of trouble with your cabby. Suppose Irving, now, when he had the Lyceum, had played "If I Were Wellington Street," or George Giddens were to open the Royalty with "If I Were Dean Street?"

Cynical Person—Or suppose Mr. Rankin and Miss O'Neill reopened the Adelphi with "If I Were Strand—ed?"

(The Earnest Student of the Drama discovers that this is no place for him.)

IN THE DRESS CIRCLE.

Naive Lady—Rather odd, isn't it, introducing the Pope?

Well-informed Man—Well, you see, no personal reference is intended. The action of the drama is cast in the future. It says so on the programme.

Naive Lady—Oh, the future, is it? Now I know why it is so easy to get on to the telephone without ringing up a number, or bothering about any exchange, or saying who you are, or anything. I suppose it will be like that some day.

Well-informed Man (dryly)—No doubt.

IN THE BAR.

First Refresher—Hanged if I can get at the story of the thing! Almost beginning to wish I'd read the book. I suppose you've read it?

Second Refresher—Oh, yes; I read it when it came out.

First Refresher—You're lucky. Of course, you know what all this is about, then?

Second Refresher—To tell you the honest truth, I don't.

Third Refresher (joining them)—I say, old chap, you've read the book. Can you explain to me why—

Second Refresher (hurriedly)—Excuse me a moment. There's a man over there I must have a word with.

(He hastens off in search of an imaginary friend.)

IN THE GALLERY.

First Member of the Proletariat—Well, I've seen a lot o' stige triles in my time, but never nothink to come near this one. Why, there ain't hevidence to 'ang a dawg on!

Second Member of the Proletariat—Well, it may be orl right, yer know. They do these things so different abroad. Look at that Dreyfuss business now.

First Member (judicially)—Well, yer miy be right, but all I can siy is that there'd be an orful row if they tried that sort o' gime on at Bow street, an' don't yer firget it.

AT THE CLOSE.

(Mr. Tree, in response to calls for Author, comes forward and mentions that Mr. Hall Caine is not in the house.)

Simple Maiden—Oh, I am so disappointed! I did so want to see him! I suppose it is so late that he has had to catch his last train home to Clapton.

Her Escort—Clapton! He doesn't live there. He lives in an island somewhere or other.

Simple Maiden—Oh, yes, of course! How silly I am! But it's an easy mistake to make, isn't it?

(He agrees that no error could be more natural.)

AT SUPPER AFTERWARDS.

One Who Has Been There (trying to narrate the plot)—Well, then, it turns out after all that David Rossi isn't David Rossi at all, but David Leone, at least, that is to say, he is David Pius X, and that when he says he is going to throw himself into the Taber—I mean the Tiber—he doesn't do it, but quite another person, Bruffo Rocco, who hasn't got anything to do with the play, does commit suicide. Well, then, Roma Volonna, who, as far as I could make out, isn't really Roma Volonna, but Roma something else, and is the ward, et cetera, of Corelli—I mean Bonelli—she Maries—I mean marries—Rossi, of whatever his name is, or doesn't marry him—I don't know which—and then says that Rossi has done something he hasn't done, and confesses that she has done something she hasn't done—oh, bother! Waiter, get me another kidney.

Another One Who Has Been There (coming up to the table)—Well, what chance is there for "The Eternal City?"

One Who Has Been There—There is the Eternal Suburb.

AUTHOR OF "THE ETERNAL CITY"

Mr. Caine has come from England to see Viola Allen and her company present his dramatization of his latest novel, "The Eternal City."

MR. WHITESIDE AS SHYLOCK.

He Is to Appear in an Elaborate Production of "Richelieu."

Mr. Whiteside gave his interpretation of the Jew in "The Merchant of Venice" at English's yesterday afternoon. His characterization has gained in authority, and what remains is to work out the detail. While the Shylock of Henry Irving is available any other actor in the part is at a disadvantage, but "art is long," and Mr. Whiteside's work always shows the effect of his studious, earnest intention. For this presentation of "The Merchant of Venice" there is appropriate musical accompaniment and full stage settings. Miss Wolstan is the Portia. Last evening another performance of "Richard III" was given.

Next spring Mr. Whiteside will appear in New York in the name part of "Richelieu" and will devote all of next season to that work. F. C. Whitney, a producing manager, is to give Mr. Whiteside a large and able corps of assistants and the play will have elaborate scenery.

MISS ANNA GLOCKER.
With the "Cracker Jacks" at the Empire this week.

BURNING OIL IN A COOKSTOVE.

Saturated Sand Suggested Instead of Brick.

New York Tribune.

A number of efforts have been made to devise a way to burn kerosene for cooking and heating without purchasing special stoves. The emergency which requires the use of such fuel everybody hopes may prove short, and it is natural to feel more or less reluctance about investing from $5 to $8 in apparatus which may possibly be needed only a week or two. The instinct which dictates such economy and foresight is commendable, even if those who are actuated thereby are too sanguine about the solution of the coal question.

Mention has twice been made in these columns of the experiment of soaking a pourous brick in oil and then lighting it. A correspondent of the Tribune, writing from Marathon, N. Y., describes another plan, which is especially adapted to service in the kitchen, although it could probably be so modified as to be useful in living rooms as well. He says:

Fill a shallow tray, long or short as desired, with common beach sand, to a depth of two inches or more. The quantity should depend on circumstances. Pour in kerosene. As soon as the sand is saturated light the oil, and it will burn with a steady surface light for a long time. A little practice will enable one to adjust the depth of the sand and the amount of oil to the character of the work required of it.

Although the writer does not say so, he evidently intends that the tray shall be placed on the empty grate of stove or range. The plan is practicable, and may be an improvement on the one which employs a brick, or several pieces of brick, in that it would probably involve less waste of oil in preparing the fuel for use. On the other hand, it calls for an extra bit of furniture—a tray. One cannot always be found at a moment's notice in a kitchen, although it is probable that a baking tin or dripping pan of the right shape and size might be used for this purpose. Unfortunately, the Tribune's correspondent does not say what the effect of the fire would be on such an article, and whether it would be injured thereby. Even if the tray were rendered unsuitable for other service, yet it would cost less than an oil stove.

The Passing of the Squirrel.

Chicago Tribune.

Fashion has put its mark of approval on squirrel skins, and thus the seal of doom has been set on the squirrel. Already it is said the visible supply of the little gray and red pelts in the United States has been exhausted and Europe is being called upon to supply the squirrel fur for the American market. While there has been a struggle to save the birds from the maw of fashion there never has been formed a society for the saving of squirrel skins, nor any other kind of skins for that matter, for the backs of their rightful owners. The seal, the otter, the mink and the beaver are going, the silver fox has gone, and now every trap in the land is to be set and every gun shotted that the squirrel may go the way of the rest. For future generations the time-honored question of whether the hunter goes around the tree and the squirrel or the tree alone must needs be changed by the substitution of something else for the nimble squirrel, who knows enough to keep the bole of the tree between him and the man who is after his life. The chatter so like the cracking of frosty boughs that came to us from the top of the shellbark tree will come to us no more. The woods will lose one of their chief attractions. But what matters it, for must not my lady be kept warm? And if the seals are dead, why then there are the squirrels.

HEROINE OF "THE ETERNAL CITY"

Hall Caine's book-play, with Miss Allen as Roma, E. J. Morgan as Rossi and E. M. Holland as the Pope, is now being presented in the East.

IN THE FIELD OF MUSIC

A THEODORE THOMAS ORCHESTRA WITHOUT MR. THOMAS.

The Scheme Sharply Discussed by a Chicago Magazine—The Great Conductor Not to Travel Again.

Theodore Thomas has made formal announcement to the trustees of the Chicago Orchestra that he will conduct no more concerts out of Chicago. He is quoted as saying in his letter that the out-of-town concerts have not lessened the financial burden of the orchestra's guarantors, and he will not in the future undergo the fatigue and annoyance of travel uselessly. He may decide to take general charge of the music department of the University of Chicago, in addition to his work with the orchestra. The October number of Music, edited in Chicago by W. S. B. Mathews, has the following comment on the matter:

The situation could easily be met if the trustees were in position to employ a competent young second conductor, who could relieve Mr. Thomas of some of the burden. There are, however, grave difficulties in this problem, since any conductor forceful enough to be of any use as in conducting rehearsals and out-of-town engagements, would surely be an artist of originality, which of itself would render him not useless to Mr. Thomas, but absolutely antipathetic. It has always been so during Mr. Thomas's career. Mention has been made before of the promotion of one of the second violas, a Mr. Stock, to the conductor's position, whenever the solo artist chanced to be unpalatable to Mr. Themas. Mr. Stock, about whom nothing is publicly known, is most likely a fair violinist, an industrious routine musician, and perhaps the last person likely to develop ideas capable of anatgonizing those of his veteran chief. This being the case, local managers are placing festival engagements for forty men of the symphony orchestra under Mr. Stock as leader, to play under the trade name of "The Theodore Thomas Orchestra." The engagements are being taken in the country because the name of Theodore Thomas is so very influential a trademark, and this is supposed to be an easier proposition to finance than an orchestra of the same size under any real director, such as Mollenhauer, Spiering or even Rosenbecker. It deserves to be mentioned, however, that the game is dangerously suggestive of fraud. There is no "Theodore Thomas Orchestra" excepting when Mr. Thomas holds the baton. * * * Their accompaniments to the Apollo concerts, and in all the other engagements without Mr. Thomas, have always been criticised for the total lack of esprit de corps and artistic feeling manifested by these men, even when the selection of players contained the concert master and the best players. I do not speak of the artistic qualities of Mr. Stock's interpretations, for they have not yet been revealed. He has literally no reputation as an effective orchestral chief. It is, therefore, to the last degree unlikely that these festival engagements will prove satisfactory or that the symphonies and important overtures given will turn out in any degree inspiring. Even with such a conductor as Arthur Mees, a man vastly above this Mr. Stock in ability, the work was only conventional. What will it be now?

The Mr. Stock spoken of prepared the chorus for last spring's musical festival in this city, and he has directed the Chicago Orchestra in accompaniments for different soloists here. He is a painstaking musician, but, as Mr. Mathews says, he is not an orchestral chief of any effectiveness. It is difficult to believe that Mr. Thomas will countenance this traveling orchestra being announced as "The Theodore Thomas Orchestra." If it shall appear so, the solution will seem to be that Mr. Thomas is unaware of the deception.

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Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler is playing in Germany, and her emotional, sensitive method seems to have pleased the concert-goers there. The fact that she has taken a place among the leading pianists of this time should be a joy to American musicians.

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Augusta Zuckerman, fifteen years old, played Liszt's Hungarian fantasia with Walter Damrosch's Orchestra at Pittsburg on Oct. 14. She, like every other child that has been called a "phenomenon," is said to promise to develop into a great pianist.

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In comparing the pianists, Raoul Pugno and Vladimir de Pachmann, W. J. Henderson has written in the New York Sun:

Pachmann and Pugno are not so far apart in technical equipment as the casual observer might fancy. Both are fundamentally specialists in scale passages. Both are experts in finger technic. Both can sweep the keyboard in runs and arpeggois with the perfect smoothness and grace of the swallow skimming the surface of a lake. But Pugno has a fiery strength which Pachmann never displays, and it is in the sudden outbursts of this force that the Frenchman errs.

His fortissimo is explosive. It startles the hearer, and that, too, in the wrong places. Pachmann used to try to amaze us with an exaggerated pianissimo. He even tried to trick us by moving his fingers when they were a fraction of an inch above the keys, thus causing every ear to strain to catch the last sound of a diminuendo which had already died away into silence. Pugno is no trickster; he is an honest artist. But his forte outbreaks are just as sensational in their way as Pachmann's piano passages.

Mr. Pugno will play Schubert's "Wanderer" fantasia before he leaves us. He played it when he was here five years ago and with it affected his hearers not a little. It is a seldom-played composition. Conrad Ansorge made a real success with it years ago. Mr. Pugno played it admirably in 1897, but his performance was marred by the same idiosyncrasies as were noted at his concert of last Tuesday evening. How is it that these prominent public artists, having once acquired bad mannerisms, never do anything to get rid of them?

The discouraging truth appears to be that they disbelieve all criticism which is not complimentary. The person who can go into details in a laudation of the art of a Nordica or a De Reszke or a Pugno is at once set down by those great artists as a master critic. But if he goes into details as to mistakes or radical defects of their art he is declared to be wrong. No doubt Mr. Pugno has heard about his failings, but he laughs all such news to scorn. He is a musician, and they all do it.

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The Maennerchor will give the first concert of its season on Nov. 14. Besides the choruses, under the direction of Franz Bellinger, there will be solos by Miss Lillian J. Adam, Miss Edith Stanton Brown and Clarence Veeder Nixon. Miss Adam will sing an aria from Weber's "Der Freischutz." Mr. Nixon will play three MacDowell compositions—"Perpetual Motion" (Op. 46), a romance (Op. 39 and a polonaise (Op. 46.) Miss Brown, violinist, will play Edward German's "Henry VIII Dances." Julius Burkhardt and Emil Steinhilber will have solos in the choral works.

The Long and the Short of It.

New Orleans Times Democrat.

"Walking with a short-legged man is one of the most tiresome things in the world," said the man with lengthy limbs, "and somehow it is always my lot to fall in with a man of this build when I have any considerable distance to walk. Why this is so I do not know, but it is so nevertheless. Other men built as I am have told me the same story, and have declared that walking under such circumstances is the most laborious work imaginable. I have had some military training, and this thing of keeping step is natural with me. I simply have to keep step, no matter who I am with or under what circumstances. Imagine a fellow with legs like mine keeping step with a man whose head scarcely gets to the pit of the arms! Yet I do it. Under ordinary conditions one of my strides would make six for the man of the size indicated, so I am forced to cut one step up into six parts. Can you imagine anything more tiresome, more physically exhausting? If there is anything worse in this respect I have failed to find it, and yet this is exactly the thing I am constantly forced to endure." Said the man with short legs: "Did you ever walk around with one of these fellows who parade around on stilts with which nature has provided them? Tiresome? Well, I should say so. Most tiresome thing in the world. One likes to keep step, you know, and yet a man of my build is forced to do a hop, skip and jump turn in order to keep up. These long-legged fellows simply run me to death, and somehow it always falls to me to be thrown with a man with legs like telegraph poles." And a few moments later the long man and the short man were walking down the street "side by each," as the Dutchman would say.

How the Earth Changes.

John Fiske in Harper's Magazine.

How does one generation of men succeed another? The fathers are not swept away in a body to make room for the children, but one by one the old drop off and the young come on, till a day is reached when none of those remain that once were here. How does some form of human speech become extinct? About a hundred years ago an old lady named Dolly Dentreath died in Cornwall. She could speak the Cornish language; after her death there was nobody that could. Thus quietly did the living Cornish language become a dead language; and in a like unobtrusive manner have been wrought the most of the new becomings which have changed and are changing the earth.