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WORLDLINGS.

W. R. Thurston, of Gloucester County, Va., has a curiosity in the shape of a cast-off oyster-man's shoe to which fifty-six living oysters have attached themselves.

Mary Anderson's mother, Mrs. Griffin, has but a slight trace of her daughter's good looks. She is a tall, rather stout lady, dark complexioned and with black hair.

From having been the dirtiest city in the United States Pittsburg has become one of the cleanest, the change being due to the burning of natural gas in place of coal.

It is estimated that the fortune of Phil Armour, the great Chicago pork-packer, is at least $50,000,000, yet he still works harder than any of his clerks. He reaches his desk by 7 in the morning, and frequently remains at it for thirteen hours.

Our Charitable Readers.

THE EVENING WORLD printed yesterday an appeal from a poor and deserving girl for an artificial eye. She recently lost the one she had, and with no means of buying another she found it difficult to obtain employment. Our generous-hearted readers promptly responded, and we have already received several orders for an artificial eye of the best make. The wants of the poor girl will be supplied this afternoon, and to-morrow THE EVENING WORLD will print some interesting particulars about the matter.

A Tough Who Made a Mistake in Choosing a Victim.

A curious little incident occurred in Broadway the other day.

A well-dressed man was strolling along, reading a newspaper as he walked. He was absorbed in his reading, yet he steered trough the crowd with unerring instinct, avoiding collision with the rushing pedestrians.

A big tough was swaggering along in the opposite direction.

He espied the gentleman reading the paper and deliberately ran into him.

The gentleman naturally thought himself the one at fault and apologized.

The tough blustered up, put on an injured look and called out:

"Yer want to look where yer goin' and not go buckin' into people that way. Say, what did yer run into me for?" And he looked as if he meditated an assault.

The gentleman again said he was sorry for the accident, but with a flash of the eye remarked that the tough had better cease his bluster, as he was not hurt. If, however, he was looking for fight, the gentleman said he should be very happy to accommodate him then and there.

The tough saw he had bitten off more than he could conveniently masticate and growlingly withdrew.

LOVE IN A DIME MUSEUM.

The Sou[illegible]ful Life Romance of the Fat Woman and the Living Skeleton.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

"Flossie, [illegible] yield to the magic of your charms. I lay [illegible] my heart and my fortune at your feet."

The eager, passion[illegible]ate voice [illegible] of the [illegible] was that [illegible]ue living skeleton. He [illegible] addressing the fat woman.

"I would cherish you, oh, so tenderly, Flossie," he went on, pleadingly. "Give me the right to shield and protect you from the perils of life's tempestuous journey—to stand between you and the barbed shaft of malice, the venomous tooth of slander and the stuffed club of injustice."

"Lycurgus," replied the fat woman, with downcast eyes and a tremor in her voice that shook the room, while a blush suffused her fair cheek and cast a pinkish glow on the cage of performing snakes, "this comes upon me so unexpectedly, so embarrassingly, that I scarcely"—

"Flossie," said the living skeleton gently, "forgive me if I have shocked you by the suddenness of my avowal. Yet you must have seen that I have appeared more ill at ease in your presence and less self-possessed, less haughty and dignified, if I may so express myself, for some months past than you formerly knew me to be."

"I have observed it, Lycurgus," she replied, "but I attribute it to—to liver complaint—or—or corns. I am so inexperienced, you know, Lycurgus," she continued softly, "so unused to the ways of men, that I—I"—

"My darling!" he exclaimed with startling energy, "your maidenly hesitation, your artless and innocent timidity, only deepen the passion that possesses me so entirely and confirm me in the resolve to win you. Permit me!"

With an effort that swelled the veins on his forehead and nearly broke his back Lycurgus picked up one of her gloves that had fallen to the floor and placed it on her lap.

The fat woman thanked him, with a quivering sigh that appeared to lift him from his feet, but he went on, undaunted:

"Flossie, in my professional career I have accumulated a competence that is ample for as both. My financial resources——beg pardon, did I step on your toe?"

"I think not, Lycurgus," she murmured. "I did not feel it."

——"Are ample to any demand that is likely ever to be made upon them. My personal expenses for clothing and——blister that hairless dog! Get out, you mangy brute! He shall not harm you, Flossie—be careful, my darling! You are about to step on the tail of that stuffed otter and make a beaver out of the animal——my personal expenses, I was about to say, are naturally heavy, but my income is far heavier. It may require a whole bolt of silk to make you a dress or an entire calfskin"—his voice faltered slightly—"to make a shoe for you, but I can face all this cheerfully, bravely"——

"Say no more, Lycurgus!" she said, with shy, bewitching tenderness. "Your manly devotion has won my heart! I am yours. But oh, Lycurgus! Be kind to me. Be tender"——

"Ladies and gentlemen!" yelled the excited manager, appearing at the outside door and waving his arms wildly at the crowd of passers-by on the street, "the livin' skelleton, the most remarkable specimen of skin and bones that ever drawed the breath of life, is at this dientical moment a-sparkin' of Big Flossie, the mountain of flesh, the most colossal hunk of humanity that ever lived! Together with 40,000 other curiosities. Ten cents admits to all. Pass right in!"

The Ruling Passion.

[From the Chicago Times.]

Sixteen years after her burial the coffin of a Winnipeg woman was opened and the body found petrified. She had her mouth open, however, going to show that she was game even when it came to turning into stone.

JUDGE ANDREWS SPEAKS.

He Strongly Favors "The Evening World's" Amendment.

There Should Be No Autocrat to Decide the Fate of Children.

Some Notable Remarks from the Learned Judge for the Legislature to Consider.

THE PROPOSED AMENDMENT.

[Drawn by a Judge of the Supreme Court at the request of THE EVENING WORLD.]

7. All proceedings under this section (*See* 291, *Chap.* 670, *Laws of* 1881, *and Chap.* 46, *Laws of* 1884), when a commitment shall have been made, shall be subject to review by any court of record, upon certiorari on the facts and the law, and in such a proceeding the commitment order, or judgment may be affirmed or reversed or modified in such manner and to such extent as may seem best, or a rehearing of the charge ordered.

A reporter found Justice Andrews, who has had wide experience in Supreme Court Chambers, where habeas corpus cases and arguments on writs of certiorari are heard, in his cosy apartments at the Hotel Bristol.

The able jurist was busy in the preparation of a decision in an important case, but he laid aside his pen with a genial smile when the scribe had made known his errand.

GLAD TO SEE THE MOVEMENT.

"I am glad to see that THE EVENING WORLD has interested itself in the subject of the present summary manner of disposing of children complained against as truants, orphans, waifs, waywards and incorrigibles," said Justice Andrews.

"I have long felt the injustice and inequality of the law as it now exists, and have deplored the power which the law confers upon the societies whose aim is the betterment of the condition of the waifs of the city.

AN AUTOCRATIC OR RUSSIAN LAW.

"The law, as THE EVENING WORLD truly says, gives to the complainants against such children a power as autocratic as that of the Czar of all the Russias.

A GOOD WORD FOR MR. GERRY.

"The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has for its head and champion one of New York's best men, and its agents are in the main conscientious. But they are but men, liable to err. They are but hirelings, and it would be strange if there were not now and then one of these agents, who earned his salary in that way which was easiest. The workings of the law would be most beneficent provided its powers were invariably exercised by upright, conscientious and careful men. But in the hands of an unscrupulous and careless agent it might work incalculable wrong.

HOW THE LAW OPERATES.

"The law as operated gives to a police magistrate the power to consign children brought before him to any worthy institution which he may select, and at present there is no appeal from such a commitment. Moreover, in most cases no record is made of the proceeding before the magistrate, and the commitment is of the briefest kind, making no statement of the proceedings.

OPPORTUNITY FOR EVIL DOING.

"A corrupt police justice, working in collusion with a corrupt officer of the Society, might do much mischief in a twelvemonth.

MR. GERRY'S SOCIETY SHOULD NOT OPPOSE SO JUST AN AMENDMENT.

"Sitting in Chambers, I have had many cases brought to my notice. There need be no fear that aught but justice will be [illegible] done by a Supreme Court justice sitting [illegible] in adjudication on such a case. Mr. Gerry's Society ought not to op[illegible]pose an amendment to the law which is so clearly an effort towards the establishment of perfect justice.

"[illegible] the case of the Diss Debar children, before me the other day, the law operated to the advantage of the children, I have no doubt. Certainly it would not have been well to have intrusted them to a mother who confessed to having lived in open adultery for years.

A CASE OF INJUSTICE.

"But there was another very different case a few days ago. A boy had been found in Washington Square one evening and was unable or unwilling to give a satisfactory account of himself. The Society's agent applied to a magistrate and the lad was committed to an institution. The parents came forward and declared that the boy was a good boy, had no bad habits and was obedient. There was apparently nothing to be charged against the boy. He had simply lost himself, and before his parents found him he had been disposed of.

THE PARENTS PLEADED IN VAIN.

"The parents pleaded in vain, however, for I had no power to relieve them, and unless the Society choose to give him up he will be compelled to stay in the institution. There was no record of the proceedings in his case, and I think there should be another law passed compelling magistrates to keep a record in such cases exactly as in criminal cases.

A CHILD MAY BE HELD EVEN AGAINST MR. GERRY'S OPPOSITION.

"Mr. Gerry says he would do all that he could in behalf of parents or guardians in cases of merit, but unfortunately once the child has been committed on the request of one of his agents by a magistrate, even he has no power in the matter and the child may be held against all opposition.

A POWER OF REVIEW NECESSARY.

"There should be a power vested somewhere which could review these cases. I heartily agree with 'The Evening World' that there should be something done in the matter. I think that in the case which I have mentioned it was a pretty extreme step to take against such a boy on the statement of one man. It is a hardship that there is no opportunity given for a revision in a more responsible court where the proceedings are more deliberate and formal.

THERE SHOULD BE NO AUTOCRAT.

"The justices of the Supreme Courts are overworked now, and the addition of this class of cases to their jurisdiction would make much new work. But the judges, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and the public should be at one on this question. Nobody wants to injure the societies, for they are doing incalculable good. But there should be no autocrat. No child should be restrained of its liberty, no parent or guardian robbed of his charge except by a thorough judicial course of procedure. And some one should have the power to review the magistrate's work and the power to discharge an infant 'prisoner' in a proper case, the same as in a criminal case or in a civil procedure.

"My conscience pricks me. I am afraid that sometimes the police justices commit the youngsters hastily and after only a cursory investigation.

A COMPLETE REMEDY.

"The amendment proposed by THE EVENING WORLD, with another compelling the magistrate to keep a record of proceedings before him in such cases, would form a complete remedy, I think. The bill goes to the Legislature in good hands and ought to become a law without difficulty," concluded Judge Andrews.

It's the Printer's Fault.

[From the Chicago News.]

In Mrs. Potter's latest play
The costuming is fine;
Her waist is made décolleté—
Her skirt in new design.

SOUNDS OF MERRIMENT.

ECHOES FROM THE CAMP OF THE JOLLY PARAGRAPHERS.

Stolen Kisses.

[From Time.]

Freddy—I certainly wouldn't have done it, I assure you, if you hadn't encouraged me by puckering up your lips.

Nell—I was just g-going t-to whistle.

Freddy—For help?

Nell—No—for i-luck.

No Danger.

[From the Philadelphia Record.]

Young Mother—Horrors, Jane, the baby is trying to swallow a pin.

Nurse—It's all right mum, it's a safety-pin.

Nor Principal, Either.

[From the Yankee Blade.]

Muggs—I've noticed that Suggs takes a good deal of interest in the late mining scheme.

Buggs—But you will notice that he will bring very little interest out of it.

Uncomfortably Constituted.

[From the Brooklyn Eagle.]

"Have you read 'The Quick or the Dead,' Mr. Easiboy?" "N-no, haven't read either of 'em, and I don't suppose I ever will. I'm a little too slow for the quick, and a little too fast for the dead."

Clean-Cut Advice.

[From an Exchange.]

Miss Brinley (who is paying the penalty of a very late reception)—What do you take for a headache?

Miss De Drew—Oh, lots of things, but if you want to get one very quickly, for an excuse of something useful, try brandied cologne and hard cider mixed.

Might Be Too Late Even Then.

[From the Epoch.]

Jones (on the morning of Jan. 1)—Hello, Brown! Do you know if Dumley got a New Year's bonus at the office yesterday?

Brown—Oh, yes; he was flourishing a double sawbuck last night.

Jones—By George! I must take a street-car. He owes me a V if I can get there in time.

A Pitiable Sight.

[From the Epoch.]

"Aren't you sorry for that poor little boy, Bobby?" inquired his mother on their way to church. "He has to wear old, ragged clothes, and even his toes stick out from the end of his shoes in the cold and wet."

"Yes, ma," replied Bobby. "I'm sorry" (but Bobby didn't seem to be too sorry), "but why doesn't he walk on his heels?"

Off in Spelling.

[From the Epoch.]

Waiter handing menu card to countryman in fashionable uptown restaurant, briskly)—Now, then, sir, what will it be?

Countryman—Well, the fust thing I want to say is that you've got your sign spelled wrong outside. "Cafe" don't spell coffee by a long sight. Ef you should start a shop down in the Corners you'd get the grand laugh.

Improvements in Chicago.

[From the Epoch.]

Englishman (to American young lady visiting abroad,—Aw—Miss Breezy—I understand that the society young ladies in America always carry jewelled revolvers when at evening entertainments.

Miss Breezy—Well, yes; I believe that is the custom in the wild, untutored West; but back East in Chicago, where I reside, we have long since discarded such usage.

A Prediction That Came True.

[From the New York Weekly.]

Mrs. Maggie—Oh, I just tell you the earth is full of wonders! My poor, dear husband predicted the very day of his death.

Caller—He was rather morbid, though, for years, was he not?

"Yes, indeed. He was always saying he was going to die soon, and I knew in my heart it would come true some time, and sure enough it did."

Missouri Journalism.

[From the Nebraska State Journal.]

Editor (to reporter)—I think we'll dispense with your services hereafter.

"Why?"

"We can't afford to keep a man who makes enemies of the best people in town."

"How have I made enemies?"

"See here—in this account of the wedding last night you make no reference whatever to the bride being beautiful and accomplished, and you dismissed the groom without saying that he is one of the most popular young men in the city. That kind of business won't work in this office."

Love Letters on Five-Dollar Bills.

[From the Philadelphia Record.]

The Buffalo man who won a sweet girl by writing numerous love letters to her on five-dollar bills, has started a fashion that will make courting harder than ever. Not only will the dear creatures refuse to return such missives in case of quarrel, but they will insist on bills of larger denomination being used. The world will seem but a dreary place to a man who has been using five-dollar bills as stationery for his love letters when he gets a note like this from the adored object: "Another young gentleman is writing to me on ten-dollar bills. Unless you employ twenty-dollar bills all is over between us."

That Hading Veil.

[From the Chicago Inter Ocean.]

The leopard cannot change a spot—
I'm glad he can't, they're pretty;
My sweetheart cannot change her mind—
I'm glad she can't, she's witty.
But there's one thing sweet Jess can do,
And I pray my prayers prevail—
She can slash with her shears
From her chin to her ears
The spots in that Hading veil.

With Regard to the Park.

[From Time.]

Mr. Koracle—Have you seen the Wolfe collection at the Metropolitan?

Miss Grainger—Yes—aren't they lovely? And then those dear little prairie dogs in the next cage are so interesting, too.

A FOUL ENDED IT.

Ed McDonald Awarded a Nine-Round Fight with Jack Dougherty.

Ed McDonald and Jack Dougherty fought nine hard rounds in the parlor of the residence of a wealthy New Yorker at Glenwood this morning for a purse of $300. About sixty spectators witnessed the mill, which proved to be one of the best fought battles seen in this vicinity for a long while. Bad blood existed between the principals on account of the unsatisfactory result of their former contest.

McDonald was seconded by Harry Reardon, of Sing Sing, and Bob Emmett, of New York. Dougherty was handled by George Reynolds, of New York, and T. F. Fitzgerald, of Irvington. Referee, Jack Francis, and timekeeper, J. Snyder, of Hastings.

There was close fighting and hard hitting all the way through, and the majority of the rounds ended in a clinch and a fall.

When it came to round 9 both men were pretty well used up, but still game. After severe fighting they again clinched and Dougherty threw McDonald, but lost control of himself amid the excitement, and deliberately struck McDonald when down.

The referee then awarded the fight and purse to McDonald on the claim of foul by his seconds.

McDonald was originally from Albany, is twenty-five years old, 5 feet 8 inches in height and weighs 130 pounds. He was the first man who fought Jack Dempsey.

Dougherty is the same height as McDonald, twenty-two years old and hails from Philadelphia.

TWO SUCCESSFUL PLAYWRIGHTS.

Bronson Howard and the Author of "Mr. Barnes of New York."

[New York Letter to Philadelphia Times.]

Bronson Howard is probably the most famous of American playwrights and his fortune is large. He received $10,000 in cash, for instance, for "One of Our Girls," in which Helen Dauvray failed with great brilliancy at the Lyceum Theatre. He has written a great many powerful plays and not the least among them is "The Henrietta," with which Robson and Crane made so much money. The value of a good play may be estimated from the fact that when Robson and Crane dissolved partnership Crane sold his half of "The Henrietta," for $30,000. Bronson Howard, is bald, small, solemn and rather exclusive. When he hears a good bit of dialogue or thinks of something clever he sets it down. By the time he gets ready to write a play he has a great store of short dialogues, specimens of clever repartee and grotesque bits of conversation. He carefully studies the actor to whom he intends to sell the play, and utilizes all his material in building the work up. The literary finish of Howard's work is invariably its most striking feature.

Probably the American who has achieved the greatest success of recent times is A. C. Gunter, and his success might almost be called the result of a fluke. Gunter is a thick-set, heavy and sturdy sort of a man, whose ideas are well defined. He has produced a great many plays with disastrous results, but, on the other hand, one or two of his pieces have made distinct hits. These successes encouraged him in the face of a good many failures. He wrote a play finally of rather a melodrama tinge and tried very hard to have it produced. Week after week he tramped from one theatre to another only to be rebuffed, and finally the refusals were so frequent that he gave up the idea of doing the piece in dramatic form and rewrote the play into a novel. Then he took the novel around to a lot of different publishing houses, but they were quite as ready with negative answers as the theatre managers had been. I met Gunter frequently about this time and he talked with a good deal of feeling about the manner in which he was treated. He said he knew he had a good thing, but there was no chance for a man without a literary reputation having a novel accepted. In sheer desperation he finally scraped together a few hundred dollars and printed the book himself. It fell flat and stayed so some months. Then it jumped aloft like a skyrocket. Orders began to pour in from all quarters of the globe, and up to the present time more than three-quarters of a million of books have been printed and the presses are still hammering away, rapidly turning out copies of "Mr. Barnes of New York." The whole of Europe is sprinkled with the book. After it had achieved success every theatrical manager in New York ran after Gunter in hot-headed haste to produce the play which had been refused by all of them, but he dictated his terms then and probably will forever continue to do so, as his personal income from his publishing business alone is now more than sixty thousand a year, and he is at work on a new novel entitled "Mr. Nobody, of Nowhere." Mr. Gunter might have designated himself by this title two years ago, but it's "Mr. Somebody, of New York" to-day.

The Fishwives of Galway.

[Correspondence of the Milwaukee Sentinel.]

Galway is more noted for its fishwives than its heroes or history. There are perhaps 300 in the old seaport city. They are not, as has been generally supposed, wives of the equally celebrated fishermen of the Claddagh; but they sell the fish these men bring back from the coves and the sea. They have no other means of livelihood, and wish none. If any are mothers, you cannot discover the fact. If they are wives, no one knows it. If any ever loved, or if any ever knew, as we know, the home, neither can be ascertained. What they grow out of into their state and humor in what is literally their calling, no human can know. Here they are from generation to generation, just as you and I see them to-day, a wild, tender, savage, merry, lawless, honest mob, dressed or half-dressed, as females, grotesquely different from women, radiantly indifferent to either man or woman, incomparably brave and more enduring than any men. As I know to my own despair, before amity was established between us, there are not other such outrageous and indescribable blackguards on earth, and yet I defy any honest analyst to find an atom of viciousness beneath their soul-blasting speech.

News Summary.

David Sheehy, M. P., is arrested at Glasgow for violation of the Crimes act.

Two West Point cadets have a fist fight arising out of a dispute as to a colored cadet.

Millionaire John T. Lester is fined $25 by Judge Shepard, in Chicago, for contempt of Court.

The British Government decides to increase its naval fleet at Samoa in view of the recent troubles.

The large tug Morse and her two barges are stranded off Hull, Mass., in a hurricane, and seven lives are lost.

Charles J. Brooks, a well-known Boston lawyer, shoots himself dead at the Quincy House because of financial reverses.

The Chairman of the National Committee of the Greenback party calls a National Convention for Washington, March 6.

The Rev. Charles Lockwood, pastor of the Reformed Church at Fairfield, N. J., becomes insane and sets fire to his house. His family barely escape with their lives.

Her Friend's Secret.

[From Puck.]

"I never meant to mention it," said she;
"But as you urge me so, I might as well,
For while I was not told to tell, you see,
I'm sure she never told me not to tell."

Back and Shoulders

Are the parts usually attacked by rheumatism, and the joints at the knees, ankles, hips and wrists are also sometimes affected. The cause of rheumatism is lactic acid circulating with the blood, which attacks the joints and causes the pains and aches of the disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies and enriches the blood, and has proven a wonderful remedy for rheumatism.

Hood's Sarsaparilla sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

LADY LANGTRY MACBETH.

HER PERFORMANCE LAST NIGHT A MOST SUCCESSFUL EFFORT.

She Utterly Discarded the Methods of the Irritating Tragedy Queen and Seemed Firmly Convinced that the Thane's Wife Was a Woman—Mr. Coghlan Unimpressive and Mr. Wheelock Self-Conscious.

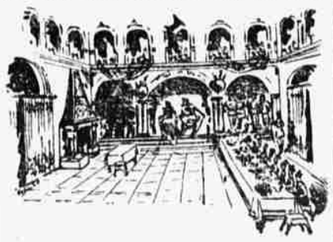
Of course it is the thing in reviewing a performance of "Macbeth" nowadays to make erudite allusions to Mrs. Siddons and other antiquities, who in all probability could not make a successful tour of the one-night stands to-day. As that lady's conception of the part has therefore become both historical and monotonous, I will say nothing about it; but it is interesting in reading her life to hear how the study of the rôle affected her: "I went on with tolerable composure," said she, "in the silence of the night till I came to the assassination scene, when its horrors rose to a degree that made it impossible for me to get further. I snatched up my candles and hurried out of the room in a paroxysm

MRS. LANGTRY AS LADY MACBETH IN THE SLEEP-WALKING SCENE.

of terror. My dress was of silk, and the rustling of it as I ascended the stairs to go to bed seemed to my panic-struck fancy like the movement of a spectre pursuing me. At last I reached my chamber, where I found my husband fast asleep. I clapped my candlestick down upon the table without the power of putting it out, and I threw myself on my bed without daring to stay to take off my clothes."

Now, I am quite sure that Mrs. Langtry's admirable performance in "Macbeth" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre last night was the result of no such fascinating morbidness. Mrs. Siddons, I suppose, busied herself very little with music and scenery and mechanical effects and costumes, and neither had to argue with Goatcher nor make herself sartorially indebted to Hawthorne. Mrs. Langtry, in addition to a study of the part that showed the most colossal mental effort, was practically responsible for every detail of the superb production that was made known last night.

Before entering the theatre I knew that Mrs. Langtry would not make herself ridiculous. She is far too clever and too long-



THE BANQUET SCENE.

sighted. But it would be distorting the truth to say that her performance was not an utter surprise, a delightful and most convincing shock.

As Lady Macbeth, Mrs. Langtry utterly discarded the methods of the irritating tragedy queen. She seemed firmly convinced of the fact that the Thane's wife was a woman, first of all, and it is only fools who imagine that women can thoroughly unsex themselves by the effects of misguided ambition. Lady Macbeth in Mrs. Langtry's hands was neither tragic nor unduly indomitable. She read the letter in the first act as a woman would read a letter. She pondered over it; she digested each word. When she met Macbeth she was diplomatic, forcible, magnetic; and when in the next act she snatched the dagger from his hand there was a realism about her rage that was in complete opposition to staginess and conventionality.

Mrs. Langtry's voice was pregnant with expression. It was absolutely under her control and responsive to her every emotion. In the sleep-walking scene, that has been made hideous by so many cruel, selfish aspirants, she was as true to nature as possible. Mrs. Langtry must have ordered a few somnambulists from Darian or from some other house for studying purposes. Her somnambulism was a most faithful picture, and to her fidelity

WHEELOCK AS MACDUFF.

she sacrificed no small amount of stage effect. Only in the banquet scene did Mrs. Langtry betray weakness. In that act she was rather her own charming self in her own charming little house than Lady Macbeth in a suppressed agony of despair. You could sooner imagine her saying, "James, pass Mr. Banquo the ices," than

My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer; the feast is sold
That is not often vouched, while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome.

In this banquet scene Mrs. Langtry was most comely to look upon. The long red cloak, with its thousands of stones in dainty embroidery, the costly jewelled stomacher, and the highly becoming crown did a great deal to atone for the necessary shortcomings of the other costumes. Throughout the play Mrs. Langtry "dressed the part" in the most supreme good taste, avoiding the slightest exaggeration and declining to take the faintest stellar privilege. The "make-up" of her face was admirable! In fact, in viewing this beautiful production it is absurd and it is cruel to call Mrs. Langtry a star. I am quite sure that she is too artistic to care for such a title, otherwise than to despise it. She was merely a prominent member of an excellent company.

Charles Coghlan was a singularly unimpressive Macbeth. His elocutionary ability is undoubted, but his performance was absolutely without depth. Macbeth could never have been the dreamy, debilitated sort of creature Mr. Coghlan pictured. Coghlan's Macbeth must have suffered from indigestion or a sluggish liver. He must have had "that tired feeling" we read of in the advertisements. It is possible to be too unconventional, and Mr. Coghlan reached that possibility.

Joseph Wheelock was an excellent but a very self-conscious Macduff. In fact I should

COGHLAN AS MACBETH IN FIFTH ACT.

not care to buy Mr. Wheelock at his own estimate of himself and sell him again at mine. I should be a heavy loser. Mr. Wheelock is a great favorite, and he knows it.

The scenery used in the production was handsome, but so excellent was Mrs. Langtry's work that it would have been attractive had it been given without scenery, as Irving gave his "Merchant of Venice" at West Point. In fact, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre last night the performance was primarily important; the *mise en scene* was of secondary value, which everybody will admit is a normal but unusual condition of things. The battlements of Dunsinane was a striking piece of pictorial work, and the tableau showing the death of Duncan was extremely impressive. The three witches were miserably played. As a spectacular production, however, I am pleased to say that "Macbeth" was disappointing; as an interpretation of one of Shakespeare's most imposing works, it was a delightful surprise. ALAN DALE.

YOUNG WYETH'S DEFALCATION.

He Disappeared Two Weeks Ago, but Was Tracked by Private Detectives.

Although young Bookkeeper William L. Wyeth, who is charged with stealing $6,000 worth of railroad bonds from his late employers, W. S. Lawson & Co., the Exchange place stock brokers, is out on $10,000 bail pending his examination next Thursday and has pleaded not guilty, the evidence against him is regarded by the firm as conclusive.

B. S. Preston, one of the members, said to a reporter of THE EVENING WORLD this morning:

"The securities, which consisted of five $1,000 bonds of the Evansville and Terre Haute Railroad Company, had been taken by him in September, 1887, and he had concealed his theft up to the present time by a very skilful system of false entries.

"As soon as he was found out, two weeks ago, and before the firm could take any action in the matter, he disappeared, and could not be found until he was run down by our private detective."

Lawyer D. Morgan Hildreth, the firm's counsel, said he did not think Wyeth was suspected of any other embezzlement than that specified in the charge.

"Where was he arrested?"

"Right here in the city. He went away at first, but he returned after a few days' absence, and was shadowed by a private detective until we were ready to arrest him. He pleaded not guilty, but the facts are too clear for him to deny them."

William T. Wardwell, the late Prohibition candidate for Mayor, who went on the young man's bond for $10,000, is a cousin of Mrs. Wyeth, and the family are said to be related to the celebrated Dr. Wyeth, of Philadelphia.

Chivalry in the Mining Camps.

[From the San Francisco Chronicle.]

The same chivalric spirit that has characterized Californians from the earliest days of the history of the State has animated the populations of the mining camps of Nevada. A dozen or fifteen years ago the main street of every Nevada town was a prolonged gambling saloon. Every open door revealed a well-patronized bar, and a more popular game of keno or faro beyond the drinking-place. In front of these resorts lounged scores of the most reckless adventurers that ever congregated in one State of the Union. A stranger might deem it more than imprudent for an unprotected lady, or even one with a formidable escort, to run the gauntlet of the long rows of gambling houses and saloons, but to the female residents of the town the feat was anything but dangerous. Day after day one might observe ladies of blameless character and good social position walking past the groups of gamblers and adventurers without any interference or remark that might bring a blush to the cheek of the most prudish. It is one of the traditions of Virginia, Nev., that on the memorable occasion when a celebrated shotgun fighter was about to perforate an opponent in front of the famous Delta saloon, Jim Orndorff delayed the bloody duel by quietly remarking: "Gentlemen, hold on a minute; here's Mrs. —— (a respected society lady) coming down the street." Both desperadoes hid their pistols behind their backs till the lady had turned the corner, when they resumed hostilities and shot each other to death in a most merry fashion, without unnecessarily wounding the sensitiveness of the fair sex. The incident created such a favorable impression that the chivalrous duellists received the compliment of a quarter-column notice in the papers next day and were buried with all the pomp of a mining superintendent who dies suddenly when stocks are at the top figure.

The Matinee Girl's Theatre Bag.

[New York Correspondence of Albany Express.]

Another contrivance which greatly simplifies life for the matinee girl is a small plush bag which looks just large enough to hold her opera glass. But wait until she opens it. There is the glass with its gold and pearl mountings safe enough. There also is a tiny compartment for the silver bonbon box, another for the purse, another for the silver and crystal vinaigrette, another for ivory tablets, yet another for the lace handkerchief, and sometimes still others for rose waters or powder puffs. It is multum in parvo, most of the luxuries of life in compact form. The matinee girl would not like to stir without it, for, little as it is, with it she is fully armed for the social fray.

Johann Hoff's Malt Extract.

The Favorite TONIC NUTRITIVE for IMPAIRED DIGESTION, for NURSING MOTHERS, the WEAK and DEBILITATED. Indorsed by all prominent physicians. Received 70 awards from exhibitions and scientific societies. Beware of imitations. The genuine has the signatures of "Johann Hoff" and "Moritz Eisner" on the neck of every bottle.

EISNER & MENDELSON CO., SOLE AGENTS, 6 Barclay St., New York.

A PROBLEM IN ATHLETICS.

HOW TO MAKE A HANDICAP SYSTEM FAIR TO ALL.

The N. Y. A. C. Votes Down the Proposed Amendments—Mike Kelly's Mind Fixed on the Boston Captaincy—Billy O'Brien's Coming Races—John L. Sullivan Expected in the City To-Morrow.

The question of handicapping in the games of the various amateur athletic organizations throughout the country is at present one of the most absorbing and formidable topics which is agitating this branch of the sporting world. It is especially important at this time because of its powerful influence on the results of athletic contests and of the unusual interest and boom in amateur athletics which will make this present year surpass by far any previous year both in number and merit of the amateur athletic games. New clubs are being started up in amazing numbers, announcing games at intervals throughout the year, and in all these games, whether conducted under the name of the Amateur Athletic Union, the National Association of Amateur Athletes of America, or the Western Association of Athletes as the combination of numerous clubs, or under the auspices of the individual clubs themselves, the power of the official handicappers will be felt in a marked degree, and a general cry is being raised for the adoption of a system of handicapping that will place all the athletes on a more even basis than the present limited system—if a system exists—will allow. Such a measure is by no means an easy task, and the enormity of it is about the only thing which stands in the way of the undertaking. A practical demonstration of the workings of the system in vogue at present was displayed at the recent games of the Amateur Athletic Union, held in Madison Square Garden. A fitting illustration of its crudeness is in the result, of the putting the 24-pound shot contest, in which Mr. George Gray, scratch man, after beating the world's record by nine inches, was himself defeated in the contest almost out of sight by the handicap. No one questions for an instant the capability or honesty of Mr. Walter Hegelman, the Union's official handicapper, but many regret that there were no facilities to enable him to know the abilities and actual records of the men entered in the games. Handicapping is necessary to make the men's chances of winning an event even, and to protect the individual clubs. One great incentive to the athletes is the value of the prizes given to the winners. It is argued that it would be wise to separate the men into distinct classes, similar to the manner in which the trotting horses are divided; but against this is offered the strong argument that to do this would be to create a necessity for more prizes, and either lessen the value of the prizes or reduce the number of the games and consequently the interest in them, besides prolonging the time of the games and not accomplishing the main object. The success of games lies largely in the number of contestants, and there is no disputing the charm to the athletes of their respective handicaps. The scratch men should surely receive every show that can reasonably be given them, but their entering in events with others and striving singly to break records are two different matters. There appears now to be a demand for more ample means of obtaining information about the abilities of the athletes entered for national contests; a demand for an open record book showing the records of athletes that have contested in games, and of the unknown men's doings in the private of their clubs, and also for more handicappers, acting on salary to work in the interests of the associations which are national in their character. A great deal of an athlete's success in his events depends upon his training, and if by careful training an athlete can be able to better his best previous record he should be rewarded for his work in preparation by an equal handicap with those whose past best records are equal to his own, provided the latter are men in his own time and not relics of bygone days.

* * *

The members of the New York Athletic Club have voted against the proposed amendments to the constitution. Regarding the suggestion to so alter it as to allow athletes to be taken into the Club in the place of what are now termed non-resident members, the Club decided almost unanimously that such an action would be interpreted as a sign of weakness in its present athletic standing. It also opposed the movement to have the Nominating Committee elected by the members instead of by the Board of Governors.

* * *

Notwithstanding the injunction of Charles J. Foley, the veteran baseball player, Mike Kelly so for opened his handsome big bazoo in his tap-room, last evening, as to say that when he signed with Boston he did so with the understanding that if Johnny Ward does not sign with that club he is to be captain. Kel has set his heart on the position and it is safe to say that if he does not secure it, he will stay in New York next season with his foster brother, John.

* * *

Billy O'Brien is at the bottom of the proposed six-day female bicycle race to be given in Madison Square Garden in a few weeks. The women will ride twelve hours a day in dizzy costumes, and the race will, it is said, be rare sport. Mr. O'Brien is also planning his six-day-go-as-you-please race to be given in May. He has received a letter from George Littlewood, in which the champion says he is in good condition and will hold himself so for the race. In the bicycle race the fairies will receive 40 per cent. of the receipts.

* * *

John L. Sullivan is expected in town to-morrow. He will stay here a few days and decide upon his plans for his preparation to fight Kilrain.

* * *

Reeves defeated Corbett in the bookmaker's tournament last night by a score of 170 to 69. His highest run was 14 and average 2 52-59. Corbett's best run was 8, average 1 10-59. Heniman and Johnson, who has not been beaten, play to-night.

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Arlie Latham, the St. Louis Club's chatty coacher, says his first experience on the stage has made a hit with him for a change, but for a steady thing he prefers the diamond. Arlie was doing the tragic act last evening, emitting such startling expressions as: "Leave me, leave me, or by the powers I'll carve you with me swo-word! Biff!"

* * *

The annual ball of the Union Boat Club will be held to-night in the Metropolitan Opera-House. The sale of boxes realized about $2,500. Mayor Grant, ex Mayor Grace, John D. Crimmins, M. B. Brown and Frank D. Murtha were among the buyers.

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Patsy Cardiff, of Minneapolis, and Jim Fell, Michigan's champion heavyweight, fight ten rounds with gloves at Duluth to-night.

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The club-swinging preliminaries of the Varona Boat Club's annual competitions will be performed to-night at the club's headquarters, 531 Fulton street, Brooklyn.

A Glimpse of Judge Cooley.

[From the Pittsburg Times.]

Judge Cooley, the head of the Interstate Commerce Commission, is a small man with a squeaky voice, self-educated and always a great reader. He is a tremendous student and is a victim occasionally of insomnia. At such times he will often work all night over his books. He is said to have begun life as a cobbler.