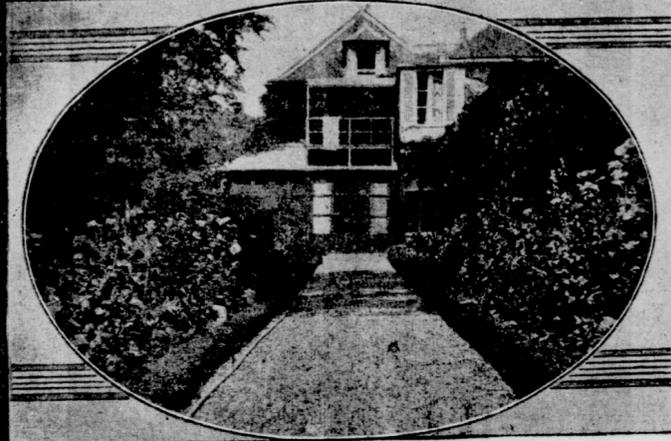


MISS ELSIE DE WOLFE

WHOLE IS ALMOST A VEGETARIAN IN WINTER AND ALMOST A VEGETABLE GARDENER IN SUMMER



MISS ELSIE DE WOLFE HOIING.



MISS ELSIE DE WOLFE'S GARDEN PATH.



MISS ELSIE DE WOLFE WEDDING.

HOBBIES OF AN ACTRESS.

Miss Elsie De Wolfe's Vegetarian Diet and Art Treasures.

Miss Elsie De Wolfe, the actress at present appearing in "Cynthia" at the Madison Square Theatre, may be recommended to public attention for many other reasons beside her work as Cynthia.

First and foremost, Miss De Wolfe is an antisarcophagist. An antisarcophagist is a sort of dietetic Peter Pan, a Betwixt and Between, neither a red meat eater nor wholly a vegetarian.

What do I eat? Well, as I said before, I have not given up fish. Macaroni, prepared with cheese, or Italian fashion with tomatoes, I find invaluable.

"I may hardly claim the title of vegetarian, because my diet includes fresh fish, oysters and other shellfish," says Miss De Wolfe herself.

"Of course I appreciate the fact that the woman who has never tried gardening will lose half, if not more, of her first crop, but the investment will be repaid in a very short time."

"Believe me, I live up to my own preaching. When I play in a collector of art treasures, I know there is no place where I can be so pleasantly entertained as in their gardens. It may sound

plebeian, but I thoroughly enjoy bringing back to town what our country friends would describe as 'a farish mess of garden truck.' While we are at Versailles Miss Marbury and I work an hour or more every morning in the kitchen garden, and no vegetables under the sun can compare, in our estimation, with those which we carry back to our cook.

End will be made notable by the appearance there of Weber and Fields, the owners of the theatre.

three young men of my acquaintance right here in New-York. They were well-to-do and had stunning apartments near the Park, with a chef in charge.

"These are the practical results of right living, but there is an attainable something which follows the front rows of her audience, one hesitates to ask Miss De Wolfe if she finds a dead fish a pleasant object to contemplate."

punished by a collection that has since quadrupled in value. That is better than being in a sextet. One of her treasures is said to be the portrait of the Duchesse de Chateauroux, by Natter.

"We cannot close the narrative without the final reflection—possibly irrelevant, it may be irrelevant; but certainly persistent. It is this. Had Miss De Wolfe known long ago that she would some day play the part of Cynthia, would she not have

REALISM IN THE PULPIT. From The Atlanta Constitution. There is danger of making pulpits realer too. Desiring to revive a healthy fear of the orthodox

THEATRICAL INCIDENTS AND NEWS NOTES.

CONSIDERATIONS OF THE MAGAZINE DRAMA—"THE COUNTRY GIRL" AT HARLEM, AND WHY IT LEFT DALY'S.

The imaginary conversation—for it is hardly more than that—contributed to the April "North American Review" by Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay, and labeled "Gabrielle: A Drama," has attracted no little notice, partly because of the author's fame, and partly because of the title.

We have received a poem, but as we have ourselves to blame, because not long ago in this department it was disclosed that George Ade in a basement establishment where the Park Row Building, now stands, and, like "The Old Oaken Bucket," was composed from a full heart.

PLAYS THAT HOLD OVER. SAVOY—"The Taming of Helen." VILASCO—"The Darling of the Gods." BELMONT—"Resurrection." (Last two weeks.) GARRICK—"Mice and Men." PRINCESS—"The Frisky Mrs. Johnson." MADISON SQUARE—"Cynthia." (Last week.) HERALD SQUARE—"Pretty Peggy." ACADEMY—"The Suburban." MANHATTAN—"The Earl of Pawtucket," clever farce, cleverly played.

One of the pleasant features of the week will be the reappearance in New-York, at the Harlem Opera House, of William Morris and Miss Minnie Ashley in "A Country Girl," which was produced last season at Daly's Theatre, where it enjoyed a prosperous run.

Ward and Vokes, in "The Head Waiters," will be seen to-morrow at Proctor's Fifty-eighth-st., beginning an engagement of one week.

May Isabel Fisk announces an evening of original monologues at the Astor Gallery of the Waldorf-Astoria for Wednesday evening, April 22.

Next week's offering at Proctor's One-hundred-and-twenty-fifth-st. will be a dramatization by Miss Marie M. Stone of the novel "A Social Highwayman." This play was originally produced at the Garrick Theatre by Richard Mansfield for E. M. and Joseph Holland, who played the leading parts.

Kett's offering for the coming week will contain as one of the leading attractions the "original" Florodora Sextet, in the tune that made Florodora famous. Pleasure will be afforded the young patrons who delight in animal life by the Gillett troupe of trained dogs. The intelligence displayed by these animals is surprising.

There will be one novelty this week, at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, where a new edition of the musical hoop-podice called "Spookless Town" will be produced. There are two "German comedians" in the cast, and doubtless many girls. Next week at this house a piece with the ruinous title of "Happy Hoolahan" will be shown under police protection.

On Tony Pastor's bill will be James F. Dolan and Ida Lenhart, in Mr. Dolan's latest farce, "Taking Chances." Mr. and Mrs. Browning, in their latest farce, "The Cure"; Wolf and Milton, the billiard room acrobats; Lillian and Shorty De Witt, the Hipplitan comedian and the soubrette, and Helen and Florence, in a comedy operatic sketch, "The Fairy of Killarney."

The benefit for Miss Clara Morris at the Broadway Theatre on the afternoon of Tuesday, April 14, promises to be noteworthy in point of receipts, for the many admirers of the actress have been eager to testify to their regard by generous premiums for the seats and boxes. The members of the profession have been equally liberal in their offers of services and their gifts.

"Devil's Island," a play purporting to be a picture of Captain Dreyfus's confinement, is to be presented to-morrow at the American Theatre. At the Murray Hill "All the Comforts of Home" will be the attraction. At Proctor's Fifth Avenue this week will be produced a comedy by Sydney Rosenfeld, called "A Modern Crusade," which was once put on for a time at the Boston Museum and later in Chicago. It was the last play acted by Roland Reed before his fatal illness. "The Fatal Wedding," by the prolific producer of "thrillers," Theodore Kramer, will be seen this week at the West End. Next week at the West

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AT THE CIRCUS.

Animals More Interesting Even Than They Seem.

In towns small and provincial enough to consider the circus wicked fathers have always had a stock excuse. "I had to take the children to see the animals," they explained to the minister, and nothing was said about the women who sailed through the air in pink tights or galloped around the arena on the back of a horse.

"I know how it is in my case. I have three youngsters of circus age, and they exacted a promise before there was any sign of the usual descent of the circus upon our earth. I am reminded of that promise now at breakfast and dinner, and they are gradually making me out the meanest father on the block. The mother can't take them, and, well, you know how busy I am. When have I time to put in an afternoon telling why the leopard has spots and the zebra stripes, explaining how it is that a lion roars instead of barks, and whatever made the camel hump back, and so on and so on."

"Well, lions can't eat bones, so they have a tongue rough enough to scrape off all the meat. Notice his bushy tail. You'd never think that he had a horn hidden there. They say that when he wants to get real angry he lashes his flanks with it."

"Has a muley cow any horn hidden in her tail?" "The lion wants to lick it," the boy declared. "And do you know what will happen if he does?" said the circus guide. "His tongue is covered with little prongs, which are turned back, and form a sort of a rasp. He could scrape the skin off your hand with one sweep of his tongue. See how clean he has licked those bones."

"If he was a dog he'd eat the bones," declared the boy, who is something of a naturalist on his own account. "Well, lions can't eat bones, so they have a tongue rough enough to scrape off all the meat. Notice his bushy tail. You'd never think that he had a horn hidden there. They say that when he wants to get real angry he lashes his flanks with it."

"The ostrich is an overgrown chicken on stilts," Jack explained to his sister. "The ostrich is an overgrown bear might hug you to death, but he wouldn't," said the guide. "He's more like a big cat, for he bites instead of hugs. He gets away with his prey like a cat does with a mouse."

"COME, LITTLE CHICK! COME!" THE RAGE IN PARIS.

THE NEW CRY OF THE HOUR THAT HAS CAPTURED THE GAY CAPITAL OF FRANCE.

Paris, March 24. The new Parisian cry or catchword, "Viens, Pou-poule! Viens!"—"Come, little chick! Come!"—has taken Paris by storm, and resounds day and night from the heights of Montmartre to the plains of Montparnasse. It came with the first day of spring and bids fair to flourish until the fall of leaves in October. Like the cakewalk, it has become an obsession. It is nonsensical, idiotic and infantile, but, as uttered and sung by concert hall artists and by the gawroches of the boulevards, it has swing and rhythm, and has caught the fancy of the populace. This poultrylike refrain is usually pronounced with loving tenderness, and the last invocation, "Viens!"—"Come!" is chanted with languishing emphasis and passion. Thousands of American tourists will before long be on their way to Paris, and this irrepressible refrain will be the first note to strike their ears as they emerge from the railway station. From time beyond memory there has always been some dominating popular street cry in the French capital.

Visitors during the last twenty years will recollect the famous couplets invented and sung by Paulus during the Boulanger fever, when "Revenant de la Revue," sung by students and agitators, nearly led to a coup d'etat. It was the phrase "Où! Quel malheur que d'avoir un genre!"—"What a misfortune to have a son-in-law!"—that ruined President Grévy when he connived at the agency for corrupt transactions directed by his son-in-law, Mr. Wilson. The present street cry is, however, neither political nor revolutionary. It is simply a cry of joviality and pleasure, and as such is an excellent exponent of the wholesome state of the public mind.

The genesis and development of the prevailing catchword are significant. "Viens, Pou-poule!" occurs as a form of endearment in the novels of Paul de Kock and in the comedies of Scribe. It is the return to the patriarchal sentimentalities and fads of 1830. The song first made its appearance at the music halls of the boulevards during the early part of last January. On Mardi Gras and on Mi-Carême it burst forth spontaneously in the streets as a national refrain. The author of the new song is M. Trébitsch, a young sentimental poet of Montmartre and disciple of M. Gustave Charpentier.

the young man, and for a minute there was a bond of sympathy between the two. "You're a good fellow, though the latter knew nothing about it." "What makes the foxes run up and down their cages, every time going somewhere?" asked one of the children. "They are taking their exercise," was the answer. "If they did not move about the keepers would know that there was something wrong with them. It is the way caged animals have of keeping their minds occupied. But the poor old tiger had been out on his head from side to side, and once in a while varies the monotony by throwing his head over his back and looking at the ground. You know how long his long neck like the pendulum of a clock."

LENTE ACTIVITIES AT BARNARD.

In this Lenten season the Barnard College Chapter of the Young Women's Christian Association is one of the most active societies in the college. Last Monday it held a reception for its members and friends in Earl Hall to celebrate the return of Miss Jean Miller, '03, president of the Chapter, who has for some months been absent because of illness. Miss Ruth Reeder, '05, has been appointed delegate to the American Committee conference to be held at Wilkes-Barre from April 15 to 22. The speakers at chapel this week, under the auspices of the association, were Dr. Henry E. Cobb and Dr. H. R. Hulse.

The College Students' Missionary Association at its last meeting discussed the missionary work in the dependencies of the United States—Alaska, the Philippines, Porto Rico and the Hawaiian Islands. The class of 1902 elected the following officers for its Junior year: President, Cecil I. Dorrian; Vice-president, Frances Hope Furdow; secretary, Ruth Reeder; treasurer, Laura Parker; historian, Georgina G. Bennett; Emile Hutchinson and Helen Cooley were made editor-in-chief and business manager of "The Martboard," the Junior year book. The other editors of the book have not yet been elected.

TROUBLES OF THE RICH.

Jaggies—What persons are most subject to appendicitis? Wasagles—Those who are able to pay for an operation. From The Smart Set. "What are bushmen?" was the question which