## GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

### Some Chases After Monster Whales which Pouchi and were Known by Name

There is an abundance of authority for the statement that American whalers held first place in the catch of that big game animal. The Yankee whalers, during the palmy days of the oil trade, covered more seas, took more risks, and barrelled more oil than the men of any other nation. Indeed, the English were our only rivals, and they were satisfied with second place. France, Spain, Germany, Russia, and some other countries sent out their whaling ships after oil, but very few of them ever made a profitable cruise. Their men lacked the nerve to fight a big whale. I have, on several different occasions, seen them cut loose from a whale because he ran to windward and put a little extra energy into the swish of his flukes. Under the same circumstances a Yankee crew would have produced their pipes for a smoke.

One of the many curious things about whaling was the identification of whales. To a green hand on his first voyage all whales of the same species look alike. After he becomes a closer observer he finds it just as easy to identify a whale he has seen before as it is for a farmer to identify a hog. It was in this way that Mocha Dick, Brazilian Pete, Spotted Jack, and other famous whales were kept track of and reported. Every sea had its celebrity. Off the the coast of California and between Monterey Bay and Point Conception, a big bull whale known as Jack Pot, had his pasture ground for eight or ten years before he came to grief. Every Pacific whaler had his description down so fine that he could be identified a mile away. A New Bedford ship in which I was a boat-steerer for a voyage lasting twenty-seven months, lost seven boats, twelve harpoons, two miles of line, and five men by this whale, this loss covering three attacks. We were beating out of Santa Barbara Bay one day in the fifties, when we espied an English whaling brig creeping in. She was making a great deal of water, but hailed us for a surgeon. I was the doctor of our ship, having a smatter of medicine and surgery, and went aboard to answer the call.

"Great snakes! but we've been nearly done for!" exclaimed the Captain as I stepped over the rail. "I've had four men killed, and there are now five others with broken bones for you to take care of."

"Fall in with a pirate?"

"A great sight worse, sir! Day before yesterday we fell in with the cussedest whale I ever tackled, and not content with smashing three boats and using up so many of my men, he came head on for the brig and gave her a knock as if she had struck a rock."

While I was patching up the injured men, he gave me further particulars. The whale was old Jack Pot, then in the fourth year of his glory. This whale was always identified by a great white scar on his nose, and by the way he carried his head out of water. He lifted it higher than any other whale I ever saw. Up to the time the Englishman got hold of him, he had received a dozen harpoons and smashed nearly as many boats, and had never run afoul for anybody. As soon as hit he would turn and fight, and he used his great under jaw and flukes so viciously that the bravest men hastened to get out of the way.

When our ship made sail again we stood out to sea to look for Jack Pot. The Englishman reported leaving three irons in him, and we were in hopes of finding the old terror in humble spirits. About sixty miles off the coast we picked up a boat belonging to the California schooner White Wave, and here was some more of Jack Pot's work. The schooner was whaling on a small scale, and had that morning sighted old Jack Pot as he came up to blow. A boat was lowered and the whale coolly waited for it to come up. Two irons could be seen sticking up, and the whale lines were wrapped around the old fellow until he seemed to be in a net. Just as the boat had come within throwing distance, Jack Pot sank out of sight, and two minutes later came up near the boat, knocked it to pieces with one blow of his flukes, and not a man escaped death. A second boat had just been lowered when he started for the schooner, which was broadside on. He had over half a mile to come, but such was the confusion on board that no attempt was made to get sail on her and dodge him. With head well up and flukes churning the waters to foam, Jack Pot drove straight for the schooner, struck her fair amidships, and she settled away and went down right in front of his nose. Her crew went over the other side into the boat, and had not pulled a dozen strokes before the schooner's hull was under water. The whale probably crushed in a large section of the broadside, and the collision no doubt stunned him for the moment, as he lay like a log on the surface and let the boat escape.

On a straight line drawn from Juan Fernandez Island to Callao, Peru, whaling ships were almost certain to fall in with Sly Tom, an old bull that had a career of seven or eight years. If not found north or south, he was sure to be met with near the Tropic of Capricorn. When he had been known for four years I planted two irons in him, and these were all he ever got until a Nantucket crew gathered him in. Sly Tom deserved his name. The first time he was ever seen he rose alongside an English whaler which was lying to in the night, and so softly did he break water that his presence alongside was not suspected until the rank odor exhaled betrayed him. Then, just as a harpoon was about to be thrown, he settled away like a stone, and those who had not seen him, would not credit the statement that he had been alongside.

Two weeks later an Englishman lowered for him. Sly Tom was all alone, and he waited until the harpooner stood up to throw, and then settled away. He disappeared like a cannon ball flung overboard, and twenty minutes later he rose to the surface a mile to windward so softly that scarce a ripple was created. When the boat pulled up to him he went down as before, and after playing hide-and-seek for half a day the chase was given up in disgust. About a month later, while a Chilian coasting schooner lay becalmed one afternoon off Cobija, and distant about forty miles, Sly Tom rose alongside, and for half an hour rubbed her sides. The crew were upset with terror, and fished below to appeal to the saints while the rank odor permeated even the cabin. The cabin boy, who was a half-breed native, was the only one who did not lose his head. He told me, several months afterward, that the whale was at least thirty feet longer than the schooner, and had a scar on the under jaw seven or eight feet long, which had probably been made by a swordfish. He was covered with barnacles, and now and then the crowded against the schooner to rub them off. The lad reached out and touched the whale repeatedly, but finally became sick with the odor and began to ring the schooner's bell. At almost the first stroke the whale settled away, and was seen no more.

A year later my ship found him about a hundred miles north of Capricorn. We had a light breeze and a smooth sea, and we found him floating on the surface. We lowered to leeward of him, crept softly up with the paddles, and from the last that I got two irons into him I believe he must have been sound asleep. As the second iron went in he lifted his massive flukes on high until he stood on his head, and then down he went as softly and silently as a greased stick. He took out our lines without a slack, used up those we bent on, and he must have had a full mile of rope between him and the boat when we had to cut to save ourselves. We did not see him again.

Perhaps the most redoubtable whale of the lot was Mocha Dick. He had a career of ten years or more, and during this time he smashed a score of boats, caused the death of twenty-five or thirty men, and carried off a boat load of harpoons. Aside from this he sunk two crafts to my own knowledge. It should be mentioned here that the action of the salt water on iron or steel soon rusts a harpoon off at the skin of a whale, leaving a big lump at the spot to show that an iron has entered. I have heard of his killing two whales which had been harpooned four months before, and the irons had not yet rusted off. My ship killed one off the San Matias Gulf in 1852 which had nine harpoons in him, belonging to five different ships. The shanks had rusted off, and we cut the blades out of the lumps as we rolled his blubber off. One harpoon had been in twelve years, another nine, and the others from two to seven. Each harpoon bears the name of the ship and the year of the cruise, and it is easy to trace them back. The mate of the Fanny Carew, a New Bedford whaler, who had his boat smashed by Mocha Dick near the end of the career of that big brute, counted twenty-two excrescences on the body while floating beside it on an oar. Each one of these represented a harpoon, but the total number by no means represented all the irons flung into him.

Mocha Dick was a fighter from away back, and was never seen in company with any other whale. Some Captains put him down as good for 140 barrels of oil, and no one estimated him at under 100. His length was given at 75 feet at the lowest and 90 at the highest. One morning about 9 o'clock, while we were approaching the Java coast from western Australia, and while yet fifty miles away, we came up with the Scotch whaling ship Hornpipe. She was cruising on whaling ground and under easy sail, and as we came within three miles of her she lowered two boats for a whale. It was Mocha Dick, and although he was fully identified and the Captain knew his reputation, he knew us to be a Yankee ship, and he did not care to show the white feather in our presence. The whale was to leeward of the ship, and anything but a fighter would have gone out of sight before the boats were half way to him. Mocha Dick waited. Perhaps he hadn't had a row for two or three months and was bilious. We shortened sail so as not to be in the way, and then most of our crew took to the rigging to see the fun. The whale was swimming about in a circle, stopping now and then to "blow-ball" or beat the water with his flukes. The boats went down to him under sail, but he did not wait for them to open the fight. When the nearest was two cables' length away he slewed around and went for her head on. It was like a freight train rushing down grade upon a child. The men kept their nerve wonderfully well, and put forth every effort to dodge him, but as he came up the old fighter swung his under jaw to the right, brought it back to left like a boxer's uppercut, and the boat and its crew flew into the air.

The second boat sheered off and the whale slewed around and started for it, swishing his flukes until he raised waves six feet high. He struck the boat full on the broadside, and passed right over her and ran off about a mile and came to a stop. A third boat from the Scotchman, assisted by one from our ship, rescued four men out of the two crews, and one of these had a broken arm. Not another soul escaped. The Captain of the Hornpipe then surrendered his right to us, and we lowered two boats to close in with the fighter. Our ship had tackled him two years before, and lost two boats and three men, and we now approached with great caution. Dick lay head-on to us, lashing the sea and sweeping his jaw; but while we were manœuvring to get an advantage he turned tail and went down and we saw him no more.

It was six weeks later when we heard of him again. We were then 150 miles to the west of the Straits of Sunda, and one afternoon we picked up six Javanese sailors on a raft, and in the last stages of exhaustion. Five days before, when off Lone Island, as the English have named the first island, after passing through the Straits to the west, and sailing before a fair wind in a coasting craft, a whale broke water about half a mile away, and, without waiting to be invited, came straight down upon them and gave their craft such a blow as watered her in two minutes. The description left no doubt of the fact that it was Mocha Dick. He retreated for a second attack, but his nose was full of splinters, and he thrashed around for a spell and finally went off to windward. The crew had just time enough to knock a raft together and get away when their craft went down until her rails were awash. Two months later, while we were cruising along the coast of Tasman Land, we had a narrow squeak from Mocha Dick. One evening, just between sunset and dark, he suddenly broke water dead ahead of us over a mile away. We had a good working breeze, and the sea was covered with whitecaps, which two facts probably saved us. The man in the crow's nest saw the whale as he breached, but had scarcely announced the fact before he screamed:

"God save us! but he's coming for the ship head on!"

Our discipline was as good as any ship outside the navy, but the announcement threw us into confusion from forecastle to cabin. Every man jumped to the conclusion that it was Mocha Dick, and to add to our confusion, the man left the crow's nest and came hurrying down with exclamations of terror. By the Captain's orders the ship was allowed to fall broad off her course, and the order came none too soon. We heard a great rush, like the swash made by a line-of-battle ship under full sail, caught sight of a wall of foam and a great black object in the centre of it, and next moment the whale passed astern of us so close that I could have tossed my hat aboard of him. The swell he kicked up flung our ship about like a gale off Cape Horn, and he had been lost in the darkness for a quarter of an hour before the breeze cleared his odor away. There was no doubt he meant to attack us, and no one felt easy until the lapse of an hour gave us every reason to believe that he had given up his whim.

Half a dozen ships claim the honor of finishing off Mocha Dick, but I have reason to doubt that any of them were in at the death. A year after the old fighter had ceased to be heard of, and when it was supposed that he had taken his leave of that sea, I met a Javanese Captain at Surabaya who told me that about four months previously he had come across Old Dick floating dead on the surface opposite the sandal wood island of Timorlaut, which is well up in the northern arm of the Indian Ocean. The dead whale was not over twenty-five miles from the island, and, as the weather was fine, a boat was lowered to inspect him. Counting the excrescences in sight, the Captain figured out that he had been harpooned twenty-seven times, and he had then sticking in his hump an English harpoon branded with the date of that year. It had not reached a vital part, but old Dick had probably died of some ailment brought on by having so many cold irons darted into his body. The English harpoon was cut out, and the Captain had it to prove his story. Later on I heard that the carcass of a whale bearing dozens of scars had drifted ashore on the island of Timor, at the entrance of the Arafura Sea, and I have no doubt that this was the ignoble end of a whale once talked about by thousands and known to hundreds of seamen.

## A BIG ATHLETIC ORGANIZATION.

### The Men who are to Manage the Staten Island Club this Season.

Eleven years ago thirteen men organized the Staten Island Athletic Club, which is now one of the largest and most complete clubs of its kind in the United States. It has now an enrolled membership of more than 800. Its base ball club has been one of the finest amateur teams ever brought together. Its grounds at West New Brighton are the largest and most complete of any in the vicinity of New York, and it furnishes every facility for out-door sport. Its boat house, fronting on the Kills, is a unique piece of architecture. A breakwater has just been built. The officers for the year are: President, E. Faber; Vice-President, A. L. Faris; Treasurer, Edward E. Huber; Secretary, W. C. Davis; Directors—Edwards W. Gould, A. N. Lawrence, R. K. Murray, W. A. Lentilhon, W. F. Dispopway, F. W. Janssen, W. C. Rowland, R. Penn Smith, Erastus Wiman, W. M. Jones, Frank G. Janssen. Club House Committee—W. M. Jones, Chairman; R. K. Murray, A. N. Lawrence, W. W. Gould, Edward E. Huber.

R. K. Murray will look after the yachting department of the club, Fred W. Janssen has charge of the athletic games, Mr. W. N. Jones will look after the lawn tennis, of which there is room and fixtures for fourteen courts on the grounds, and Erastus Wiman will manage the lacrosse team, which is his favorite game, assisted by Messrs. R. Penn Smith and F. W. Janssen. Mr. Frank G. Janssen has control of the boating department. He has identified himself with the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen and has crews in training for the spring regattas.

Messrs. Edward E. Huber, R. Penn Smith and Frank G. Janssen have been appointed to look after the grounds. A cricket team will be organized by Messrs. Cyril Watson and J. H. Lamkin. H. J. Tyndall who successfully managed last year's base ball team will take control this season.

The spring athletic games will be opened on June 2. A new feature this year will be a 130-yard hurdle race track. It is the intention of the House Committee to build an addition to the club house which will contain five bowling alleys, a billiard room, a gymnasium, and a café.

### European Spring Fashions.

*From the London Telegraph.*

Wise and far-seeing people wait for a week or two to see what the milliners are going to bring over from Paris, the wonderful capital of the Land of Chiffons, where a bow is tied as it can be tied nowhere else on earth, and where flowers are made by fingers that seem to have learned their secret of dexterous manipulation from mother nature herself. It is true wisdom to wait for the after-Easter bonnets. The newest of the new bonnets are very, very small. They fit closely to the head at the sides, and the only elevation is in the centre, just above the brow, where a few upstanding loops of ribbon or tulle serve as apparent support to an aigrette of flowers. The favorite colors appear to be brown, gray, terra cotta, copper, green, navy blue, and endless tints of fawn from light to dark. The tones of brown are almost infinite. Beginning in the treble with a shade that verges on cream color, they descend to the warm seal brown. With a brown dress a vernal bonnet may be led up to by a smart coat of pale fawn-colored cloth. These are made tight just now, but fashion may, later on, revert to the looser style.

Long waists are still the mode, and the tailor's art elongates them more effectually than that of the dressmaker. The tendency in Paris toward Empire dresses has not as yet seriously affected the English waist. Whether it will begin to ascend toward the armpits a few months hence we shall see. Prophecy is rash where fashion is concerned.

Some of the new coats are braided and frogged in true military style. Others have a sporting character, the buttons especially being very doggy and horsey. The collars are of a masculine description, made with lappets which turn back to show manly little linen collar and scarf, with a pin which usually has affinities with the sporting buttons.

The draperies of dresses are all in straight lines. They are long, invariably, and have few folds, being caught by a deft touch or two upon the hips, so as to relieve the monotony of the plain fall in front. At the back fall is straight, too. The small remnants of the cushion serves to hold out the folds from the person, and they, too, fall straight to the hem of the gown. Bodices are made with waistcoats or plastrons, and are seldom absolutely plain. Braiding is as largely used as ever in trimming gowns, both for bodices, present yet and coming; and beadwork is finer, more elaborate, and, if possible, even more costly than it was last year.

### Chaska Writes of His Marriage.

*From the Philadelphia Inquirer.*

The following letter, recently received at the Lincoln Institution, confirms the story of the wedding of Chaska, the Cheyenne Indian, to Miss Cora Fellows, a white lady teacher on the reservation, concerning which there have been so many contradictory stories. Chaska's English name is Samuel Campbell:

CHEYENNE RIVER AGENCY, April 4, 1888.—Dear Friend Mrs. Cox: I have just written to my cousin, and thought I would write to you also. I am married now. We married the middle of March to a white lady who taught school here on the reservation. They have talked and written very bad things about us both which are not a bit true. I think because I did not marry an Indian girl. I shall live here and farm and keep stock. The land is good, and I like it here. I shall look for a wedding present from you and Mrs. Ashbridge, Big Lippincott, Mr. Higgs and his wife. I haven't received any present yet, but I expect some by and by. Since I came home I feel well and strong, and I am glad. I should like to hear from you, and would like to hear about the school. Give my kind regards to all the teachers and friends at the home and Institution. Good-by. Yours, very respectfully, SAMUEL CAMPBELL.

## POEMS WORTH READING.

### The Delinquent Subscriber.

Worn and weary, cosdy and sad, an editor sat him down,
'Mid work and rubbish, paper and dust, with many a wrinkled frown
He sighed when he thought of his paper bills, his rent, and board, and wood,
And groaned when the copy fiend yelled out, as he there in the doorway stood.

"What do people fancy," he said, "an editor lives upon?
Air and water, glory and debt, till his toilsome life is done?
I'll stop their papers, every one, till their honest debts they pay,
And mark their names off the mailing book for ever and for aye!

"Take this copy, double lead, and mark with a pencil blue,
And send to all who are in arrears, from ten years down to two."
And then to the copy hungry boy he handed a penciled scrawl
Of hieroglyphics, straggling, wild, all tangled, and lean, and tall.

When scarce a fortnight had dragged its length of threadbare hours away,
There came to the heart of the editor a gladsome joy one day:
'Twas only a letter from Gordon's Mill, in a hand both weak and old,
But out of it fell a treasured coin, of solid, beautiful gold!

The letter claimed his interest then, and so he slowly read
The scrawled, but simple and honest words, and this is what they said:
"Dear Editor: I read the lines you marked and sent to me,
So I send this piece of gold and ask if you will agree
To send my paper right along, and forget the debt I owed.
For I've took your paper for twenty year, and so far as o'er I know'd,
I never owed no man a cent till about four year ago,
When my poor wife died, and the crops was bad, and the fever laid me low.

"And times hain't never been the same to little Lis and me—
For we are all that's left behind—and since my eyes can't see,
She always reads the paper, and it's been our only cheer,
And brought us all the news and fun we've had for many a year.

"I'm gettin' old and feeble, now, and down with the rheumatis,
And there's the paper left to me; just that and little Lis.
We couldn't bear to lose it now, it's been with us so long,
Till its very name is music, like an old-time happy song.

"This twenty-dollar piece of gold will pay for all I owe,
And what is over and above, just keep, and let it go
Toward paying for the paper till a brighter, better day;
And send to Lis, she'll need it then, when I am called away."

Glad and thankful the editor was, as he knew that there was one
Who loved and could appreciate the work that he had done.
He felt that life was not in vain, and smiled through happy tears;
And then on the mailing book he wrote: "Paid up for twenty years."

MARGARET ANDREWS OLDHAM.

ANNISTON.

### A Ballade of the True Poets.

*From the Boston Pilot.*

Brothers! who follow the seas of song,
Mariners brave on an ocean wide,
Bearing away with hearts so strong
For a haven fair on the farther side;
Stand to your course with dauntless pride,
Gallantly breasting the foam and gale,
And sailing nor for the storms that chide;
For who shall stand if the poets fail?

What if the voyage be wild and long,
O'er an ocean that roaring gulfs divide,
Strown with shoals where the dark rocks throng,
And beautiful islands to hope denied,
Trials that staunchest hearts betide,
Dangers that bravest souls assail?
Bear up, though your sorrows be multiplied:
For who shall stand if the poets fail?

Heed not the balks and blows that wrong,
The crosses that hinder, the cuts that hide
In fairest shows that to guile belong;
Though the heart be grieved, and the soul be tried,
Courage! all valiantly sail on!
Sighs are for cowards who quake and quail;
Be ye as heroes whose hearts abide,
For who shall stand if the poets fail?

ENVOY.

Brothers! whose faith is a lamp and guide
'Mid times that question and tongues that rail,
Oh, yield not ye, though the world deride,
For who shall stand if the poets fail?

O. C. AUSINGER.

### Hail! Barnum.

*From Texas Siftings.*

Barnum, thy hand! America is proud
To number thee among her noblest crowd;
And as she watches thee in ripe old age
Keeping thy place on Fame's immortal page,
Still to achieve and advancing, as of yore,
With each new show "far better than before,"
She trusts that distant yet may be the day
When honored P. T. B. shall pass away.

Where is the living man; where in the past
Is he who has achieved one-half thou hast?
The realms of enterprise have thou not seen
Such a colossal king as thou hast been.
Nor, spite of failures, has success e'er shown
To man such favors great as thou hast known;
For undismayed at loss by fraud and fire,
These simply spurred thee on to something higher.

Who gave us Lind, sweet singer of the age?
Who peopled first the Lilliputian stage?
The General, the Commodore, besides
These puny gentlemen's more puny brides?
Who ransack'd every corner of the earth
For monstrous animals and freaks of birth,
Birds, beasts, and reptiles hitherto unknown
Which to the curious public eye were shown?

And now, serene in thy declining years
Thou'rt still the marvel of two hemispheres.
In Europe, Asia, Africa, at home,
Wherever thou hast been or still may roam,
The name of Barnum is a household word,
And well respected, too, wherever heard.
And we, thy countrymen, will give to no man
The praise we owe to thee, the world's great showman!

### Requiescat.

*From the Merchant Traveler.*

Where are the trousers that once fit so tightly,
And made our legs look as if cast in a mould;
With their stripes of two inches all looming up brightly?
They are gone like the words of a story tale's told.

Where are the hats that so flatly were settled
On the heads of the swells, pulled most carefully down?
Gone! all the dudes who are stanch and true mettled
Use far different chapeaus to cover the crown.

Where are the checks that were present so loudly,
On garments affected by all of the boys?
Their colors no longer are shining out proudly
And drowning the loudest brass band with their noise.

Ask of the shrewd gilded balls brightly shining;
Ask of the uncle whose business is there;
Ask, if to believe he must have your pawning,
Of Solomon Moses, down on the next square.

### The Very Best of All.

*From the Times-Democrat.*

Oh, cyarve dat possum, cyarve dat possum,
Cyarve dat possum fa'r;
An' don't you lose no lean nor fat,
For possum ain't lak hyar'.

De books cyarnt spell what cooks in de pot,
Nor 'scribe de tas'e of de roas' dat's hot;
Oh, cyarve dat possum fa'r;
An' what you l'arn s'gwine to be forgot,
'Cepn' possum 's better 'n hyar.

Dat possum lavin' lak heabenly rest,
Wid head bent down till hit teches he breast,
An' foots stretched out to de east' an' de west;
Oh, cyarve dat possum, cyarve dat possum,
Cyarve dat possum fa'r.

Jes' roasted right to a turnin' o' brown,
Wid taters piled in a row all aroun',
De gravy dreenin' an greasin' um down;
Don't you lose no lean nor fat,
For possum ain't lak hyar.

Hit aint no time for to 'member a mule,
Hit aint no use to mind nary rule,
No mo 'n de chillun what's scapin' fo'm school;
Oh, cyarve dat possum, cyarve dat possum,
Cyarve dat possum fa'r.

Wid meals lak possum an' taters to eat,
Yo' troubles melt lak de fros' an' de sleet,
Yo' mis'ry goes wid de smell o' de meat;
Don't you lose no lean or fat,
For possum ain't lak hyar.

Den cyarve dat possum, cyarve dat possum,
Cyarve dat possum fa'r;
An' don't you lose no lean nor fat,
For possum ain't lak hyar.

R. A. WILKINSON.

### The Two Words.

*From the Sunday School Times.*

One day a harsh word, rashly said,
Upon an evil journey sped.
And like a sharp and cruel dart,
It pierced a fond and loving heart;
It turned a friend into a foe,
And everywhere brought pain and woe.

A kind word followed it one day,
Flew swiftly on its blessed way;
Upon an evil journey sped,
And healed the wound the other dealt the pain.
And friends of old were friends again;
It made the hate and anger cease,
And everywhere brought joy and peace.

But yet the harsh word left a trace
The kind word could not quite efface;
And though the friend forgave, the love regained
It bore a scar that long remained;
Friends could forgive but not forget,
Or lose the sense of keen regret.

Oh, if we would but learn to know
How swift and sure our words can go,
How would we watch with utmost care
Lest we should speak the words that tare
And only speak the words that move
The white-winged messengers of love!

J. B. DUNCAN.

## NEWS OF THE THEATRES.

An odd night and a notable one in the history of the Fifth Avenue will be a week from to-morrow's presentation—the first on any stage—of Martha Morton's American play, called "Helena." The production is made possible by the wording of John Stetson's lease of the Fifth Avenue, which expires at the close of April 30. Eugene Tompkins, therefore, cannot assume control until Tuesday, May 1. Miss Morton is the sister of Michael Morton, an actor who has appeared at some of the prominent city theatres. She is well known socially, and her audience will probably consist exclusively of her friends and the reviewers. Tompkins's management of the house will be inaugurated briskly with "Natural Gas," a new farce comedy, with half a dozen first-class people in it.

The variety of entertainments at the old Academy is probably wider at this time than ever before in the checkered career of that notable playhouse. From the current power of "Otello" there will be a remarkable transition next week to the boisterous hilarity of William Harris's Howard Athenæum vaudevilles. They will stay a week, and be the first show of the kind to occupy the house since 1865. Last week they were at the Windsor, and before that they had been enjoyably seen at the Star, where they paved a way for O'Conor and the monkeys. After the vaudeville players the Academy will offer a revival of "The Streets of New York," with Frank Mayo in his old-time role *Badger* and any amount of realistic accessories. Very likely the resurrection of that old play will run up to June 1, and after that the house will be occupied by various institutions, colleges, and societies for commencement exercises. During July and August the entrances and the exterior will be improved.

There will be no more of "La Tosca" and Fanny Davenport at the Broadway after this week. The energetic and daring actress has thus far not made all the money her friends had predicted for the opening weeks of Sardou's play; but the commercial value of the piece for the rest of the country has been immeasurably strengthened by the discussion in the city newspapers. It will not be difficult to foretell the manner of the play's reception out of town. The critics will probably agree in fault-finding, but the playgoing community at large will curiously flock to see it, and that will be enough for Miss Davenport. A week from to-morrow night French & Sanger of the Broadway will produce, in conjunction with James C. Duff, a comic opera called "The Queen's Mate," a resetting of Lecocq's "Princesse des Canaries," with additional music by Jakobowski and a revised libretto by Harry Paulton. That affair is expected to hold the Broadway's stage a good part of the summer.

Popular appreciation of modern farcical comedy has probably never been stronger than now. Refined taste has not always, however, been satisfied to accept work that has savored too strongly of the varieties, though it has come to be essential that to make it a rollicking entertainment song and dance shall enter into it. John Lynd's comedy and extravaganza, "Amanuensis," which is to be produced at Dockstader's to-morrow night, has been written, according to its author's explanation, with a view to politely combining legitimate comicality of plot and situation with the best of music and dancing. For this purpose the company engaged has been selected with care as to each individual's ability, and the resultant entertainment ought to be merry indeed. Several of the actors are quite well known. George R. Edeson is an experienced and capable comedian, with whom all New York playgoers are acquainted; Mabel Sterling, the chief soubrette, is a pretty Kentucky girl who has starred out of town; Louise Sanford is another bright girl, who has sung and acted in this city very often, and always with success; Mattie Ferguson is equally known and liked, and there are other promising people in the cast in the persons of Tony Farrell, Jennie Leland, Emma Maddern, M. F. Drew, William Paul Beun, and Will E. Burton, the latter a grandson of the famous Burton.

"'Amanuensis' is designed," says Director Edeson, "to be a sportive reflection of various current customs and events, dealing chiefly, however, as its name would promise, with the complications that might naturally arise in a law office, where a breach of promise case, a pretty type writer, a gay junior counsel, and a prankish office boy combine to make the slight story. The excuse for the extravaganza, as the second act is called, is the senior counsel's belief in hypnotism, and the willingness of all the others to become grotesquely merry at his expense. In the end there is a rational explanation of everything that has happened. If 'Amanuensis' is found to possess special value, much of it will doubtless be due to its entire cleanliness. Lynd is a stickler for polite fun. Probably he has foreseen that latter-day farce-comedy, stripped of its horse play, its slap stick, and its infinite 'business,' and brought nearer to the comprehension of refined people, is a novelty worth hazarding. It would be gratifying to gain a success for it, because such a success would carry its own significance to playgoers who have been offended by impolite jests, rude dances, and coarse songs."

Mrs. Scott-Siddons's reading at Steinway Hall to-morrow night will be interesting, because it will bring her face to face with old city admirers who have not seen her these eight or nine years. Her adopted son, Henry Waller, will make his debut as a pianist on this occasion, also. He was formerly the prodigy, "Seraphael," and was exploited in the same way that Josef Hoffman was this season. But he wearied of his calling and told his parents that he wanted to do something else. In some way he attracted the attention of Mrs. Scott-Siddons, who adopted him as her son, placed him at an English school, and, a few years later, at Woolwich. He remained there two years, and then was sent to the Continent to study under Liszt and Von Bulow. At the conclusion of his studies he played in London, and now Mrs. Scott-Siddons has arranged this entertainment to introduce him to the New York public not as a boy musician, but as a pianist of maturity and experience.

Rosina Vokes has had success so quick and pronounced at Daly's that she will not need to change her programme just yet. Therefore, "A Game of Cards," "The Circus Rider," and "A Pantomime Rehearsal," will be a continued triple bill all this week. She will be here a month, and there will be an opportunity in good time to see "The Widow's Device," "Which is Which?" and the other comedies in her repertory.

Possart, Barnay, and Gertrude Giers continue at the Thalia. "The Robbers" and "Faust" are the opening plays of this week.

Next week Charles T. Ellis, the German star whom Manager F. F. Proctor is pushing to the front will be seen at the People's for the first time in "Casper, the Yodler."

The Herbert Brothers, tumblers and acrobats; Frank Bush, the comedian; Isabella Ward, banjoist; Adele Martinetti, character dancer; J. W. Hampton's parlor circus; Hock, the cornetist; the Archmere Sisters, Mlle. Dagmar, and others are at Koster & Bial's.

Adding to one week's novelty in farce will be "Little Nugget," with the usual musical fixings, which, though familiar out of the city during the past three or four seasons, has not yet been at any metropolitan theatre. The Sisson and Cawthorn company will perform it at Tony Pastor's. They are headed by Herbert Cawthorn, formerly of the Comical Cawthorns, and Oscar and Josie Sissons—the California Sissons, as they used to be called. They are clever people individually, and they ought to give a merry entertainment. Cawthorn, in particular, promises well in the field of grotesque Irish comedy.

"The Pearl of Pekin" has prospered so well at the Bijou that there is, as THE SUN made known last week, no prospect of an immediate change of bill. The performance seems to gain in dash every night, and, while that remains to be recorded, there is no reason to look for a falling off in attendance. Presumably Mr. Byrne's work will run along well into the summer.

At the Fourteenth Street "The Still Alarm" develops wonderfully as a pulling melodrama. It is well along in its second city engagement, and the audiences have been large throughout its present visit. Manager Rosenquest is encouraged to hope that the company will be able to stay here through June, in which event they would have to cancel their London contract. Color is given to this by the fact that no succeeding attraction is booked at the Fourteenth Street. Mr. Rosenquest has been very ill with pneumonia, thus leaving Business Manager Maguire in charge.

"Othello" and "Much Ado About Nothing" will divide the final week of Louis James and Marie Wainwright at the Fifth Avenue. Last week they were cordially greeted by large assemblages.

Those who spend Sunday nights with Prof. Cromwell at the Grand will be instructed and, perhaps, even temperately amused by his lecture this evening. His subject will be "From London to Paris and Back," and he will illustrate it, as usual. He is a popular-price lecturer, and doubtless that accounts for his long and successful engagements here.

Clara Morris will be at the Grand this week with "Renee de Moray" as her only play. Her recent fortnight at the Fifth Avenue has not yet been forgotten. As it was at the Grand that she made the piece first known here, it is reasonable to suppose that her return will bring out her West side friends in full numbers. There has been no important change in the makeup of her support. The regular season at the Grand will close the last week in May.

Edward Harrigan's revival of "Old Lavender" will open to-morrow night. It must be brief, for on May 7 the company will be on the road. "Old Lavender" is valuable to Harrigan because it proves strongly his ability as a character actor. Its pathos is true, its sentiment is tender, its wit is wholesome, and the story is enlivened by the full measure of all the author's creative fancy. Of course, John Wild and Mrs. Yeamans will be in the cast. Wild, it will be remembered, is to leave Harrigan to go starring next season. Therefore, his friends will have occasion to give him something of a farewell during the coming fortnight, which will be his last work with the company with which he has been so long an important member. Everybody will wish him success in his new undertaking, and yet it seems pertinent to suggest that he is assuming a grave risk. He has never been anywhere so happily placed as among the Harrigan players. Perhaps there should have been sacrifices made on both sides that would keep him with them longer. As an ordinary comedy star the city must lose sight of him, while the provinces have seen him so seldom during the last twenty years that he will have to make friends all over again.

Manager Daniel Frohman of the Lyceum is well on his way to Paris by this time, but "The Wife" at his theatre runs along undisturbed in its prosperity by the absence of his guiding hand. He will return, however, long before the end of the play's city life, and will complete the minor details for its out-of-town trip. With three native authors writing plays for the Lyceum, with one London success, "Sweet Lavender," already secured for next season, and with his eyes fixed on other foreign novelties, as well as a possible new leading actor, Frohman may be classed among the busiest of our managers.

The summer plans of the Madison Square have been somewhat disarranged within the past week, though not in a manner that can work to the public any harm. The stock company will close their home season, as originally intended, a week from to-morrow night, and that will be the city's last of "Partners," in spite of its enjoyable success, until the opening of next season. Beginning April 30, J. M. Hill takes the theatre for five weeks, during all of which, if the circumstances warrant, "A Possible Case" will be played. This will permit Mr. Hill to give to that interesting, but not great, comedy an uninterrupted city run, though at different theatres. This week it is being acted at the Harlem Comique. After Hill's people leave the Madison Square, Richard Mansfield will carry out his contract for June, as long ago planned, and then will come the deferred engagement of Effie Elisler, whose play, it now transpires, will be Clinton Stuart's translation of "Antoinette Rigaud," which was originally enacted at the Theatre Française during September, 1885, and was made known to London at the St. James last February. Miss Elisler is getting together a strong company, and Manager Palmer will help importantly in the production. Later in the summer, Minnie Maddern will christen a new piece at the Madison Square.

John J. McNally's uproarious farce comedy, "Upside Down," first acted in the city at the Windsor, will be the bill at Niblo's this week. The company is headed and controlled by two of the Daly Brothers, who are rough comedians, but effective with an average audience. There is nothing unclean in "Upside Down," but much that is bright. Next week the principal one of Gillette's "Held by the Enemy" troupes will occupy Niblo's.

Frank Mayo is not 50 yet, but he is proud of a son who has already conferred credit upon his sire by pushing himself foremost into the front ranks of the young stars. Edwin F. Mayo's work upon the stage is not altogether unfamiliar to city playgoers. Up to two years ago he frequently appeared here in his father's support, and though his methods were once in a while crude, they did not obscure the great promise that was in the young man. For the past two seasons he has been starring in his father's former play, "Davy Crockett," and he has come to be a good deal of a favorite over the Western and Southern circuits. To-morrow night he will make his first city appearance as a star at the People's. He may be sure that his revival of "Davy Crockett" will bring out in full force his friends as well as those more numerous admirers of his father. The scenic work in James A. Herne's new play, entitled "Drifting Apart," is being pushed by a staff of artists under the direction of D. B. Hughes. A force of carpenters and property men now occupy the stage and carpenter shops of the People's, preparing for the production, which takes place May 7. During June the People's will further add to the season's novelties by the production of a melodrama called "Under the Pines," which will not only be new to this city, but virtually so to the country, having been seen only at the trial performance of it in Youngstown, O., last summer. It is from the pens of William S. and J. P. Wilson.

These last nights of the Abbey-Wallack players ought not to be missed by any old friend of the theatre, or of the actors there employed. This week and next will complete the career of the house as a stock. "The School for Scandal" will be the bill, without any change. Gilbert, Mrs. Ponisi, Tearle, Rose Coghlan, Edwards, Du Bois, and Edwin are the American members of the company who have a sentimental claim upon us at this time. On May 7, McCaull's singers will enter the house.

At Poole's to-morrow afternoon and all the week, Pauline Markham, admired in other days, and even now not lost to popular eyes, will make here reappearance on the city stage in "East Lynne." When she played a dramatic repertory at the Third Avenue, a season or so ago, THE SUN found occasion to commend her work, which was at that time earnest, intelligent, and, at proper moments, picturesque. Manager Poole makes a promise of a competent assisting company, so the week at his house ought to be a pleasant one. Next week will see the return of Daniel A. Kelly, who was at Poole's a few weeks ago. He will play "After Seven Years."

Somewhere about 1878 a man brought into Vienna a troupe of trained monkeys. To a number of incredulous managers and play speculators he vowed that his animals were capable of playing regular dramas in pantomimic form. When his hearers laughed at him he quietly added that they could storm castles, eat course dinners in polite form, attend masked balls, and do other things considered exclusive to human beings. The owner of the monkeys talked so eloquently and so long that he somehow obtained an opening for one week. The monkeys not only took castles, but Vienna by storm, and they have been in that city continuously until within a few weeks. More than one American and Continental manager has tried to take them away, but they had resisted all efforts until Conried Herrmann managed to get hold of them for an American engagement. Tuesday night this troupe, appropriately called Brockmann's Monkey Theatre company, will make their American debut at the Star. There are ponies, goats, and dogs as an adjunct to the monkeys. They are going to play here indefinitely, according to the theatre announcement, which means a continuance so long as they draw profitable houses. If they are as good as Vienna sends word, they ought to make a long stay. The prices to rule at the Star during their engagement will not be high, and children will be admitted at half rates. Matinees will be given Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

An elaborate revival of "Vim" will be effected at the Standard to-morrow night by Nell Burgess, who proposes to occupy that house for weeks. He will make a special effort to present entire new scenery. A farm view copied from nature, with real trees and live stock, and an interior scene with old-time furniture,